

TERMS—Three dollars per annum, in advance. Four copies will be sent to one address for one dollar, if payment is made in advance.

The Agents of the American, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan Anti-Slavery Societies are authorized to receive subscriptions for THE LIBERATOR.

W. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.



THE LIBERATOR

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land; to all the inhabitants thereof.

They talk down as the law of nature. They talk of the rights of man, but they do not know the rights of man. They talk of the rights of man, but they do not know the rights of man.

J. B. YERRINGTON & SON, Printers.

Refuge of Oppression.

GEORGE THOMPSON.

Boston, Saturday, Nov. 21. The Liberator of this city, announces that the Hon. George Thompson, the English Abolitionist, will soon visit this country. This is a most welcome news to all the friends of the oppressed.

Selections.

GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.

The Liberator of Boston, announces that George Thompson will soon visit this country, to congratulate his friends upon the improved condition of affairs.

A COMPETENT WITNESS.

Hear the testimony of a man of mark, the Rev. Baptist Noel, once a clergyman of the Church of England and Chaplain to her Majesty, from which position he resigned to become a worthy instructor in the ranks of Disent, almost exclusively on reasons affecting the spiritual welfare of the nation.

Declaration of Sentiments

Declaration of Sentiments than upon the title-page of any book! Of the sixty-three original signers, forty-five are still living—a somewhat remarkable exemption from ordinary mortality.

Maryland, and brought up in a part of the State

Maryland, and brought up in a part of the State where slavery was never very strong, but where enough of it existed to enable me to learn, by actual observation, what it is, I think I present an example of natural and spontaneous anti-slavery growth.

FROM HON. GEORGE W. JULIAN.

CENTREVILLE, Ind., Nov. 27, 1863. GENTLEMEN: I have received your letter inviting me to attend your Commemorative Meeting in Philadelphia, on the 3d and 4th of December next.

to the rescue of imperilled and betrayed Liberty

in whose behalf you then resolved to be "as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice." Certainly, nothing less could have saved us.

THE NOTORIOUS "GEO. THOMPSON."

This notorious sedition has twice visited America in its recent history, and twice as he driven from our soil, and twice as he escaped the vengeance of an outraged people.

GEORGE THOMPSON COMING.

We learn by way of Boston, that the notorious English Abolitionist, George Thompson, is about to visit this country, to congratulate us (what bitter irony!) upon the felicitous stage of existence which the great Republic has reached, partly through the immortality of such demagogues as he, who became twenty-five years ago, as an English emissary, to stir up among us the flames of Abolition.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

CELEBRATION OF ITS THIRD DECADA.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 5. To the Editors of the Independent: I sit down to pen a few hasty lines concerning the brilliant meetings which have just been concluded here in this city, in celebration of the Thirtieth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

LETTER FROM HON. M. V. CONWAY.

LAWRENCE, (Kansas), Nov. 30, 1863. DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the 30th Anniversary Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and nothing would afford me more gratification than to accept of this honor.

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FROM HON. NATHANIEL H. WHITING.

BOSTON, Nov. 28, 1863. MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter of invitation to attend the Thirtieth Anniversary Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society at Philadelphia, on the 3d and 4th of Dec. next, was duly received, and it would afford me great pleasure to avail myself of such an opportunity to visit the city of Brotherly Love, and mingle with you in the congratulations with which the old and tried veterans of our moral warfare will hail the dawn of the glorious twilight of Liberty's day-gull, and therefore I am not man's doing but God's. To Him be the glory of that enjoyment. The epilogue of a letter is all I can offer to swell the grand chorus which will go up from thousands of hearts in thanksgiving and hope for that near future, when we trust the clanking chains will no longer be heard—when, in the lardy reign which is being wrought from us by such virtuous sacrifices and suffering, we shall strive to make some man's name for the first time have done to our common human nature in the person of the negro.

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For the Liberator. SUMMER. 'Alas! alas!' the poet sighs, 'Blind man knows not his benefactors, His trustful friends; the noblest actors Have ever had most vile detractors; And he who helps the poor to rise, His need of praise the age denies, For which he nobly lives and dies.'

God's light is breaking on all lands! 'Tis his holy name forever! 'Tis his light that makes the martyr's blood! 'Tis his light that makes the martyr's blood! 'Tis his light that makes the martyr's blood!

WEARINESS. BY HENRY W. LOVELL. 'O little feet, that rock long years Must ache and bleed beneath your load! I, nearer to the weary inn, Where toll shall cease, and rest begin, Am weary, thinking of your road.'

THIS WORLD. BY MISS M. B. BROWN. Some people think this world of ours Is but a vale of sorrow; And if their stock of ill shall short, They are very sure to borrow.

THE DYING YEAR. BY W. C. BRYANT. Now bids the hurrying sun, To rise, and set, and rise again, Now gorgeous gold with glowing gold he wreats, Whom his red robes in rain!

PLANTATION PICTURES. BY MRS. EMILY C. PRABON. Author of 'Cousin Frank's Household.'

CHAPTER XIII. A CANNIBAL FRIEND—NO HELP FOR THE POOR BLAGGS! 'Every day the child Dilly added some new charm to Hinna's home. Blithely she tripped about her morning work, and her care of Dove, as she called her babe, was baby-house and doll-tending, more than anything else. The wee stranger, too, was wonderfully fitted to its condition, for it was a famous little sleeper; and what with the kind Hinna's supervision, Dilly was mostly at leisure.'

'Accompanied by Bruno, it was her delight to ramble in the woods back of the house, and gather wild flowers and mosses and glossy leaves to decorate the little cottage. The dog walked by her side as grave and patronizing as possible. He was the most reasoning of dogs—of mature age and judgment—had seen much of the world—you could see it in his eye, the carriage of his head, his gait, and the wag of his tail. You would think from his air that he was a dignitary old enough to be Dilly's grandfather, and proportionably wise. Dilly carried on a child's talk with him.'

'O, Bruno! see what I've found! some real violets! O, won't marm Hinna be glad!' and she sat down in the grass, and began picking for dear life, while Bruno eagerly sat by her side on a little knoll, and looked complacently about. 'There, Bruno! I've got a nice bunch of violets; and now see, I'm gwine to tie this up with grasses, and hang it round your neck, 'cause you have no 'nny hands to carry it, you see! Won't that be funny?' and she laughed lightly at her talk; and the dog with half-closed eyes of contentment quietly kept his seat as she fastened the flowers—which done, she scampered up a path, followed by her protector on a dignified trot.

'O, I've found something, Bruno,' said Dilly, 'but I must not tell, either—it's a secret. Mrs. Thrush's nest hid snug in this dogwood, with five little blue eggs! O, you darlings! I would n't harm you for the world. Every day I shall have the comfort of peeping at this little nest. It is built so pretty! Let me see—I must tell marm Hinna about it! Dry leaves, grass, mud and fine roots woven together into a nest; and the dogwood leaves spread around it for curtains! What a pretty home for birdies!' Just then, a bird appeared. 'Never fear, Mrs. Thrush! Bruno and I are good friends. Come with me, Bruno, and sit under this honey locust. Now, Bruno, I'm in for a good time; and I'm gwine to invite you to swing with me. Don't know what you'll say, I make sure, but here 'tis! Come and swing!' and she bounded into the loop of a grape-vine that dangled from an ash, and with a spring away and away she went. Bruno sat at a little distance with bright eye and wagging tail, sympathizing in her enjoyment. Thus she spent a happy half hour, and then, stopping, she bethought her of her flower gathering.

crash down as poor whites; and therein is the quickest way of hills off them as slaves. There's no livin' without it, don't you see? On reaching the cabin, Miss Forsythe's thoughts were fully occupied in ministering to the distressed being before her. 'Poor Chasny, I am very sorry for you,' she said, as she gave her nourishment, and applied to her lacerated back and limbs a healing balm. 'De Fader 'll bless you! you is dat kind!' replied the grateful woman. 'I don't see as I can be of any more use,' said Hinna, rising to go, and proffering Miss Forsythe a handful of small pieces of money to get further comforts for Chasny. 'Oh, no, I cannot take it,' said Miss Forsythe; 'you've had to work hard for it—I'll use my own money, and see that she is well cared for.'

Hinna made no reply, but, throwing the silver contemptuously at the governess' feet, hurried away, muttering as she went: 'Why don't folks that knows what's right come out before folks, and set up to it? If slavery is a sin and a shame, why don't they get clear of it? All very nice to pity a poor waled up, broken-hearted thing, and give her food, and wash her stripes! Don't cost much, that don't, but what good does it do, only to comfort them that has n't any comfort for a little while? Does the food and the medicine and the pity make Chasny free? Does it bring back the boy that's perished, and the husband that's wandering with the beasts in the swamp, or save her from the grip of Rixby? Hinna's heart fell of this sort of religion and benevolence before, that preaches to the slave on Sunday, and parts husband and wife on Monday, and makes them marry agin their will just to raise up children for the market; that steals all the earnings of the poor slave people, and robs them of themselves, and gives 'em a little meat once a month, and now and then some trinket. Oh, yes! mighty generous and pious! and then blow their own trumpet, and say, 'See how kind we be to our people, and what a fine thing slavery is!' Miss Forsythe's kinder than some of the rich men, but she shan't use her spare change on the poor that's been bruised and robbed, to ease her conscience, while she dresses in her silks and rolls in luxury. Let her wash her hands from the blood-stains first, and help the poor slaves get free, if she would do something for 'em.'

The night was slowly away, and Hinna had much to do to plan her mode of operations. A less determined nature would have sought occasion to sleep, but her heart was too wide awake and her head too busy to allow her this respite. 'I've hit upon it now!' she at length exclaimed: 'they'll get up late as usual, and they'll have nothin' to eat 'till just step over to the nearest plantation, and get 'em their breakfast. We water have nothin' to eat in the morning, but great, and may be, if I find 'em up with a good hearty meal, they'll have more courage to bear what I has to say 'em. Poor Jaff! I blamed him too hard, for what I know, he had n't eat nothin' so long, and livin' on whiskey is doleful business. They shan't use to eat, no ways; some on 'em is half sick, an' their drinkin' has a most burnt up their stomachs, so they can't relish only little food at a time, I guess. Hinna can bring 'em on. In due time she reached the designated plantation, and purchased a variety of provisions, dried beef, boiled ham, eggs, butter and bread; and the kind plantation, leaving her purpose, sent a couple of his servants to fetch her the plentiful store, and assist her as she might need. About seven o'clock, the party prepared the settlement, and set themselves about preparing the repast. They made a table by putting old doors on the empty whiskey barrels. This they placed near the chimney where Hinna was born. A simple pine had found footing there, and that quite a suitable shade. The table was neatly in readiness, the beef and bacon nicely aloft, the bread and butter spread, and a kettle of water boiling to cook the eggs, before a solitary Blagg was stirring. 'Well,' said Hinna, as she put on the finishing touches to the arranging of the table, 'I wish these easy people knew their was something to get up to! We shall suffer with rascals lead out of his cabin door, and in great surprise as he rubbed open his eyes, asked, 'What's the matter?' 'A good breakfast is never the matter here before! Come, wake up, Jaff, and run round, an' round the empty! Tell 'em Hinna's come to pay 'em a visit, an' she's brought 'em a new lot of somethin' to eat. As soon as the new got wind, men, women and children came pouring out in the greatest confusion. 'Why, hi!' exclaimed Hinna, as she saw the group gathering about the table, 'who ever thought there was so many of ye! Well, I reckon you'll find I've got more breakfast than your stomachs can speak for! Come, fall to, an' let's see what you think of sich fare,' and the ferry-woman, with a pleasant look, arranged them around the table, and bade them help themselves. She directly saw that the children were most hungry, and set herself industriously at work to supply their wants. Meanwhile one of the servants, having boiled the eggs, helped Hinna wait on the children, who knew not what to make of such a feast. The grown people—the fathers and mothers—made wretched work eating. Hinna had rightly judged they could have little appetite, but she was shocked and disheartened when she saw how small the quantity they ate. The children, however, gave her new courage. 'That's right,' she said, and another called for more; 'eat, an' you 'll grow! Eat, an' you 'll be smart to work! But mind what I say, don't never touch a drop of whiskey, not one single drop! Mind what I say! It 'll make fools of you, an' you won't know nothin', and then it 'll kill you off right quick! I 'll be just so early us tryin' to help these ere old us that's got their taste set for strong drink; too late for them. I'll be just so early us tell 'em all. But if we could only take the youngsters, an' find good places for 'em, and plenty of work, an' have 'em well provided with clothes an' food, they 'll do well, I'd venture 'em! They 'd do suthin'.' 'But then, where's the places!' Hinna did not know, she said. When the Blaggs had finished their meal, and the hungry hum of the children was hushed by a supply of food, Hinna told them all to be seated round the cabin; that she might have a talk with them. When they were all seated, she said, 'Most of all of you that's old 'nuff remembers me. I was a Blagg once myself. You know I's got into business, an' makes a good livin'. Now I want you to know some on you wouldn't 'till I's chance to do the same!' 'Yes, that I would,' said one man. 'So should I,' said another. 'And I,' echoed a third. 'Do you know if anybody has got any work for us?' eagerly asked a sharp-thinned woman. 'There's work enough an' pay enough to be had,' replied Hinna, 'if only you'll go where you can find it.'

'What's that?' inquired another of the more sprightly women. 'All you have got to do is to have as much life as the slaves has,' replied Hinna, 'and set out for the North, like they does.' 'Why, we can't do that!' said an able-bodied, large-framed man, leaning smoking his stamp of a pipe, 'we can't traspse way off there!' 'We might as well die one way as 'nother,' added a second; 'we can't stand it no travel!'

'Give up drinkin' whiskey!' said Jaff, 'we can't do that, in course; it's all our comfort.' 'Jaff! said Hinna vehemently, 'nobody can't do anything for you, as long as you drink so.' 'Well,' said Jaff, 'can't stop, for 'till I kill me.' 'I don't see as you 'll let me do anything for you,' replied Hinna, again looking around on the group with a disappointed air; 'but I come a purpose, an' I'd be glad to help you, but I can't, an' I must be gwine. It's no use—'s no earthly use. A half-dozen voices urged her to stay longer. 'It wouldn't be of any sort of use,' was the ferry-woman's reply. 'I don't reckon any of you 'll let me do nothin' for you to help you get a livin'. You're all determined to drink.'

MR. BOOLE AND THE BLACKS—FURTHER PARTICULARS. The meeting of Alderman Boole with the colored voters of this city took place on Monday, the 23d inst. in the Metropolitan Assembly Room, the Rev. H. C. Garrett (colored) in the chair. After a few introductory remarks by the Chairman in relation to the object of the meeting, the Rev. Mr. Boole, brother of the present candidate for the Mayorship, Wm. H. C. Garrett, read a speech in which he said that he was an Abolitionist, and that his brother was the friend of the colored man, and would exert the utmost of his endeavors to protect the person and the property of the colored residents of this city. Wm. H. C. Garrett, who was seated next to the speaker, said that he was a white man, and in the course of the meeting