

Liberal Advocate.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan! The proper study of mankind is MAN.—*Pope.*

Volume IV.]

Rochester, June 7, 1834.

[Series I...No. 3.

POETRY.

For the Advocate.
CLEMENCY.

When God shall call us to our place,
That's fix'd above the skies,
Then we'll look down on those poor souls,
That never shall arise.

There we shall sit and hear their groans,
Ascending up to God,
Some old, some young, and infants small,
That never knew his word.

There, Father, Son, & Holy Ghost,
And those around the thrones,
Will mock and laugh at those below,
While in "hot hell" they burn.

There they must live forever more,
While God doth reign above,
In liquid rolling waves of fire,
Oh! what a God of love.

Oh! how can I such awful thoughts,
As those, pretend to sing,
To God who gave his only son,
To save our race from sin.

Because John Calvin says 'tis true,
That God, the elect will save,
While the reprobate in hell shall burn,
In the liquid rolling wave.

Alas! how Calvin has deceived,
A portion of our race,
Likewise he burnt and put to death
One MICHAEL SERVETUS.

And there are men in this our day,
Judge Daggett I will name,
Who P. O. Barnum thrust in jail
For truth that he proclaimed.

Besides, they fined him forty pounds,
Which he to Seeley paid,
How cruel, cruel was that judge,
A bad man, I'm afraid.

And there is E. K. Avery,
Who did seduce a maid,
And then he hung her by the neck
Until the girl was dead.

And many more such awful crimes
'Tis true has come to light,
By those professing Godliness,
Oh how can they be right?

Those wicked sects, they must come down,
For crimes which they uphold,
For God will surely visit them,
For crimes in which they're bold.

O bigotry where is thy blush,
Thy end is drawing nigh,
Eternal darkness is thy doom,
And truth shall reign on high.

Once a Presbyterian.
B. B.

Songca, May, 1834.

POLICE OFFICE.

The first case which came before the magistrate this morning, was that of a lame fiddler, known to the readers of police news by the name of Daniel Dougan. He was brought up on complaint

of a spruce little widow woman by the name of Mary M'Call, who charged him with pulling her out of bed, at 11 o'clock last night. The circumstances of this transaction are as follows: Mr. Dougan, (as he says himself,) is "a public man, and don't like to have his name published." He plays on the violin, for small parties—and sometimes "does a little private fiddling" at the house of the complainant, which is situated a No. Hamilton street. He is deeply in love with Mrs. M'Call, has been for a long time, and as a *probandi* that she is not dead to the finer feelings of the human heart, he respectfully requested his honor to read the following letter which she sent to him a few days since, while he was confined at the domicile of a fellow fiddler in Anthony street. [Here Dougan pulled the letter from his pantaloons pocket, hobbled to the bar, and handed it to the magistrate.]

number—hamilton strete.

April 6 18 and 34—my dear *dan*. you cant begin to think how I luv ye. you don't no how i have feeled sence you've been so sick. O, dear *dan*, there's no tellin how i have missed your sweet violin, for this long time. You tole cousin Jane, t'other da how you thought i'de forgot you—and how you had just as lief di as not, cause you didn't think I luvved yu. now, *dan* that was ingenerous in yu. you no i would never forget yu—and if you should di, i would want to di tu, and be berried into the same grave 'long with my dear *dan*.

p. s. Daniel Dougan—make haste and get well, cause I want to see yu—luvvingly— mary m'Call."

"There," said the prisoner as the magistrate handed the billet-doux back to him, "there, would your honor think she could be so deceitful as to bring me here and have me put in prison?" [Turning to the complainant,] Now, my love, you know I was corned last night." But, to proceed with the story: Dougan, as we have already stated, was deeply in love with "the little widdur." She encouraged his visits—and of late, scarcely an evening had passed but found Dougan at Mrs. M'Call's house, in Hamilton street pouring forth his lov-

ing strains to the tune of "Molly put the Kettle on," "Coal Black Rose," and "Gee up go Robbin" into the ears of his fair one. Recently, however, Mrs. M'Call learned that her "dear *DAN*" was in the habit of getting tipsy. He even had the imprudence to visit her on Sunday evening while in a state of staggering. She told him she would let him know that she kept company with no man who would get tipsy. [Pity all the ladies would'n't do so.] He might just make himself scarce—and when he got sober, if he thought he could keep sober, he was welcome to visit her, and she would treat him with all due deference. Dougan went home, somewhat ehagrined—undressed himself—played a "temperance anthem" on his fiddle, and went to bed cursing and swearing about what a foolish notion women had of late become possessed of, that it was improper for their beaux to get tipsy.—Well, last night at eleven o'clock, Dougal went to pay Mrs. M'Call another visit. Although his head felt a little queerish in consequence of the gin he had taken in the fore part of the evening while playing for a dance at "The Hook," yet he was determined to go.—Arrived at the house of his fair one, he knocked at the street door, which was opened by a member of another family residing in the same building, and being no *strangerto* the passage, he soon found his way to Mrs. M'Call's room. Without any ceremony he hobbled in. The complainant had just retired to bed; but no matter, 'love knew no etiquette.' He took a seat at the bedside, and began an apology for his former intemperate conduct—but to no purpose. The complainant discovered that he was more intoxicated than ever—and so she ordered him out of the house, adding that henceforth he might "go to the old scratches—for she would have no more to say to him." Dougan's eyes flashed fire. Like the enraged and desperate Othello, he "blew his fond love to the winds,"—and seizing Mrs. M'Call by the arm he forthwith dragged her out of bed on to the floor. She screamed—the room was soon filled by the neighbors who resided in different apartments in the same house—and a watchman was called, who brought Dougan to the

police, deposited him in a cell beneath, and left him to while away the night by singing to the gloomy walls the well known song, beginning with.

"Oh, cruel Polly Hopkins,
To treat me so, to treat me so."

Magistrate.—You're a pretty fellow—aint you?

Pris.—Well, now—ahem—the fact is, my head has been king o' out of tune for four or five days.

Mag.—I should think as much. Well sir, have you any person to become security for your appearance at court to answer to this charge?

Pris.—No, I hav'nt. [To complainant.] O, now, wont you forgive me? You know I love you.

The complainant was inexorable.—She determined to prosecute the complaint—made affidavit to the facts—and the lame fiddler was committed to prison, to take his trial at the coming Sessions.

MANSION HOUSE.

Shaving Extraordinary.—A journeyman barber was brought before the Lord Mayor on Saturday, charged with having, in a fit of drunkenness, threatened to assault and shave his mistress dry.

The mistress, who keeps a shaving shop in Petticoat Lane, stated that she employed two men besides the defendant to do the business of the shop which had a very fair trade, considering the general negligence of the neighborhood as to the growth of unnecessary hair. Unfortunately, the defendant's habits became offensive to the customers. She had expostulated with him frequently, for he was a skillful hand, but remonstrance was useless. The customers began to go to a rival establishment; and, to save herself from ruin, she told him he must depart. This sentence at once introduced him to a gin shop, where he took so copiously of the "cream of the valley," that he determined to besiege the shaving shop; and, to the terror of the neighbors, proceeded to the work, razor in hand, and swearing that he would shave his mistress without the mercy of a taste of soap and water.

The defendant. My Lord, it's all revenge.—Missus has a grudge towards me, for she always puts me in the rough work, and I'm blest if my hand can stand it.

The Lord Mayor—What do you call the rough work? I suppose you have

to shave and cut hair as the other men do?

The defendant—Like the other men? Lord bless you, your worship, I've got for to shave all the Jews as comes to our shop out of mourning. [Laughter.] It's no joke to go over a pair of cheeks wat no steel's touched for three months.

The mistress stated that those remarks were a libel upon her character, and calculated to do great injury to her shop.

The defendant—Only let me have fair play at a face, and I defy Barberossa; but I'm hanged if I can make a horse's tail as smooth as a yard of welwet in a couple of minutes. [Laughter.] Besides, please you, my lord, if ther's a blacksmith or a coal-heaver as wants his face to be goe'd over, why misses calls out to me "Jack, clap your suds upon that face"—[Laughter.]

The Lord Mayor tried to reconcile the parties, but in vain. The defendant was discharged. He said he would try for employment at the other end of the town.—*London paper.*

*New York Police.—A new Bishop.—*A nondescript looking biped was put to the bar, and asked his name. He said it was St Clair; that he was the Lord's anointed, sent to scourge iniquity from the high ways and by-ways, and to preach repentance to the inhabitants of the "vast deep." He added that he was the Lord Bishop of the Ocean, and Inspector General of all that walked the waters—he had sailed round the world on the back of a sea horse—doubled Cape Horn in the belly of a whale, and "crawled over the North Pole in the entrails of a grampus, and that," says he, "I call circumnavigating the globe." He was found yesterday on his knees near the Battery mumbling some Latin prayers; and had been on his knees in Bridewell praying all the morning. He gave his name and title when brought up on Sunday, as Saint Patrick, vice regent of Diabolus, King of Ackleburney as he called him, which place he said was nineteen miles below the bottomless pit. He was grotesquely attired, and wore a red flannel bib, cut like a bishop's. On being further questioned, he broke out into Latin, muttering repeatedly, "Domine, domine, carum lignum, pax vobiscum pax vobiscum," and not being able to elicit any thing further from him, Mr Hopson ordered him to be sent to the Asylum, and his commitment to be made out in the name of "Patrick St. Clair, alias Pax Vobiscum."

New York Transcript.

UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT.—A few evening's since, as Miss Letitia L—, a charming and fashionable young lady, who is the pride and admiration of—her self, was dressing for a ball, she met with a very remarkable and unfortunate accident. She was undergoing the operation of "lacing," as all beautiful young ladies must. She used the new patent power machine, which is said to wind up a lady's waist in the most thorough and perfect manner.

Not having time to raise the steam with which this lacing machine is ordinarily put in motion, Miss Letitia made a substitute of the black girl, Phillis; who being a strong handed wench, she thought might answer in room of the steam. Phillis proceeded very well some time, and there was every appearance of the young lady's being wound up in the most perfect and judicious manner.

To complete the operation, however a few more turns of the machine was deemed necessary.

'Pull away Phillis,' said the young lady, as she stood before a glass and watch'd the rapid diminution of her waist—'pull away, Phillis. A few more turns and I think I shall do.'

'My eyes!', exclaimed Phillis, 'I think you will. But how much furdur you want to be screwed, missus?'

A little further yet, Phillis. I'm not quite in a killing shape yet.'

Killing shape!' My Lord, missus your shape kill you dead, sure as you live, you go much furdur.'

A little more, Phillis, a few pulls more You know when the steam was on.

'Fudge for the steam! Aint I as strong, missus, as any kettle o' boiling water? If I aint I think it a great pity.'

'Well, Phillis, pull away—that's a good girl.'

I most pull the skin off my hands now—they smart and burn like any thing. Hold on missus, while I put on a glove to fend my hands.'

'There you careless drab you! I'm all unwound again by your letting go. Why didn't you hold on till I was finished?'

'I beg pardon, missus, now I got my gloves on, I can work to my 'vantage.'

'Well, spring to, now, and make up for all you've lost.'

Phillis now exerted herself with great power and activity. Never was a young lady more perfectly wound up without the aid of steam

'I think that'll nearly do, Phillis,' said

she, surveying the improved appearance of her waist with greater animation.—A few turns more, and I shall be satisfied. There! there! How small am I now?

'Bout size of the bed post.'

'So large yet! I can't exactly see myself. My eyesight fails me, I think.'

'No wonder, missus, it's all squeezed out.'

'A little more, Phillis, and then I shall make the eyes of the young gentlemen water! Don't you think I shall?'

'My gracious! they no see you at all—you all squeezed up to nothing.'

'There! there! how small am I now?'

'Bout small as the chair post.'

'One more turn, Phillis—a good strong one, and then I shall do.'

'I make it 'troug enough this, I guess any how.' So saying, the obedient, but rather impertinent wench sprang to with all her remaining strength, when suddenly she cried, 'Something, give way, missus!'

'Give way!' shrieked the young lady, 'Oh you cruel wench you! you've cut me clean in two!'

On slacking her hand, and examining into the case, Phillis found sure enough that she had worked the machine with such disastrous effect as actually to have cut her mistress in two in the middle, as for her poor wench, she was speechless with grief and astonishment; whether she will be hung or not we cannot say.

But the young lady; the speaking part of her, gasped out—'I'm undone, I'm ruined! I can't go to the ball to-night. Burry me—with my corsets on, do' Phillis.' She ceased to speak; and we understand her last request has been faithfully complied with. [N. Y. Transcript.]

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A young man going a journey, intrusted a hundred *demaars* to an old man; when he came back, the old man denied having any money deposited with him, and he was had up before the Kazeer.—"Where were you, young man, when you delivered this money?" "Under a tree." "Take my seal and summon that tree," said the judge. "Go, young man, and tell the tree to come hither: and the tree will obey when you show it my seal." The young man went in wonder. After he had gone some time, the Kazeer said to the old man, "He is long: do you think he has got there yet?" "No," said the old man, "it is at some distance; he has not got there yet." "How

knowest thou, old man," cried the Kazeer, "where that tree is?" The young man returned, and said the tree would not come. "He has been here, young man, and has given his evidence—the money is thine."

A POINTED JOKE.

A sportsman by touching his horse near the withers with his whip taught him to kneel immediately. When shooting, and a dog came to the point, he made the horse kneel, and persuaded those present that the horse was an excellent pointer. A person having purchased the gelding, was fording a river with him, when having touched his withers he was true to the touch—down he dropped in the stream, and soused him in the water. The latter in a great passion asked the former owner, what he meant by selling him a horse that played him such a trick in the water? 'Oh!' said the other, 'you bought him as a pointer, and at the time he went on his knees he was pointing to a salmon.'

A GENTLE HINT.

A spruce young beau, gallanting his intended, a few evenings since, whilst conversing upon the late turn-out at Lowell, said, he "wished he was able to maintain the factory girls six months, he would do it, to prevent their returning to the mill." His fair one, who had till now been a silent listener to his patriotic discourse, replied with a sigh, "Aye, I wish you was able to maintain one of them."

A Curious Circumstance.—A story went the rounds a short time since of a lady having been in the habit of frequenting the Gambling Hells at the west end of the town in disguise, and who it is said lost £1500. We then doubted the truth of this matter, & still doubt the amount of alleged loss; but an adventure recently occurred, which tends to confirm the belief that the fair sex do occasionally and on the sly, indulge in the baneful passion of Gambling. For some time past, a man of youthful appearance, wearing mustachios, was observed to be an occasional visiter to a well known house, we have heard, 13 Park place, St. James, where he played with various success, but for moderate stakes. At length, on a night last week, he tendered a check of fifty pounds to the banker, and in an under tone, requested counters. It has been remarked that he scarcely ever spoke, but in a similar subdued manner. As he was recogniz-

ed and believed to be respectable, his request was at once complied with, and for a time, fortune seemed to crown his speculations.

At last, however, luck having turned, he lost all! His agitation had been gradually increasing, and on losing his last counter, he dropped on the floor. He was immediately carried into a private apartment where every humane attention was paid to him, and proper restoratives applied, but he relapsed from one fit to another, and at last, on unbuttoning his collar and throwing open his vest, the man proved to be a woman! A medical gentleman was sent for, and at last comparative self possession was gained. Consciousness, however only increased the agitation of the patient, who recognised in the medical attendant a friend of both her own and her husband, for she was a married woman. An eclaireissement took place, and it is due to state that the owner of the establishment at once commiserated the situation of the unhappy woman and without a moment's hesitation returned the check, which, it is painful to add, was subsequently admitted to be signed with the name of her husband. The lesson was a severe one, and it is hoped will have its proper effect.—*London paper.*

JACK AT ALL TRADES.—A man in a Maryland paper advertises and returns his sincere thanks to the public for the liberal encouragement he has received in the wheelwright and butchering business. He likewise takes the liberty to inform them, that he has provided himself with hearse and materials for making coffins, and that he will be at all times ready to any calls in the shoemaking and blacksmithing business, and that he is willing to fill up his time in fiddling at pig shaves.

Advertisement Extraordinary.—'To be sold, for five shillings, my wife Jane Heeband. She is stoutly built, stands firm, and is sound. She can sow and reap: hold a plough and drive a team; and would answer any stout, able man that can hold a tight rein—for she is d—d hard mouthed and head strong; but if properly managed, would either lead or drive as tame as a rabbit. She now and then, if not watched, will make a false step. Her husband parts with her because she is too much for him.'

N. B. All the clothes will be given with her.—*English paper*

LIBERAL ADVOCATE.

Rochester, June 7, 1834.

Black List.

E. H. Perry, Michigan, owes	\$10 00
L. B. Stearns, said to be in St. Louis,	1 00
F. Britton, dont know him	1 00
J. Stark, do	1 00
Geo. Town, Rochester,	2 00
Isaac Russell, Jr. do.	2 00
Harvey McIntyre, do.	2 00
C. A. Wentworth, Manchester, Ontario, Co.	3 00
Jehiel Todd, Palmyra,	4 00
Clark Wright, do	2 00
Ami Richardson, do.	2,00

This is a small commencement of this **BLACK** catalogue, and we fear we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of increasing it with copious **NOTES**.

OUR OWN AFFAIRS.

We have been rather *tardy* in getting out our *first* three numbers of this series but have not been more "behind our time," than too many of our patrons have been, in remitting their *dues*.

Many people suppose that one, two, or three dollars are of little account, but they must recollect that every *little* helps. Many [we are tired of repeating it] are owing us for three years' subscription, and have never remitted to us *one cent*. The Post Office is a convenient channel of conveyance, and stupid must be the man who does not know how long he has taken the paper, and its terms.

OUR CITY.

The Charter Election is over, and we have been informed that the "Common Council" are, if not of the same political party, brethren of the same principle; now if any blame (if blame there may be) should attach to them, they cannot accuse an opposition.

The second Cæsar complained of the "painful pre-eminence" in which he was placed, and we think our board of Aldermen should not be envied for their *high* stations. The same breath that made them, can destroy. We hope (we dont pray) that they may pursue a judicious course, and prove a blessing instead of a curse to our City.

AMUSEMENTS.

Among all the novelties which have attracted the notice of our citizens for the last two weeks; we are inclined to think that the **GRAND PAVILION**, owned by Mr. Dexter, an unfortunate

blind man, with only one arm, deserves the attention of the public. His collection of Birds, Serpents, &c. should attract the attention of the Naturalist; While his *Musical Machine*, (the first in this country) should be examined by every mechanic. Mr. D. is a man worthy of public patronage. The celebrated Wandering Piper, who has been so much spoken of in the United States, is attached to this establishment.

Communications.

For the Liberal Advocate.

The writer has thought proper to call the attention of the public to the word or term Religion. This term seems to carry with it a *charm*, and as there can be no definite meaning, it appears strange that Man will follow such a wild phantom and suffer himself to become *mentally* deranged. It must be laid down as a fact, that unless all the notions which the human family have imbibed, are true respecting a Supreme Power, which cannot be unless a very large part of the human family have been mentally deranged upon that subject; and if the writer has established that fact, which he thinks he has beyond a doubt, he then assumes the ground that all are mentally deranged who form any particular belief upon that subject; and as an evidence of this position, we find in some countries the people Mahomedans, and why? because their dictators have made it their interest to make them believe so.

No Supreme Power could have any thing to do with making the people believe "such stuff," and there are many that are called **HEATHEN**, besides almost numberless beliefs and worships of the christian religion, the reader will discover on reflection, that it makes no difference what a man believes upon that subject, it is all religion; therefore the writer avers that the word or term Religion has no definite meaning, and cannot be defined. It means any thing the wild phantoms of a distempered brain happens to conceive; and the writer would now ask the candid reader, if the term has not in all ages, been used by designing men to get from the people their *living*; and has it not always been their policy to subvert Liberty;—and have not Priests in all countries got their bread by teaching something they do not understand? and it makes no difference what it is. The people will believe it is true. And do not the people in different countries, if not in the same,

make each other's religion untrue and spurious. They make by their disagreements all religions to be untrue.—They don't leave them on a par with the Banks, although there may be counterfeit bills on Banks; yet they generally know that there is a bank from which the bill purports to have been issued;—But on the subject of religion they disprove every thing. They make it like unto bills in circulation, purporting to be on a certain bank, when there is no such bank. There is much stress laid on "true Religion" by its votaries, and every one, as a matter of course, claims his religion to be true, and for the purpose of arriving at the truth, (if there be any such thing); the writer offers a liberal reward to any person who will bring any proof that his notions or belief are true relating to a real or supposed Supreme Power. He can receive his reward at the office of any **LIBERAL PAPER** in the United States.

TRUTH.

Rochester, N. Y. May 25th 1834.

CAUTION.

This; the world we inhabit, is peopled by men of all classes: entertaining alike, opinions opposite in their nature, and adopting principles of the same character.

My present remarks will be upon the subject of the diversity of religious opinions, and not upon any opinion, which may be classed under the head of *different opinions*. That there *always* was a diversity of opinion concerning the true religion; from time immemorial, we have the most authentic proof; and that it will continue so down to the end of time, reasons are too obvious to admit of *doubt*.

Much time and talent has been spent in trying to unfold the true religion, and out of which much *error* and superstition has arisen. I would not here attempt to sit in judgment over the many opinions; denouncing them that are wrong, and commending them that appear to be right; but placing myself back when the advancement of *Intellect*, and discretion admitted of an investigation of the subject; I would imagine to myself all the diversified opinions presenting themselves to my choice. Then it is that we shall exercise much candour and prudence; for out of that choice may result much good; or it may be productive of much *evil*.

It must be admitted that the manner in which a child receives its education,

has a great tendency to establish its religious principles; yet many are the instances where children wholly detract from that, and embrace opinions of a very opposite nature.

Now, in view of what I have written, and the situation in which I have placed myself, I shall draw a few conclusions—1st, That in the formation of religious principles, too much candour and consistency cannot be exercised; as the great diversity of religious opinion in the world leaves great chances for us to mistake he right, and embrace those that are erroneous and sinful.

2d, That after we have formed in our own mind, the principles by which we mean to be governed in matters of religion, a strict adherence thereto is a necessary requisite to its final promulgation throughout the world.

Lastly, that we ought always to be candid and sincere in matters of Religion, evincing to the world that the religion we profess, is the only true one.

W. A. P.

For the Liberal Advocate.

MR. EDITOR—

Sir—At a meeting a few evenings since held at the Free Church, some expressions were made use of by the minister, (the Rev. Mr. Lyon,) upon which I wish to make a few remarks through the medium of your paper. Mr. L. after animadverting in severe terms upon the illuminati of France in the last century, (representing them as *direct agents of the devil*;) introduced the subject of infidelity; and in the course of his remarks, made use of the following language towards infidels—that “he despised them” and, “so base as to be an infidel.” The astonishment with which others as well as myself, listened to these uncourteous, illiberal, (and to the latter remark, I may add, unjust,) may easily be imagined. Every person possessed of common discernment and candour cannot but admit, that there are good and worthy individuals belonging to all denominations or societies, whether mahometans, infidels, or pagans; and that man who will denounce all the members of any society by applying the term base, as Mr. L. assuredly did, I say that man must either be a fanatic, hypocrite, or a bigot. When we see a course like this, taken by a minister of the gospel, instead of introducing arguments in support of tenets, and promulgating religion, morality, truth and holy hope to the impenitent; running into the most foul and bitter invective, making asser-

tions unsupported by truth, endeavoring to cast the indelible stigma upon all those whose religious creeds differ from their own; and for these purposes stepping without the pale of his station; we have reason to fear the ultimate establishment of an ecclesiastical hierarchy, the blasting and withering influences of which would be felt throughout the whole of our now happy country. It therefore behooves every man who regards with interest, the sacred privilege of the free expression of his sentiments and opinions, without fear from the attacks of priestcraft, malice and invective, to awake to the call of truth, and endeavor, by every honorable means, to suppress the hydra headed monster, bigotry, priestcraft, and intolerance. S.

Rochester, May, 1834.

REMARKS.

There is nothing mysterious in all this business. We can give a history of this Rev. Gentleman, but forbear at present saying any thing further than that his wife was the daughter of a respectable Tavern Keeper in the city of Albany. His talents are not above mediocrity, and although he pretends to officiate in a “Free Church,” he may be considered a “New Measure” man, and would “compass sea and land” to make one proselyte. Mr. L. should think before he speaks. The edifice he is attempting to prop, is already tottering to its fall. Let him be wise in time.

ED. LIB. ADV.

For the Liberal Advocate.

SPECIMENS OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

MR. EDITOR—

“A protracted (distracted) meeting,” has just closed a two weeks campaign, in the town of H——. Notwithstanding all their assiduity and rage for proselyting, they succeeded in making but three or four dupes to their creeds. I have not much time to spare, and therefore cannot at present enter into particulars. I wish, however, to give you and your readers one or two specimens of priestly oratory and sainted philippics, which a Reverend gentleman gave us on the occasion. Here you have them;—in speaking to the impenitent sinners he said, “O ye hell bound sinners! there is a hot and awful, awful hell prepared for you! why, if a temporal furnace was heated seven times hotter than its usual heat, and God should take your immortal soul from hell and put it into that fur-

nace, O sinner, what a change; you would—yes, dont think strange if you should have an ague-fit in five minutes!! Again, “God is not like man; he is not to be moved by compassion; he will not relent!! God Almighty hates the sinner with a fixed and perfect hatred!!” But mark, this very priest, almost with the very next breath, he declared that he loved the poor impenitent sinners so much that he could stand in the pulpit three days without intermission and plead for sinners!! What a pity God does not love his children as much as the Rev. priest; O what a pity! But I will soil no more paper with such scandalous and horrible speeches; neither will I make any farther comments; I will leave them to be made by the intelligent reader, or you Mr. Editor. The truth of the above can be further substantiated if necessary; the substance, if not the letter is given, though I believe the very words are here on paper as they fell from the pious lips of the Rev. preacher. O tempora! O mores!

VOX POPULI.

MR. EDITOR,—

I observe in the “Old Daily” of the 4th of June, rather a fulsome puff in favor of the “Great Menagerie,” (as the Editor of the Daily calls it) of June, Titus. & Co.

I wonder if the writer of the article alluded to, saw the splendid MENAGERIE of Purdy, Welch, & Co. and whether he received any pay for his puffing. Fair play is a jewel, my honest fellow, and tricks should never be played upon travellers. Let every man labor in his vocation, but let “even handed Justice” be his motto.

The truth of the whole matter is, if there was any superiority in this “great menagerie” over the other, it consisted solely in the size of their Bills; for although their horses and other animals were more in number, (including the monkies’) they were far inferior in size, variety and cleanliness, (the Elephant excepted); but what’s an elephant but an elephant? and who is there among us that has not seen them before this “wonder of the world” arrived amongst us.

The greatest neatness prevailed in every department of the LITTLE Caravan, and besides all this, the managers appeared to be gentlemen, and I appeal to the candid observer, and ask him if he can say as much of the other? And to close this brief article, I consider it my duty to say, that the “Washington

Band" is equal, if not superior to the "National." JUSTICE.

For the Liberal Advocate.

Mr. Editor.—

As I am one who loves to take a part in the amusements of the day, I send you (what I call) a *bastinado* for the Miss Grimes'. It is quite a novelty to take up a paper and not find the effusions of a "knight of the goose quill," dressing a Miss Grimes in glowing colours. I am not very good at poetry, as you will see. You know also, that self praise is no praise, but I think I have *hoed them all out*.

Tune Hunters of Kentucky.

So Mrs. Grimes was once a maid,
She's now a married woman,
And it is true, for so its said,
She's got some children coming.

A negro husband she has won,
It's true by *gosh* and funny,
I'll tell you who did lay this plot,
'Twas nought but Mrs. Honey.

A sweeter woman ne'er did live,
Than this last mentioned one,
I courted her my-self you see,
For she'd got an only son.

But Mrs. Grimes I will resume,
And show you all her beauty;
She's pretty fair but d——h dark,
And so is Mr. Sooty.

She's no one's fool, and this I prove,
By her choosing Mr. Blackey,
She's good of heart, also of mind,
And her hair's a little flaxy.

Her wedding dress was a sky blue,
You see she loves the nigger,
Within the vales of humble life,
I swow it makes me snigger.

I hope the poets of the day,
Will not be much offended,
Because I give a *kick* to them.
So Mrs. Grimes is ended.

P. S.—The reader can add the chorus to suit himself. CLOTAIR.

Why is a certain — Doctor, like a Hyena? — do you give it up? Because he digs up the dead.—*Com.*

Among all the *innocent* amusements of our city, we had nearly forgot the *Circus*. J. W. Banker, & Co. performed in their usual splendid style, for one week, to crowded audiences, and we *opine* there was not as much lasciviousness growing out of these performances, as was experienced from Burdard's protracted meetings. Our poor-masters who take cognizance in cases of *bastardy*. are very competent judges.

BLACK LISTING.

We like the fashion of pointing the "finger of scorn" at all such as defraud the Printer of his hard earned dues.— Yet the privilege of exposing a real or supposed fault, should be used with sound discretion, and every reparation

should be made when a mistake occurs. The Buffalo "Literary Inquirer" has placed Mr. James Tone, one of our citizens, on his black list, who, in the first place paid the Agent in advance for the paper, and was ready at any time to pay the balance (if any was due) after he had discontinued, (for reasons known to himself,) whenever he should be apprized of the amount.

This is not as it should be. We have subscribers that have taken our paper for years without paying a cent, and have discontinued. They will be noticed at a proper time.

"AMERICAN SEVENTH COMMANDMENT SOCIETY."

This is truly an age of wonders, and posterity will be astonished when they look back and contemplate, the rapid "march of mind," in these un-enlightened days.

According to McDowall's Journal, a society under the above cognomen, is being formed in the great city of New-York Its object seems to be to prevent men from *cuckolding* their wives and *vice versa*. A glorious undertaking truly. We expect to hear that the chaste McDowall and his worthy compeers have formed a *fornication* society as auxiliary to the *Magdalen*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It used to be considered *ungenteel*, to write a "plain hand," and it would seem that some of our friends are of the same opinion in our time. We have on hand a number of Manuscripts which would have been attended to long since, had it not been for the *rascally* and almost *unreadable* character in which they are written. Explanatory notes and references, should accompany every communication.

Mr. S. Norton, is requested to act as Agent for this paper at Plainville, Onondaga county.

N. W. Roberts, of the City of Albany, is an Agent for the "Liberal Advocate."

No Subscription will be received for this paper for less than one series. (16 Nos.) And all, such as are in arrears, and discontinue, are expected to make prompt payment, or——

From the Missouri Republican.

VOLTAIRE'S LAST HOURS.

The following is from "Letters on Female Character, addressed to a young lady on the death of her mother, by Mrs Virginia Carey."

There is something very appalling to the imagination in the contemplation of Voltaire's last moments. Yet it is a picture which should be hung up for exhibition before the congregated world.

What unutterable horrors pervaded his soul when it received summons to appear before its Master, his Judge! He was discovered by attendant with a book of prayers in his hand, endeavoring with a faltering tongue to repeat some of the petitions for mercy, addressed to that Being whose name he had blasphemed. He had fallen from his bed in convulsive agonies, and lay foaming with impotent despair, on the floor exclaiming, "Will not this God whom I have denied save me too? Cannot infinite mercy extend to me?" Awful spectacle! Where was then the fame for which he had labored? the applause which had been the breath of his nostrils? Where were the low-hearted flatterers, whose faithless professions of friendship had deceived him in prosperity? Alas, they were the first to forsake him in the hour of misery. His last moments were attended solely by a hired menial, who it is said inquired, when next applied to in her professional capacity, whether the gentleman who wanted her services was a *philosopher*; for she declared herself unable to stand the horror of another scene like the death bed of Voltaire; and would rather forego the emolument than engage in such an arduous and soul-appalling duty.

What must have been the condition of that departed spirit, when the dread realities of the future burst upon its unobstructed vision? When the awful throne of an insulted Sovereign rose in sublime majesty before the immortal soul, on its entrance into eternity! when the first object it beheld, in the dread realms of futurity, was the Being whose existence he had denied, whose cause he persecuted! and that Being enthroned in omnipotence as a final Judge!— Let us draw a veil over the terrific spectacle.

(Copy of a reply to the foregoing.)

To the Editors of the Missouri Republican.

GENTLEMEN—

Will you be so obliging as to publish the following extract? It is, certainly, as well authenticated as one recently published by you, respecting the same matter; and cannot, or should not, give offence to those who profess to be willing to hear both sides. The extract is from a pamphlet recently published in

this city, but, we believe, not extensively circulated.

Respectfully,
SEVERAL SUBSCRIBERS

VOLTAIRE'S LAST HOURS.

When at last Voltaire was lying on a bed of sickness, from which he never arose, the Marquis de Vilette (with whom the philosopher resided at Paris,) when he perceived his visiter's death approaching, sent for Mons Bonnet, Cure of St. Sulpice, to persuade him, if possible, to comply with the usual custom of religion, in order that the proper honors might be paid to his remains.—The Cure began by questioning Voltaire, "if he believed in the divinity of Jesus Christ?" but was hastily stopped by the wit's saying, "Ah! M. le Cure, if I pass that article to you, you will demand if I do not believe in the Holy Ghost, and so on, until you finish by the *Bull Unigenitus*." The Cure departed; but in a few hours after, a great change appearing, he came a second time, & began by putting his hand on the dying man's head as he lay in bed; upon which Voltaire raised his own hand to the Cure's head, and pushed him away, saying, "I came into the world without a *Bonnet*, and will go out without one; therefore let me die in peace." He accordingly turned his back towards the Cure, and died in a few minutes, without speaking another word; and as a proof of the perfect understanding that he died an unbeliever, the archbishop of Paris refused every application that was made to him for the rites of Christian burial. The Marquis de Vilette, and Voltaire's nephew, contested the matter with the archbishop some days, and the result was, that Voltaire should be taken in a coach, *as if living*, to his nephew's abbey at Sallieres, in Champagne, accompanied by himself and the Marquis, where he was interred with the utmost privacy.

COGITATIONS OF A LEARNED SOOFI.*

On closing a volume of Chalmer's Evidences of Christianity.

I pity the poor unbelieving christian—one who can gaze upon the grandeur and beauty of the natural universe, and behold not the web of that Omnipotent Spider who is over, and with, and above all; from my very heart I do commiserate his condition!

The unbeliever—one to whom the great Spider has never revealed his almighty will; one who can gaze upon the unfading and imperishable sky, spreads out so magnificently above him, and say, this is the work of—an old

Jew! This was all made—in six days!—aye, and by a being, who, fatigued by performance so trivial to omnipotence rested on the seventh! This brilliant canopy above us—this vast interminable universe of worlds, is but a firmament—a ceiling decked with tinsel ornaments; and the great sun and moon above us, designed but to shed light upon this little world! From my very soul do I pity him! The heart of such a being, is a drear and cheerless void. In him, mind—the god-like gift of intellect, is debased, destroyed; all is dark; a fearful chaotic labyrinth; rayless; cheerless; hopeless!

No gleam of light penetrates the blackness of the horrible delusion; no voice from the eternal Spider, bids the desponding heart rejoice! The wreck of mind is remediless; reason is prostrate; and passion, prejudice and superstition have reared their temple on the ruins of his intellect!

I pity the christian! What to him is our revelation but a sealed book? He sees nothing above, or around, or beneath him that evinces the existence of the being we adore; and he denies; yea, while standing within the meshes of his web, & gazing upon the dazzling net-work of the creation, he shuts his intellect to the light of reason, and *denies there is an all-creating Spider*; incomprehensible, omnipotent; a being from whom all things were derived, and into whose bowels all things must return.

* The Soofi's are a religious sect of Persia, who believe that the universe is but the production of an omnipotent Spider—a web which, finally, will be drawn within the divine body.

REMEMBER ME.

There is not two other words in the language that can recall a more fruitful train of past remembrances of friendship, than these. Look through your library, and when you cast your eyes upon a volume that contains the name of an old companion, it will say *remember me*. Have you an ancient album, the repository of mementos of early affection? Turn over its leaves stained by the fingers of time, sit down and ponder upon the names enrolled on them; each speaks, each says, remember me. Go into the crowded church yard, the marble tombs, read the simple and brief inscriptions that perpetuate the memory of departed ones, they too have a voice that speaks to the hearts of the living, and says, remember me. Walk in the scenes of early rambles; the well known paths of the winding

streams, the over spreading trees, the green and gently sloping banks, will recall the dreams of juvenile pleasure, and the recollections of youthful companions; they too bear the treasured injunction, remember me. And this is all that is left of the wide circle of our earthly friends. Scattered by fortune, or called away by death, or thrown, without our hand by the changes of circumstances or of character; in time, we find ourselves left alone with the recollection of what they were.

HUMAN SACRIFICE.—An old idol, which has been imbedded in the river at Rangoon ever since the occupation of that town by the British troops in 1824, has appeared, it is said, in visions of the golden footed Majesty of Ava, complaining that the priest who had charge of his altar, to save his own life, had deserted his god-ship, and absconded from his temple. To punish which crime, the idol had requested that the culprit be apprehended, and forthwith immolated at his shrine to appease his wrath. No sooner was this said than it was done; the next morning the priest was arrested, sent down to Rangoon, there sacrificed, and the deity re-seated on his shrine. The Rajah of Joypore likewise sacrificed two rams to appease two old rusty guns lying in the fort at Joypore, which it is said had thirsted for blood, and has ordered them to be broken up, that in future no similar demands may be made by them.—*Hurkaroo E. I. Magazine.*

Hyde Park is a spacious and delightful ground, and contains 395 i e almost 400 acres! It is situated at the western extremity of the metropolis, between Oxford st. and Knight's bridge on the charming road that leads to Hounslow and Uxbridge. This park derived its name from having been the manor of Hyde, belonging to the Abbey of Westminster. It abounds with fine trees, pleasing scenery, walks, roads, and drives, of great elegance. In a pleasant afternoon, it is thronged with elegance and splendor. [Who suffers?]

Much of the disease of London is attributed to the mal-practices of the bakers in the manufacturing of their bread. An expose has been made by one acquainted with the secrets of the trade, in which it is stated to be a common practice to mix pulverized pumice stone with their flour, and the estimated consumption of alum by them is 700,000lbs, per annum; enough in fact, to draw up the whole metropolis.

OLD MAIDS.—I love an old maid; I do not speak of an individual, but of the species—I use the singular number as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past, but the very past itself; she has escaped a great change and sympathises not in the ordinary mutations of mortality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear her called *Miss*, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like the resignation of despair a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in heaven, some people say they are, but I am almost sure that old maids are. There is a something about them which is not of the earth, earthly, they are spectators of the world not adventurers nor rambles; perhaps guardians—we say nothing of tattlers. They are evidently predestinated to be what they are. They owe not the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit, or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids and of them all, not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities as nine out of a hundred of my married acquaintance.—Why then are they single? Heaven only knows. It is their fate.

Englishman's Magazine.

Old Maid.—A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of an old maid in the following manner:—"I am inclined to believe, that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? "She will certainly die an old maid." Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex? "She has all the squeamishness of an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? "She is cut out for an old maid." And if she is humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an 'old maid.' In short, I have always found, that neatness, modesty, economy, and humility, are the never-fading characteristics of that terrible creature, "an old maid."

DISAPPOINTMENT.—The lovers of the horrible are dreadfully disappointed that the tame tigers have not used up their keeper after all. He is alive and kicking, and they tame as kittens. The

chagrine of these devourers of "horrible accidents" reminds us of a story told us once by an old lady. "There," she, "don't you think cousin Nabby's sister's husband went of one day without saying nothing to nobody, and he staid, and staid. Finally, says cousin Nabby's sister, say she, 'Nabby, my old man is lost, I guess. And cousin Nabby, she never said a word. And by and by, after they had waited, says cousin Nabby's sister, says she, 'Nabby, my old man is dead!' Cousin Nabby, she wouldn't hear a word of it, but cousin Nabby's sister, she took on dreadfully. By and by up she gets, and cousin Nabby and her sister, they raised the neighbors and away they went. And they got down before Squire White's barn, and there, sure enough, they met cousin Nabby's sister's husband, a comin' home, all safe and sound, and cousin Nabby's sister, she was mad enough!"

Rhode Island Republican.

Love.—when the object is dying:—"In love like this, there is something ineffably beautiful. It is essentially the poetry of passion. Desire grows hollowed with fear, and, scarce permitted to take its vent in the common channel of the senses, breaks forth into those vague yearnings, those lofty aspirations, which pine for the bright, the fair, the unattained. It is "the desire of the moth for the star," it is the love of the soul.

TRINKETS.—I have an utter aversion for all these little articles of ornament called trinkets. Under this head, I include rings, and breast pins, studs and safety chains. I despise the whole of them; never like their appearance when worn by others, and never wear them myself. To me it is astonishing what pains young men will take to adorn their persons in this manner—to trick themselves out with these gew gaws of jewelry and paste—glitter without, and dead within—as if there was something in this hypocritical show becoming a MAN. Ornament indeed! Why not, carry out the practice—disfigure the nose with a jewel, and tattoo the face with paints? Away with these fantastical, foolish affectations of dress: discard them, I say, from the wardrobe of cultivated gentlemen, and leave them as cast-offs, to savages and negroes—*Old Scrap Book.*

Not Bad.—An old gentleman in Kentucky as the sun goes down on Saturday night, daubs up the entrances to his bee hive, to prevent the little fellows from working on the Sabbath.

PROPOSALS

FOR THE

LIBERAL ADVOCATE

BY O. DOGBERRY, Esq.

This paper has been translated to this flourishing (City) where it will hereafter be issued weekly from the Independent Press, at No. 24, in the Arcade.

It will be enlarged and improved, and the first number issued on or before the 22d of February instant, on fine paper and handsome type. Gentleman of talents, in different sections of the country, have engaged to assist us in its various departments.

"EQUAL RIGHTS" and "FREE DISCUSSION," will be fearlessly advocated and maintained. Sectarian dogmas or tenets will be investigated and compared.—The spirit of Ecclesiastical, Ancient, and Modern History, will be briefly illustrated. Mythology, and Ancient and Modern Biographical Sketches, will receive due attention, while Science, and the Useful Arts will occupy a portion of our columns.

THE friends of "civil and religious liberty," must be perfectly aware, that none but enlightened and independent freemen are capable of self government, and that when the mists of superstition and ignorance have once enveloped the human understanding, REASON yields her empire, and the body, degraded to a level with the brute creation, becomes a passive instrument in the hands of the ambitious and designing DEMAGOGUE.

IMPRESSED with the above TRUTHS, we shall labour incessantly in the cause of "suffering humanity," and as far as in us lies, attempt to banish from the moral world the prevailing heresies. PRINCIPLES, and not individuals, will be the subjects of animadversion, unless individual vice or folly shall have such bearing upon the public morals, as to make the measure NECESSARY. Under this brief expose of our views and motives, we "march to the battle field," and fervently hope that we shall deserve and receive the aid and support of every true PHILANTHROPIST.

TERMS.—One dollar per series. (or sixteen numbers,) payable in advance, or on the delivery of the 8th number.—Post Masters and others who will become agents, shall receive a liberal commission.

Rochester, N. Y. February 20, 1832.

NOTE.—The above prospectus was published in the first number of our paper published in this City; and as our views of the subject remain unchanged, we re-publish it, without alteration, in the first number of the coming volume.

It is brief to be sure, but brevity is said to be the "soul of wit," and although we make no claim to the latter, we hope our readers will understand our meaning.

JOB PRINTING done with neatness and despatch, at the office of the Liberal Advocate.

Liberal Advocate.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan! The proper study of mankind is MAN.—Pope.

Volume IV.]

Rochester, June 14, 1834.

[Series I...No.

POETRY.

For the Liberal Advocate.

A Clerical conclave assembled one day,
To consult on the causes of evil—
All united without e'en a moment's delay,
In ascribing all sin to the Devil.

A question arose, of the means to be used,
On his frolics to place an embargo:
For the world, all agreed, was most grossly abused,
By the tricks of this sooty fago.

One honest man chancing to be in the room—
(Poor soul! none on earth was forlornier)
Arose up and said, "the best plan I presume,
"Is at once, to destroy the subornier.

"Let religion and nonsense, be kept from our schools,
"Which now poisons the minds of our youth;
"And instead of the whim-whams of Clerical fools,
"Let us teach them the lessons of Truth.

"We have long since been taught by the good and
the wise.

"But all priests have against them enlisted,
"That ignorance gave birth to the 'Father of lies,'
"And 'in ignorance alone he existed."

"Whenever true knowledge enlightens our homes;
"When Philosophy's beams o'er our country are shed;
"Tis then that our mental *millenium* comes,
"And that moment the Devil is dead."

A murmur arose 'mong the wigs and the cows,
"A traitor!" cried all in a flurry—
"And they stared at each other, like so many owls,
"Roast the miscreant alive in a hurry."

"An infidel, heretic! foe to all good—
"Kill the Devil! 'twould ruin our trade!
"Let us give to Old Nick, the vile recreant's blood,
"On the fire, let his carcass be laid.

"When Satan rebelled in the Kingdom on high,
"He in infinite mercy was spared;
"The souls of vile sinners in brimstone to fry.
"Who might doubt God's infallible word,

"Will ye then vote his death, when he gives us his
aid,

"Our pockets to store with the 'root,' with the
'booty?'"

"You know he's the stay and the staff of our trade,
"So success, and good cheer, and long life to old
sooty."

CARLOS.

MAJOR ANDRE.

The following letter, from the pen of a distinguished Officer of the Revolution, on the subject of the execution of this officer, will be read with interest.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

Col. Webb—Observing in the *Courier and Enquirer* of Saturday, a letter from my old and worthy comrade Doctor Thatcher, relative to Major Andre, it may not be thought impertinent to add a few words respecting the trial and execution of that unfortunate person of whom so much has unnecessarily been written. The conduct and motives of

General Washington, not only in regard to him, but in relation to the confinement of Captain Asgall, have been brought into question by the partisans of the individuals themselves, or of their nation, and condemned. The murder of Huddy in cold blood by Lippincott, belonging to one of the refugee corps, made it necessary to retaliate, and thereby promptly stop such disgraceful and murderous crimes. Whatever may have been Major Andre's worth, he was guilty by the laws of honorable warfare; he was found within his enemy's line, a spy, and died the death of a spy. No respectable man of the British army will say aught against the justice of his doom, though all may lament that there was occasion for it. I recollect the time well. A part of our army was stationed at Tappan. It was midnight, dark and murky when the aids-de-camp were called to the tent of their General.—There they beheld the troops under arms; no drums beat, no loud words of command were given; all was gloomy and silent as the grave; no one knew the cause of the alarm, or conjectured what might be the desperate service on which they were to march. The horrid tale was told to the general by his aids. Arnold had sold the fortress and garrison of West Point to the Enemy, and had deserted! The adjutant general of the British army had been taken as a spy! What questions could be asked; what answers given to an announcement so astonishing in its nature? A council of general officers soon after assembled. Their suites waited in an adjoining room in expectation of the result, with feelings in which no levity was mixed. On the retirement of the court, it was observed, to that excellent gentleman and soldier, Major General Baron Steuben, that no witnesses had been to enter the council chamber.—'No,' said the kind hearted man, there was no need; the unfortunate man fully confessed every thing.—'What sentence has been, or will be awarded, sir?' 'No European army,' said he, 'ever awarded any other sentence to a spy than death by hanging.' I saw but few officers, except those ordered for the duty, attend the execution; it was not a spectacle to be enjoyed. The last words

of the unhappy man—'Take notice that I die like a brave man, had better been omitted; a soldier only fears disgrace. The changes have been rung on this catastrophe for many years—let his ashes rest in peace.

But how comes it, Mr. Webb, that no American, from patriotic or other motives, has ever written, or, beyond the circle of his immediate friends, has spoken of the untimely fate of the brave, well educated and accomplished Capt. Hale, who was hanged by Gen. Howe, not as a rebel, but as a spy? How comes it that no one has ever volunteered the removal of his remains? Excepting Huddy, none, that I have heard of, were hanged as rebels. The prisoners taken in '76 on Long Island, were indeed threatened; and some of them with ropes curled around their necks, were seated on coffins which had been prepared for them. Of this number was Otho Williams, who, for courage, accomplishments, appearance and every thing which might become a man, was inferior to none in any army. Several young officers were captured on the retreat from Long Island, and brought before General Howe. 'Do you know young men,' said the general, 'that your rebellion against your king empowers me to hang you every one?' Lieut. Dunscomb, a worthy son of a respectable father, of this city, answered 'Hang and be damned! I fought for my country and am ready to die for her.'

From the Working man's Advocate.

THE LOVE OF IMITATION.

The fashions of the world have so much changed of late that if our fathers were to rise up, and view things as they are, they would disown their offspring. Religion has been converted into fanaticism; morality has degenerated into self-interest, and patriotism into party. Wherever we turn our eyes we behold the melancholy evidences of what is termed the "improvement of the age." One of the venerable and most prominent characteristics of our times is extravagance, and the philosopher who studies the events of the day must see abundant cause to mourn over the falsely termed improvement of the age.—The evils which afflict us are by some

attributed to this thing and by others to that, each forming his opinions according to the caprice of his feelings or the manner of his education. The religionist believes them to arise from one cause; the politician from another, and the philosopher from a third. The opinions of the latter deserve more weight than those of the others, for he views, calmly and dispassionately, the progress of things around him, and forms his opinions by the light of reason and a knowledge of a history of the past. The pursuits of the present age are singularly adapted to produce a degenerate race of men. The love of *imitation* is one of the strongly marked features of the age, and we daily witness the exercise of the controlling influence over the opinions of those around us. The desire of appearing as our neighbors appear, and of doing as they do, is a great evil: this desire is evinced in the smallest minutæ of life, and may be said to be the cause of great mischief. What is the cause of our poverty? It is our extravagance! Extravagance in our dress, in our household furniture, in our eating, and in our pleasures; these are the causes which combine to keep us poor; they oblige us to live beyond our means to keep up *appearances*. Is not this a slavish imitation of those around us. we do these things, not because they are reasonable, but because others do them, and of course we must do the same. The class of men into whose hands your paper falls is that class whom I would warn particularly against these vices. I would tell them that true independence consists in having but few wants; and in order to have but few wants they must avoid that slavish custom of imitating their neighbors. I would tell them that they are the bone and strength of the country, and in order to secure and *strengthen* that strength they must scorn the follies of the day and live independent of its degenerating customs. Industry and frugality are the true sources of wealth; and they who practise them are sure of those enjoyments which make life desirable and happy.

FRANKLIN.

WAR AND RELIGION.

"War,* (says an eminent writer) is so bad a thing, that nothing but a mixture of religion can make it worse.—This, however, by no means appears to be the general opinion, and the union of the military and religious character is one of the most popular ideas of the time. Indeed it could scarcely be oth-

erwise, when we are engaged in a war, one great object of which is the support of religion of every species against atheism and impiety; and when we have the happiness to be connected with allies so distinguished for religious zeal. It is peculiarly edifying to be informed of the exemplary regularity observed by that humane and civilized body, the Russian soldiery, in the performance of their devotions. This, indeed, is not to be wondered at, since the very robbers of that nation are equally punctillious in this respect. Under the late conscientious empress Catharine, the Russian court-manifestoes were remarkable beyond any in Europe for solemn appeals to the Deity; and it is to be presumed that her successor has not degenerated in this point. The accounts that have been published of the devotional spirit of the celebrated conqueror of Ismael and Praga, cannot fail of giving high delight to those who regard him as the destined restorer of monarchy and catholicism in France. As there is always something interesting in the parallels between great men in different periods, I shall beg leave to place beside these the sketch given by Brantome of an illustrious commander of his time, also a distinguished chief in a catholic league, the constable of France, Anne de Montmorenci.

"Every morning, (says the historian) whether he was at home or in the army, on a march or in camp, he never neglected to recite and hear his *paternosters*. But it was a saying among the soldiers, 'take care of the *paternosters* of Monsieur the Constable,' for whilst he was muttering them over, he would throw in, by way of parenthesis, as the occasions of discipline of war demanded.

Hang me that fellow on the next tree—pass me that other through the pikes—bring me hither that man and shoot him before my face—cut me in pieces all those rascals who are so audacious as to defend that steeple against the king—burn me that village—set fire to all the country for a quarter of a league round; and all this he would do without the least interruption to his devotions, which he would have thought a sin to defer to another hour, so tender was his conscience."

* Written during the French Revolutionary War.

GLAD TIDINGS.

Much is said, sung and written in the religious world, concerning the *gospel*. We hear of *gospel* ministers, of believers in the *gospel*, of the genuine doc-

trines of the *gospel*, hope of the *gospel*, and the fellowship of the *gospel*; and these expressions are used in most cases as if the term "gospel" was perfectly understood. But presently we hear of a certain devout church-member who has suffered the punishment of excommunication. The great sin alleged against him is this; that he has departed from the faith of the *gospel*." On further inquiry it appears that a departure from this faith consists in his renouncing a belief in endless damnation!

Now the question arises—can this be considered a rejection of the Gospel? "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." What is the *gospel*? Ans. "GLAD TIDINGS of great joy, which SHALL BE TO ALL PEOPLE." Let him disprove this who can. And does endless torment constitute any portion of glad tidings to one single individual of the human race?—No, let us hear no more then about "rejecting the *gospel*" when this revolting sentiment is exchanged for the *gospel* of glad tidings.

Moreover. Why is it that the religious world is not more interested in hearing this *gospel* declared? Why are many of them anxious to suppress its light—to denounce those who profess and defend it, and strive to keep all, over whom they have influence, away from those who preach it? We put the question to every one who reads or hears this article; why is this? Are we not all interested in these glad tidings? And if they can be proved true, is it not for our interest and happiness to hear the evidence which may be advanced for their support?—Do men act so contrary to their nature in other matters? If it be reported that a certain individual has died in a foreign land, leaving them an immense fortune, is there no anxiety manifested—are they not willing even to hear the pretended evidence of the truth of this report? We know the answer to these questions.—Let those who pretend to talk of the value of *gospel truth*, read, hear, think and understand.—*Star in the East*.

A VICTIM.

Look at this dreadful instance of the effect of the doctrine of endless misery! When will mankind learn, that a doctrine producing such dreadful consequences cannot be the *gospel* of Christ? The article is from Br. Williamson of the "Religious Inquirer."—*Star in the East*.

A few days since as we were passing down South Market street, in this city,

(Albany,) our attention was arrested by a dense mass of people collected at the foot of Hudson street, near the dock.—Thinking that perhaps, some unfortunate being might have been drowned, and was just taken from the water, we bent our way to the place of the excitement. We had scarcely approached within hailing distance, before our ears were saluted with a sound, not unlike that which proceeds from a Methodist Pulpit, when the preacher is delivering a powerful warning to sinners. We pressed our way through the crowd till we came as near as convenient to the place from which the noise proceeded.

The emaciated form of a man, sat strongly bound and pinioned upon the seat of a waggon standing in the middle of the street. His countenance was wan and pale, his eye sunken, yet wild and glaring, and his beard of considerable length, save in places where it appeared recently to have been plucked out by the roots. His hands were closely tied, so that he could not raise them to his head, and his body confined so that he could not escape from the wagon.—There he sat, like the skeleton of a body and the wreck of a mind, as he was vociferating at the top of his voice to the people around, though his words were as often apparently directed to the buildings as to the living beings that thronged to see him. The burden of his incoherent talk was, that hell was blazing—devils were howling, and heaven storming with vengeance, and if sinners did not repent then, they would be damned, yea, double damned and triple damned, was his language. He is a Methodist, said one upon our right. Yes, said another, and he is a victim of revivalism too. We enquired his name which has escaped our memory. He lived, however, in a town near Whitehall, and was on his way to the Lunatic Asylum in Hudson attended by his brother. We turned away in sorrow that the mild Gospel of Jesus which bealeth all our infirmities, should be perverted to the destruction of reason, the gift of God.—We appeal once more to the people; how long will ye sanction those systems of faith which drive your fellows around you, by scores, to the dark cells of insanity and madness? Oh! that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

Turkish Declaration of War.—The following is said to be a copy of the Dec-

laration of War issued by Mahomet IV. against Leopold, Emperor of Germany, in 1663.

"By the grace of God, the great God in Heaven, We Molo-Mahomet god of earth, renowned and powerful Emperor of Babylon and Judea, from the rising to the setting of the sun, King of all earthly kings, mighty ruler of Arabia and Mauritania, born triumphant Sovereign of Jerusalem, possessor of the tomb of Christ the crucified, declare to thee, Emperor of Germany, to thee, King of Poland, and to all the chiefs of thy land, as well as the Pope of Rome, his cardinals and bishops, that We are resolved to attack thee with 13 kings 2,300,000 men on horseback and on foot, with Turkish courage unknown to thee and thine. We will visit thee in Vienna thy capital, and pursue thee and the King of Poland and all thy allies, sword in hand, burning, plundering, murdering, and destroying thy country and subjects. As for thee, thou shalt suffer the most horrible death that can be imagined. As thy government is weak and cruel even among Christians, we will wrest from thee, with fire and sword, thy Empire and Kingdom, and likewise overthrow and annihilate the See of Rome and its tripple crown.

"This, Emperor of Germany and King of Poland, is our declaration to thee and all thy dependants; and we more over inform thee, that these words will speedily be followed by deeds, for which thou hast to hold thyself in readiness.

Given in our powerful city Stamboul: containing 1,659 streets, 90 hospitals, 1,000 public baths, 997 fountains, 320 markets, 115 stables for mules, 480 inns for foreigners, 1,652 great and small schools, 4,122 mosques and churches.—This great and powerful city is four German miles in circumference, and on its walls are 360 strong towers.—Our ancestors wrested it from the hands of the Christians, whose wives and children were murdered before their eyes.—Thus will we treat thee and all Christians, to prove our hatred and disdain.

"Given in the 25th year of our age, and the 7th of our potent reign.

(SIGNED.) MOLO MAHOMET."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—Several females and one of them a married woman, who belonged to a certain Baptist church in New Hampshire: in the latter part of 1833, were found to have been guilty of illicit intercourse with some of the male sex, and on being summoned before the church, and receiving a formal church-

mauling, and after contradicting, and re-contradicting their own stories, they severally revealed the names of their seducers, or assistants, together with the principal circumstances attending the same. A short time after this affair became public, and just before the unlawful offspring were expected to be ushered into the open world, the priest of the church, had a call from god superstition, god cash or god popularity. (and perhaps all three,) to settle in the Capitol—with which he complied. As the god-like shepherd was about to leave his god-like fold, there was, as might be expected, a loud call for change, to compensate him for his faithful, and efficient care and protection of his flock. A certain man, who belonged to this church, and his son, a non-professor, who both lived on a farm which they owned undivided, having some disagreement about their property, agreed to leave their differences to a reference of three men, who in their decision, allotted to the son such a part of the farm;—and he was to pay his father's tax, (no mention being made of his parish taxes, which in New Hampshire are not enforced by law,) for that year, (1833.) Just before the parson made his exit from the place, the collector of minister taxes, seeing the young man in the village, demanded of him his father's society tax. "I shall not pay it," said the young man, independently. "Did you not," said the collector, "agree to pay your father's tax?" "Yes," said the young man, "and I have paid it, according to law; but I'll be damned if I'll pay a shepherd, who will leave his flock in lambing time."

Western Hyperbole.—From the eastern side, stranger," said another to me, 'I'm told it's tolerable frog pasture.—Now here the soil's so deep one can't raise any long sauce—they all get pulled through on the other side. We can winter our cows, however, on wooden clocks, there's so many yankees among us." &c.

A German physician has published a medical tract, in which he maintains that ladies of weak nerves should not be permitted to sleep alone. It is said this book is in great demand.

Death.—What is death, but the forgetfulness of some few hearts added to the general unconsciousness of our existence that pervades the universe? The hubble breaks in the vast desert of the air without a sound.

LIBERAL ADVOCATE.

Rochester, June 14, 1834.

Black List.

E. H. Perry, Michigan, owes	\$10 00
L. B. Stearns, said to be in St. Louis,	1 00
F. Britton, dont know him	1 00
A. Stark, do	1 00
Geo. Town, Rochester,	2 00
Isaac Russell, Jr. do.	2 00
Harvey McIntyre, do.	2 00
C. A. Wentworth, Manchester, Ontario, Co.	3 00
Jehiel Todd, Palmyra,	4 00
Clark Wright, do.	2 00
Ami Richardson, do.	2 00

This is a small commencement of this BLACK catalogue, and we fear we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of increasing it with copious NOTES.

FOURTH OF JULY.

We are sorry to observe that for some years past, a party has sprung up among us, who do "all that in them lies" to obliterate from the minds of our citizens, the memory of the birth day of our nation.

When we forget the toils and hardships of our fathers; how they "waded through blood and slaughter," not to a throne: but to give FREEDOM to a nation;—when we forget that august Assembly, who, with "halters around their necks," dared to declare that "mankind were born free and equal," LIBERTY will have left our shores.

In times, not far gone bye; the priest, deacon, and the Church at large, all united in celebrating the FOURTH of July, as the Nation's Jubilee, and if a somewhat tedious prayer was sometimes made;—the "generous wine" was quaffed, and the day was closed in harmony and friendship.

But alas, how are times altered? How fast has patriotism receded? What a delusion in the moral sense of some of our Orthodox brethren. They consider it extremely sinful to "beat the drum" or fire a cannon on the day on which our ancestors promulgated their declaration of RIGHTS.

Is what is now called piety, at variance with civil and religious liberty? If so, give us none of it. We were brought up among the most "rigid sect of Pharisees," and we can declare in the face of the world, that we have *secularians* among us, who would use "fire and faggot," did not the law restrain them.

Let every true friend of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, look at the "signs of the times" and see if there is nothing "rotten in the state of Denmark"—let them rally around the TREE of liberty, and if we become slaves to the "Church and state party;"—let them individually say with the Roman Cato;—"If Rome falls;—I am innocent."

FREE INQUIRY.

We observe from the "Boston Investigator," in an article dated "Rochester, N. Y." that a society of *Free Inquirers* had been organized in this CITY. We like it; and since the Boston Investigator is so much better calculated to diffuse "these tidings which are hailed with joy," we forbear publishing an article we had written on the subject, and conclude that the members of this society had better get their printing done at Boston. We are too ORTHODOX for their use.

We are sorry to hear, that the celebrated Apostle to the Gentiles—Mr. Burchard, who once *did* a small business in Albany, but in conjunction with his wife, is now in a more glorious vocation, (converting souls)—has been arrested for an *assault and battery*. Result unknown.

THE COMBINATION.

Monopolies of all descriptions, are cried down in this, (misnamed) republic, but notwithstanding the daily and yearly lessons men receive, they appear blind to consequences.

We have been informed that the combination forwarding men, wish to bring the Captains of their Boats, to a stand-ard to suit their own narrow minded views, (there are some exceptions) and we fear they are about to drive their most efficient Captains from their service. Some men will bear "a good deal," but cannot stand "every thing"

IRON WINDOW SHUTTERS.

It cannot but be expected, that inexperienced men should often go astray, and (as the sailor would say,) run *afout* of their own interest. Iron window shutters, cost but little more than those made of wood, and had the "Globe building," been provided with this article, it might have been saved. "Men must live and learn," we merely intend this as a hint, more especially to those who have no *insurance*

Green Peas from the Garden of Mr. Geo. Hawkins of Brighton, in this County, were exhibited at the Arcade in this city on the ninth instant.

Communications.

For the Liberal Advocate.

PRIESTCRAFT.

We have lately seen a pamphlet, entitled "a sermon preached on the 15th December, 1833, in the Brick Church, in the village of Rochester, by the Rev. William Wisener," and sent on *Sunday* by a messenger to the Catholic Chapel.

We were in hopes that the times of Religious persecution were over, or at least so far as was incompatible with decency and good order in society, but begin to fear, that our hopes were without foundation.

That Society, [the Catholic,] has been disturbed, by indiscreet persons, and all must acknowledge that the injury done by such, to communities, have been in proportion to the rank which they had gained in society.

There is also another class of people which have been, and are still, a great annoyance to the majority of communities; we mean those entitled *Fanatics*. That those are an unfortunate class of people, all must allow; but whether they do not in some measure contribute to their own misfortunes, may demand a doubt. Most of those beings appear, as if a peculiar formation had produced that very great excitability on some single subject, while on the other hand they appear to have been left incapable of judging of the propriety, or impropriety of their own acts. Such we conceive to be the case with those who have associated in New York, under the name of the "Magdalen Society." According to the phrenological language of the day, the bumps upon their heads indicating an excitability, or a desire to be acquainted with *prostitution* must be very prominent, while those indicating judgment, or a capability of discerning the effect of causes, must be very small, if at all visible. Under such circumstances the effect of their coming in contact with the class of people, mentioned, although they do it very *sanctimoniously*, must be very doubtful; at least they may be supposed to take as much liberty, as did the musicians, at the fall of Hebe, whom the poet describes by saying that "every cheek was hid behind a lyre, while every eye was glancing through the strings."

That the sermon spoken of, is an offspring from that same Magdalen Society, located in New York, there can be no doubt, as the whole of it is upon that

subject, but probably was (as indicated by the title page) delivered in the *Second*, now called *Brick Church* in this village. This we are to account for upon the principle, that like causes produce like effects, or that mankind under similar circumstances will act similar.

The sermon under consideration, taken together, is a strange and indecent compilation, and a part of it, undoubtedly meant, as a direct insult to that part of community, denominated Roman Catholics.

That those people, by complying with the requisition of our laws, are as fully entitled to all the benefits of Religious toleration as secured to all, by our Constitution, there can be no doubt, and who is there among us but would declare that the sending of such a production into a congregation during the time of worship, was both disturbing their worship and insulting their judgments.

That particular part of the publication which was undoubtedly meant for an insult, was where the author compared the Roman Catholic Church to the Whore of Babylon, or to use his expressions, the "blood-thirsty Church of Rome," that *gorgeously apparelled harlot*.

In order to give this publication an air of sanctity, he selected for his subject, some passages of uncertain meaning from that long doubtful book, called the "REVELATION OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE," which are written in such an ambiguous style, that, if they had a meaning, beyond what they read, it is beyond the power of man to tell what it was. The writer of that book, in his ambiguous and symbolical style, sets forth the whore of Babylon seated upon a beast with seven heads, which he afterward explains by saying that "*the seven heads, are seven mountains on which the woman sitteth.*" and "*the woman which thou sawest is that great city, which reigneth over the Kings of the earth.*"

Now, how even priestcraft, with all its endless tricks and windings, could so twist these words as to have them bear upon the Catholic Church, is beyond rational calculation. The contortion would not be greater were the Catholics in return to apply a part of a succeeding verse to the *Second Church*, and say, "*come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins and that ye receive not her plagues; for her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath numbered her iniquities.*"

Now, who, unless it was some one particularly acquainted, would say this was meant from the first, to apply to the

Second Church? or who but those prejudiced, would apply the first to the Roman Catholic Church, when the very words declare that the woman was the city, and the beasts the seven hills upon which it was built? but whether Rome or Constantinople was meant, if either, is not determined. From subsequent expressions we should be led to conclude that it must have meant Constantinople, as it is represented as a great commercial or mercantile city, which was not eminently so with Rome. Constantinople, was, like Rome, built upon seven hills, and upon great waters.

The conclusion to be drawn, is, that the priests, have acquired such an ascendancy over the minds of the people, that whatever they do under the cloak of religion is beyond the power of man to inspect, and that their motives are unimpeachable, as they are past finding out; "but by their fruits ye shall know them." No liberal minded man who is a friend to good order in society or to religion, would wish to disturb the worship of others.

LOOKER ON.

For the Liberal Advocate.

MR. EDITOR,—

I consider the cause, which our modern dubsters call infidelity, of the utmost importance to mankind; inasmuch as it is calculated to unshackle the mind, and resist the machinations of wicked and designing men. And while I remain of this opinion, I shall deem it my duty, to exert my feeble powers in its support; and contribute my mite to sustain it against the powers that assume to sway the will of heaven by prayer, and the minds of men by imprecations and threats—notwithstanding the assertion so frequently made, with the impudence of christian charity; that he who propagates sentiments, calculated to destroy a belief in the bible, should be looked upon as little, if any, better than a thief, or a robber.

The means used by christians, as well as other religionists, to propagate their dogmas, show that they have, themselves, but little confidence of succeeding by dint of argument in convincing rational beings of either its truth, or its utility. Or why not depend upon argument alone, and quit their denunciations of eternal torment, and their promises of heaven, a matter which they know nothing? The man who asserts that there is a heaven, or a hell, such as are represented in the bible; where the souls of men will go after death, to receive their reward or

punishment, asserts that which he knows no more about, than does the Orang-outang; and which he cannot prove to the satisfaction of any inquiring mind, that seeks for truth and truth alone. All ideas of heaven and hell, of souls and spirits, and super-natural agencies, are the mere hypothetical emanations of phrenzied imaginations; or inventions of priestcraft, to be used as gull-traps to ensnare the timid, the credulous, or the unwary.

I do not deny the existence of a Supreme Power. In the vast laboratory of nature, we fancy that we see much evidence of an original design—a display of a wisdom infinite. But who that ever thought, can credit the stories in the Old Testament about the creation, and the character given to Deity, by the ignorant compilers of that dubious history? A history to be believed, should at least bear the impress of consistency; and be destitute of palpable contradictions. To be of utility, it should inculcate good morals, and none other. And if it ever holds vice up to view, it should be to expose its hideousness; and not to justify the most hardened, despicable villains, for crimes of the blackest dye—for theft, fraud, murder and adultery! and make the desperadoes who practiced these vices, the favorites of Heaven, and the chosen instruments of God, to practice their deeds of darkness on the unoffending creatures of his will.—The existence of such a God I deny.—Of course I deny the divinity of him who claimed to be his son. If christians have their proof to convince me of the existence of one or both, let them bring it. If not, let them use their more powerful arguments, such as have been applied to Mr. Kneeland; and if they succeed in converting one Free Inquirer, a thing that they have never done, then let them boast of their success, till the welkin rings with their shouts of victory.

CARLOS.

For the Liberal Advocate.

PRIMITIVE CHURCHES.

The subject of the contrast between the primitive and the modern Churches, is one, that occupies but a small space in the minds of most people; but it is one of infinite importance, when considered in its proper light. In a careful investigation of the subject, much error and delusion cannot but be unfolded.—I am not prepared, (and if I were,) I should consider it improper at this time, to specify any particular Church or the acts of any Church, which have detracted

so much from their primitive origin or design. I would not here be understood that any have intentionally and knowingly forsaken the paths marked by the Apostles and primitive Christians; but that each and every one have greatly mistaken wrong for right, will appear obvious to any one, who will trouble himself with examining this important subject. As I said before, I shall not specify any Church or Churches, which have thus degenerated. But considering it a very important subject, I deem it not disrespectful in the present state of things, to submit it to impartial and candid readers.

W. A. P.

Rochester, June 8th, 1834.

For the Liberal Advocate.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey,
Hear to my tale, it will your minds dismay,
Untill enlivened by a generous call,
To fight for truth and ignorance to fall.

MR. EDITOR.—

Of the many curses of the present day, that of religious intolerance is unquestionably the greatest. We view her presenting herself under all the various attractive colours that can render her alluring in the eye of the unreflecting; who when once deceived, soars to grasp an ambiguous prize, which when reason reflects upon it, amounts to nothing more than a visionary tale. But we may feel contented that we can look upon the world without beholding that bloody monument, the inquisition, and finding the proud artillery of the christian religion shrinking from the task of defending a system which has enveloped mankind in ignorance, anarchy and confusion; and caused the plains of Palestine to flow with the blood of its peaceable inhabitants.

Humanity has too long sunk beneath the influence of sectarianism; man's credulity has too long made him a victim of the designing ones. For us to stand back from the cause of free enquiry, which is of so vital an interest to the community in general, is criminal.

Of all the delusions that infest the senses of mankind, none is so dangerous as that which disturbs the tranquility of our enjoyments to such a degree, that we are lost in the vortex of fancied Heavens or imaginative hells. None so dangerous as that which drowns us in the depths of superstition, or envelopes us in the clouds of fanaticism, so that the subject is made to curse his life, himself, his fortune and his earth, for the sake of what imagination is wont to produce within his breast.

How vastly different is the mind of

the free enquirer in comparison to that of the gloomy christian? (I have been a subject to delusion myself and from these premises I draw this conclusion,) the mind of the free enquirer is allowed to range upon the summit of astronomy, while that of the christian is doomed to roam on the confines of a heaven or hell, which better suits the painter or poet, than the searcher after everlasting truths.

CLOTAIR.

For the Liberal Advocate.

MODERN DICTIONARY.

Caravan.—The patronizers of a menagerie.

Dandy.—A tame animal.

Side walk.—A road for wheel-barrows and other two legged machines.

Good Manners.—Disused.

Negro.—Politeness.

Politics.—A saleable article at present.

Churches.—A resort for pride and vanity.

Humanity.—A peculiar mark of priestcraft in ancient times, (much the same at present.)

Prophet.—A man who tells that which happened before his birth, and says it happened after.

Priest.—A Divine teacher of delusion.

Gentleman.—One who struts behind two cents worth of tobacco.

Canal Boat.—A species of canoe where the captans feel as large as a commander of a man-of war.

Democratic.—A branch of federalism.

Cloak.—A temperance society.

Delusion.—A popular remedy for saving souls.

Myself.

CONSISTENCY.

For the Advocate

The removal of the Deposites, not the only cause of the pressure!—

An extensive dealer in Onions, down east, says, that he always found a ready market, until "Protracted Meetings" become prevalent, which has entirely ruined the market for his Onions.

OUR CITY.

We have had high times here for the week past. The Lord Mayor was sworn into office and delivered his inaugural speech. We did not hear it, but from a version we have seen in the "Daily Democrat," we think, all things considered, that it is "pretty good," although there may be more tautology and repetition than would suit the Emperor of China.

A levee was held at the Mayor's house the evening succeeding the inauguration, where the "good society" of the

city were regaled, (cold water folks and all) with cold and hot Coffee, Ice cream, "sweet cake &c. &c." The Jubilee of the Whigs over the Tories," was celebrated the day after on Brown's Island, where, notwithstanding the dust, the wind "kicked up," any amount of "cold wittels" was consumed. One professional man alone, is said to have devoured fifteen cold hams.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why are women in the aggregate, more pious than men? Do you give it up? Because they have been priest ridden.

Why are the people of Rochester more prone to excitement than in other places? Do you give it up? Because there is greater ignorance among them.

Why is a "fair lady" like a ship?—do you give it up? Because the sails and rigging frequently costs more than the hull is worth.

The following revival scene is copied from the "Star in the East," a religious paper published in Concord, N. H. The farce was gotten up in New Haven, Conn. and the famous Dr. Beecher acted the part of the Chief Magician. Many of our readers in "Western New York" have witnessed scenes equally degrading to weak human nature.—Where will this mania stop in case the more thinking and deliberate, do not put their Veto upon such vile impositions.

Ed Lib. Adv.

"The inhabitants who were curious to hear the famous Dr. Beecher, began to pour out from all parts; and roll on, like a vast tide, toward the house, which was quickly filled to overflowing.

Then was apparent the minute attention to effect. The building was kept dark and sepulchral. The lamps were few and dim. Just a blaze of light about the pulpit, and the remote parts obscure and uncertain. The bell continued to toll heavily. More than an hour had elapsed since the assemblage of the congregation, and yet they remained waiting anxiously, every peal of the bell, toll—toll—falling with intenser weight upon their spirits; filling the gloom with images of the past and future; and summoning up thoughts and associations of the tombs and the dead—passing along over their minds like funeral processions. I felt my blood run chill, said my friend, as I stood there in the midst of the vast multitude; their faces all turned up to the light, looking ghastly and distorted in the pale blaze that fell upon them.

At length an opening was seen near

the door, and as the crowd gave way, there advanced swiftly up the side, a dark, haggard shape, looking less like a man than like a troubled spirit. The mass of faces closed again, densely behind him, as he ascended, with a rapid pace, the steps of the pulpit, and stood forth to the eyes of the people. As it were, a rush of silence passed over the congregation; and as the bell struck its last peal, there settled down upon the house a breathless hush. The preacher stood for a moment solemnly; then clasped his hands, shut his eyes, and murmured an inaudible prayer.—The hymn was selected—deep, despairing, and trembling—the music, a dirge. Then came the sermon. He named his text, and dashed at once into the heart of his exhortation. “I must rend away,” he said, and extending his long, bony arms to the uttermost, he swept the air with intense slow earnestness—“I must rend away the veil of time, and show you the terrors of eternity.” He descanted on repentance and condemnation; on the vast influences, the almighty intelligence, and regeneration from the chaos of sin, and a thousand crowded incoherencies, shadowy and fearful; and then broke at once upon hell and its torments. He leaned far, far over the pulpit; and peered, as it seemed into a profound beneath him; his eyes started out and distended, and his lips quivered. It was there—

“The roused ocean of deep hell,
Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,
Heap'd with the damn'd, like pebbles.”

He heard their howling and gnashing of teeth, and shuddered. He saw the smoke of their torments go up, a cloud, living, palpably, terrible—and covering his eyes, turned away. His voice became low, and husky, until it sunk into silence.

The effect was tremendous. Many would have fallen, but that they were kept up by the pressure of the crowd. And many would have cried out; but the silence was heavy upon them, and they could not lift it. Like men in a dream, they strove powerlessly. Then came the awful chant again—something about standing upon a precipice slippery and in darkness; and hearing the torments going on beneath them—(Here my friend repeated the hymn, word for word—he said the words were stamped upon his memory as with a branding-iron.) And then the prayer—the agonized supplication—the writhing—the cry—the shriek of despair.

Most of those assembled there that

night went home they knew not how—many passed the remaining watches of it in howling and wailing—and some went out, for the remnant of their lives, maniacs.”

CONSOLATION.

We were told for a certainty not long since, that a certain good woman had been much troubled with the idea that Universalism might possibly be true; although she could hardly endure so monstrous an idea. She was troubled so much however with the subject, that on returning to rest at night, sleep had taken its flight far from her. Rest, she could not for a long while—until, after a number of passages of scripture had presented themselves in favor of Universalism—this one came in as certain, satisfactory proof against it. “*These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal.*” This removed all doubt, and restored peace! A portion of mankind were to be made miserable world without end, as she understood the passage, and sleep, gentle sleep, came to her relief! She might have sung with Dr. Watts—

“On slippery rocks I see them stand
And fiery billows roll below!”

and then have slept, still more sound.—We have only to say that this is a strange kind of *quietus* to the troubled mind. It does not appear much however like that which caused Peter to rejoice “with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.”—*Star and Universalism.*

From the New Hampshire Universalist. SOULS PERISHING FOR LACK OF MONEY!

The following is from a Missionary zealot in the state of Maine—S. L. Pomroy. Verily, he is a modest man. He speaks in behalf of the Maine Missionary Society.

“We have encouraged the feeble churches of the State to expect aid from the society. They need, and greatly desire the preaching of the gospel.—They desire it for themselves and their children and their neighbors. They cannot do without it. They feel that if deprived of it they shall wither and die and their children, now in their sins, will go down to eternal ruin.”

We say he is a *modest* man, because he only asks for *ten thousand dollars* to save these individuals from “eternal ruin!” And is there a single believer in endless damnation who is possessed of the means and can withhold it when such a call is made? Answer, ye who pro-

less this belief! Say not that you have *worldly* considerations—that your dignity of appearance kept up, and all this kind of pretension. *Money* is called for to save souls from ETERNAL RUIN! Give! And give *all you possibly can*—or else own that you have *doubts* of your doctrines!

THRILLING STORY.—An extraordinary story is told by Captain Wallace, of a lover and his mistress, who were saved from the jaws of a shark:—

A transport, with a part of a regiment on board, was sailing with a gentle breeze along the coast of Colony; one of the officers was leaning over the poop railing, conversing with a young lady who had inspired him with the tender passion. The fair was in the act of handing a paper to her lover, when, overreaching herself, she fell into the sea, and, supported by her clothes, drifted astern; the officer lost no time in plunging in after her, and upheld her by one arm. The sails were quickly backed, the ship lay to, and preparations were made to lower a boat, when, to the dismay of all on board, a large shark appeared under the keel of the vessel, and glided towards his victims; a shout of terror from the agonized spectators called the attention of the officer to the approaching danger—he saw the monster's fearful length near him; he made a desperate effort, plunged and slashed the water so as to frighten the shark, who turned and dived out of his sight.—The current had now carried the officer and the lady close to vessel, when the shark appeared the second time, and was on the act of turning on his back to seize one of the hapless pair, when a private of one of the officer's company, who was standing in the hammock nettings, jumped fearlessly overboard with a bayonet in his hand, which he plunged into the back of the shark which instantly disappearing, the three were released from their perilous situation.

DESCRIPTIVE.—A contemporary, in giving a description of a female who came under his observation, says that her “hat resembled in color and shape that of a smashed lobster!” and was here and there ornamented with knots, or bows, like “peeled onions!”

A Yankee, speaking of his children, said he had seven sons, none of whom looked *alike* but Jonathan, and Jonathan didn't look 'zackly alike,

BE SHORT.

Some people have a round about way of getting at things, which is as wasteful of time as it is trying to the patience. I wish the printers would notice in their papers, and advise every body on all manner of subjects, to be short. I shall be so.

What can be more vexatious, when you are just going about your business, and perhaps in a hurry too, than for some idle fellow to take you by the button, to say 'only a word,' and detain you half an hour in distance vile listening to a story, without beginning, middle, point, or end, in which every particular is intermingled with interminable digression, silly comment, and tiresome insanity. Take such a one by the ears, and tell him be short, under the penalty of losing them.

My neighbor, Lewis Longyarn, has cost me more than two cows are worth, within six months, by this very species of ill manners, and yet he thinks himself one of the cleverest chaps in the lane, and laughs through all his stories, as if there was a spice of wit in them. He accosted me to-day, as I was going to dinner—and this is on important business with me, for I am an old man, and my working days are nearly over. "Good morning, uncle Oliver, I've a word to say to you." Well, be short, I am called to dinner in haste.—"Oh yes, I'll be short," but egad, before the fellow had explained how the pig had got into the cellar and overturned his milk pans, the pudding was as cold as a stone, and worthy dame Dorothy almost uttered a complaint.

Short speeches, short stories, short courtships—a wise man will always be short in these doings. I never knew a short sermon that was not liked for it—a short story that had not more pith in it—a short courtship that was not more fortunate than a long one. I showed a lad who had been running after his sweet-heart two years, old cousin Jeremiah's purse which measured half a yard, and had but a single sixpence at the bottom—he borrowed it to take down to Charlotte, and they both took the hint from it, and got married at once.

But the fashion of the times is contagious—tell all the story tellers, and speech makers, tell all manner of people how pleasant a thing it is to be short.

AN EXTRACT.

About A. D. 700. Kathbod, king of Friesland, or Holland, was converted from heathenism to christianity, and a-

greed to be baptized by Wulfrun, bishop of Sens. The day appointed for the ceremony came, and the people and the Priests proceeded with the royal convert to the font. When the service had been performed so far that the king had set one foot into the water, he stopped short, and with a stern dignity becoming his rank, solemnly adjured the bishop in the name of Almighty God, to inform him whether his departed ancestors, the ancient nobility and Kings of Friesland, were in that celestial region which had been promised him on condition he were baptized; or whether they were in that infernal gulf which he had been describing as the future abode of the unbaptized? Wulfrun replied:—"Excellent Prince, be not deceived; God hath a certain number of his elect; your predecessors, former princes of Friesland, dying unbaptized, are undoubtedly damned; but henceforth whosoever believeth and is baptized, shall be happy with Christ forever." O, if that be the case, exclaimed Kathbod, withdrawing his foot from the font, I cannot be baptized. I cannot consent to give up the company of my noble predecessors in exchange for that of a few poor people in your celestial region. I will adhere to the ancient and universal opinions of my own nation. Having so said, he retired, refusing, says the historian, to be dipped in the font of regeneration."—See Robinson's *Hist. of Baptism, Benedict's Edition, p. 118.*

Chinese Dinner.—Singapore is an island belonging to Great Britain, situated near the southern extremity of the Malacca In June last, Mr. Haki, a Chinese merchant, entertained the whole of the European merchants and military officers of the city of Singapore with a splendid Chinese dinner. In the bill of fare we find the following "delicious novelties:" Soups of bird's nests, frogs and ducks' livers; a hasher of stewed elephants' tails with a sauce of lizards' eggs, a stewed porcupine served up with the fat of turtle; fish-maws served up with sea-weed; a platter full of snipes' eyes garnished round the border with peacocks' combs, (this dish cost \$300,) jellies made from the rhinoceros's hide; fruit from Malacca and Rio; wine from Europe, &c. The party remained at the table until three o'clock the next morning; "about this time the wine had made an impression on the heads of some of the party, and the glass ware was heard to tingle in different parts of the room; all, however, ended in perfect harmony."

PROPOSALS FOR THE LIBERAL ADVOCATE, By O. DOGBERRY, Esq.

This paper has been translated to this flourishing City where it will hereafter be issued weekly from the Independent Press, at No. 24, in the Arcade.

It will be enlarged and improved, and the first number issued on or before the 22d of February instant, on fine paper and handsome type. Gentlemen of talents, in different sections of the country, have engaged to assist us in its various departments.

"EQUAL RIGHTS" and "FREE DISCUSSION," will be fearlessly advocated and maintained. Sectarian dogmas or tenets will be investigated and compared.—The spirit of Ecclesiastical, Ancient, and Modern History, will be briefly illustrated.—Mythology, and Ancient and Modern Biographical Sketches, will receive due attention, while Science, and the Useful Arts will occupy a portion of our columns.

THE friends of "civil and religious liberty," must be perfectly aware, that none but enlightened and independent freemen are capable of self government, and that when the mists of superstition and ignorance have once enveloped the human understanding, REASON yields her empire, and the body, degraded to a level with the brute creation, becomes a passive instrument in the hands of the ambitious and designing DEMAGOGUE.

IMPRESSED WITH THE ABOVE TRUTHS, we shall labour incessantly in the cause of "suffering humanity," and as far as in us lies, attempt to banish from the moral world the prevailing heresies. PRINCIPLES, and NOT individuals, will be the subjects of animadversion, unless individual vice or folly shall have such bearing upon the public morals, as to make the measure NECESSARY. Under this brief expose of our views and motives, we "march to the battle field," and fervently hope that we shall deserve and receive the aid and support of every true PHILANTHROPIST.

TERMS—One dollar per series. (or sixteen numbers,) payable in advance, or on the delivery of the 8th number.—Post Masters and others who will become agents, shall receive a liberal commission.

Rochester, N. Y. February 20, 1832.

NOTE.—The above prospectus was published in the first number of our paper published in this City; and as our views of the subject remain unchanged, we re-publish it, without alteration, in the first number of the coming volume.

It is brief to be sure, but brevity is said to be the "soul of wit," and although we make no claim to the latter, we hope our readers will understand our meaning.

JOBBPRINTING done with neatness and despatch, at the office of the Liberal Advocate.

Liberal Advocate.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan! The proper study of mankind is MAN.—Pope.

Volume IV]

Rochester, June 21, 1834.

[Series I...No. 5.

POETRY.

FROM THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL.

A YOUNG WIFE'S SOLILOQUY.

I'm married now—a happy wife,
My silly cares have fled;
All vice, conceit and girlish strife
For precedence, are dead.

In nature's garb, my rosy cheek
Still holds its wonted bloom;
But should it fade, no rouge shall e'er
The rose's place assume.

My teeth I cleanse, but not through pride
To keep them sound I strive,
My eyes I'll use in virtue's cause,
Which will their use survive.

My faults of early years I'll mend,
By living true and well;
And blaming coquetry and pride,
In every "reigning belle."

If I have ever given the SACK,
It was with wisdom's voice:
And now "I have a cheering thought,"
I made a prudent choice.

My husband is more dear to me
Than all the single joys
Of maids and willing bachelors,
Whom discontent annoys.

"This short advice" I'll ever give
To rising misses dear;
Be prudent, shun a fopish beau;
When virtue asks,—give ear.

When Ma and Pa give their consent,
And say your hand may bless
The hand of him who asks your love,
Make no delay—say YES.

Nothing Destroyed.—The resources of chemists have shown that what the vulgar call corruption, destruction, &c. is nothing but a change of arrangement of the same ingredient elements, the disposition of the same materials into other forms, without the loss or actual destruction of a single atom; and thus any doubts of the permanence of natural laws are discountenanced, and the whole weight of appearances thrown into the opposite scale. One of the most obvious cases of apparent destruction is, when any thing is ground to dust and scattered to the winds. But it is one thing to grind a fabric to powder, and another to annihilate its materials; scattered as they may be, they must fall somewhere, and continue, if only as ingredients of the soil, to perform their humble but useful part in the economy of nature. The destruction produced by fire, is more striking; in many cases, as in the burning of a piece of charcoal or a taper, there is no smoke, nothing

visibly dissipated and carried away; the burning body wastes and disappears, while nothing seems to be produced but warmth and light, which we are not in the habit of considering as substances, and when all has disappeared, except perhaps some trifling ashes, we naturally enough suppose it is gone, lost, destroyed. But when the question is examined more exactly, we detect in the invisible stream of heated air, which ascends from the glowing coal or flaming wax, the whole ponderable matter, only united in a new combination with the air, and dissolved in it. Yet so far from being thereby destroyed, it is only become again what it was before it existed in the form of charcoal or wax, an active agent in the business of the world and a main support of vegetable and animal life, and is still susceptible of running again & again the same round, as circumstances may determine; so that for ought we can see to the contrary, the same identical atom may be concealed for thousands of centuries in a limestone rock; may at length be quarried, set free in the limekiln, mix with the air, be absorbed from it by plants, and in succession, become a part of the frames of myriads of living beings, till some concurrence of events, consigns it once more to a long repose, which, however, no way unfits it from again resuming its former activity.—*Herschel's Philosophy.*

The following is copied from Nugent's *Travels through Germany*. It will afford a fair specimen of clerical intrigue and artifice, to extort money from the more honest and industrious part of the Society, when it is recollected that they require a fee-simple for the exhibition of these religious *Poppet Shows*. This kind of holy extortion, is not unlike those of a modern date—such as, *Missionary Societies*, *Bible Societies*, *Religious Corn and Potatoe fields*, *Rag Bags*, *Stages*, &c., which are but so many means, in the hands of an artful and designing Clergy, to sponge out of the humble poor, their hard earnings, to enable these drones of Society, to revel in ease and luxury.

"The scene of the following exhibition is in the church of Dobberau, a vil-

lage near the Duchy of Mecklenburg.

The list is as follows:

A small quantity of flax, which the Virgin Mary had for spinning. A bundle of hay, which the three wise men of the East had for their cattle, and left behind them at Bethlehem. A piece of Lazarus' garment. A bone of St. Christopher and the first joint of his thumb. The shoulder blade of the said St. Christopher. A piece of linen cloth, wove by the Virgin Mary. A piece of the head belonging to the fish mentioned in Tobit. A hair of St. Jerome's Mustachios. Part of Judas' bowels, which gushed out as he burst assunder. The scissors with which Delilah cut off Sampson's hair. Five smooth stones which David put into his bag when he went to encounter the giant Goliath. A branch of the tree on which Absalom hung by the hair. The head of St. Paul. The professor told Mr. Nugent, that one of the principal relics had been stolen in the last century; and it was no less than a quint of the Angel Gabriel's wing."

Victims! More victims of Protracted Meetings.—Mr. Truman Bostwick departed this life after a severe conflict for more than a year. It was said of him that he was crazy. The following respecting him was a general expression, 'He got his death wound at a protracted meeting.' He was a resident of this town, and member of the Presbyterian church.

Mrs. Mary McNair, member of the same church, was taken in a fit of delirium at a protracted meeting. She lived some eight or ten days and departed this life.

Elder—Bemis, a Free-Will Baptist preacher, was taken at the same meeting, in the same manner, but the disorder has not yet proved fatal, tho' three or four men are necessary to take care of him.

Sheets might be filled with similar cases, by going twenty or thirty miles from this place; but these cases only include this town, and the town adjoining. With Mr. Truman Bostwick, I have been personally acquainted for many years. At a protracted meeting held in this town, July 1833, conducted by the celebrated Revivalist, Mr. Oad-

way, Mr. Bogtwick became a victim. It was soon discovered that he acted strangely by spells; and he at length fell into crazy fits, which increased upon him until last December, when he died. With Mrs. Mary McNair, I was also personally acquainted. She joined the Presbyterian church about a year ago. She had some years before, moved into Livingston county—came here on a visit—went to the protracted meeting in Allegany county, (town adjoining this.) returned home with her mother, and there died, some thirty or forty miles from home. With Mr. Bemis I was not personally acquainted—but have frequently heard of him; he lives in the town west of this. Mr. Littlejohn conducted the meeting where Mr. Bemis and Mrs. McNair were driven to insanity.

The meeting at which Mrs. McNair and Mr. Bemis were taken crazy, was held in Almond about a month ago, by the Presbyterians. As soon as they closed, the Methodists commenced in the same town and continued a week, and between them, the whole flourishing society of Universalists in that place, (save one member,) is said to have become converts to their faith. This is common report; but I have ascertained that facts speak differently; not one of that society, so far as I can learn have been in the least shaken.

ASA UPSON.

Hornellsville, Steuben county, March 1834.

From the New Hampshire Universalist.

"THE TRUTH—BOILING HOT!"

Whoever heard such an expression as heads this article? Yet it is used by an orthodox preacher somewhere in the "far west," who mourns over the stubbornness he is called to encounter in the hearts of those who, perhaps, will not take his doctrine for granted, unless he can moderate its temperature, and prove it to be truth. It appears that he found himself in a neighborhood of infidels, (as he terms them,) and was wont to pour out upon them, occasionally his hot doctrinal libations. The effect was just what might have been expected. We subjoin the following notice of it from the pen of Br. Williamson of the "Inquirer and Anchor."

HOT PREACHING.

The Christian Secretary, of May 10th, contains a letter signed Ashabel Chapin, and dated Ashtabula, Ohio, which merits a passing notice. Speaking of the people among whom he resides he holds the following language. 'I should

think the greatest portion of the inhabitants of the town are infidels. You have no idea of the gross stupidity that reigns here universally, in regard to religion, if you set aside sectarian zeal. But few come to meeting, and those who do, come to speculate. When I pour out the truth BOILING HOT, it seems to make no impression. We have heard the truth compared to the 'rivers of water,' and we have learned that it is as cool water to the thirsty soul. We have also been told that it is powerful to subdue and reform, yea, even 'quick and powerful sharper than a two edged sword.' But we had never been told before that the waters of truth needed to be heated, 'boiling hot' in order to produce their effect. Friend Chapin ought not to complain if hereafter, his should be called 'hot preaching,' for upon his testimony it is 'boiling hot.' We are surprised however that the gentleman should consider it a strange thing that his preaching produces no effect. Bread can produce no effect upon the system until it is eaten, nor water until it is drunken. People do not usually drink water, 'boiling hot,' and we shrewdly suspect, that the true reason, why our good friend's preaching has no better effect, may be found in the fact, that the water he pours out is 'too hot'; the people cannot drink it. One word with thee friend Chapin. When next you appear before your people, just leave 'hot water' at home. Pour out before the famishing multitude a libation of the water of life—let it be like the cool gush, that bubbled from the rock in the wilderness, and we will answer for it the people will drink, and the effect will be immediately visible, as in days of old, when the people stood around the Redeemer, and wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth.—Try it and see.

I D. W.

CONDITION OF THE NEAPOLI TANS.

The poverty and wretchedness of the lower classes of the people of Naples, in Italy, are almost beyond credibility. Viuesseux, an Italian writer, thus describes them: 'A stranger can hardly form an idea of the poverty which the interior of the Neapolitan poor exhibits. Several generations are huddled together on the naked floor in a garret, or on the ground floor; old and young, healthy and infirm, male and female to the utter destruction of health and morals.—Some live actually in the streets; many

in the boats, and these are the best off. Such is the state of the lower classes, including most of those who live by daily labour and constitute perhaps one third of the inhabitants of this city.— There is scarcely any thing here to be compared to the middle classes of England. There are few intermediate steps between indigence and riches—between want and luxury. It is really distressing to see such a number of wretched beings, and appalling to think how easily they might be led astray to commit any crimes, as has been the case in time of political convulsions. The wonder is, how they keep quiet at all; and it must be said, that amongst all their vices, these people are not naturally malignant or sulky; they are, on the contrary, rather good natured, when not provoked by immediate want or oppression. Women, particularly, have a look of carelessness and joviality in the midst of all their miseries, which is truly astonishing. They are fully susceptible of a better condition, and the greater pity it is that they should be left in such a state of degradation. But many causes conspire to keep them down to it, which perhaps originate in part with the climate and nature of their country, and with their own physical and moral qualities.

SUICIDE.—The Columbia (Pa.) Spy says: We understand that Mr. Martin Nissly, (Methodist preacher) of Donnegal township, in this county, hung himself in his own barn on Wednesday last, being discovered about eleven o'clock in the morning, suspended from a beam by a cord around his neck—and as he had been missing since nine, it was presumed he had been in that situation for more than an hour. He was in excellent circumstances, and we have heard no cause assigned to the act.

Memory controlled by insanity.—A gentleman named Abner Mery, resided in Broadway, (who is subject to aberration of intellect,) during one of his crazy fits about a year ago, he left his house late at night; taking with him a casket, containing some valuable diamonds that had been many years in the family. He returned next day quite sane, but without the jewels, or without any recollection that he had taken them away. Since that time he could never call to mind where he went to on the occasion; and although diligent search was instituted, the property could not be found. Three weeks ago he again became insane; and on Monday night

made his escape from the house. He was watched and followed up to the Lunatic Asylum; and on being observed to stoop down & dig with his hands into a small mound of earth near the premises, he was seized, and the search continued by his attendants—when, lo! about a foot beneath the soil, the missing casket was discovered.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

From the New York Transcript.

A DIALOGUE IN THE MARKET.

Between a Yankee, an Irishman, a Dutchman, and a Frenchman, on the subject of Eatables and Speakables.

Yankee—Hullo! Mounseer, what are you going to do with them are frogs there, in that are basket?

Frenchman—De frog? Vy, sare, I will eat de frog.

Irishman—Ate him! what, ate that sprawling divil of a straddie bug? By J—s! I'd as soon put all the sarpinets that St. Patrick carried out of Ireland in a bag, down the throat iv me.

Yankee—You can't be in earnest now, Mounseer. You aint such a pickerel as to bite at a frog!

Frenchman—Pikerelle! Vat is dat you call de pickerelle?

Yankee—A darned great long nosed fish, that we catch with a frog bait.

Frenchmen—Vat you tell me, sare? you bait de frog vid de fish! Mon Dieu! you no understand de frog—you no taste, no sense, no skill in de cuisine.—Fish de bait vid de frog? Begar!

Yankee—Fish the bait! Why dont you parleyvoo right eend foremost?

Irishman—Ay, cuishlamacree, why dont you put the cart before the horse as I do?

Dutchman—Yaw, minheer, wy dont you dalk goot Enklish, like I does?

Yankee—Dalk! ha, ha, ha! you talk about dalking? Why, you can't no more pronounce the English than a wild Hoppintot. You cant get your clumsy Dutch tongue round the words of a civilized language. Now listen to me, Monseer Frenchman, and I'll teach you how its done.

Dutchman—No—listen to me—I un tershtants how to brónounshe de most bropperest. I gomes from de toddler sidt of England, and zure I knows how do shpoke de pure Enklish.

Irishman—Is that a reasonable sort iv a raison now? By that same logic I should know how to spake the English still better, for I came from this side iv England, and was niver across the Irish channel since I was born, let alone the

day before that. And thin, besides, me great grandmother was a schoolmaster, and me second cousin on me neighbor's side was a praicher intil the bargain: so, Mister Mounshure, I'm the boy that'l taiche ye to spake English properly

Frenchman—Oui! All speak de Inglese—de Yankee, de Irish-man, de Dutch-man, all speak him bess, and all speak him diferont! begar! Now vat you call dis—[showing a ponatoe] dis prrome de terre?

Yankee—That pum de tar! Why, Mounseer, I calf that pum de tar, a potato.

Frenchman—Oui. Now, sare, vat you call him?

Irishman—A pratie—a raal murphy—to be sure.

Frenchman—Oui. And now, sare, vat you call him?

Dutchman—Wat I galls him? Wy, I galls him a bodado—and any wool might know dat.

Frenchman—Ha, ha, ha, begar! You all call him different. You all speak de true Inglese, and you no speak him like Ha, ha, ha, begar!

Yankee—Well, Mounseer, now let me ax you a question. What is this I have in my hand? [Showing a cane.]

Frenchman—Vat is dat? Vy, sare, dat is—dat is—Sacre—me no can link; vat you call de homme; de rascalle, vat kill A-belle?

Yankee—What killed a bell?

Frenchman—Oui, Monsieur; dat grand rascalle; dat murd; dat knock down A-belle, vile he keep de sheep, de mouton.

Dutchman—Oh, Oh, I knows what he means now; he means Gain, de vurst murterer.

Frenchman—Oui; yes, sare; 'tis one cane.

Yankee—Right, Mounseer, it isn't two canes. Now what do you call it, you limb of old Ireland? you essence of brogue?

Irishman—I'm after calling it a shalagh; and by J—s, if you do eat be aisy calling ill names, I'll be after provin it till ye.

Dutchman—Now, shentlemans, do'nt vight about a wort. Hark do me. I'll but you out one. Wat you gall dis?—[showing a quantity of curd with whey.]

Irishman—Och! and isn't it bonny clapper, sure?

Yankee—You may call it what you please; but I call it loppered milk.

Frenchman—Lop ear millik! Mon Dieu! de Yankee millik ave de ear; he hear vat ve say, Mon Dieu!

Dutchman—Now, yon pe's all wrong. Dis, wat I have in de nokkin, is shmearcase.

Yankee—Its a darned queer case, I think. Why you do'nt know the difference betwixt tweedledum and tweedledee. So good bye to you.

Frenchman—De feedledum he is no feedledee, begar! [Here one of the frogs hopping out of Monsieur's basket, he pursues him:] Kesbey de frog! kesby de frog! O me pauvre frog! O me grand friceasee! He scape; he run-away; begar!

Irishman—Och! and isn't that quare now, that a livin straddle bug should run away before he's cooked and ate all at all; the ungrateful sarpint! St Patrick presarve me from all frog, and toads and other snakes as long as I live. And so with this praffis, I'm off.

Dutchman—Mein Cot! wat a vuss is here apout a pull-vrog! Put I'll puy mine zour-grout, and den I'll pe off doos in lesser as no dime.

BEWARE OF THE PETTICOATS.

A gentleman who was proceeding alone in his gig, one day last week, overtook, in the dusk of the evening, a person on foot, having the appearance of a respectable female, who politely asked him the favor of a "ride, which" the gentleman readily granted. Soon after the vacant seat became occupied, the gentleman turned his head round to speak to his supposed female companion, when he observed a whisker on the cheek. Surprised, and somewhat alarmed at this discovery, he purposely dropped a glove on the road, and immediately drew up, requesting the stranger to be so good as to alight and pick it up, as his horse would not stand to enable him to do so. This scheme had the desired effect; the person alighted, and the gentleman instantly drove off at a rapid pace, leaving his companion at a distance in the rear. On afterwards examining a reticule which had been left in the gig, the gentleman was horrified to find that it contained a brace of loaded pistols.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

THE REASON WHY.

A small lad asked permission of his mother to go to a Ball. She told him it was a bad place for little boys. "Why, mother, didn't you and father use to go to balls when you was young." "Yes, but we have seen the folly of it," answered the mother. "Well mother," exclaimed the son, "I want to see the folly of it too."

From the [Cin.] Catholic Telegraph.

BELIGION PROPAGATED BY STEAM.

Among all the wonders that have taken place lately, not even excepting the shooting stars the modern mode of giving, getting, and taking religion, bears the palm. The march of improvement in our days, is truly marvellous! If it is so real and so rapid, we wonder many are not marched out of their wits.— But how is it possible that steam can be applied to the manufacture of religion? Patience, a moment, good reader, and we shall inform you how you can be accommodated with a full suit, according to the latest, and most improved fashions. We were a little sceptical on the subject; but within the last three weeks, we have seen the engines in operation, in two places, in this our own flourishing city. Whether a patent has been taken out to secure the original proprietors in the individual right of this wonderful piece of complicated machinery or not we have not been informed; but we see that it is now being used by persons of different fancy, so that we are left to conclude, that it is *pro bono publico*.

The thing, in toto is called a *revival*—by some who do not expend quite so much steam; a *protracted meeting*. About the name we need not be particular; it is the operation that constitutes the wonder.

A particular Engineer is not unfrequently employed; especially, when he is supposed to possess a peculiar tact for graduating the power, with which the spiritual vapor may be thrown, without losing its warmth. A man of plethoric habit, with stentorian lungs, and containing himself, a superabundance of animal heat, is considered an acquisition among the directors.

He occupies an elevated position, from which the subjects to be operated on may be seen—around him, beneath the various operatives stand in readiness for the signal to commence. The man above, repeats, in a grave and solemn tone the intention of him and his fellow laborers, which is, to fill the indifferent, the sceptics, the non-converted, and as many as will receive it, with religion!— Those below, all arrayed in black, now commence a spirited canticle, by way of striking fire—their part performed, for the present, the man above applies the bellows to make a flame—he heaves and tosses from side to side, raises his eyes, extends his hands, clenches his

fists, accompanying these insignificant gesticulations with the most frightful oracular denunciations.

When the steam is fairly up, the effect is sometimes first discovered by a young Miss lifting her handkerchief to her eyes, struggling to rise, and finally moving to a seat, near the men in black, where the *finishing* is said to be communicated—sometimes the experiment ends in a failure—sometimes, it is said, the same individual, in the absence of others, and to maintain the reputation of the workmen, changes her appearance, by a change of apparel, and goes through the operation a second and a third time. In taking pigeons, decoy birds are of great service to the fowler.

The performance continues as long as the prospect of getting subjects appears fair—the different grades, through which they pass, before they are said to have religion, are; uneasiness, *all-overness*, queer, wavering, entertaining hope, seriousness, interest, absolute conversion, and *sublimated religion*.

The superiority of this religion over all ancient religion is, that, it sets so loosely about the convert, the mind is not troubled with the burthen of believing more than each one pleases. Let the uninitiated equal or beat this if they can.

From Mrs Royal Paul Fry.

BURCHARDISM IN TENNESSEE.

We find a letter from Rev. J. H. Martyn, to a friend in Q., published in the New Market (Tenn) Telegraph, dated Buffalo (N. Y.) Feb. 9, 1834: from which we give the following extract:

“On the 24th a protracted meeting commenced, which was closed last Sabbath evening, continuing thus 41 days; and a more glorious meeting I have never seen or read of. I invited but one brother to assist me, Rev J. Burchard, an Evangelist, whose whole time is devoted to holding protracted meetings: It would be impossible for me in two or three sheets to give you any thing like a full account of this meeting.—Mr. B. I will describe to you at some future period, God willing. I would just say, he is Calvinistic in the broadest sense of that term. He puts no dependence on any thing but power of the Holy Ghost in the conversion of sinners. In short, he had more Faith more action: more of the Holy Spirit, than any man with whom I am acquainted.”

The editor of the Telegraph thinks of Mr. Burchard, when he is told what we

assert on good authority, that Mr. Burchard receives from four to five dollars per day, for attending their protracted meetings—what will he think, when he is told that he receives 50 cts. for every convert he makes, which we understand is the fact!

If the Editor of the Telegraph, be an honest man, he must spurn such vile hypocrisy as this; but if he be one of the fanatics, or money christians, he will uphold Burchard. From the same letter.

“God was never half so well pleased with Jacob as on that morning. Jacob prayed in the Holy Ghost; so did Paul; so did Whitfield, so did Braynard, so did Payson. Br———, we must get the Holy Ghost in us—we are worth out little without it. Our ministry may do some good, for God is a Sovereign, and may use most unholy instruments; but if we would be worth much, we must feel God, the Holy Ghost in us when we pray. “Know ye not that your bodies are the Temple of the Holy Ghost?”

What blasphemy—no wonder that our land is visited by the judgments of Heaven!!! The love of money is in them. If the Editor of the Telegraph, or the citizens of New Market, have a Bible, and can read, let them look how much money St. Paul, or Jesus Christ, or any of the Apostles, or Whitfield, received for converting souls—and let these folks of New-Market, say how much money they give annually, to those pious vagrants—let them look at the annual Revenue of this pious host, the Church and State party, \$5000, 000!!! and let them say upon their conscience, if there are not an increase of crime, in proportion to their Gospel spreading; let them say why the men who convert souls, ran away when the cholera was amongst us. If they have the power to convert souls to God, as they have the blasphemy, to say, why could they not trust their own souls with God, and visit the sick and the dying, and comfort the widows and orphans, as God commands them in the Bible? let them or any one, answer this? It is not publishing falsehoods in newspapers, and begging money, that constitute a christian; it is purity of heart, and charity to the sick and afflicted. But to come to the point, in what part of the Bible do they find PROTRACTED MEETINGS, and CAMP MEETINGS, and Tract Societies, including the whole of their pious societies? let them answer or we hold them guilty.

We are sorry to find the chivalrous Tennesseans gulled by such base and

unprincipled men, and think it disgraceful to the people of Jefferson county, to encourage such a soft pated editor, as he of the TELEGRAPH. He had better go back to his a b abs again, or spreading tracts.

We have only to add, that this Burchard is despised, wherever he is known, even by his own sect: who have, as we learn, turned him out of the church.

LIBERAL ADVOCATE.

Rochester, June 21, 1834.

Black List.

E. H. Perry, Michigan, owes	\$10 00
L. B. Stearns, said to be in St. Louis,	1 00
F. Britton, dont know him	1 00
A. Stark, do	1 00
Geo. Town, Rochester,	2 00
Isaac Russell, Jr. do.	2 00
Harvey McIntyre, do.	2 00
C. A. Wentworth, Manchester, Ontario, Co.	3 00
Jehiel Toad, Palmyra,	4 00
Clark Wright, do	2 00
Ami Richardson, do.	2,00

This is a small commencement of this BLACK catalogue, and we fear we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of increasing it with copious NOTES.

OUR COMMON COUNCIL.

Certain "blue lights," attached to this honorable body, do not appear to be aware of the responsibility they have taken upon themselves, and they must learn that their "little brief authority," will not screen them from merited animadversion. They should recollect that times have altered, and that *sombre* cloud that overshadowed this region during the visitations of Finney and Burchard is nearly dissipated. Let liberality be introduced into all the proceedings of the "Common Council," and if wisdom presides there, let it be exerted for the good of the community, and not for the purpose of establishing sectarian dogmas.

OUR CITY.

The work of regeneration has commenced;—a war of extermination against "Barber's poles;"—tavern signs, &c. is raging to a frightful extent, and we have been informed that a "gentleman of color" on the east side of the river has taken these rigorous measures quite to heart.

The "deposites" in our streets, are not yet removed, and our damsels in their

prunellas, are badly incommoded; while the old bridge and Mill-race present pitfalls of an alarming nature. Every thing, we suppose, will be done in season.

POST MASTERS.

There are many worthy men in this department, and sorry we are to say, that there are many "Goosey Johnnies" in the business. We shall attend to them when we have leisure.

For the Liberal Advocate.

PRIMITIVE CHURCHES.

No. 2.

When we take a general survey of Modern Churches, and compare them with the primitive, we cannot but be astonished at the contrast. From the days of the apostles down to the present, what a number of religions have been proclaimed to the world; and all have been accepted, by more or less, of the human family. And how strange it is, that from one only and true doctrine, proclaimed by Christ and his apostles, there should have grown out of it, so many, and such opposite doctrines. The question might now arise, which, and which only, is the right one? the one intended by Christ, to be preached to every creature. ~~the question~~ this question at present, leaving it until the advancement of the subject will permit. Again, in viewing this contrast, the question may properly arise, what has caused this great difference? The question is easily solved. Man has sought out many inventions; not only in arts and sciences, but he has sought out many moral inventions; he has been trying to find some other road to Heaven, other than that which was pointed out by our Saviour: and from which has arisen, the many different religious opinions in the world.

Could we but suppose a man, appearing in this world, possessed of common sense, and endowed with ample faculties for discerning between right and wrong; but yet, he had never heard of the names of God, Heaven or Hell, was perfectly ignorant of the term Christianity, or Religion, had no knowledge of any kind whatever, of the immutability of the soul, and in a word, knew nothing of any moral principles, except it was to live a decent life, treat all men alike, defrauding none, and living with the firm conviction, that death was his final end. Now, could we convince him that he was wrong, satisfy him that there was a God in Heaven, who created the world

and all things therein; who has made a law for the government of his creatures, which require of them obedience to him and the laws which he has made; honesty and uprightness among his fellow men; that he must embrace his holy work, and practice all its practical examples. After convincing him of all this, should he then inquire by what name I must call myself, or what church I must join, if I were to select the right? We might then commence and call over the multitude of different names and churches, and assure him, that from one only and true doctrine or church, sprang all these. What would be his surprise? Why he would call us all fanatics! deluded and unwilling creatures! Could we expect any thing else on his part but an entire abandonment of all that we had before convinced him of, and a more cordial embracing of his old principles. If such could be a reality, I have not much doubt but that my supposition would prove nearly, if not quite true.

Again, another question may arise: Does the scriptures sanction, or in other words, can all these doctrines be proved by the scripture generally? I believe I shall not be accused of uncharitableness in answering, they do not. It cannot be possible that doctrines so opposed to each other, and many, so obviously wrong, can be supported by the word of God; for no one that pretends to found his religious principles upon the Bible, admits that there is any contradiction of doctrine there, but claiming his to be the true doctrine, proceeds to condemn all others. This is generally the spirit manifested by all; that they are right, but all others must be wrong. This is as it should not be; even if we were of the opinion that we were right, and others were wrong. We should render that charity towards them as if we supposed them right.

Candid reader; having again submitted a few ideas on the subject of Primitive Churches, I would beg of you to give them an impartial and serious investigation. I do not mean the style or language used in expressing these ideas, but the subject matter of what is written. I intend in another number to enter more fully into the subject, to trace out from the foundation, some of the different principles embraced by different men. I commend the subject to all, as one that deserves serious investigation.

Yours with esteem.

W. A. P.

Rochester, June 15, 1834.

For the Advocate.

MR. EDITOR—I am not quite certain whether our city authorities have got on the right scent. Men want their hours of relaxation, to enable them to pursue with alacrity, their daily avocations.

That man who has no music in his soul, "is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils," and should never be trusted. The man who is not fond of rational amusements, is a misanthrope and would wish to measure other men's grain in his own half bushel. One extreme will follow another, and when a bow is bent beyond its tension, it will break. A hint to the wise is sufficient.

ROCHESTER



MARRIED.—In Michigan on the 1st inst. Mr Oliver Hawley, of this city, to the amiable and accomplished Miss Sarah Purdy, formerly of Lima, Livingston Co., N. Y.

PERSECUTION.

200,000, it is said, suffered death under Pope Julian, in seven years—100,000 were massacred by the French in three months. The Waldenses, who perished amounted to 100,000. The Jesuits destroyed, 900,000 in thirty years. 36,000 were executed by the common hangman, under the Duke of Alva. 150,000 perished in the inquisition; and an equal number by the Irish massacre. Add to these the vast multitudes, of which history gives no account, who have been proscribed, banished, starved, burnt, buried alive, smothered, suffocated, drowned, assassinated, chained to the galleys for life, or immured in horrid dungeons. According to some, the whole number massacred in the space of 1400 years, amounts to 50,000,000!!—*Buck's Expositor.*

ELECTION

John Wesley says,—“One in twenty (suppose) of mankind are elected; nineteen in twenty are reprobated! The elect shall be saved, *do what they will*; the reprobate shall be damned, *do what they may.*”

“Reverend” sophists, or “reverend” ignoramuses preach the damnation of the main number of their fellow-men.—The idea of a bloody atonement to satisfy the rigidity of the letter of their Bible God's justice with regard to an elected few, however susceptible of be-

ing mystified for the delusion of the thoughtless and weak-minded, is surely too absurd to be listened to by the rational and disinterested. “Supreme and omniscient being” begot a mediating son, and ordained that this begotten “God” should be sacrificed as an atonement for the redemption of the forfeited souls of a few of his created men. Hurrah!—*Free Enquirer.*

HINDOO SUPERSTITION.—The Hindoo sacred books declare, that the sight of the name, or the touch of the Ganges, takes away all sin, however hideous, that thinking of the Ganges, when at a distance, is sufficient to remove the taint of sin—but the bathing in the Ganges has blessings in it, which no imagination can conceive. In one of these books it is said, “He who thinks on Ganga, though he may be 800 miles distant from the river at the time, is delivered from all sin, and is entitled to heaven. At the hour of death, if a person think on Ganga he will obtain a place in the heaven of Siva. If a person according to the regulations of the Shaster, be going to bathe in the Ganga, and die on the road, he shall obtain the same benefit as though he had actually bathed.—There are three millions five hundred thousand holy places. By bathing in Ganga, accompanied with prayer, a person will remove at once the sins of thousands of births.”

ROMANTIC EXCURSION.—A young lady of respectable connections in Portland, had probably been reading the novels of Scott, Bulwer, and Cooper and perhaps Allan Ramsay's beautiful comedy of the “Gentle Shepherd.” Be this as it may, she was determined to leave the narrow limits of a dusty city, and try the pleasures of a country life. She clothed herself in men's attire, in a fashionable suit of broadcloth, took some change in her pocket, and started for the interior. She came to this village on foot, one day last week, a lad to all appearance from fourteen to sixteen years of age. She stopped here a short time, drank a glass of sweet wine and went on. Her father came in the afternoon in pursuit of her; he overtook her beyond Limerick, and conducted her back to Portland.—*Limerick (Me) Recorder.*

LESSON TO MALE COQUETTES.

A Dublin paper mentions a melancholy affair which not long since took place near Boyle, in the county of Ros common in Ireland. It will serve as a

lesson to young men who engage the affections of susceptible damsels, and then without any apparent cause desert them.

The daughter of a respectable farmer listened to the addresses of a young gentleman in the neighborhood, and conceived for him a strong affection, although at first she received his professions with reluctance. The story of their mutual attachment of course became known, and the young woman finding that her lover grew less ardent, and expressed a reluctance to comply with his matrimonial engagements, one evening resolved to be fully informed of his intentions, and invited him to tea, in the absence of her parents, when peremptorily putting the question to him, & receiving an evasive answer, she lodged the contents of a loaded pistol in his breast. She was immediately apprehended and avowed herself guilty of the murder, at the same time declaring her motives.

“**NID NODDIN.**”—A friend of ours tells the following anecdote of his own uncle, and therefore it must be true. The old gentleman lived in the country, and was one of those quiet even tempered souls who seem resolved to enjoy life let the world wag as it may. It was of a summer's day after dinner he had paraded himself in his chair on the piazza, on the shady side of his domicile, in order to luxuriate in the glories of an afternoon nap. His senses were soon locked in the lethean influences—all was hushed and still, except the overpoised head of the sleeper, which, ever and anon would lose its balance, and nod most unwittingly, first from side to side, then upward and downward, as in defiance of the somniferous chain that would hold it in captivity. At last a lordly goat that would never brook insult from man or beast, strolled leisurely along passed where his master was enjoying his comfortable after dinner snooze. Observing the strange movements of the sleeper's head, he came to a momentary halt, as though he would be sure of its meaning. After blinking an instant at his master, billy concluded there was an indignity offered to his honor and courage, which it ill became him to pocket with indifference. So retreating a step or two, to gain momentum, he pounced upon the dreamer, in such a manner, that from “Nid-noddin,” Squire C— found himself, when he recovered from the tan of the onset, thrown half way through the entry of his house, and

his billy goat standing over him, with the proud defiance of a victor. The result was an instantaneous appeal to arms, and poor billy, in his turn, became the victim, not of sound drubbing merely, but, of a mortal gunpowder plot.

Mobile Mer. Adv.

CROCKETT OUTDONE.—I am a real ring-tailed roarer of a jaw breaker, from thunder and lightning county, down east. I've been rowed up salt river seventeen times and I'm not sild; I make my breakfast on stewed Yankees and pork stake, and by way of digestion, wrench them down with spike nails and epsom salts; I take dinner of roast goose, stuff'd with wild cats and onions; I sup on nothing but wind; I can sneeze the coat off Col. Crockett's back, from down east to Tennessee, by taking a pinch of the General's snout; I can lick my weight and the General's in wild cats or raccoons; I can grin steam boat machinery out of place, and snort major Jack Downing from Washington to his uncle Jonathan's barn yard. I am just what you may call a real snorter and gaul burster. I can out eat, out drink, out work, out grin, out snort, out run, out lift, out sneeze, out sleep, out lie, any thing in the shape of man or beast, from from Maine to Louisiana.

GIM WATSON.

ANECDOTE OF AN IRISH SAILOR.—An Irish sailor obtained leave of his captain to remain on shore for one day; but not returning until four days afterwards, the captain asked him the reason of his staying so long. "Please your honor, I got into a wood and could not get out." "Got into the wood!" reiterated the captain; "why, you lying rascal, there is not a wood within twenty miles."—"Oh, it is very true, your honor; but I got my legs into a wood; and, by the powers, I did all I could to get them out again."—"So you have been in the stocks for being drunk."—"The stocks! is it you mane! By St. Patrick, you may say that—I have ventured so deeply in the stocks, that I am a lame duck."

AN INGENUOUS ROGUE.—Perhaps for ingenuity, the following trick, played by a Russian in Moscow, could not be surpassed in London or Paris. A respectable looking man fell senseless in the street from a fit, when a person in the crowd started forward, exclaiming, "Oh! my master, my poor master!" He now very coolly transferred the contents of the unfortunate gentleman's pockets into his own, not forgetting his watch; and then with all the concern

imaginable, requested the persons near him to watch his poor master while he ran to procure an equipage to convey him home. On being observed to pass a coach stand without stopping, the cheat was detected but it was too late, for he contrived to get clear off with his booty.

ANECDOTE.

As I was travelling through the northern part of Maine last Autumn, I called on Mr. M., Deacon of an Orthodox church in that place. When about to attend family worship in the morning, a beggar came in and implored charity. The Deacon requested him to remain during prayers, and opening the Bible, turned to that part which contains God's directions to Moses, in what manner he should construct the tabernacle,—that he should make the covering of badgers skins, &c. which the deacon read "beggar's skins." After finishing the chapter, he turned to the beggar and remarked, "It is well, my good fellow, you did not live in those days, if you had they would have taken your hide to cover the tabernacle."

WHAT I LIKE TO SEE.

I like to see ~~the dinner bell rings at a tavern~~ when the dinner bell rings, rush to the table like hungry dogs after a bone; it is fashionable.

I like to see working men get drunk on a Saturday night, and keep so till Monday morning; they feel so much like business.

I like to see young men prefer the society of a waton to that of respectable young ladies, it shows their regard for the fair sex.

I like to see a father swearing and cursing before his children; it is setting a good example.

I like to see a mother talking scandal before her daughters; it is such an accomplishment.

I like to see butchers sell the meat to the rich, and the bones to the poor; it is charitable.

I like to see a man eternally talking; it shows death of understanding.

I like to see people subscribe for news papers and never Pay; it is PATRONAGE.

A late London paper mentions the death of one Edward Stokes, a rich miser, who had for a long time subsisted on the bones which he picked up in the streets. It had long been known that he had saved a large sum of money, part of which he had placed in the bank. The dogs in the neighborhood of his

hovel always barked and flew at him, because he was in the habit of taking their bones from them. He was found dead. His bones nearly protruded through the skin. A purse containing a considerable sum of money was found, as well as a document, entitling the deceased to receive several hundred pounds, Bank Annuities, a receipt for £106, invested in the three per cents, 137 sovereigns, a silver watch, and gold seals.

KEEP ME FROM MY FRIENDS.—Mr. J. went to a club, and as his was any thing but respectable, he borrowed a pair of breeches of a friend. In the course of the evening the lender called out to him, "J. don't you sit down in the damp there in my breeches." A friend who condoled with the embryo critic upon this expose; offered to lend him a pair of unmentionables for the next meeting; he did so, and J. had hardly entered, when his benefactor exclaimed aloud, "J. you may sit down wherever like in my breeches."

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man who stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at ten pence, upon which the prosecutor cried out, "Ten pence, my lord! why the very fashion of it cost me five pounds!" "Oh," said his lordship, "we must not hang a man for fashion's sake."

How great a matter a small fire Kindleth. Lately, on board a steamboat on the Mississippi, one of the crew by accident dropped a candle, his companion, who was left in the dark, gave him a cuff for his carelessness; a passenger expressed a wish to whip one like the latter; he was overheard, and the challenge being accepted by the aggressor, a scuffle ensued, which ended in the death of the aggressor and subsequently the passenger was shot by a companion of the deceased. The murderer was confined by the Captain of the boat; this enraged a part of the crew, who laid a plot to blow up the boat, on board of which were between two and three hundred passengers; its timely discovery saved many lives.—*Brunswick Pioneer.*

A little girl who had been absent some time from school, was asked by her school mistress, why she staid away; the little liar answered "that grand-mamma fell into the fire and burned the skin off of her hands so that she could not use 'em, and she kept me to home all the time to poke yellow snuff up he' nose."—*Portucket Chronicle.*

NEW YORK POLICE.

Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.

Dan M' Gowán brought up his wife, and his wife said she had brought up Dan. They mutually complained of one another's infidelity to the marriage bed.

Dan. Its I that am the misfortunate creature, intirely, your honor, with this limb of a *garron bone* of mine; and if ye would but jist cleverly disjoint us, it's a long life that I'd wish ye, sir, and no wife to trouble ye out of it.

Mag. I disjoint you! What, do you take me for anatomiser?

Dan. Its natty mized and maccard dymized that I am in every bone of my body, sir; and if ye let her go on her murdering ways any longer, the devil a ha'peth of me will be left, save what she'll bate out of my skin.

Mag. What do you do for a living?

Dan. I had a turn for the grocery and the poethry busines—but as a man can't be great in two things, I settled on the grocery, by reason that poethry settled poverty on me.

[Here Dan handed in a specimen of his perpetrations in rhyme, (the originality of which we strongly doubt) which ran thus,]—

"Labor for larning before you grow suld,
Nor larning is better nor riches or gould—
Riches an' gould they may vanquish away,
But larning alone won't never decay."

Mrs. Dan. It's not me Sir, that's hurt a hair of his head any way.

Dan. Oh! the bright bames of heaven on yer honor, every day in the year, barring the summer, if ye'll rid me of that woman, with her evil tongue.

Mrs. Dan. It's that thief of the world, sir, that is not clane contented with one dacent woman, but he asks Biddy Connor to live wid the pair of us; and when I desisted it, he struck me and kilt me as you see sir.

Mag.—I see no such thing; but since you can't agree, God knows that the world is wide enough for both of you—and I'd recommend one to go "down east," and the other to go "big west," and never to set eyes on each other's beautiful faces again. Dismissed.

New-York; Transcript.

From the Citizen of the World.

NEWS GATHERING.—Passing through the streets, with our ears and eyes open, our usual practice, we were highly amused with the following dialogue between an Emigrant of a month standing and a citizen: which as near as we can

recollect from our notes ran as follows.

Emig. What a d---d queer republic yours is. I don't understand your political parties yet. Who are the Whigs? Cit. The Tories.

Emig. And where do you enjoy the greatest freedom.

Cit. In the slave states.

Emig. And who are the greatest republicans.

Cit. The slave holders.

Emig. And who the d---l are these Temperance people.

Cit. Some of them the most intemperate in language, conduct and eating, of all people in the state.

Emig. What the d---l do they want.

Cit. To reduce by force of law &c. all men to their standard.

Emig. What then is the rule of government here.

Cit. In theory the constitution and the Rights of man; in practice, majorities.

Emig. But are not the leaders of these temperate societies very sensible people, and disinterested.

Cit. No, great fools, or paid agents; they have committed themselves on every subject on which they have written.

Emig. Well, but what of your saints.

Cit. Some very respectable, in support of equal rights, and opposed to clerical priveleges, and presumption; others, great sinners, league against the equal rights of their fellows citizens, and making religion a tool to power and dollars.

Emig. but the clergy are they not free from crime.

Cit. Some get hanged, and some get off who deserve hanging; others would be hung if they were better known, but the majority are reputed respectable, like the majority of other classes.

Emig. But your women what of them.

Cit. Too flat in the bust, but very genteel: not generally well informed, and under influence.

Emig. What influence?

Cit. That of the clergy, who direct them, and the education of their children.

The Western Methodist, edited by the Rev. John N. Maffit, states that a gentleman, distinguished for his liberal enterprises and extensive charities, has recently paid \$100 in advance, for forty years subscription to that paper!

Is there any amongst the Liberals in the United States that will do as much?

PROPOSALS

FOR THE

LIBERAL ADVOCATE,

BY O. DOGBERRY, ESQ.

This paper has been translated to this flourishing (City) where it will hereafter be issued weekly from the Independent Press, at No. 24, in the Arcade.

It will be enlarged and improved, and the first number issued on or before the 22d of February instant, on fine paper and handsome type. Gentleman of talents, in different sections of the country, have engaged to assist us in its various departments.

"EQUAL RIGHTS" and "FREE DISCUSSION," will be fearlessly advocated and maintained. Sectarian dogmas or tenets will be investigated and compared.—The *spirit of Ecclesiastical, Ancient, and Modern History*, will be briefly illustrated. *Mythology, and Ancient and Modern Biographical Sketches*, will receive due attention, while *Science, and the Useful Arts* will occupy a portion of our columns.

THE friends of "civil and religious liberty," must be perfectly aware, that none but enlightened and independent freemen are capable of self government, and that when the mists of superstition and ignorance have once enveloped the human understanding, REASON yields her empire, and the body, degraded to a level with the brute creation, becomes a passive instrument in the hands of the ambitious and designing DEMAGOGUE.

IMPRESSED with the above TRUTHS, we shall labour incessantly in the cause of "suffering humanity," and as far as in us lies, attempt to banish from the moral world the prevailing heresies. PRINCIPLES, and not individuals, will be the subjects of animadversion, unless individual vice or folly shall have such bearing upon the public morals, as to make the measure NECESSARY. Under this brief exposure of our views and motives, we "march to the battle field," and fervently hope that we shall deserve and receive the aid and support of every true PHILANTHROPIST.

TERMS—One dollar per series (or sixteen numbers,) payable in advance, or on the delivery of the 8th number.—Post Masters and others who will become agents, shall receive a liberal commission.

Rochester, N. Y. February 20, 1832.

NOTE.—The above prospectus was published in the first number of our paper published in this City; and as our views of the subject remain unchanged, we re-publish it, without alteration, in the first number of the coming volume.

It is brief to be sure, but brevity is said to be the "soul of wit," and although we make no claim to the latter, we hope our readers will understand our meaning.

JOBPRESSING done with neatness and despatch, at the office of the Liberal Advocate.