

TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.



THE LIBERTY BELL.

BY

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

“It is said the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee.”

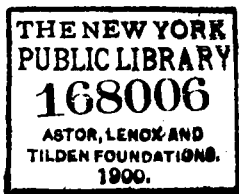
The Golden Legend, by WYNNYK DE WORDE.

BOSTON:

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

25 CORNHILL.

1839.



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CAMBRIDGE PRESS :

METCALF, TORRY, AND BALLOU.

ROY WAIN
JUN
1900



SONNET

SUGGESTED BY THE INSCRIPTION ON THE
PHILADELPHIA LIBERTY BELL.

It is no tocsin of affright we sound,
 Summoning nations to the conflict dire ; —
 No fearful peal from cities wrapped in fire
Echoes, at our behest, the land around : —
Yet would we rouse our country's utmost bound

With joyous clangor from each tower and spire,
Till yon dark forms of mother and of sire,
Lifting their sullen glances from the ground,
Shall stand erect exultingly, while near

LIBERTY passes by, with lofty greeting! —
The hills are shaken by the shout of cheer
From slaves made free, and friends long parted
meeting.

Join, thou true hearted one, — oppression shaming!
LIBERTY through the land, to *all* its sons proclaim-
ing.

M. W. C.

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THE LIBERTY BELL.

INCENDIARISM OF ABOLITIONISTS.

BY GEORGE BRADBURN.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the declamation I have heard about the incendiary publications of abolitionists, I have never yet seen any writings of theirs, to which that odious epithet could be applied with any more appropriateness, than it might be to the Sermon of Jesus on the Mount ; and I challenge any person to produce any such publication as this objection presupposes.

I once undertook a search for that purpose myself; I did not doubt that I should accomplish my purpose; for the ideas I then had of abolition were derived almost solely from its enemies. I had, indeed, heard a lecture on the subject, by George Thompson, that "foreign renegado," as he was called by the baser sort of our newspaper editors; but whom, nevertheless, all England delights to honor, as the man on whom has fallen the mantle of her glorious Wilberforce. I went to hear that "renegado," out of regard to a personal friend; being at the time deeply prejudiced against the "meddlesome foreigner." Never was I more disappointed. Never before had I listened to eloquence so pure and lofty. Never have I heard words from human lips that would so well have become an angel's. Among the excellent things he then said was this, that he "would not harm a hair of the slaveholder's head to liberate every slave in the universe;

for he would not do evil that good might come." But still I was not satisfied. True, I thought Mr. Thompson a wonderful man; but I remembered to have read, that Satan might be "transformed into an angel of light," and was not without some misgivings that I had now witnessed a case of such transformation. Still I was sure of finding incendiarism enough in the *writings* of abolitionists; but in this also I was disappointed. After the most diligent search, I could find nothing in their publications that answered at all to the descriptions I had received of them; none of the disorganizing, insurrectionary, fanatical, blood-thirsty doctrines, which my good friends had assured me were there. Instead of finding, as I had supposed I might find, the poor slaves exhorted to rise and break their chains at all hazards, and at any expense, even at the cost of their masters' lives, and hopes of assistance held out to them, I found the members of the American Anti-Slav-

ery Society had solemnly pledged themselves never, in any way, to countenance the oppressed in vindicating their rights by resorting to physical force! And I found nothing inconsistent with that sentiment.

But though I was greatly disappointed in this search for incendiary matter among the publications of the abolitionists, it was one of the best things that ever happened to me. It taught me the invaluable lesson, that I was not to form opinions of men, or their measures, by what the world might say of them. I was wont to flatter myself I had that lesson pretty well by heart, before this occurrence; but the event showed I had learned it too imperfectly. I fear this is the case with many now; and to all such I would say, "Read the publications of abolitionists for yourselves. Read them candidly and faithfully; then, if you will, if you can, condemn them as incendiary, or fanatical."

LINES

TO THOSE MEN AND WOMEN, WHO WERE AVOWED
ABOLITIONISTS IN 1831, '32, '33, '34, AND '35.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

The reader will recollect how the fiery cross of
Clan-Alpine was hurried through the land by
messengers, who paused neither for joy nor sorrow,
life nor death, till the signal had warned every
clansman of approaching battle.

YE glorious band! Ye chosen few!
On whom God's Spirit came, —
Endowed with heart so bold and true,
And tongues of living flame; —

How memory kindles to review
The strife of recent years !
As the torch of Truth went struggling through
Contending doubts and fears.

That torch, like Alpine's fiery cross,
Flew fast from hand to hand, —
Through deadly peril, pain, and loss,
It lightened round the land.

Men saw the kindling watch-fires burn
From rivers to the sea,
And paused mid worldly gain to learn
Whence all this light could be.

They heard the stunning roar and clash
Of elements contending,
They saw the burning glare and flash
Sin's secret caverns rending.

Then rose the loud discordant yell
Of selfishness and power ;
The light too strong upon them fell,
In God's own searching hour.

In civil garb, or priestly guise,
The aged and the youth,
The prudent and the worldly wise
Combined against the Truth.

Ye smiled to see the war they waged,
And scorned their rash design ;
Ye knew how vainly Hell had raged
Against a truth divine.

Right valiantly ye kept your path,
And bore the beacon high,
While roaring in tumultuous wrath,
The stormy waves rushed by.

Boldly ye sent the signal forth !
Nor flashed the fire in vain ;
For the South answering to the North,*
Reflected it again.

Now the whole land is filled with light,
And converts come like dew, —
God grant the torch may burn as bright,
As when our names were few !

In sooth, it somewhat grieves my heart,
That the world is coming in,
With its polluting, prudent art
Of compromise with sin.

* James G. Birney, James A. Thome, Dr. Nelson, Mr. Taylor, Angelina and Sarah Grimké, all Anti-Slavery lecturers and agents, from the slave-holding states.

For oh, it was a solemn joy,
That tide of sin to turn !
A holy and a blest employ,
To make those watch-fires burn !

God bless you with his love divine,
Dear brethren, tried and true !
And grant your light may brightly shine,
As when our names were few.

Written at Boston,
November, 1837.

MOTHER CÆLIA.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

A FEW weeks since, I paid a visit to a revered and beloved relative, who enjoys the evening of a long and well-spent life, in one of the most beautiful of our inland towns. Our conversation was chiefly of the past. We talked of the people and customs of times which preceded the Revolution; of the siege of Boston; of General Washington and Dr. Franklin; and of the officers of the French fleet, who, at a later period, were in habits of intimate intercourse with the family of her father—my great-grandfather, at Braintree, now Quincy.

Among other things, we talked of the “patriarchal system,” as it existed in New England,

seventy years since. She told me of the attention which was paid to the religious instruction of her father's slaves; of their attachment to the family; (which, however, did not prevent their running away upon occasion,) and of the kind treatment they received. Distinctions, however, were made between them and the white servants, and they always sat at separate tables, though they were on the best possible terms.

My aunt spoke with particular affection of one of the slaves, who was her nurse, and who was known in the family as Mother Cælia. I had before heard of Mother Cælia; for an uncertain tradition had come down in the nursery of the family, even to my times, about her. I well remember the mysterious idea I had of her, as a child; and that, after dark, I would have made any reasonable circuit to avoid passing through the room in which she was said to have died. My aunt, at my request, gave me a

connected account of her; some particulars of which seem to me worth preserving.

Cœlia was brought to Boston from Africa at seven years of age, and was immediately purchased by my great-grandfather. In his family she remained till her death. She believed that she was made of the true porcelain clay of Africa, and that she would have been entitled to the rank and precedence of a princess of the Blood, had she remained in that country; and her opinion was confirmed by a sort of *tattooing*, supposed to be peculiar to royalty. She was an uncommonly handsome woman, of a strong mind and a true heart. She had, too, as good an education as was generally thought necessary at that period for women in any rank of life; that is to say, she had been taught to read and write. She received into her arms the members of a numerous family at their birth, and closed the eyes of many of them in death. She tenderly loved her master and his children,

and was regarded by them rather as an humble friend, than as a slave ; but her high spirit could never become reconciled to her servile condition. The draught of slavery was still bitter, though commended to her lips by a kind and friendly hand.

Mother Cælia would gather the little inhabitants of the nursery around her, and tell them how, at their tender age, she was literally taken by force out of her father's arms, and carried away into a strange land, and sold into hopeless captivity.

"I do not tell you these things, my dears," she would add, "to make you think hardly of your father for buying me ; for he only did what everybody else does, and he has always been a good master to me ; but when you grow up, don't you buy slaves."

"From that time," said my excellent aunt, "I have been an abolitionist."

Cœlia, in the course of her pilgrimage, had been married, and had ten children, all of whom died young. One day, my aunt, when sitting at play by her side in the nursery, said in all the heedlessness of childhood: "Mother Cœlia, are you not sorry that all your children are dead?"

"No, my dear," she replied, turning quickly upon her; "No, my dear; I do not want slaves to live!"

Just before the revolutionary war broke out, when liberty was as familiar in men's mouths as it now is, and somewhat nearer their hearts, many of the slaves throughout New England were unreasonable enough to think, that the principles which they heard daily maintained applied to Blacks as well as Whites, and unscrupulously helped themselves to their freedom. Of this number were most of the slaves of my great-grandfather. He was a zealous Whig; and to the credit of his consistency, be

it told, he took no measures for the recovery of his "property."

Cælia had made up her mind to follow their example, when her intentions came to the ear of her master. He, in all kindness, expostulated with her on her determination. He told her he should make no opposition to her plan, if she chose to adhere to it; but he reminded her that they had grown old together, that she had ever received the kindest treatment at his hands; and he described to her the difference she would find in her situation, when entirely dependent on her own industry for support, compared with what it would be if she had him to look up to.

"I know very well," said he, "that you can get a good living in Boston as a cook or confectioner, as long as your strength lasts; but the time must soon arrive when you will be too old to work; and your health may fail before that time comes. In such an event, you must be left to the charity of strangers, or come up-

on the parish ; whereas, if you remain in my service, you may depend upon being treated, in age or in sickness, with the same tenderness I would bestow on a sister or a daughter. If you persist in your intention of leaving me, I shall give my consent ; but I wish you to take a few days to reflect upon what I have said, and then decide."

These arguments, combined with her affection for her master's family, prevailed over her thirst for freedom, and she remained with him to the end of her days.

A few years after, she was seized with her last illness. On her death-bed her master addressed her to this effect : " Cœlia, did I not advise you well ? You have now in your last sickness all the comforts and luxuries which my fortune can command, or that I would bestow on my wife or daughter. Are you not satisfied that you are much better off now, than you

would have been, had you taken your freedom, as you wished ? ”

“ No, Sir,” replied the slave, turning her dying eyes upon her master, — “ No, Sir ; for then I should have died FREE ! ”

I do not know whether others will deem these traits worthy of a record ; but it appears to me, if these replies had been made by a Roman Matron, carried captive to Carthage, or into Pontus, historians would have inscribed them upon their pages, and Cælia would have been as honored a name upon the lips of all posterity, as those of Arria or Cornelia.

ADDRESS OF A RUSSIAN TO THE
CORPSE OF HIS FRIEND.

(See Madame De Staël's "Ten Years of Exile.")

BY ANN GREENE CHAPMAN.

WHY dost thou leave us, beloved one,
To live and to suffer alone ?
No more shall we hear thy glad voice,
Calling our sad hearts to rejoice.

Why hast thou abandoned us dear one ?
Our home seems deserted, forlorn ;
For thou wert the joy of the place,
Thy sweetness, thy love, its chief grace.

Didst thou feel weary of this life ?
Did it seem to thee full of strife ?

Friends would smooth the path before thee,
And to peace and joy restore thee.

Why, oh why didst thou leave this earth,
Thy home below, thy place of birth ?
Why wouldst thou seek a happier land,
And leave thy friends on this distant strand ?

But the dead returned no answer to the passion-
ate appeal,
And its cold regardless silence no feeling did
reveal.

But the spirit of our Father spoke to the de-
spairing heart,
“Look upward unto Heaven, and thou shalt
know why friends thus part.”

TO THE MEMORY OF ANN GREENE
CHAPMAN.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Among the best and loveliest of thy race,
No name doth MEMORY cherish more than thine :
Not TIME shall easily its worth efface,
Graven as it is on FREEDOM'S hallowed shrine.
Rare were the virtues that in thee were found,
Emitting splendor, like the stars of Night, —
Enfranchised Spirit ! now with glory crowned,
Now dwelling in the blest abode of light.
Earth, with its golden follies, thou didst spurn, —
Ceaseless thy aim to do the will of God :
How deep for outraged nature thy concern,
And warm thy zeal to break the oppressor's
rod !

PHILANTHROPY, — oh dear departed friend !
Mourns that a fearless advocate hath fled ;
And captive millions groans do heavenward
send,
Now thou art numbered with the silent dead.

Boston, Oct. 27, 1837.

LINES

Written on hearing the remark of a friend, that a large number of Abolitionists had died during the preceding years.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

Too true thy words ! a glorious band have faded
 from our side,
With aching hearts we vainly muse on them
 the good and tried :
Mid scenes of joyous hope or trust their forms
 before us rise,
Their shadowy presence girds our souls in hours
 of sacrifice.
Is our path bright ? we mourn that they its beau-
 ty should not share, —
Is the way dark ? we would not fear, were they
 but with us there.

But while in fervent grief we weep above each
 lowly grave,
May we like them the weak protect, from wrong
 the helpless save ;
Their pure devotion, earnest faith, and love of
 human kind,
Within our inmost souls let these an answering
 echo find ;
And should the hour of peril come, and free-
 dom's friends turn pale,
The memory of the faithful dead shall prove as
 triple mail.

But does yon world, the far, the unknown, be-
 stow no thought on ours ?
Do not fond memories of us yet linger in those
 bowers ?
Ah ! yes, " a cloud of witnesses " are bending
 round us now,
With life immortal on each cheek, and glory
 round each brow ;

The bitter scorn, the weary toil, on earth so
mEEKLY borne,

Have cast no shadows o'er the face whose ab-
sence here we mourn.

And as our onward path we tread, too oft per-
plexed and slow,

With what an earnest watchfulness they mark
the path we go ;

And when, despite the assailing world, we rally
for the slave,

And in his cause its sharpest darts with calm
endurance brave,

And when in all of human kind a brother's face
we see,

Whate'er his color, creed, or clime, — whate'er
his destiny,

Oh ! does not then an answer come in thrilling
tones of power,

Vouchsafing commune to our souls, even in an
earthly hour,

And whispering to our inmost hearts, "Below
we meet no more,
But in the spirit-world thy soul even unto ours
may soar ;
And not one holy wish or thought, that rises in
thy heart,
But meets its kindred in our souls of which it
forms a part."

Boston, December 19, 1837.

Blessed spirits, that have gone from mortal
jars and earthly frowns to celestial welcome
and eternal peace ! Ye have learned from your
Savior that God permits the highest services to
humanity to be returned with ingratitude, in
order to teach men that such missions can be
performed *only* by the disinterested. These
are the flaming cherubim to turn away the little
and the worldly-minded, lest they should encum-
ber righteous reform with selfish aid.

DAVID LEE CHILD.

CHARITY BOWERY.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE following story was told me by an aged colored woman in New York. I shall endeavor to relate it precisely in her own words, so often repeated that they are tolerably well impressed on my memory. Some confusion of names, dates, and incidents, I may very naturally make. I profess only to give "the pith and marrow" of Charity's story, deprived of the highly dramatic effect it received from her swelling emotions, earnest looks, and changing tones.

"I am about sixty-five years old. I was born on an estate called Pembroke, about three miles from Edenton, North Carolina. My master was very kind to his slaves. If an overseer whipped them, he turned him-away. He used to whip

them himself sometimes, with hickory switches as large as my little finger. My mother suckled all his children. She was reckoned a very good servant ; and our mistress made it a point to give one of my mother's children to each of hers. I fell to the lot of Elizabeth, her second daughter. It was my business to wait upon her. Oh, my old mistress was a kind woman. She was all the same as a mother to poor Charity. If Charity wanted to learn to spin, she let her learn ; if Charity wanted to learn to knit, she let her learn ; if Charity wanted to learn to weave, she let her learn. I had a wedding when I was married ; for mistress did n't like to have *her* people take up with one another, without any minister to marry them. When my dear good mistress died, she charged her children never to separate me and my husband ; ' For,' said she, ' if ever there was a match made in heaven, it was Charity and her husband.' My husband was a nice good man ; and

mistress knew we set stores by one another. Her children promised her they never would separate me from my husband and children. Indeed, they used to tell me they would never sell me at all ; and I am sure they meant what they said. But my young master got into trouble. He used to come home and sit leaning his head on his hand by the hour together, without speaking to any body. I see something was the matter ; and I begged of him to tell me what made him look so worried. He told me he owed seventeen hundred dollars that he could not pay ; and he was afraid he should have to go to prison. I *begged* him to sell me and my children rather than go to jail. I see the tears come to his eyes. ‘I don’t know, Charity,’ said he ; ‘I’ll see what can be done. One thing you may feel easy about ; I will never separate you from your husband and children, let what will come.’

“Two or three days after, he come to me,

and says he, 'Charity, how should you like to be sold to Mr. McKinley?' I told him I would rather be sold to him than to anybody else, because my husband belonged to him. My husband was a nice good man, and we set stores by one another. Mr. McKinley agreed to buy us; and so I and my children went there to live. He was a kind master; but as for mistress McKinley——she was a devil! Mr. McKinley died a few years after he bought us; and in his Will he give me and my husband free; but I never knowed anything about it for years afterward. I don't know how they managed it. My poor husband died, and *never* knowed that he was free. But it's all the same now. He's among the ransomed. He used to say, 'Thank God, it's only a little way home; I shall soon be with Jesus.' Oh, he had a fine old Christian heart."

Here the old woman sighed deeply, and remained silent for a moment, while her right

hand slowly rose and fell upon her lap, as if her thoughts were mournfully busy. At last, she resumed :

“Sixteen children I’ve had, first and last ; and twelve I’ve nursed for my mistress. From the time my first baby was born, I always set my heart upon buying freedom for some of my children. I thought it was of more consequence to them than to me ; for I was old, and used to being a slave. But mistress McKinley would n’t let me have my children. One after another — one after another — she sold ’em away from me. Oh, how *many* times that woman ’s broke my heart !”

Here her voice choked, and the tears began to flow. She wiped them quickly with the corner of her apron, and continued : “I tried every way I could to lay up a copper to buy my children ; but I found it pretty hard ; for mistress kept me at work all the time. It was ‘Charity ! Charity ! Charity !’ from morn-

ing till night. 'Charity, do this,' and 'Charity, do that.'

"I used to do the washings of the family ; and large washings they were. The public road run right by my little hut, and I thought to myself, while I stood there at the wash-tub, I might just as well as not be earning something to buy my children. So I set up a little oyster-board ; and when anybody come along that wanted a few oysters and a cracker, I left my wash-tub and waited upon him. When I got a little money laid up, I went to my mistress and tried to buy one of my children. She knew how long my heart had been set upon it, and how hard I had worked for it. But she would n't let me have one!—She would n't let me have one! So, I went to work again ; and I set up late o' nights, in hopes I could earn enough to tempt her. When I had two hundred dollars, I went to her again ; but she thought she could find a better market, and she would n't

let me have one. At last, what do you think that woman did? She sold me and five of my children to the speculators! Oh, how I *did* feel when I heard my children was sold to the speculators!"*

After a short pause, her face brightened up, and her voice suddenly changed to a gay and sprightly tone.

"Surely, ma'am, there's always some good comes of being kind to folks. While I kept my oyster-board, there was a thin, peaked-looking man used to come and buy of me. Sometimes he would say, 'Aunt Charity, (he always called me *Aunt* Charity,) you must fix me up a nice little mess, for I feel poorly to-day. I always made something good for him; and if he didn't happen to have any change, I always

* Men who make a trade of buying up coffles of slaves for sale, as speculators buy up droves of cattle for the Brighton market.

trusted him. He liked my messes mighty well. Now, who do you think that should turn out to be, but the very speculator that bought me! He come to me, and says he, 'Aunt Charity, (he always called me *Aunt* Charity,) you've been very good to me, and fixed me up many a nice little mess when I've been poorly; and now you shall have your freedom for it; and I'll give you your youngest child.'"

"That was very kind," said I; "but I wish he had given you all of them."

With a look of great simplicity, and in tones of expostulation, the slave-mother replied, "Oh, he could 'nt afford *that*, you know."

"Well," continued she, "after that, I concluded I'd come to the Free States. But mistress McKinley had one child of mine; a boy about twelve years old. I had always set my heart upon buying Richard. He was the image of his father; and my husband was a nice good man; and we set stores by one another. Be-

sides, I was always uneasy in my mind about Richard. He was a spirity lad; and I knew it was hard for him to be a slave. Many a time I have said to him, 'Richard, let what will happen, never lift your hand against your master.'

"But I knew it would always be hard work for him to bring his mind to be a slave. I carried all my money to my mistress, and told her I had more due to me; and if all of it was n't enough to buy my poor boy, I'd work hard and send her all my earnings, till she said I *had* paid enough. She *knew* she could trust me. She *knew* Charity always kept her word. But she was a hard-hearted woman. She would n't let me have my boy. With a heavy heart, I went to work to earn more, in hopes I might one day be able to buy him. To be sure, I did n't get much more time than I did when I was a slave; for mistress was always calling upon me; and I did n't like to disoblige her. I wanted to keep the right side of her, in hopes

she 'd let me have my boy. One day, she sent me of an errand. I had to wait some time. When I come back, mistress was counting a heap of bills in her lap. She was a rich woman, — she rolled in gold. My little girl stood behind her chair ; and as mistress counted the money, — ten dollars, — twenty dollars, — fifty dollars, — I see that she kept crying. I thought may be mistress had struck her. But when I see the tears keep rolling down her cheeks all the time, I went up to her, and whispered, ' What's the matter ? ' She pointed to mistress's lap, and said ' Broder's money ! Broder's money ! ' Oh, then I understood it all ! I said to mistress McKinley, ' *Have* you sold my boy ? ' Without looking up from counting her money, she drawled out, ' Yes, Charity ; and I got a great price for him ! ' " [Here the colored woman imitated to perfection the languid, indolent tones common to Southern ladies.]

" Oh, my heart was too full ! She had sent

me away of an errand, because she did n't want to be troubled with our cries. I had n't any chance to see my poor boy. I shall *never* see him again in this world. My heart felt as if it was under a great load of lead. I could n't speak a word to reproach her. I never reproached her, from that day to this. As I went out of the room, I lifted up my hands, and all I could say was, ' Mistress, how *could* you do it? ' ”

The poor creature's voice had grown more and more tremulous as she proceeded, and was at length stifled with sobs.

In a few moments, she resumed her story :
“ When my boy was gone, I thought I might sure enough as well go to the Free States. But mistress McKinley had a little grandchild of mine. His mother died when he was born. I thought it would be some comfort to me, if I could buy little orphan Sammy. So I carried all the money I had to my mistress again, and

asked her if she would let me buy my grandson. But she would n't let me have him. Then I had nothing more to wait for ; so I come on to the Free States. Here I have taken in washing ; and my daughter is smart at her needle ; and we get a very comfortable living."

"Do you ever hear from any of your children ?" said I.

"Yes, ma'am, I hear from *one* of them. Mistress McKinley sold one to a lady that comes to the North every summer ; and she brings my daughter with her."

"Don't she know that it is a good chance to take her freedom, when she comes to the North ?" said I.

"To be sure she knows *that*," replied Charity, with significant emphasis. "But my daughter is pious. She's member of a church. Her mistress knows she would n't tell a lie for her right hand. She makes her promise on the Bible, that she won't try to run away, and that

she will go back to the South with her ; and so, ma'am, for her honor and her Christianity's sake, she goes back into slavery."

"Is her mistress kind to her?"

"Yes, ma'am ; but then everybody likes to be free. Her mistress is *very* kind. She says I may buy her for four hundred dollars ; and that's a low price for her, — two hundred paid down, and the rest as we can earn it. Kitty and I are trying to lay up enough to buy her."

"What has become of your mistress McKinley ? Do you ever hear from her ?"

"Yes, ma'am, I often hear from her ; and summer before last, as I was walking up Broadway, with a basket of clean clothes, who should I meet but my old mistress McKinley ! She gave a sort of a start, and said in her drawling way, 'O, Charity, is it *you*?' Her voice sounded deep and hollow, as if it come from under the ground ; for she was far gone in a consumption. If I was n't mistaken, there was a little

something about *here*, (laying her hand on her heart,) that made her feel strangely when she met poor Charity. Says I, 'How do you do, mistress McKinley? How does little Sammy do?' (That was my little grandson, you know, that she would n't let me buy.)

"'I'm poorly, Charity,' says she; 'very poorly. Sammy's a smart boy. He's grown tall, and tends table nicely. Every night I teach him his prayers.'"

The indignant grandmother drawled out the last word in a tone, which Garrick himself could not have surpassed. Then suddenly changing both voice and manner, she added, in tones of earnest dignity, "Och! I could n't stand *that!* Good morning, ma'am!" said I.

I smiled, as I inquired whether she had heard from Mrs. McKinley since.

"Yes, ma'am. The lady that brings my daughter to the North every summer, told me last Fall she did n't think she could live long.

When she went home, she asked me if I had any message to send to my old mistress McKinley. I told her I *had* a message to send. Tell her, says I, to prepare to meet poor Charity at the judgment seat."

About a year after this conversation, I again visited New York, and called to see Charity Bowery. I asked her if she had heard any further tidings of her scattered children. The tears came to her eyes. "You know I told you," said she, "that I found out my poor Richard was sold to a Mr. Mitchell, of Alabama. A white gentleman, who has been very kind to me, went to them parts lately, and brought me back news of Richard. His master ordered him to be flogged, and he would n't come up to be tied. 'If you don't come up, you black rascal, I'll shoot you,' said his master. 'Shoot away,' said Richard; 'I won't come to be flogged.' His master pointed a pistol at him, — and, — in two hours my poor boy was dead!

Richard was a spirity lad. I always knew it was hard for him to be a slave. Well, he's free now. God be praised, he's free now ; and I shall soon be with him."

* * * * *

In the course of my conversations with this interesting woman, she told me much about the patrols, who, armed with arbitrary power, and frequently intoxicated, break into the houses of the colored people, and subject them to all manner of outrages. But nothing seemed to have excited her imagination so much as the insurrection of Nat Turner. The panic that prevailed throughout the Slave States on that occasion of course reached her ear in repeated echoes, and the reasons are obvious why it should have awakened intense interest. It was in fact a sort of Hegira to her mind, from which she was prone to date all important events in the history of her limited world.

"On Sundays," said she, "I have seen the

negroes up in the country going away under large oaks, and in secret places, sitting in the woods with spelling books. The brightest and best men were killed in Nat's time. Such ones are always suspected. All the colored folks were afraid to pray in the time of the old Prophet Nat. There was no law about it; but the whites reported it round among themselves that, if a note was heard, we should have some dreadful punishment; and after that, the low whites would fall upon any slaves they heard praying, or singing a hymn, and often killed them before their masters or mistresses could get to them."

I asked Charity to give me a specimen of their hymns. In a voice cracked with age, but still retaining considerable sweetness, she sang:

A few more beatings of the wind and rain,
Ere the winter will be over —

Glory, Hallelujah!

Some friends has gone before me, —

I must try to go and meet them —

Glory, Hallelujah!

A few more risings and settings of the sun,

Ere the winter will be over —

Glory, Hallelujah!

There's a better day a coming —

There's a better day a coming —

Oh, Glory, Hallelujah!"

With a very arch expression, she looked up, as she concluded, and said, "They would n't let us sing that. They would n't let us sing that. They thought we was going to *rise*, because we sung 'better days are coming.'" "

It is now more than a year since poor Charity went where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

BY CAROLINE WESTON.

“If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me
before it hated you.” — GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN.

IN vain in proud Judea now
We seek her Temple's door ;
Where stood the ancient Synagogue,
Its place is found no more.
The splendors of her votive train,
Her nobles' pageants gay,
Chief Priest and Scribe and Pharisee,
Alike have passed away.
Yet are enduring records read
Upon the breathing page,

Where faithful witnesses have told
The terrors of that age,
When one who spake with Godlike power
The hills of Israel trod,
And joyfully the faithful hailed
The promised Son of God.

Now let the spirit backward turn ; —
The world around grows dim ;
We hear from yonder stately fane
The full and swelling hymn,
And see the eastern Sun pour down
His bright and fervid ray,
Where hosts of kneeling worshippers
Hallow the Sabbath day.

Who rises mid the crowds that throng
The place — a surging sea,
To read the pure and searching word
Of ancient Prophecy ?

Who feels not, as those accents fall,
Startling the heavy ear,
Soothing the heart with grief oppressed,
The promised Savior near?

“ The spirit of the Lord is mine ;
His vows upon me rest
To preach his Gospel to the poor
And heal the wounded breast :
To say to them who wear the chain,
And feel the Oppressor's rod,
The chained and suffering ones of Earth,
‘ Deliverance comes from God.’ ”

A moment paused the living mass,
Hushed by the tones of might,
Nor vainly fell the prophet-words
Of ancient truth and right.

Then rose the clamor fierce and loud,
The roar of rage and scorn,

The rich man's scoff, the sinner's curse,
Of pride and malice born ;
And some who felt, as Jesus spoke,
Their hearts confess his sway,
And knew the heavenly message *true*,
In terror turned away. —

For who may cry through Israel's coasts

The CAPTIVE SHALL GO FREE :

Who dare deliverance to the *Slave*

To preach in Galilee ?

* * * * *

Long ages pass whose rolling years

Are marked by direst crimes,

But still the Savior's words console

Mid evil tongues and times ; —

And as they roll, the Gospel spreads

To empire's farthest bound ;

The lonely islands of the sea

Have heard the joyful sound.

But in all lands, mid swelling hate,
The Heralds of the Cross
Their blessed tidings must proclaim,
With suffering, shame, and loss.
Fulfilled the Savior's warning words
Through latest time shall be ;
"The world shall still my *servants* hate,
Even as it hated me."

But now, from fair Judea's hills, —
From persecution's age,
Whose Martyr Zeal still sheds its light
On History's bloody page,
Turn we to Freedom's chosen home
Beyond the rolling seas ; —
Here Truth may freely pour her voice
Upon the mountain breeze.

Here riseth o'er some pilgrim graves
Full many a stately fane,

And haply here, in holy hearts,
The truths of God remain.
Alas! as erst in Galilee,
Upon the Sabbath air,
The thronging crowds are pouring forth
The hypocrite's vain prayer.
And now Christ's *faithful* servants here
Must walk with DANGER grim!
Who brooks amid our priestly train
Companionship with him?

They coldly hear the captive's moan,
They bind anew his chain; —
The widow and the fatherless
May breath their prayer in vain.

In vain beyond the ancient hills,
Where western prairies spread,
The herald of deliverance falls, —
The martyr's blood is shed.

But fear not, — faithful band and true !
Your Father's word endures,
His throne in Righteousness shall stand,
His Kingdom shall be yours.

December 19, 1837.

FREEDOM.

BY MARY ELIZA ROBBINS.

Not until the question, What is a Man? is satisfactorily answered, can the claims of each individual to entire freedom be firmly established. Admitting the prevalent notions of man's nature, what is liberty that he should desire it? But once believe man to be an incarnation of the Divine Mind, the "Word made flesh," and liberty becomes at once a necessary *element* for the soul *to be in*. It is the only conductor through which *soul* will consent to pass. It cannot exist without it. You might as well talk of animal life without atmosphere, as a man without perfect freedom.

That man, or that woman, who, by life and by speech, contributes to this end, is a true Ab-

olitionist; since he, or she, adds another *stubborn fact*, in confirmation of the doctrine that man was created to be free. When Man shall be understood, when he shall cease to be afraid of himself, the idea of supremacy among human beings will become as obsolete, as the notion of dividing this harmonious universe between a God and a Devil. "A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand."

L I N E S

Inscribed to the Intolerant, throughout New England
and the Coasts thereof.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

THE slave is dying in his chain,
Unheeded and alone ;
We see his tears, we feel his pain —
We make his wrongs our own ;
But while we labor for redress,
Up springs a root of bitterness.
We thought, by baskets, caps, and collars,
We well might raise one thousand dollars,
By which, if properly expended,
Would right prevail, and wrong be ended.
But, wo the while, a recreant few
Refuse to stitch, or knit, or sew,

“ Because,” forsooth, “ such fairs as these,
Go sore against their *consciencs* ! ”

Now, Abolitionists, be true !

We fain would leave the case to you :

What kind of conscience can they have

Who will not labor for the slave,

By means of FAIRS ? are such defensible,

Rejecting means so indispensable ?

We cannot for one moment doubt

You 'll lend your aid to turn them out.

Yes, yes ! you yield — we 're of our men
sure —

Yet do it gently by a censure.

Resolve, that when this note they sounded,

The blessed cause they sorely wounded.

Tell them the verdict you have found,

Is, “ wandered from the ancient ground.”

Tell them, with tears, that every minute

They wrong the cause, by staying in it.

Tell them that when with lofty airs

They give their reasons against fairs,

Against the bleeding slave they sin ; —
“ They ’ve dragged a Foreign topic in.”
Heed not their free effectual pleading
And other labors for the bleeding : —
Rejecting fairs, they ’ve “ widely wandered
From off the track,” and “ lowered the
standard.”

If these just views you strongly word,
They ’ll leave us of *their own accord*,
With satisfaction and content ; —
Colonized with their own consent.
If not, both duty and propriety
Call loudly for a new society.
We must have paper, type, and ink,
To rouse men’s hearts, and bid them think ;
And surely all must see with one eye
We cannot get them without money , —
And loudly all our friends declare
We can’t raise funds without a Fair. —
In demonstration oh what beauty !
Thus fairs become a “ Christian duty.”

Then down with Grimké, Kelly, Weld,
And all who wickedly beheld
The glories of our needle-cases,
With chilling brows or doubtful faces.
Denounce them "in the vein of Eracles,"
Who cast contempt on sewing-circles, —
Those "spheres appropriate" of woman,
By law divine as well as human.
To prove it to your heart's content,
We have a Bible argument :—
"She seeks (see Proverbs) flax and wool,
And girdles for the merchant maketh :
Of scarlet silk her house is full, —
Her hand the distaff taketh ;"
(By this, no doubt, the wise man meant
"The distaff of accomplishment.")
"And then that hand, (the text how sure,)
Relieves the needy and the poor."

What man is he, who proudly sneers,
As these strained arguments he hears

From custom, gospel, law, and chance
In favor of intolerance ?
“ Oh wad some power the giftie gie him,
To see himself as others see him ! ”
Oh would eternal Providence
Enlarge his soul — increase his sense,
To see that on this mole-hill earth,
 A congress and a sewing meeting,
May each to like events give birth —
 With like parade its members seating ;
To see that one strong word of truth
 Is mightier than a world's coercion ; —
That bigotry, with tiger-tooth,
No chain can break, — no anguish soothe ;
 That *practice* far outgoes *assertion* ; —
That oft the means which lightest task us
Excel the waters of Damascus ; —
That even from reading doggrel numbers,
May Truth go with us to our slumbers.
That FREEDOM only is our goal : —
That every true and faithful soul

Must choose its own means to effect it ;
And, be it ballot, be it fair,
Or free produce, or monthly prayer,
Bell, book, or candle, or what e'er,
Grant others freedom to reject it.

By the time that our "Liberty Bell" has struck its fifth annual peal, such phrases as "Staff of accomplishment," — "Lowered the standard," — "Dragged in a foreign topic," — will probably have become obsolete and incomprehensible. Suffice it to say here, that they are, at the present time, the popular slogan, — the battle-cry of treacherous intolerance in New England.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER,

FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.

OUR greatest achievement, of late, has been the obtaining of the penny postage.* I question whether there be now time left for the working of beneficent measures to save us from violent revolution; but if there be, none will work better than this. It will do more for the circulation of ideas, for the fostering of domestic affections, for the humanizing of the mass generally, than any other single measure that our national wit can devise. Have you read the evidence before the Bankers' and Merchants'

* A law has recently been passed in Great Britain, by which all letters, of whatever size, or to whatever distance, can be sent for a penny each.

Committee? Did you see, for one instance, the proof that the morals of a regiment depend mainly on the readiness of the Commanding Officer in franking the soldiers' family letters? We are all putting up our letter boxes on our hall doors, with great glee, anticipating the hearing from brothers and sisters,—a line or two almost every day. The slips in the doors are to save the post-men's time,—the great point being how many letters may be delivered within a given time, the postage being paid in the price of the envelopes or paper. So all who wish well to the plan are having slips in their doors. It is proved that poor people *do* write, or get letters written, *wherever* a franking privilege exists. When January comes round, do give your sympathy to all the poor pastors' and tradesmen's and artisans' families, who can at last write to one another, as if they were all M. Ps. The stimulus to trade, too, will be prodigious. Rowland Hill is very quiet in the

midst of his triumph ; but he must be very happy. He has never been known to lose his temper, or be in any way at fault, since he first revealed his scheme.

QUEEN ESTHER'S BANQUET.

BY HENRIETTA SARGENT.

CHARMED by the scene, perhaps you say,
While gazing on this proud array,
This feast, with golden vessels crowned,
The King, with all his court around,
All guests to her of beauteous mien,
"I too should love to be a Queen ;
A golden couch should be my bed,
A golden circlet bind my head,
My pavement should Mosaic be,
And princes lowly bow to me." —
But have you Esther's self-control,
Obedience, purity of soul,
Firmness of purpose to pursue
A righteous cause, with death in view ?

Before the King could you essay
Your people's sufferings to portray ?
Then go ! and be your mission blessed !
Go ! plead the cause of *the oppressed*.
A fearful judgment threatens the land,
Go ! in the royal presence stand !
Quick, to the inner court repair !
In faith proceed ! the King is there.
Go ! lowly at his footstool bend ;
Plead for the *Slave*, be there his friend,
Lo ! your own kindred bought and sold,
Toil-worn, and chained, and scourged for
gold.
Ask their release, describe their need ;
Strong be your soul their cause to plead ;
Urge your request, and feel no fear ;
Believe ! he lends a listening ear ;
Your prayer accords with his decree,
The yoke *shall* break, and *man be free !*
View not the splendor of the place ;

Rise not, nor pause a moment's space ;
List not the choral strains that rise,
But, closed your ears, and veiled your eyes,
For all, like Haman, grace implore,
That they repent and sin no more.
A Gospel banquet then prepare ;
And call the poor the feast to share.
Plenty and joy shall bless the scene,
And you *deserve* to reign a Queen.

ANECDOTE OF ELIAS HICKS.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE following anecdote was told to me by a member of the Society of Friends. It made a strong impression on my mind, because it shows so clearly the excellence of a bold meekness and Christian firmness in the discharge of duty; because it adds another fact to prove that he who trusts in moral power hath ever a brave indifference to threats of physical violence.

When Elias Hicks was preaching in Virginia, many years ago, he took occasion to bear a powerful testimony against the sin of slavery. Among the large audience collected together by the fame of his eloquence were several planters; and they, of course, were sorely aggrieved.

ed by his remarks. One in particular was so filled with wrath, that he swore vehemently he would blow out the preacher's brains, if he ventured near his plantation.

When this threat was repeated to Elias, he quietly put on his hat and proceeded straightway to the forbidden spot. In answer to his inquiries, a slave informed him that his master was then at dinner, but would see him in a short time.

The preacher seated himself, and waited quietly until the planter entered the room. In serene tones he addressed him thus: "Friend, I understand thou hast threatened to blow out the brains of Elias Hicks, if he comes near thy plantation. I am Elias Hicks!"

What could brute force do in a dilemma like this? To have taken pistols and deliberately shot an unresisting guest would have been too assassin-like. It would have been a deed of ill appearance; and moreover it *could not* be done,

by reason of a restraining power within. Earnestly, as the planter might wish the preacher in heaven, he could not, under such circumstances, help to send him thither. He did the best he could to sustain his position. He stammered forth, in surly tones, an acknowledgment that he did make use of such a threat; and he considered it perfectly justifiable when a man came to preach rebellion to his slaves.

“Friend,” replied Elias, “I came to preach the Gospel, which inculcates forgiveness of injuries upon slaves, as well as upon other men; but tell me, if thou canst, how this Gospel can be truly preached without showing the slaves that they *are* injured, and without making a man of thy sentiments feel as if they were encouraged in rebellion.”

This led to a long argument, maintained in the most friendly spirit. At parting, the slaveholder cordially shook hands with the Quaker,

and begged him to come again. His visits were renewed; and six months after, the Virginian emancipated all his slaves.



SONNET.

The Anniversary of Lovejoy's Martyrdom.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

No tears to-day ! A lofty joy should crown
 A deed of lofty sacrifice, like thine,
 LOVEJOY ! and bid thy name with honor shine,
 As to remotest time we hand it down.

That seed of Liberty, so gladly sown, —
 We will not water it with grief and tears ;
 But, o'er its harvest in the future years
Rejoice, as those before whose gaze hath shone
A vision of the faithful, girt to die
 Mid hostile crowds, in darkness, for the right.
 Yet may we mourn that, ringing through the
 night,
Sharply to theirs thine answering shots reply.
 Tears for the blood of others shed by thee ;—
 Joy for thy blood poured forth so joyously
 and free.

THE EMANCIPATED SLAVEHOLDERS.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

THE Anti-Slavery conflict is so prolonged, and so arduous, that even abolitionists of strongest faith at times grow weary, and need to have their hands upheld, lest the hosts of Amalek prevail against Israel. During such brief seasons of discouragement, nothing is more cheering, than proof that our appeals have not fallen powerless on the hearts of slaveholders themselves. From time to time, welcome tidings of this kind gladden our souls, and strengthen them for renewed effort. Professor Stowe, of Lane Seminary, recently told me an incident highly interesting and encouraging. He was traveling in the interior of Ohio, and found some difficulty in procuring a supper and lodging for

the night. Under these circumstances, he asked and received the hospitality of a family residing in the second story of a building filled with many occupants. A woman, with three or four children around her, spread the table and cooked supper in the same room, which, like the cobbler's stall, served them "for kitchen for parlor and all." The furniture was scanty, and the general aspect of things indicated a state of deprivation bordering on poverty. The woman herself was extremely pretty, intelligent, and lady-like. The delicacy of her hands, the refinement of her manners, and the cultivation of her mind, all implied that her life had not been passed among such scenes as now surrounded her. When her husband came in, his manners and conversation gave similar evidence. The curiosity of their guest was so much excited, that he ventured to inquire how such people as they obviously were came to be in such a place, and under such circumstances.

They told him they were formerly slaveholders in Virginia ; but the more they thought upon the subject, the more difficult they found it to reconcile the system of slavery with the dictates of their own consciences. At last, they resolved to emancipate their slaves, to seek the wilds of Ohio, and earn a living for themselves and children by the labor of their own hands.

When asked whether she had not found the sacrifice a very great one, she replied, " At first, labor fatigued me so much, that I feared I never should be able to do all that was necessary for the comfort of my family ; but now I have become accustomed to it, and find it easy. It is a privilege to dispense with the lazy, sluttish, and reluctant service of slaves. Never did we feel what it was to be truly free *ourselves*, till we had made *them* free."

Professor Stowe added that very many of the more reflecting slaveholders in Kentucky had removed to Ohio, within a few years ; their con-

sciences having become ill at ease under the public discussion of slavery. A friend in Philadelphia informs me that a similar emigration is going on from Virginia to Pennsylvania.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE'S APOSTROPHE
TO THE NORTH STAR.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

STAR of the North ! though night winds drift
The fleecy drapery of the sky,
Between thy lamp and me, I lift,
Yea, lift with hope, my sleepless eye
To the blue heights wherein thou dwellest,
And of a land of freedom tellest.

Star of the North ! while blazing day
Pours round me its full tide of light,
And hides thy pale but faithful ray,
I, too, lie hid, and long for night :
For night : I dare not walk at noon,
Nor dare I trust the faithless moon —

Nor faithless man, whose burning lust

For gold hath riveted my chain, —

Nor other leader can I trust

But thee, of even the starry train ;

For all the host around thee burning,

Like faithless man, keep turning, turning.

I may not follow where they go : —

Star of the North, I look to thee

While on I press : for, well I know

Thy light and truth shall set me free : —

Thy light, that no poor slave deceiveth ;

Thy truth, that all my soul believeth.

They of the East beheld the star

That over Bethlehem's manger glowed :

With joy they hailed it from afar,

And followed where it marked the road,

Till where its rays directly fell,

They found the Hope of Israel.

Wise were the men who followed thus
The Star that sets man free from sin !
Star of the North ! thou art to us —
Who 're slaves because we wear a skin
Dark as is Night's protecting wing —
Thou art to us a holy thing.

And we are wise to follow thee !
I trust thy steady light alone. —
Star of the North ! thou seem'st to me
To burn before the Almighty's throne,
To guide me through these forests dim
And vast, to liberty and HIM.

Thy beam is on the glassy breast
Of the still spring, upon whose brink
I lay my weary limbs to rest,
And bow my parching lips to drink.
Guide of the friendless negro's way,
I bless thee for this quiet ray !

In the dark top of southern pines
I nestled, when the Driver's horn
Called to the field, in lengthening lines,
My fellows, at the break of morn.
And there I lay till thy sweet face
Looked in upon "my hiding place."

The tangled cane-brake, where I crept
For shelter from the heat of noon,
And where, while others toiled, I slept,
Till wakened by the rising moon,
As its stalks felt the night wind free,
Gave me to catch a glimpse of thee.

Star of the North! in bright array
The constellations round thee sweep,
Each holding on its nightly way,
Rising, or sinking in the deep,
And, as it hangs in mid heaven flaming,
The homage of some nation claiming.

This nation to the Eagle* cowers ;
Fit ensign ! she 's a bird of spoil : —
Like worships like ! for each devours
The earnings of another's toil.
I've felt her talons and her beak,
And now the gentler Lion seek.

The Lion,* at the Virgin's* feet
Crouches, and lays his mighty paw
Into her lap ! — an emblem meet
Of England's Queen, and English law :
Queen, that hath made her Islands free !
Law, that holds out its shield to me !

Star of the North ! upon that shield
Thou shinest, — O, for ever shine !
The negro, from the cotton field

* The Constellations *Aquila*, *Leo*, and *Virgo*, are here meant by the astronomical Fugitive.

Shall, then, beneath its orb recline,
And feed the Lion, couched before it,
Nor heed the Eagle, screaming o'er it!

THE BRITISH INDIA SOCIETY.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

It would seem as if a word were hardly needed, to commend this newly-formed, but most important Society, to the warmest sympathies of American abolitionists. It is, in fact, doing their work for them, by bringing the free labor of British India in direct competition with slave labor ; — by silencing the captious objector to a world-wide benevolence, when he says “ why do not the English people reform their East Indian oppressions, before they speak of ours ; ” — by arousing the world with the grand idea of a great nation emulous of righteousness and freedom, laboring to make the beauty of its example flame out like a beacon-light to all its peers, till they shall see their cherished in-

stitutions of oppression, fade away beneath the splendor of its moral potency.

Even though the hearts of American abolitionists could fail to be deeply moved by this commencement of a mighty moral revolution, the heads of American statesmen will not fail to perceive its importance. They will clearly discern how the lower elements of national character will come in to aid the noblest, for the prosecution of such an enterprise. They see both the patriotism and the cupidity of Britain ready to aid her philanthropists, in any decided measure that would secure to British India the undivided demand of the British cotton-market. They will not fail to mark the cloud hanging over the great southern staple and the vast northern tonnage. Already a RUSH has hinted at the consequences of this idea, which a HUSKISSON deemed fully practicable, and a THOMPSON, a BROUGHAM, and an O'CONNELL have set in operation : — already he sees “ the cotton of

India brought forward to England in ways and to an extent not now dreamed of."

The practical bearings of this Society upon the American slave-system have been happily touched upon by Wendell Phillips; at the present time, the representative of New England abolitionists in Europe. Would that he were now here to animate them with all the encouraging considerations presented by this subject, and which the worn and wearied laborers for Freedom so greatly need.

" We need thy blended eloquence of lip, and eye, and
brow ; —

We need the righteous as a shield : — why art thou
absent now ? "

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER,

READ BEFORE THE GLASGOW EMANCIPATION
SOCIETY.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

I AM rejoiced to hear of your new movement in regard to India. It seals the fate of the slave-system in America. The industry of the Pagan shall yet wring from Christian hands the prey they would not yield to the commands of conscience, or the claims of religion. Hasten the day, for it lies with you, when the prophecy of our Randolph (himself a slaveholder) shall be fulfilled, — that the time would come when masters would fly their slaves, instead of slaves their masters, so valueless would be a slave's labor in comparison with his support. To you, to the sun-

ny plains of Hindostan, we shall owe it, that our beautiful prairies are unpolluted by the footstep of a slaveholder ; that the march of civilization westward will be changed from the progress of the manacled slave coffle, at the bidding of the lash, to the quiet step of families carrying peace, intelligence, and religion, as their household gods. Mr. Clay has coolly calculated the value of sinews and muscles, of the bodies and souls of men, and then asked us whether we could reasonably expect the South to surrender 1,200,000,000 of dollars at the bidding of abstract principles? Be just to India ; waken that industry along her coast, which oppression has kept landlocked and idle ; break the spell which binds the genius of her fertile plains ; and we shall see this property in man become like the gold in India's fairy tales, — dust in the slaveholder's grasp. You cannot imagine the impulse this new development of England's power will give the Anti-Slavery

cause in America. It is just what we need to touch a class of men who seem almost out of the pale of religious influence. Much as our efforts have been blessed ; much as they have accomplished ; though truth has often floated further on the shouts of a mob, than our feeble voices could have carried it ; still our progress has served but to show us more clearly the Alps which lie beyond. The evil is so deep-rooted ; the weight of interest and prejudice enlisted on its side so vast ; ambition clinging to political power ; wealth, to the means of further gain ; that we have sometimes feared they would be able to put off emancipation till the charter of the slaves' freedom would be sealed with blood ; that our day of freedom would be like Egypt's, when God came forth from his place, his right hand clothed in thunder, and the jubilee of Israel was echoed by Egypt's wailing for her first-born. It is not the thoughtful, the sober-minded, the conscientious, for whom we

fear. With them truth will finally prevail. It is not that we want eloquence or Christian zeal enough to sustain the conflict with such, and with your aid to come off conquerors. We know, as your Whately says of Galileo, that if Garrison could have been answered, he had never been mobbed. But how hard to reach the callous heart of selfishness—the blinded conscience, over which a corrupt church has thrown its shield, lest any ray of truth pierce its dark chambers! How shall we address that large class of men with whom dollars are always a weightier consideration than duties,—prices current stronger argument than proofs of holy writ? But India can speak in tones which will command a hearing. *Our* appeal has been entreaty; for the times in America are those “party times,” when

“Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg—

Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.”

But from India a voice comes clothed with the omnipotence of self-interest ; and the wisdom, which might have been slighted from the pulpit, will be to such men oracular from the market-place. Gladly will we make a pilgrimage, and bow with more than Eastern devotion on the banks of the Ganges, if his holy waters shall be able to wear away the fetters of the slave. God speed the progress of your society ! May it soon find in its ranks the whole phalanx of scarred and veteran abolitionists. No single, divided effort, but a united one to grapple with the wealth, influence, and power, embattled against you. Is it not Schiller who says :—
“Divide the thunder into single tones, and it becomes a lullaby for children ; but pour it forth in one quick peal, and the royal sound shall shake the Heavens !” So may it be with you ; and God grant that without waiting for the United States to be consistent, before we are dust,

the jubilee of emancipated millions may reach us from Mexico to the Potomac, and from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains.

PIOUS TRUST.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.)

BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

WE call on thee, with looks of gladness,
And on thy word we take our stand ;
In vain with murder and with madness
Would hell deceive thy faithful band.
The world may crumble and decay :
Thy word will never pass away.

Faith conquers not by faint endeavor ;
Such good is only won through pain ;
Freely its juice the grape yields never,
'T is by the press the wine we gain ;
And when an angel seeks the skies,
First breaks a human heart and dies.

Though in this life, full of dissembling,
 Temples of falsehood may be raised,
 And villains in high places, trembling
 At power and wisdom, shrink amazed,
 And with the coward's giddy fear,
 The awakened people's murmurs hear ; —

Though brother turn away from brother,
 Though bloody deeds of hate are done,
 Though states the bonds of kindred smother,
 Forgetting their true glory 's one ; —
 And that united for the right
 The world would own our country's might ; —

Yet never of thy help despairing,
 Steadfast, O God, our trust shall be,
 That thou, the tyrant's doom declaring,
 Wilt set thy mourning people free :
 And though far off this day of light,
 Who knows but thou what day is right !

THE CAUSE OF EMANCIPATION.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

FALSEHOOD and impudence will have it, that I have seriously injured the sacred cause of liberty. Much do they care for the speedy triumph of that cause ! Rather they care nothing, fear nothing about it, except that the abolitionists will succeed in putting the slave-system down. Will any man say that I have overrated the rights, privileges, enjoyments of liberty ? — that I have eulogized it too strongly, painted its beauties in too glowing colors, represented it above its true value, advocated its universal prevalence too earnestly, defended it too vigorously against the assaults of its enemies ? Who and where is that man ? Is he a man ? Is he an American, a Republican, a

Christian? Why, I have been taught from childhood to consider liberty an inestimable boon,—as something worth contending for, worth dying for, above all price, above all earthly considerations! It has been instilled into me, that

“ A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage! ”

I thought American freemen subscribed to the affirmation, that it is

“ Better to sit in Freedom’s hall,
With a cold damp floor, and mouldering wall,
Than to bend the neck, or bow the knee,
In the proudest palace of slavery! ”

I thought it was the earnest inquiry in 1776,—
“ the times that tried men’s souls ” —

“ O! where ’s the slave, so lowly,
Condemned to chains unholy,

Who, could he burst his bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decayed it,
When thus its wing at once might spring
To the throne of HIM who made it?"

"O LIBERTY! O sound once delightful to every AMERICAN ear! Once sacred, but now trampled upon!" Arise from the dust, armed with immortal energy, and scatter thy foes as chaff is driven before the whirlwind! Knowest thou not that thou art destined to be the conqueror of the world, and that no weapon against thee can prosper? O, sublime is the conflict before thee, and right royally shalt thou triumph, to the joy of all heaven and earth!

That I have estimated a state of freedom too highly is impossible! The difficulty is, to appreciate it, in all its grandeur and glory. Never, never can I be too thankful to God, that I was

not born a slave ; that my wife and little ones are secure from the clutches of the kidnapper ; that my hearth-stone is sacred to purity and love ; that it is not the horrible fate of myself and family, to be prized as goods and chattels, and herded with four-footed beasts and creeping things. O, to be free as the winds of heaven ; to be restrained by nothing but love to God and love to man ; to go and come, rise up or lie down, labor or rest, just as the free spirit shall elect ; to stand up in the dignity of manhood, almost on a level with the angels of God, and find no superior on earth ; to understand all knowledge, and know the why and wherefore of " the brave o'erhanging sky," and the outstretched earth, and pry into the mysteries of creation ; — above all, to be instructed from those holy Scriptures which are able to make the seeker wise unto salvation, and which show what is the perfect will of God, and how we may become free indeed in Christ Jesus ; —

this is to make life a blessing, and the reverse of it a curse. I have not, then, at any time, extolled liberty too highly.

But the popular cry against me is, that I have spoken of slavery, and slaveholders, and the apologists of slavery, in harsh, denunciatory language, so as greatly to injure the cause I profess to love. This is not only hypercritical, but, I fear, hypocritical, on the part of my accusers. Who ever knew men induced to love freedom less, because they were urged to hate slavery more? I scoff at such a conclusion! That my language has been rough, vehement, denunciatory, is true: but why? Because the exigency of the times demanded it; because any other language would have been inappropriate and ineffectual; because my theme was not a gentle one, about buds, and blossoms, and flowers, and gentle zephyrs, and starry skies; but about a nation of boasting republicans and Christians ruthlessly consigning to chains and

slavery every sixth person born in the land —
about a land,

“ Where the image of God is accounted as base,
And the image of Cæsar set up in its place ” —

about one vast system of crime and blood, and all imaginable lewdness and villany — about the robbers of God's poor, those who keep back the hire of their laborers by fraud, those who sin against the clearest light, and in the most awful manner. Now, what words shall I use to express the convictions of an honest soul, in view of such atrocious impiety, and such unequalled meanness and baseness? Shall they be gentle, and carefully selected, and cautiously expressed? Away with such counsel: it is treason against the throne of God! Call things by their right names, and let the indignant spirit find free utterance.

“On such a theme 't were impious to be calm!

Passion is reason, transport temper here!”

It may be said, this is all declamation, — why not argue the matter? Argue, indeed! What is the proposition to be discussed? It is this: whether all men are created free and equal, and have an inalienable right to liberty! I am urged to argue this with a people, who declare it to be a self-evident truth! Why, such folly belongs to Bedlam. When my countrymen shall burn their Bibles, and rescind their famous Declaration of Independence, and reduce themselves to colonial dependence upon the mother country, I will find both time and patience to reason with them on the subject of human rights. Argument is demanded — to prove what? Why, that one man has no right to make a chattel of another! that he is a thief who picks another man's pockets, and kidnaps his body and soul! that an American citizen,

who is a slave-master, and yet pretends to be a republican or Christian, is an arrant hypocrite ! that to sell families by auction, like cattle, swine, in lots to suit purchasers, is a crime ! that to forbid the instruction of almost one half of the southern population, and also the circulation of the Bible, under terrible pains and penalties, is to incur the displeasure of heaven ! that it would be right, safe, expedient, to pay a laborer wages, recognise and treat him as a man, place him under the protection of equal laws, and cease brutalizing him without a cause ! Are these propositions to be gravely discussed in the United States, in the nineteenth century ? Not by me, whatever others may think proper to do. For there is not a slaveholder in all the land, who does not as certainly know that he is a thief and a tyrant, as that he exists, — whether he claims to be a titled divine, or a senator in Congress. How do I make good the assertion ? By condemning him out of his own mouth : for

he acknowledges, that the sentiments contained in his country's Declaration are true, yet dares to put an equal brother under his feet! By appealing to his own nature: for, sooner than he would suffer himself to be placed in the condition of his slave, he would choose to encounter death in any form. No man ever yet hated his own flesh. Therefore, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," — and "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." The day for admitting excuses has gone by! No man may now plead ignorance of his duty. The motives for immediate action are overwhelming. Two millions and a half of men, women, and children already in chains in our midst; seventy thousand infants, the offspring of slave parents, annually kidnapped from their birth; the right of petition trampled in the dust; the freedom of speech no longer sacred; the slave system defended as a divine

institution by the rulers in Church and State ;
and the whole country filled with pollution, vio-
lence, and blood ; behold our situation, and what
is to be our fate, as a people, if we will not
amend our ways and our doings !

P E R F E C T F R E E D O M .

BY MARY CLARK.

FREEDOM ! Oh, 't is a lovely thought !
Freedom to do and to be as we ought.
To be free without, — to be free within, —
Mind, body, and spirit unshackled by sin.
This, *this* is the “ glorious liberty ; ” —
He alone is the Freeman whom truth makes
free.

Ring, Liberty Bell ! till that echo thrills
From the ocean rocks to the inland hills !
Till the sound of the scourge and the fetter
is o'er,
And wrong and bondage are known no more.

THE LAST HOPE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.)

BY CHARLES FOLLEN.

WHY knit ye the brow, so stern and so dark,
Why stare at the night so wild and so stark,
 Brave spirits, who never should tremble ?
The storm is howling, and heaving the tide,
The earth is reeling on every side ;
 Our trouble we will not dissemble.

The fires of hell are rising again,
Much generous blood has been lavished in vain,
 Still the wicked, the powerful, glory ;
But never despair : your help is in God ;
Not in vain the beginning is crimsoned with blood,
 'T is the day star that rises so gory.

If once there was need of courage and might,
Now gather all courage and strength for the fight,
Lest the ship in the haven yet perish.
The tiger is crouching ; ye young men awake !
Ye old men to arms ! my countrymen, break
From the slumbers of death which you cherish !

What avails it to live, if liberty fall ?
What is there so dear in this Infinite All,
As our own mother country that bore us ?
We 'll free our dear country, or hasten our way
To the free, happy fathers — yes happy are they
Who have died in the struggle before us.

Then howl on, ye storms, and roll on, thou tide,
And tremble, old earth, on every side !
Our free spirits bid you defiance.
The earth that we tread on beneath us may sink,
As freemen we 'll stand, and never will shrink ;
With our blood we will seal our alliance.