VERMONT PHŒNIX.

BY WM. E. RYTHER.] BRATTLEBORO, Vt. FEBRUARY 28, 1845. VOL. XI.—NO. 27.

WRIGHT'S
INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS;
OR
INDIAN PURGATIVE.

THOUGH many medicines have been before the public for a much longer period than WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, yet none stands now in higher repute, or has more rapidly attained a firm hold upon popular estimation. The thousands that have used them throughout the length and breadth of the Republic, all bear cheerful testimony to their thorough efficacy and mild operation when employed in the most distressing disorders "which flesh is heir to."

The theory of disease on which WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS are founded, is this, viz: *that there is only one primary cause of all the disorders that afflict the human family*, and that is corrup. humors; or, in other words—*Impurity of Blood*. This principle is now so generally admitted, that it may in fact be said to be sustained by an universality of opinion, the few dissenters constituting but a feeble minority. It is useless, therefore, to discuss the soundness of this theory in this place and connexion.

The one disease principle being admitted, the mode of attack professed by all practitioners becomes the same—namely, purgation. But many of the so-called specifics now before the public, produce only one form of Purgation; they are either Sudorific, Cathartic, Dieuretic or Expectorant.—*Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* combine all these properties, and are therefore calculated to attack the elements of disease at all points, and by a harmonious and combined operation to expel it radically from the system. Their effect is almost magical, and is no less astonishing for its mildness than its efficacy. *Both Sexes* and *all ages* may employ them, according to the directions, without fear, for while they are *certain to cure all diseases* that are remediable, they *never* inflict an *injury* upon the system.

These *Pills* as we before remarked, operate by purgation—by thoroughly cleansing the entire system from all impurities, and making the invalid in the homely, but expressive phrase "a new man," whether the disease is INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, which insidiously attacks the Lungs, producing that dry hacking cough so painful to the friendly ear; or cutaneous, showing itself upon the skin in eruptions or blotches; whether the Kidneys or the Bowels be the affection. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are equally efficacious in warding off danger. Their expectorant, cathartic, sudorific and dieuretic qualities enable them to take hold of each form of disease.

The *perfect safety* of the medicine is another *all-important quality*, and one which has contributed more than any thing else to its *extension and popularity*.

In a word, this medicine commends itself strongly to the patronage of the public, and its use bids fair to become before long, almost universal.

CAUTION.

The citizens of New England are respectfully informed that in consequence of the great popularity which Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have earned by their astonishing goodness, a gang of Counterfeiters are now industriously engaged in palming on the unsuspecting, a *valueless*, and perhaps *dangerous* medicine, under the name of Indian Vegetable Pills.

This is to inform the public, that the genuine medicine has on the boxes,

"Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills,
(INDIAN PURGATIVE)
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH,

And also around the border of the label will be found in small type,

"Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1840, by William Wright, in the Clerks Office, of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania."

The public will also remember that all who sell the genuine Indian Vegetable Pills are provided with a certificate of agency signed by

WILLIAM WRIGHT, Vice President
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH,

and that pedlars are never in any case allowed to sell the genuine medicine. All travelling Agents will be provided with a certificate of Agency as above described; and those who cannot show one will be known as base impostors.

The following highly respectable persons have been appointed agents for the sale of the above named

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills,
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

AGENTS' NAMES.

DUTTON & CLARK, Brattleboro; M. Whithed, Vernon; Henry Holmes, Grafton; Wm. Harris & Sons, Windham; Niles Aldrich, Londonderry; David F. Cushing, Cambridge Port; Birchard & Sawyer, Fayetteville; D. W. Grimes, Saxton's River; G. W. Daniell, Westminster; P. R. Chandler & Co., Putney; Green & Fleming, Bellows Falls; Joel Codding, Brookline; R. Birchard, Dummerston; Chester Olds & Co., Fayetteville; Plimpton & Higgins, Wardsboro; Merrifield & Newell, Jamaica; F. G. Stanley, Wilmington; J. & H. Rice, Wardsboro; Jesse Cone, Marlboro; S. F. Thompson, Townshend; N. Cheney, Jr., Townshend; Sanford Plumb, West Halifax; Thomas Cook, Jr., West Townshend; Winn & Chase, Whitingham; B. B. Murdock, Northfield, Mass.; T. O. Sparhawk, Greenfield, Mass.; Brown & Hunt, Hinsdale, N. H.; C. Farr, Chesterfield; O. B. Huggins, Chesterfield Factory; Wm. Cobb, Warwick, Mass.; A. Ferry, Bernardston.

The only Office in Boston where the Indian Vegetable Pills can be obtained is at

198 TREMONT STREET. **198**

Principal Office and Central Depot, Race street, Philadelphia. 19

—FOR—

CONSUMPTION OF THE LUNGS.

THE best medicine known to man for incipient Consumption, Asthma of every stage, Bleeding of the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Liver Complaint, and all diseases of the Pulmonary Organs, may be had of Agents named below.

NATURE'S OWN PRESCRIPTION.

A compound Balsamic preparation of the *Prunus Virginiana* or "Wild Cherry Bark," combined with the *Extract of Tar*, prepared by a new chemical process, approved and recommended by the most distinguished physicians, and universally acknowledged the most valuable medicine ever discovered.

NO QUACKERY!!! NO DECEPTION

☞All published statements of cures performed by this medicine are, *in every respect*, TRUE. Be careful and get the genuine "Dr WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY," as spurious imitations are abroad.

Orders from any part of the country should be addressed to Isaac Butts, No. 125, Fulton street, New York.

☞Sold in Brattleboro by DUTTON & CLARK, Fayetteville, H. E. Baker. 1y24

From the American Review for February.

THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visiter," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore— Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken and uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visiter entreating entrance at my chamber door;— This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore:—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; nor an instant stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no sublunary being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour,
Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Wondering at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster—so, when hope he would adjure,
Stern Despair returned, instead of the sweet Hope he dared adjure—
That sad answer, "Nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee,
Respite—respite and Nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Let me quaff this kind Nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven which bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Howard the Philanthropist.

He was a singular being in many of the common habits of life; he bathed daily in cold water; and both on rising and going to bed swathed himself in coarse towels, wet with the coldest water; in that state he remained half an hour or more, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries; nor was ever a minute under or over the time of an appointment for 26 years. He never continued at a place, or with a person a single day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his life; and he had not, for the last 10 years of his existence, ate any fish, flesh or fowl; nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk, and rusks, all that time. His journeys were continued from prison to prison; from one group of wretched beings to another, night and day; and when he could not go in a carriage he would walk. Such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

Some days after his first return from an attempt to mitigate the plague at Constantinople, he favored me with a morning visit to London. The weather was so very terrific, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up the hope of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the hour, and exactly as the clock struck, he entered my room; the wet—for it rained in torrents—dripping from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep just landing from its washing. He would not have attended to his situation, having sat himself down with the utmost composure, and began conversation, had I not made an offer of dry clothes. 'Yes,' said he smiling, 'I had my fears, as I knocked at your door, that we should go over the old business of apprehension about a little rain water, which though it does not run off my back as it does from that of a duck, does me as little injury, and after a long drought is scarcely less refreshing.—The coat that I have on has been as often wetted through as any duck's in the world, and indeed gets no other cleaning. I assure you, a good soaking shower is the best brush for broadcloth. You, like the rest of my friends throw away your pity upon my supposed hardships with just as much reason as you commiserate the common beggars, who being familiar with storms, necessity, and nakedness, are a thousand times (so forcible is habit) less to be compassioned than the sons and daughters of ease and luxury, who accustomed to all the enfeebling refinements of feathers by night and fires by day, are taught to shiver at a breeze. All this is the work of art, my good friend; nature is intrepid, hardy, and adventurous; but it is a practice to spoil her with indulgenees from the moment we come into the world. A soft dress and soft cradle begin our education in luxury, and we do not grow more manly the more we are gratified; on the contrary, our feet must be wrapt in wool or silk, we must tread upon carpets, breathe, as it were, in fire, and fear the least change in the weather. 'You smile,' said Mr Howard, after a pause, 'but I am a living instance of the truths I insist on. A more puny youngster than myself, was never seen. If I wet my feet I was sure to take cold. I could not put on my shirt without its being aired. To be serious, I am convinced *that what emasculates the body debilitates the mind*, and renders both unfit for those exertions which are of such use to us social beings. I therefore entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapors, nor any more alarming disorder, since I surmounted the seasoning. Formerly mulled wines, and spirits, and great fires, were to comfort me, and to keep out the cold, as it is called; the perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot on going to bed; and before I pursued my journey the next morning, *a dram* was to be swallowed to fortify the stomach!' 'Believe me,' said Mr Howard, 'we are too apt to *invert the remedies which we ought to prescribe for ourselves.* Thus we are forever giving *hot* things when we should administer *cold.* We bathe in hot instead of cold water, we use a dry bandage when we should use a wet one, and we increase our food and clothing when we should, by degrees, diminish both. 'If we would trust more to Nature, and suffer her to apply her own remedies to cure her own diseases, the formidable catalogue of maladies would be reduced to one half, at least, of their present number.'—*Pratt's Gleanings.*

TO THE PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY.

Whilst I was battling in the North, in a triangular fight with Whigs, Abolitionists and Democrats, for the postulate that 'what the law makes property, is property,' and that all good citizens should abide by the law, till they can, in a legal and constitutional manner, conform it to their conscientious standard of morality; the Southern press was denouncing me as wishing to employ the army and navy of the United States in the forcible liberation of the slave. The many calumnies, insinuations against my fidelity to the laws and State allegiance, I shall not condescend to repel. I say to those who are so insidiously attempting to prejudice me in the confidence of the Whig party that I shall nothing palliate or deny; conscious of my own duty to the American people, I have fearlessly discharged it; and as I never played sycophant to men for the sake of office, though sacrificing some personal pride in the cause of the political principles of the party to some portions of which I owe nothing, so, in defeat, I have nothing to deplore but the common calamities of the country.

To the people of Kentucky I would humbly suggest that I am the son of one of the first pioneers of the west, a man who, in an obscure way, rendered some service to his country, both in the council and in the field; he was one of the founders of the state constitution, and his services were not unappreciated by those who have perpetuated his memory, by giving his name to one of the counties of the Commonwealth. I speak not of these things in a vain spirit, or from over-weening filial affection, but to remind those men of yesterday, that they are presuming too much upon popular credulity, and their own significance, when they set themselves up as the exclusive guardians of the honor and welfare of the State, and undertake to denounce and ostracise me as an enemy to the country. Having some small interest in the soil as well as in the good name of the Commonwealth, with all my humility and love of equality, I cannot but give utterance to some touches of contempt and indignation towards those feeders upon the crumbs which fall from other men's tables, who affect so much sensibility about the property of the country. If there is in our state something improper or dangerous to be talked or written about, I put it to every true and manly Kentuckian, if that thing is not improper and dangerous in its existence among us? And if so, is he who undertakes to remove the evil the enemy of his country? Or rather, is not that man, who, seeing the wrong, for the sake of popularity, and a narrow self-interest, in opposition to the welfare of the great mass of the people, dares not attempt its extinction, a traitor, and a coward, and truly deserving the execration of his countrymen? I am not ashamed to admit that I am the uncompromising foe of tyranny, wherever displayed; and I proudly avow myself the eternal enemy of slavery. At the same time, experience-taught charity warns me to lose none of my sympathy for the slave-holder, because of his misfortune or his fault; and whilst I would be just to the black, I am free to confess, that every feeling of association, and instinctive sentiment of self-elevation, leads me to seek the welfare of the white, whatever may be the consequences of liberation to the African.

Bred among slaves, I regarded them with indifference; seeing no departure from morals or economical progress in the tenure. The emancipation movement about 1830, affected me as it did most persons at the time; and I felt some new and pleasing emotions spring up in my bosom, when I had resolved, in common with my lamented brother, to liberate my slaves. I authorized him to put my name to the Emancipation Society formed about that time in Mercer county. In the same year I went on to Yale College, in a free State. I was not blind, and therefore saw a people living there luxuriously, on a soil which here would have been deemed the high road to famine and the almshouse. A city of ten or fifteen thousand inhabitants rose up in the morning, passed through all the busy strife of the day, and laid down again at night, in quiet and security, and not a single police officer was in any place to be seen. There were more than five hundred young men congregated from all climes, of various habits and temperaments, in the quick blood of youth, and all conquering passion, and there was not found in all the city, so far as the public were aware, a single woman so fallen as to demand a less price for her love than an honorable marriage. A gray haired judge of seventy years and more, in a lifetime of service, had pronounced sentence of death upon but five criminals in a whole State, and three of these were brought down to ruin by intemperance. I had been taught to regard Connecticut as a land of wooden nutmegs and leather pumpkin seeds—yet there was a land of sterility without paupers, and a people where no man was to be found who could not write his name, and reads his laws and bible.

These were strange things; but far more strange, passing strange will it be, Kentuckians, if you shall not come to the same conclusion to which I was compelled, that liberty, religion and education were the cause of all these things, and the true foundation of individual happiness and national glory. In 1835 I introduced a common school bill into the House of Representatives of Kentucky; it was lost. In 1838 I had the pleasure of voting for the present common school law, in common with a great majority of my compeers. Before 1840 I was convinced that universal education in a slave State was impossible. Whilst I now write, the eight hundred thousand dollars set aside, from the proceeds of the sale of the public lands, for common schools, surreptitiously appropriated to internal improvements, confirm my conclusion. There is not a single cent in the great Commonwealth of Kentucky, appropriated to the education of her people! C. A. Wickliffe, in a convention of teachers, in 1840, at Frankfort, said: "If slavery and common schools be incompatible, I say let slavery perish." The sentiment was met with tremendous applause. Men of Kentucky, what say you? Time has proved that they are incompatible—not a single slave State has succeeded, from the beginning, in the general education of her citizens. Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, says in his message to the Legislature—"The free school system is a failure—its failure is owing to the fact that it does not suit our people or our government." Experience and reason have long since proclaimed the same unwelcome fact.

Whilst Mr Wickliffe was speculating I was acting. By aid of the law of 1833, I hoped ultimately to emancipate the State from ignorance, poverty and crime. Kentucky called upon all her sons, by all the glorious memories of the past, by all the fond hopes of the future, to resist those who by the repeal of that law and a retrogade movement, would sink her into the ever-during night and 'lower deep' of perpetual slavery. The time had at last come, when I was to play the selfish time-server for office and temporary elevation, or planting myself upon the eternal principles of truth, justice and reason, looking to conscience, to posterity and to God, to fall proudly in their cause. What though I be 'a fanatic or an enthusiast' in holding that slavery is contrary to the Declaration of American Independence; the Constitution of the United States; the common law of our English inheritance; and in violation of the laws of nature and of God—the effects of it are beyond all controversy; the monumental hand of time has written them in characters of horrible distinctness: turning the dewy heavens into brass, and scathing the green earth with sterility and decay. The whole South cries out with anguish against this and that measure of national injury; implores and denounces in alternate puerility; makes and unmakes presidents; enacts and repeals laws with a petulance and recklessness, more worthy of manly indignation, than the pitiable forbearance of the North.

Yet no relief comes to the sinking patient; her hypochondriacal illusions are not dispelled; she cannot, she will not see that slavery, nothing but slavery, is the cause of her ruin. Her fields relapse into primitive sterility; her population wastes away; manufactures recede from the infected border, trade languishes; decay trenches upon her meagre accumulations of taste or utility; gaunt famine stalks into the shattered portals of the homestead; the hearth stone is invaded by a more relentless intruder than the officer of the law; and the castle that may stand before the sword, falls by this slow, secret and resistless enemy; the blood of the body politic is frozen at the core; atrophy paralyses all its limbs; sullen despair begins to display itself upon the care worn faces of men; the Heavens and the earth cry aloud—the eternal laws of happiness and existence have been trampled under foot; and yet, with a most pitiable infatuation, the South still clings to slavery.

The competition of unrequited service, slave labor dooms the laboring white millions of these States to poverty; poverty gives them over to ignorance; and ignorance and poverty are fast high roads to crime and sufferings. Among the more fortunate property holders, religion and morality are staggering and dying. Idleness, extravagance, unthriftiness, and want of energy, precipitate slave-holders into frequent and unheard of bankruptcies, such as are unknown in free States and well ordered Monarchies. The spirit of uncontrolled command vitiates our temperaments, and destroys that evenness of temper and equanimity of soul, which are the sheet anchors of happiness and safety in a world of unattainable desire and inexorable evil. Population is scarce, and without numbers there is neither competition nor division of labor, and of necessity, all mechanic arts languish among us. Agriculture drags along its slow pace with slovenly, ignorant, reckless labor. Science, literature and art are strangers here; poets, historians, artists and machinists, the lovers of ideal, the great, the beautiful, the true and the useful; the untiring searchers in the hidden treasures of unwilling nature, making the winds, the waters, the palpable, the unpalpable essences of things tributary to man, creating gratification for the body, and giving new susceptibility and expansion of the soul; they flourish where thought and action are untramelled; ever daring must be the spirit of genius; its omnipotence belongs only to the free. A loose and inadequate respect for the rights of property, of necessity follows in the wake of slavery. Duelling, bloodshed and Lynch law leave but little security to person. A general demoralization has corrupted the best minds in the nation; its hot contagion has spread among the whole people; licentiousness, crime and bitter hate infest us at home; repudiation and forcible propogandism of slavery is arrayed against us the world in arms. I appeal to history, to reason, to nature, and to conscience which neither time and space, nor fear nor hate, nor hope of reward, nor crime, nor pride, nor selfishness, can utterly silence—are not these things true? A minute comparison of the free and slave States, so often and ably made, I forbear, I leave this unwilling and bitter proof to each man's observation and reflection. There is, however, one consideration which I would urge upon all, because it excludes all 'fanaticism and enthusiasm.' Kentucky will be richer in dollars and cents by emancipation, and *slave holders will be wealthier by the change.*

I assert, from my own knowledge, that lands of the same quality in the free, are from 100 to 150 per cent higher in value than in the slave States; in some cases probably six hundred per cent higher! Lands six miles from Cincinnati, in Ohio, I am credibly informed, are worth $60 per acre, whilst in Kentucky, at the same distance from that city, and of the same quality they are worth only $10 per acre! Now the slave holders of the State are, with few exceptions, the land holders of the State; they, therefore, absolutely increase their fortunes by liberating their slaves, even without compensation. Thus if I own 1,000 acres of land in Fayette, it is worth $50,000: say I own 12 slaves worth $5,000, the probable ratio between land and slaves; if my land rise to the value of the free State standard, which it must do, my estate becomes worth (losing the value of the slaves, $5,000,) $85,000; If it rises to $150 per acre, three times its present value, as I most sincerely believe it would do in twenty years after emancipation, the man owning 1,000 acres of land, not worth $50 per acre, would be worth, under the free system, $145,000.

Now this assertion is fully proven by facts open to all. Kentucky was settled by wealthy emigrants; Ohio by laborers. Kentucky is the senior of Ohio by nearly one half of the existence of the latter. Kentucky is the superior of Ohio in soil, climate, minerals and timber, to say nothing of the beauty of her surface—and yet Ohio's taxes for 1843 amounted to $2,361,482 81, whilst Kentucky's tax is only $343,617 66. Thus showing Ohio's superior productive energy over Kentucky. Ohio has 23 electoral votes to our 13, and outstrips us in about the same ratio in all things else. A comparison of the older free states will show a more favorable balance sheet to the free labor States; while the slave States have greatly the advantage in climate and soil, to say nothing of the vastly greater extent of the territory of the slave States.

Massachusetts produces more in gross manufactures yearly than all the cotton in the Union sells for! Let Louisville look at Cincinnati, and ask herself how many millions of dollars slavery costs her? All our towns dwindle, and our farmers lose in consequence, all home markets. Every farmer bought out by the slave system sends off one the consumers of the manufactures of the towns; when the consumers are gone, the mechanic must go also. A has acquired another 1000 acres of land, but B has gone to Ohio with the $50,000 paid for it, and the State is that much the poorer in the aggregate. A has increased his apparent means, but his market has flown to lands governed by wiser heads than the land of slavery can boast. Beef from Fayette sold this spring in the city of New York for $6 per hundred, but the expense of carriage was $3 per hundred; thus, for want of a home market, which cannot exist in a slave State, the beef raiser loses one half of the yearly proceeds of his farm. Slavery costs every man in the community about the same price—one half and more of the proceeds of his labor, as the price of lands has already shown.

Political difficulties thicken around us; war for the perpetuation of this curse, threatens us in the distance; dark clouds of bloodshed, dissolution, and utter ruin, lower in the horizon; the great national heart lies bleeding in the dust, under the relentless heel of the slave power! It requires no very quick eye to see that the political power of Kentucky is gone forever, unless she takes a new tack and revives under the free labor system. Having, in truth, no common interest with the slave holding policy of the South, we bear the evil of the alliance without any of the supposed compensating benefits slavery confers upon the cultivators of rice, sugar, and cotton. The South is beginning to be supplied with produce from States nearer them in distance and facilities in transportation than ours, whilst she is already too poor to buy from us; we look for markets almost exclusively to Cincinnati and New York, and New Orleans, which last is but the outlet to the other nations. Until Kentucky is prepared to go all lengths for slavery, she is powerless: not pro-slavery enough for 'the chivalry,' nor free enough for the *free*, between two stools she flounders on the ground.

Christians, moralists, politicians, and merely let live laborers, feel these bitter truths. Kentucky never will unite herself to slave empire, born of Southern disunion, then let her at once lead on the van for freedom. Is the cry of liberty less powerful than slavery to move the hearts of men? Let us then be just, and fear not. Let us liberate our slaves, and make friends instead of enemies for the evil day; for all the signs of the times proclaim that the elements of revolution are among us, when the crisis comes if we are free, all will be safe; if not, no man can see the end. British emancipation has gone before us, proving all things safe. The price of land to the colonies is admitted on all hands to have risen in value, in spite of all the enemies of freedom, these are the eternal and the disputable proofs of successful reform.

The day you strike off the bonds of slavery, experience and statistics prove the prophecy of Thomas Jefferson that the ratio of the increase of the blacks upon a given basis, diminishes, compared with the increase of slavery; whilst the influx of white immigration swallows up the great mass of the African race, in the progress and civilization of the more energetic white. Amalgamation of the two races, so affectedly dreaded by some pro-slavery men, is far less in the [illegible]

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