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THE LOST HUSBAND.

"Who has taken away my husband and put that man in his place? That man is not my husband. No, the face is not his. The voice is not his. The sound of the footsteps is not his."

So said Mrs. F. to a friend to whom she was unbending the long concealed agony that had been consuming her spirit and wasting her flesh. What eloquence in that question of the lovely Christian wife of a besotted drunkard. "Who has taken away my husband and put that man in his place?"

No, my sore stricken sister, "He whom thou now hast is not thy husband." This is not he to whom thou givest thy young heart with its wealth of love, in its joyful trust. His face was bright and manly; his hair was curly and gleamed. His voice was full and kind; his is a sturdy glow. His step was light and elastic; his is heavy and shuffling. He promised to love and cherish thee, and his presence was a joy; he has filled thy heart with grief, and thy home with shame. God help thee and thy sons and daughters; especially that tender one whom disease hath long afflicted, whose pallid face and fearful look of sadness tells of a sore sickness of the heart. God help thee; for in vain is the help of man; they who would cannot, and they will not who could.

Who has taken away thy husband? Alas! you know full well who is the guilty man-stealer. His barracoon is not on the distant shores of Africa, but here in our midst. Here he entrenches himself, not behind stone walls frowning with cannon; but amidst barrels and bottles. His defenders are no soldiers hired with gold; but with rum and—votes!

He steals not once only, but daily. He is not like other men-stealers, who support those who enrich them. Daily he takes thy husband from thee, with what little of humanity is restored by sleep and thy patient nursing; and sends him back to thee at night to draw fresh supplies from thy toils, and inflict fresh pangs on thy wounded heart.

Is this the land of liberty and equal rights? Oh, birth-place of my fathers, State of my former pride, Connecticut, I blush for thee! Legislators of 1853, I blush for thee! Legislators of 1853, I pray for you, O Father, forgive them—"lay not this sin in their charge!"

Voters of 1854! whose fathers were foremost in the struggle for independence, will you be slaves of men-stealers? Shall not a "law be made" for such?

O Lord, how long? Thou God of the widow and Father of the fatherless! wilt thou not help those who would give back husbands to wives more afflicted than widows, and fathers to children more oppressed than those whom death has made complain?—*Examiner.*

YOUNG MAN.

Save that penny—pick up that pin—that bit that account be correct to a farthing—find out what that bit of ribbon costs before you say "you will take it"—pay that half dime your friend handed to you to make change with—in a word, be economical—be accurate—know what you are doing—be honest and then be generous, for all you have or acquire thus belongs to you by every rule of right, and you may put it to any good use. And you will put it to good use if you acquire it justly and honestly, for you have a foundation, a background which will always keep you above the waves of evil. It is not parsimonious to be economical. It is not miserly to save a pin from loss. It is not small to know the price of articles you are about to purchase, or to remember the little debt you owe.—What if you do meet Bill Fride, decked out in a much better suit than yours, the price of which he has not yet learned from his tailor, and he laughs at your faded dress and old-fashioned notions of honesty and right, your day will come. Franklin, who from a penny-saving boy, walking the streets with a roll under his arm, became a companion for kings, says, "take care of the pence, and the dollars will take care of themselves." La Fitte, the celebrated French banker, when leaving the house to which he had applied for a clerkship, was not too proud or careless to pick up a pin. This simple pin laid the foundation of his immense wealth. The wise banker saw the act, called him back, and gave him employment, convinced by this seeming small circumstance of his ability and honesty. Be just and then be generous.

Yes, be just always, and then you can always be generous. Benevolence is a great duty, a heaven given privilege, by which you not only benefit the object, but feel a sensation of joy to your own soul which is worth more, far more, than gain. But you may not give your neighbor's goods. Your own just earnings you should always share with the needy; but generosity can never be measured by the amount you lavish on a fine dress, or that you spend with your friends to satisfy the requirements of vanity and folly. What if they do pat you on the shoulder? They would do as much to any dog that would serve them. It is the service not yourself that gets the flattery, or you spend your money for naught, certainly.—Well, let the girls say you are small, rather than spend one dollar you need for a book. Get the book, if it is a good one; it will tell you that no girl worth having ever selected a man for a husband for his long tail or livery stable bill more than for his long ears.

CAT AND RAT STORY.

This *Haverhill Republican* tells a good story. It says that it witnessed a cat nursing a kitten and three young rats. The cat had four kittens, and the owner killed three of them. A few days after he found that the old cat had supplied the place of the kittens with three young rats about as large as mice.
"These she would express and wash and fondle in the same manner as she did her own offspring, and apparently knew no difference between them. Thus things went on until we saw them, at the age of about two months, when the rats had become adult grown. The family is yet together and happy in each other's society; the mother is doing well as could be expected, and appears as proud of her own and her adopted young ones as any other cat with a family. We have ever deemed it possible for the Lion and Lamb to lie down together, but until we saw this sight the idea never occurred to our mind that a Mrs. Pussy could so far pull the wool over her eyes as to foster and protect a nest of rats, deeming them to be not only kittens, but none of her bone and flesh of her flesh. Wonders will never cease."

From Mrs Child's Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

DANIEL BRISON.

Daniel and his mother were slaves to Peary Boots, of Delaware. His mother was in the habit of letting him out to neighboring farmers, and receiving the wages himself. Daniel had married a free woman, and they had several children, mostly supported by her industry. His mother was old and feeble, and the master, finding it rather burdensome to support her, told Daniel that if he would support her, and pay him forty dollars a year, he might go where he pleased.
The offer was gladly accepted, and in 1855 he moved to Philadelphia, with his mother and family. He saved wood for a living, and soon established such a character for industry and honesty, that many of the citizens were in the habit of employing him to purchase their wood and prepare it for the winter. Upon one occasion, when he brought in a bill to Alderman Todd, that gentleman asked him if he had not charged rather high. Daniel excused himself by saying he had an aged mother to support, in addition to his own family; and that he punctually paid his master twenty dollars every six months, according to an agreement he had made with him. When the Alderman heard the particulars, his sympathy was excited, and he wrote to Isaac T. Hopper requesting him to examine into the case, stating his own opinion that Daniel had a legal right to freedom.
The wood-sawyer started off with the note with great alacrity, and delivered it to Friend Hopper, saying, in very animated tones, "Squire Todd thinks I am free!" He was in a state of agitation between hope and fear. When he had told his story, he was sent home to get receipts for all the money he had paid his master since his arrival in Philadelphia. It was easy to prove from these that he had been a resident in Philadelphia, with his own consent, a much longer time than the law required to make him a free man. When Friend Hopper gave him this information, he was overjoyed. He could hardly believe it. The tidings seemed too good to be true. When assured that he was certainly free, beyond all dispute, and that he need not pay any more of his hard earnings to a master, the tears rolled down his cheeks, and he started off to bring his wife, that she also might hear the glad news. When Friend Hopper was an old man, he often used to remark how well he remembered their beaming countenances on that occasion, and their warm expressions of gratitude to God.

Soon after this interview, a letter was addressed to Peary Boots, informing him that his slave was legally free, and that he need not expect any more of his wages. He came to Philadelphia immediately, to answer the letter in person. His first salutation was, "Where can I find that ungrateful villain, Dan? I will take him home in irons."
Friend Hopper replied, "Thou wilt find thyself relieved from such an unpleasant task; for I can easily convince thee that the law sustains thy slave in taking his freedom."
Reading the law did not satisfy him. He said he would consult a lawyer, and call again. When he returned, he found Daniel waiting to see him; and he immediately began to upbraid him for being so ungrateful. Daniel replied, "Master Peary, it was not justice that made me your slave. It was the law, and you took advantage of it. You were not free, and I ought to blame me for taking the advantage which it offers me? But suppose I were not free, what would you be willing to take to manumit me?"
His master, somewhat softened, said, "Why, Dan, I always intended to set you free some time or other."
"I am nearly forty years old," rejoined his bondman; "and if I am ever to be free, I think it is high time now. If you would be willing to take for a deed of manumission."
Mr. Boots answered, "Why, I think you ought to give me a hundred dollars."
"Would that satisfy you, Master Peary? Well, I can pay a hundred dollars," said Daniel.
Here Friend Hopper interposed, and observed there was nothing rightfully due to the master; that if justice were done in the case, he ought to pay Daniel for his labor ever since he was twenty-one years old.

The colored man replied, "I was a slave to Master Peary's father; and he was kind to me. Master Peary and I are about the same age. We were brought up more like two brothers than like master and slave. I can better afford to give him a hundred dollars than he can afford to do without it. I will go home and get the money, if you will make out the necessary papers while I am gone."

Surprised and gratified by the nobility of soul manifested in these words, Friend Hopper said no more to dissuade him from his generous purpose. He brought one hundred silver dollars, and Peary Boots signed a receipt for it, accompanied by a deed of manumission. He wished to have it inserted in the deed that he was not to be responsible for the support of the old woman. But Daniel objected; saying, "Such an agreement would imply that I would not voluntarily support my poor old mother."

When the business was concluded, he invited his former master and Friend Hopper to dine with him, saying, "We are going to have a pretty good dinner in honor of the day." Mr. Boots accepted the invitation, but Friend Hopper excused himself on account of an engagement that would detain him till after dinner. When he called, he found that they had not risen from table, on which were the remains of a roasted turkey, a variety of vegetables, and a decenter of wine. Friend Hopper smiled when Daniel remarked, "I know Master Peary loves a little brandy, but I did not like to get brandy; so I bought a quart of Mr. Morris' best wine, and thought that would do instead. I never drank any thing but water myself."

Soon after Daniel Benson became a free man, he gave up sawing wood, and opened a shop for the sale of second-hand clothing. He was successful in business, brought up his family very respectably, and supported his mother comfortably to the end of her days. For many years he was a class leader in the Methodist church for colored people, and his correct deportment gained the respect of all who knew him.

TO PARENTS.

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a great, a moral wrong.
Give it play and never fear it—
Active life is its defect;
Never, never break its spirit—
Curb it only to direct.
Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward it must flow forever;
Better teach it where to go.

THOUGHT BETTER OF IT.—A resident of St. Louis recently sued for a divorce from his wife in one of the courts of that city, and obtained it. He went to New Orleans and engaged in business, while she remained in St. Louis with her friends. The yellow fever drove the divorced husband back to St. Louis, where his first act was to seek out his former partner, with whom the marriage knot was re-tied.

From the National Era.

Letter from the Editor.

BRATTLEBORO, August 9, 1853.

Everybody talks of London and Paris; but in picturesque beauty of position and wealth of prospect, Edinburgh exceeds all the cities that I have ever seen. About 173 miles from the Firth of Forth, rises a series of high ridges, running generally from east to west, separated by deep, narrow valleys, and gradually ascending westerly till they terminate abruptly in precipitous wild-looking cliffs. The highest of these is called Arthur's Seat, which rises to the height of nearly one hundred feet above the level of the sea, and commands a view of Mid Lothian, the portion of Scotland most replete with historic interest, of fields, on which have been fought some of its greatest battles, of localities rendered immortal by the genius of Walter Scott—a view, comprehending in its range Edinburgh, Leith, the broad Firth, with the numerous villages on its shores, the Lothian, Grampian and Lammermuir Hills, the distant peaks of Benlomond and Benledi, and the German Ocean. The next ridge is Salisbury Craggs, the next, which is lower, is that on which stands the Castle of Edinburgh, and on the next, still lower, is the site of the New Town, an old building, built with the weight of years, rises before you, and you see, long up, up, up, till your neck cracks, you see, long up to dry, from that small window, some old cloths belonging to a poor family, occupying perhaps the once favorite chamber of the Earl of Dumfries. Every few yards, narrow, low entrances, dreary as a dungeon's gateway, lead into what are called "closets," very dark, contracted courts, packed with houses, story piled on story, to a dizzy height—damp, filthy, without a spot of verdure, and where God's sunshine never comes. Thousands of human beings live here—how, it is hard to say; but human nature has a marvellous faculty of adaptation; with capacities for association with angels, it can accommodate itself to the condition of brutes.

Sundays, these gloomy houses and dungeon closets pour out their contents into the main street, which is so thronged that you can hardly pass. We walked through it twice last Sunday. What a spectacle! Men, women, and children, in every variety of costume, hundreds of them bare-footed, bare-legged, ragged, horribly dirty, gossipping in groups, sitting in the door-ways, ranged along the curb, flat on the paving stones; pale little girls, nursing pitiable babies; noisy boys, with just clothes enough to cover their nakedness, wallowing in the dirt; sickly men and women, come forth from confined, noisome chambers, to breathe a purer air; red-faced men and women, reeking from the gin shops; drunken men, staggering and fro with idiotic looks; soldiers in their scarlet uniforms, released from duty a few hours, mingling with the masses, their gay, flaunting colors giving an aspect of strange picturesqueness to a scene otherwise painful. And all this may be seen in High street, the grand street of the city, on which stand many of its greatest edifices, and which is full of the memorials of a glorious past. For instance, the famous palace of Holyrood is at one end of the street, and the no less famous Castle, at the other; and, between them, contrasting strangely with the all-surrounding gloom and dilapidation, we find the Free Church College, with its massive towers; the Victoria Hall, with its imperial spire; several churches of graceful architecture; the Bank of Scotland; the Hall and Museum of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland; Parliament Square, with its fine public buildings; and on this street, too, once stood the Tolbooth, associated with some of the greatest events in Scottish history, and the Cross of Edinburgh, where proclamations of State used to be made; and here still stands the Church of St. Giles, (in which, two centuries ago, the zealous Jany Geddes rebuked the Bishop of Edinburgh for daring to say mass in it, by throwing a stool at his head); and the quaint old house of the last-hearted John Bull, the lower part of which, I am sorry to say, is now prohibited to the sale of whiskey, while above remain the queer-looking letters, carved by his direction, "Love God with all your heart, and your neighbor as yourself."

I thought we had seen the worst; but just before reaching Holyrood, a turn carried us into another street, called Cowgate, running along the base of the ridge, parallel with that we had just left. It was still more thronged; and such was the aspect of the people and their habitations, that one felt doubtful whether it was entirely safe to proceed. Horses and dogs are better cared for, have more tolerable lodgings than these people.

Instead of redeeming Old Town from its degradation, the better classes generally have retired to what is called New Town. Here the streets are wide, regular, well paved and clean, the houses large and substantial, and there is every indication of plenty and taste. Strangers, confining themselves to this part of the town, are in the habit of describing Edinburgh as a beautiful and well ordered city; but I am always looking out for the quarters of the poor. I like to see where and how the toiling people live. Wealth is about the same everywhere. Having seen the homes of the rich and respectable in one city, you have seen them in all; but poverty has many colors as Joseph's coat. I thought I had seen every variety of wretchedness in London, Paris, and the cities of the Rhine; but Edinburgh has a wretchedness of its own.

Is it not marvellous that in a city that boasts of the costliest benevolent institutions; where science has been cultivated with the most signal success; the fame of whose poetry and philosophy and divinity has gone out into all the earth; where such men as Macaulay, and Chalmers, and Scott and Stewart have lived; in a city full of intelligence, and taste, and history, and Orthodox zeal—no remedy, scarcely a palliative, should have been found, for the misery and degradation of so many thousands of its citizens?

Lake Wanderer, Aug. 13.—Since the foregoing was written, I have been to Glasgow. I intend no peculiar reproach to Edinburgh for the condition of its poor. It is no greater sinner in this respect than other cities of the Old World. Glasgow, a city whose growth is about as remarkable as that of New York, is just as bad as Edinburgh. Its commerce is great, its manufacturing industry wonderful, its wealth

immense. In buildings for public purposes, for stores and residences, are of solid stone, massive and beautiful in proportion to its population. But, oh! the dwellings of the wretchedness of its poor! How forebodingly dark, and with the shades and luxury of the rich, the poor of the two classes, and so long has it endured, that the poor seem to be sunk below the point of self-respect, and the rich to be exalted above the point of sympathy. Barracks are laid out upon the palaces of royalty, on monuments and hospitals for soldiers; on cathedrals and conveniences for the Church; on monuments and memorials of men illustrious from their deeds of more position. Then, there are noble hospitals and asylums, universities, and charity schools, and excellent prisons, looking like grand and gloomy old castles. And in this way have Pride and Taste, Loyalty and Patriotism, Religion, Philanthropy and Justice, kindled gorgeous specimens of architecture, highly ornamental, and designed to gratify the tastes and wans of the ruling classes, or to relieve some of the more palpable and obstructive of the lower—but, as a general fact, it is true that the masses of the poor in their ordinary state are still unprovided for, and almost unprovided for. They are unclean, uneducated, and addicted to brutish pleasures.

That which particularly distinguishes the poor of the Old World from those of our country, is their filth and want of self-respect. In Glasgow, the "lower class," bare-headed and bare-footed, their children tumbling about the streets, look as if water had never come near them; their houses reek with all sorts of odors. Scarcely any appear ambitious to appear well themselves, or to dress their children decently. And yet it is a season of great prosperity, I am told, among the operatives—they are getting plenty of work and good wages.

Now, may it be that there is no judicial remedy for this evil, except in a total change of the relations of capital and labor; but certainly, even under the present system, a great deal might be done in the way of mitigation. What the poor want especially in the cities of the Old World are, *temperance, education, and comfortable houses.* So long as the example of the higher classes and the policy of Government encourage drinking and give sanction to ale-houses, gin shops, and whiskey stores; so long as the intolerance of an established church or of priestcraft, and the petty jealousies of dissenters, prevent the institution of common schools for the secular education of the children of the whole community; so long as capitalists or owners of houses are permitted to build or keep tenement houses for the poor without any provision for their comfort or real wants, so long must they remain as they are.

The importance of clean, wholesome habitations for the people cannot be too much insisted upon. Lodge a family in a house not fit for a pig-pen, and how can you expect the tenants to respect themselves?—With what charm of home can they invest it? What is there to domesticate the wife, to hasten the footsteps of the weary husband homewards, to keep the children from wallowing in the gutter? His servants, men, women, and children, in every variety of costume, hundreds of them bare-footed, bare-legged, ragged, horribly dirty, gossipping in groups, sitting in the door-ways, ranged along the curb, flat on the paving stones; pale little girls, nursing pitiable babies; noisy boys, with just clothes enough to cover their nakedness, wallowing in the dirt; sickly men and women, come forth from confined, noisome chambers, to breathe a purer air; red-faced men and women, reeking from the gin shops; drunken men, staggering and fro with idiotic looks; soldiers in their scarlet uniforms, released from duty a few hours, mingling with the masses, their gay, flaunting colors giving an aspect of strange picturesqueness to a scene otherwise painful. And all this may be seen in High street, the grand street of the city, on which stand many of its greatest edifices, and which is full of the memorials of a glorious past. For instance, the famous palace of Holyrood is at one end of the street, and the no less famous Castle, at the other; and, between them, contrasting strangely with the all-surrounding gloom and dilapidation, we find the Free Church College, with its massive towers; the Victoria Hall, with its imperial spire; several churches of graceful architecture; the Bank of Scotland; the Hall and Museum of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland; Parliament Square, with its fine public buildings; and on this street, too, once stood the Tolbooth, associated with some of the greatest events in Scottish history, and the Cross of Edinburgh, where proclamations of State used to be made; and here still stands the Church of St. Giles, (in which, two centuries ago, the zealous Jany Geddes rebuked the Bishop of Edinburgh for daring to say mass in it, by throwing a stool at his head); and the quaint old house of the last-hearted John Bull, the lower part of which, I am sorry to say, is now prohibited to the sale of whiskey, while above remain the queer-looking letters, carved by his direction, "Love God with all your heart, and your neighbor as yourself."

The scheme of model lodging houses, or *homes*, as they should be called, for the poor, is full of promise. I visited the largest of these in London. It is a neat, substantial structure, five stories high, surrounded with a large yard, which is carefully kept clean and dry. It is divided into several sections, with spiral stone stairways leading to them, and these are subdivided in each story into suits of two or three rooms—a pantry, scullery, hydrant, water closet, dust shaft, drain, &c., being connected with each suit; in one room of which is a complete range, which, consuming little fuel, and taking up merely the space of an ordinary fire-place, answers for warming, cooking, and all purposes for which fire is needed. Ventilation is effectually secured, and so complete is the provision for disposing of the waste matter, without trouble or offense, that, as there need be no carrying of anything but supplies, the highest rooms, much to the surprise of persons who had prejudged the case, are always most sought for, and bear the highest rent, on account of the pure air, open prospect, and perfect quiet. In a suit of rooms thus amply furnished with light, fire, water, ventilation, and drainage, a family of ordinary size may live in cleanliness, comfort, and retirement—in one word, establish a *home*. The building contains apartments enough for one hundred and twenty-five families, and so well are their advantages understood, that, at the time I was there, only three rooms were unoccupied. Nothing could exceed the order and quiet; there was scarcely as much bustle as you may see in a still English hotel. Connected with the establishment are well-rooms, and a yard perfect in every respect, is a well-fitted library, a reading and a bathing house for the benefit of the resident families. The best suit of rooms is put at six shillings a week, (150s.) a sum not more than that paid for the villanous dwellings so common among the poor.

This institution was built by a company organized under a charter which limits the dividends among the stockholders to five per cent., and provides that whatever profits shall accrue beyond shall be appropriated to enlarging and improving the accommodations. What is there to prevent such institutions from becoming as common as the evil of poverty, and the selfishness of capital! There are rich men enough in every city to provide, under such charters, comfortable tenements for all its poor, of reasonable rents, without damaging their incomes. But wealth, too often intent upon selfish enjoyment of inordinate gain, is reckless of the blinding milder of poverty. If a speculator can make twice as much by packing in a dozen families in a house fit neither for man nor beast, as he could by erecting neat dwellings in which they could live with cleanliness and comfort, what does he care! He has sacrificed his conscience on the altar of Mammon; why should he not sacrifice on the same altar the comfort, the character, the health, the very life-blood of the defenceless poor!

G. B.
THE HIDDEN LIFE.—Among the workings of the hidden life, within us which we may experience but cannot explain, is there anything more remarkable than these mysterious moral influences constantly exercised, either for attraction or repulsion, by one human being on another? In the simplest, as in the most important affairs of life, how startling, how irresistible is their power! How often we feel and know, either pleasantly or painfully, that another is looking on us, before we have ascertained the fact with our own eyes! How often we prophesy truly to ourselves the approach of friend or enemy just before either really appeared! How strangely and abruptly we become convinced, at a first introduction, that we shall secretly love this person and hate that, before experience has guided us with a single fact in relation to their characters.—*Collins' Basil.*

From the Penn. Freeman.

God's Time to Abolish Slavery.

"Wait," said the Quaker, and "Divine wisdom will do the work." "Pray," said his Calvinistic neighbor, "and the Lord's hand shall be stretched forth for the slave's deliverance;" and while thus waiting a praying, the power of the oppressor grows, the number of the wretched increases, the cruelty multiplies, and the heart of the nation hardens like Pharaoh's under the continued perpetration of iniquity. Such waiters and prayers, however involuntarily they may be so, are none the less efficient auxiliaries of Slavery, the hindrances of emancipation, a sort of non-conducting inertia between the fire of Anti-Slavery truth and the evil it would consume. Unsusceptible of conversion, and incapable of much activity for any reform, it has little to do but to pass over or by them, as best it may, to the promotion of its object.

It is amazing that this class of opposers never realizes its obligations to those activities which it deprecates; standing in the focus of the light of time, enjoying the fruition of the world's life and labor for centuries, it does not perceive that its advantages are but the aggregate result of the labor and suffering and sacrifice of men who preceded it, whose prayer was that of action, and whose waiting was a reverent watchfulness for opportunities to promote human welfare.

Even the material progress of the world is marked by an immense expenditure of human energy and treasure, and often of life. The great discoveries or inventions which have wrought era in human conditions—the art of printing, the use of gunpowder, the needle, the steam engine, the electric telegraph, and the caloric engine—were all the result of toil and sacrifice, while the stupendous changes in the moral world are alike the consequences of ceaseless activity, of the greatest heroism and of continued suffering.

Prophets, disciples and reformers, have gone forth with their lives in their hands—have toiled and fallen until literally the path of the race is among the tombs of its martyrs; but their warfare has made the victory nearer and surer, and the last battle must be fought by the same means and with equal energy.

God's time is that time when man seeks to banish ungodly things, and to inaugurate Divine Laws into power, and apply them as his laws of life. There is no pro-slavery so detestable and hurtful as that which, having a seeming sympathy for the slave, is yet in positive hostility, whitening conscientious consciences for its attitude; trying to escape the universal obligations of humanity by pleas of special exemption; blaspheming God by attributing to his providence the existence and continuance of those iniquities which man has created, and which it is his special business to remove.

Anti-Slavery has this large class to contend with and will always have it, for such people are constitutionally averse to labor and sacrifice, and it is easier for them to await the Presidential overthrow of evil than to "work in faith for the deliverance;" this class will live to wait the "Lord's time" for the removal of war or some other evil long after slavery is abolished, and in the meantime Anti-Slavery will continue its warfare, aggressive as truth, active as the "heaven," until the victory is won and the nation is restored to the likeness of Freedom. P.

Women of Vernon, Jennings Co., Indiana.

The women of Vernon, Jennings Co., Indiana, made a crash of the deponents of two grogeries in that place, on the 10th Sept. and then quietly retired. The grocersellers afterwards employed some of their customers to stand sentry with loaded muskets. Says the *Vernon Whig Banner*, while these women were on duty, one of them who had probably taken too much, caught a fall, by which his musket was discharged. This unexpected report so alarmed the others that they raised the cry, "the women are coming! they've shot Jim!"—and away they went, for dear life, without even snapping their muskets. The best thing they could have done, we commend their example to all grocersellers and their defenders.

"The women are coming." Grocersellers and toppers, look out. They are coming to our State Fair with a State Temperance Convention. They are coming at New York, with a Whole World's Temperance Convention. Scour up your firelocks and set your sentries, if you will, yet you have got to scamper, and that right speedily, for "The women are coming," with their friends, and the Maine Law.—*Ohio Eagle.*

To the interrogator, "Is the Standard an advocate of the rights of women?" we emphatically answer YES!

Believing in the equality of the sexes, we cannot but recognize it as one of the rights of woman that she be admitted to the enjoyment of an equal participation in the rights of citizenship in common with man. We regard it as a fundamental truth that the proper sphere of woman is not confined merely to the domestic or home circle; but that it is her privilege equally with man to exert her influence for the amelioration of the human race, and purify by her presence and example the abuses and vices that corrupt society. Nor are we—while advocating the rights of woman—unmindful of the rights of man, and we here enter our solemn protest against the foolish and absurd custom that the community have generally adopted, viz: That of setting woman apart as an object to be revered and worshipped, a being too pure and immaculate for this mundane sphere and unqualified for this rough and tumble world of ours.

It is a part of our faith that God created woman to be a "help meet" unto man, to share his sorrows and afflictions, his happiness and prosperity, and this can only be truly accomplished by allowing her to enter into all that interests man. We insist upon it that woman has no right to be a drone in the great hive of Humanity, that she be permitted to act out the part allotted to her by the great Father of all.

Let us then do all in our power to break down the many barriers that shut out woman from her proper sphere of usefulness in the world, let her enter freely into all the political, moral, and social questions of the day, and we are no prophet if the opposite of what has been predicted of her do not come true, and that instead of woman's becoming contaminated by her association with man, man will be the better enabled to withstand the varying fortunes of life, and encouraged by her fortitude, cheered by her smile, and purified by her example, he will become a BETTER MAN, a BETTER CITIZEN, and a BETTER CHRISTIAN.—*Freepost (Ill.) Standard.*

CAPITAL CITY.—In a late temperance meeting Horace Greely came forward in response to numerous and repeated calls, and said, that within his immediate recollection, the temperance cause had been utterly ruined (as it was said), three distinct times—first, when the pledge of total abstinence was introduced—again, when the Washington movement was set on foot; and then, when the Maine Liquor Law came into effect, every run-drinker in the country mourned the cause as irretrievably ruined. But now, however, it was gone entirely, because some women came forward to speak for Temperance.

Extract from a Temperance Lecture.

A young man of high birth—thoroughly educated at college—upon whom Nature had bestowed her choicest gifts—possessed of an uncommon intellect—his brilliant talents, equally displayed in eloquence of language and gesture—made him the favorite of the people. He filled respectable stations in office with honor and satisfaction. He purchased a splendid mansion upon the city of his own, and was honored by the death of its owner, a United States officer. Here he displayed his fine taste by decorating it with every production of art and nature. A large and valuable library spread its shelves before him, while Poetry and Music threw their captivating powers around and charmed this bower of Eden. To finish, he married a young lady of accomplished mind and graceful manners. But into this earthly paradise the serpent, *Intemperance*, entered. Many were the prayers of his fond and faithful wife. The entreaties of his many friends availed nothing; the monster had fastened upon him, and he must fall. One night, returning from a midnight revel, he found the light extinguished in his room. He was insanely angry, and snatching an axe from the shed, rushed to his chamber. One faint scream escaped the lips of his innocent wife, as her spirit winged its way to its God. The terrified servants fled for assistance. He was arrested, put in confinement; he slept. When the flames of liquor passed off he awoke; and, astonished, said to his keeper, "Where am I? how came I here?" They answered, "You are in prison; you have committed murder." "I murdered!" said the wretched man, "O, God! keep it from my wife." When told it was he he had killed, he fell senseless to the floor of his prison. The merchant testified against him, although he sold the liquor to the murderer. Thus the Sheriff and the tribunal board were composed of his jolly companions in guilt—all were guilty; they voted for a license to the merchant.

"Does not the blood of that feeble victim rest on them? They were the spectators, they were the victim; and though his life was taken on the scaffold, they will by no means escape. No, for 'the measure we measure unto others, will be measured unto us again.'"

AS ITEM FOR THE MARYVELLOUS.—The following remarkable statements were made to us by Mr. Robert L. Ellis, of Medford, deacon of the first Baptist church, and a very excellent man. On Wednesday evening last, a Mr. Edwards, a member of a band, died suddenly at his residence on Ship street. Mr. Ellis kindly called upon the afflicted family to tender his services to perform those offices required at such a time. He had been in the house but a few moments when he heard the notes of a post-horn coming seemingly from an apartment in the house; the sounds were repeated at intervals of from five to ten minutes, at least half a dozen times. Annoyed by it, he searched the house and vicinity to discover the cause, but without success. There were ten or twelve other persons in the room, all of whom heard the sounds, and all were utterly at a loss to account for them. Mr. Litchfield, a very respectable man, who occupies a part of the house, suggested that the sounds proceeded from a certain closet. It was opened, and they were more distinctly heard. On a shelf lay the post-horn of the deceased. It was removed by request, the sounds ceased, and have not since been heard. We know Mr. Ellis personally as a gentleman of intelligence and strict integrity. He says all who were there will testify to the same facts. Here is then an item for the marvelous, which has caused no little excitement in Medford.—*Boston Chronicle.*

THE HOME GRANDMOTHER.—She is by the fire—a dear old lady, with nicely crimped and plaited cap-boarder, and the old-fashioned spectacles—as pleasant a picture of the home grandmother as any living heart could wish to see. The oracle of the family—the record of births, deaths and marriages—the narrator of old revolutionary stories, that keep bright young eyes big and wide awake till the evening logs fall to ashes—what should we do without the home grandmother! How many little faults she hides! What a delightful unofficial pleader is she when the red troubles over the unfortunate urban's head!

"Do you get many likings?" inquired a flax-haired youngster of his curly-headed playmate.
"No," was the prompt, half indignant answer;—"I've got a grandmother!"
Love that aged woman. Sit at her feet and learn of her patient lessons from the past. Though she knows no grammar, cannot tell the boundaries of distant States or the history of nations, she has that perhaps, which exceeds all lore,—wisdom. She has fought life's battles, and conquered. She has laid her treasures away, and grown purer, stronger, through tears of sorrow. Never let her feel the sting of ingratitude. Sit at her feet. She will teach you how to cheerfully and unflinchingly to the gate of death, trusting like her in a blissful hereafter.

WHAT HOPE DID.—It stole on its pinions of snow to the head of disease; and the sufferer's frown became a smile—the emblem of peace and endurance. It went to the house of mourning—and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs. It laid its head upon the arm of the poor man, which was stretched forth at the command of sinfully impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin. It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose sin carried long after the promised time of life coming; and saved her from desolation, and the care that killed.

It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society; and led him onward to works which even his enemies praised.
It stretched a maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to heaven.
No hope! my good brother. Have it! Beckett it on your side. Wrestle with it that it may not depart. It may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best—but hope shall lead you over its mountains and sustain those amid its billows. Part with all besides—but keep your hope.

A COLONIZATION ANECDOTE.—A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, writing from "DOW'S SOUTH," tells this anecdote, which may help the Colonization Society along:—"The militates pride themselves amazingly upon their white blood. At a meeting between an Agent of the Colonization Society and a company of negroes held some time since in Mobile, after a good deal had been said, a 'mixed blood' arose, and expatiated at length upon Africa as the home of the colored man, and the propriety of all going as opportunity offered, &c. &c, but concluded by remarking, that as it was certain that Anglo-Saxons, and as he was a member of that renowned race, he should remain in the land of his fathers, and lay his bones with his brothers, insisting that all 'niggers' should go to 'Africa, whar dey cum from.'"

One great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure man, may live when thrones are fallen, and the memories of those who filled them obliterated, and like an undying fire, may illuminate and quicken all future generation.