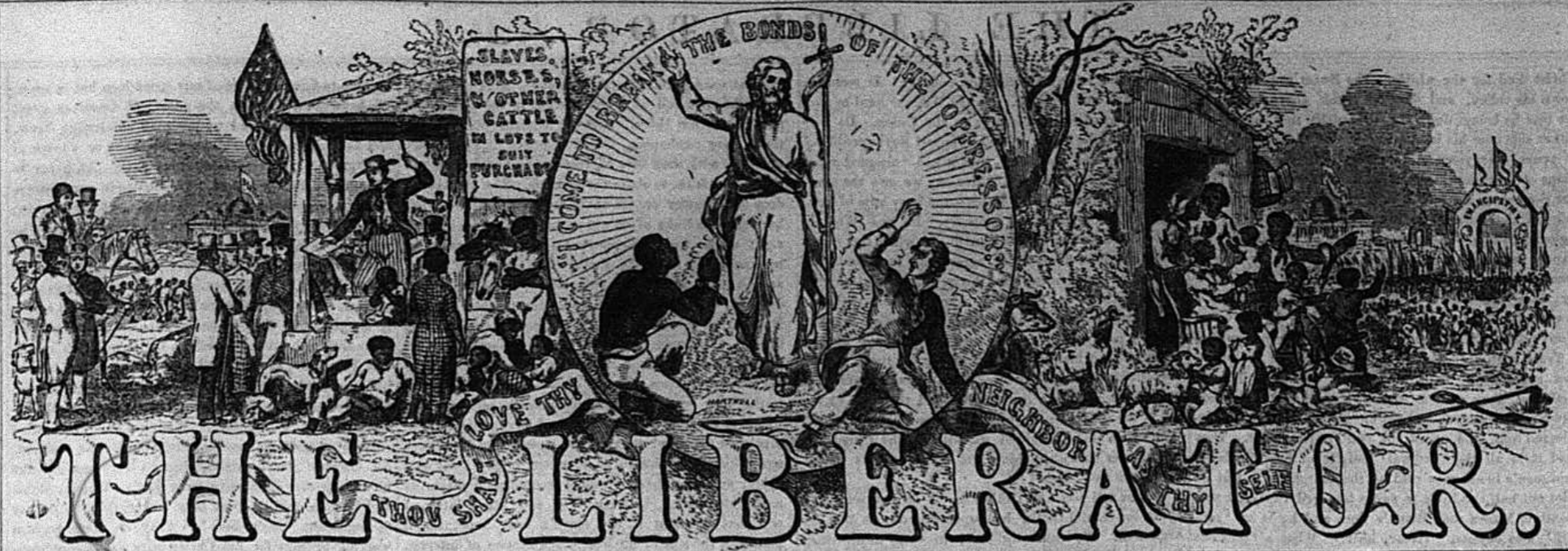


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THE FOLLOWING GENTLEMEN CONSTITUTE THE FINANCIAL  
COMMITTEE, BUT ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY OF THE DEBTS  
OF THE PAPER, VIZ.—FRANCIS JACKSON, ELIAS GRAY,  
SAMUEL PHILLIPS, SAMUEL PHELPS, AND  
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.



No Union with Slaveholders!  
THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS A COVENANT WITH DEATH  
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.  
'Yes! It cannot be denied—the slaveholding  
lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their  
assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to  
SECURE THE PERPETUITY OF THEIR DOMINION OVER THEIR  
SLAVES. The first was the immunity, for twenty years,  
of preserving the African slave trade; the second was  
the stipulation to SURRENDER FUGITIVE SLAVES—an  
engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God,  
delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exacting, fatal  
to the principles of popular representation, of a rep-  
resentation for SLAVES—for articles of merchandise, under  
the name of persons. . . . In fact, the oppressor rep-  
resenting the oppressed. . . . To call government thus con-  
stituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of  
mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of  
riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the  
government of the nation is to establish an artificial  
majority in the slave representation over that of the  
free people, in the American Congress; and THEREBY  
TO MAKE THE PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPET-  
UATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT  
OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.'—John Quincy Adams.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.  
VOL. XXIII, NO. 21.

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

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1853.

WHOLE NUMBER 1166.

THE LIBERATOR.

SPEECHES.

Delivered at the Nineteenth Annual Meeting of the  
American Anti-Slavery Society, May 11, 1853.

[REPORTED BY WILLIAM HENRY BURR.]

Mr. GARRISON, preliminary to the delivery of the regis-  
tered address, said:

You will pardon the Chair for making a very few  
introductory remarks.  
By the help of God, said an apostle of old, (as we  
now feel prepared to say,) 'by the help of God, we will  
continue to this day.' The anti-slavery cause, in spite  
of all the opposition which has been arrayed against it,  
in spite of 'principalities, and powers, and spiritual  
rulers in high places,'—in spite of governmental  
and lawless mockery,—STILL LIVES! (Ap-  
plause.)—and, by its own inherent vitality, by its  
God-given immortality, it is destined to grow,  
expand, and conquer, until all opposition shall be  
ground to powder, and the chain of every slave in  
this land shall be broken, and Heaven shall give  
unto us a glorious jubilee. (Applause.) The Ameri-  
can Anti-Slavery Society again takes its rightful  
place in New York among the benevolent associations  
of the land. For the last two years, we have been com-  
pelled, by the lawlessness which has pervaded this corrupt  
city, to shake off the dust of our feet upon it, and to go  
elsewhere, that we might be heard in behalf of the mil-  
lions of our countrymen groaning in bondage. Re-  
cently here, we were received joyfully and heartily by  
the noble people of Syracuse (applause); and the year  
before, cordially received by the people of Rochester.  
But we did not go to Syracuse or to Rochester  
voluntarily. It was the only alternative presented.  
Elsewhere danger was to be found in this city, we were  
prepared to look it in the face; but we could not ob-  
tain a suitable place in which to hold our anniversary  
meeting, and so were compelled to go elsewhere. This,  
I deeply submit to be the candid judgment of the world,  
was no discredit to the American Anti-Slavery Society;  
it would ever redound to the shame and infamy of  
New York, that we could not be permitted to be heard  
publicly in a cause so God-like as that of human lib-  
erty. (Applause.) And we stand now just where we  
stood before—with the same cause, the same clients,  
my multiplied since we were here to the formidable  
number of 200,000—with the same principles,  
the same doctrine, the same measures, the same de-  
sign, and the same glorious end in view. But where  
are those who said that we could not speak? Where,  
in an occasion like this, is the 'Union Safety Com-  
mittee'? (Laughter.) We find ourselves once more  
here—where they are, Heaven only knows! (Renewed  
laughter.) We are here not to browbeat or to irritate,  
but with a serene and courageous front, knowing, as  
good old John Wesley said, that 'the best of all is, God  
is with us,' and that it is His cause which we have met  
here this day to advocate; therefore, we have no reason  
to fear what man can do unto us.

Since we last came together in this city, many nota-  
ble events have transpired in our country and in the  
world, bearing directly upon the great and all-absorb-  
ing question of American slavery. The three great cham-  
pions of the slave system have gone down to the dust;  
their bodies are in the tomb, and their spirits have gone  
to God, to give an account for the deeds done in the  
body. Where is John C. Calhoun? Where is Henry  
Clay? Where is Daniel Webster? All blotted out.  
Where is the anti-slavery cause to-day? In the ascen-  
dant, with the song of victory in its mouth. (Applause  
and a few huzzas.)

Vain is the help of flesh and blood;  
Their pomp decays, their wealth and power  
And thoughts all vanish in an hour;  
—Nor can they make their promise good.

Since we last met in this city, we have had the Bal-  
timore platform built and endorsed—rotten platforms,  
every timber of which cries out with crime and blood-  
guiltiness. The two great political parties have passed  
the 'finality' resolutions—and what then?

The King of France, with thirty thousand men,  
Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again.  
(Laughter.)

We have also had the Fugitive Slave Law passed since  
we came together—and what of that? Is the number  
of those who are trying to escape, and who are escap-  
ing, less than it was before? Why, as a specimen of  
the law is transpiring around us, it was only yesterday  
that I read in the *Voice of the Fugitive*, a paper pub-  
lished in Canada, of the arrival of twenty-nine slaves  
in one lot, fresh from old Kentucky. (Applause.) They  
crossed the river, singing a song of thanksgiving to  
God, and are now free men, free women, and free chil-  
dren; for there were the aged, the middle-aged, and  
little ones, of both sexes. The Fugitive Slave Law has  
shook and horrified all Christendom; that has been  
the result of it. How has it been treated in the free  
States? You know what was done with it in Boston,  
in the case of Shadrach. The angel of the Lord inter-  
posed, and set him free, in spite of the edict. And  
though it is true that Thomas Sims was carried off from  
our city, it is not true that the Government seized him  
as a fugitive slave, or that the law was executed in the  
presence of the whole people, in broad daylight; for  
that unfortunate victim was arrested under Massachusetts  
law, as a Massachusetts man, as guilty of having  
committed a theft, and in that manner was brought into  
the court-house; and then the building was sur-  
rounded with chains, and he was put on trial as a fugi-  
tive slave. And when taken away, it was not done in  
the presence of the people, in broad daylight, as the  
Government proclaimed beforehand that it should be;  
but he was smuggled out of the city just as the moon  
went down, and just before the sun rose up. This was  
virtually the defeat of the Government, and the over-  
throw of the Fugitive Slave Law, in the old Bay State,  
before! (Applause.)

You know what they did at Syracuse, in the case of  
Jerry. They said, 'The law shall not be enforced; it  
is a lawless edict, an unconstitutional law; it is inhu-  
man, unchristian, and God-defying; and, come what  
may, God helping us, it shall not be enforced, but Jerry  
shall be set free.' The word was spoken, and the  
dred was done. (Applause.)

You remember how it was treated by the fugitive  
in the Christiana case, where the slave

hunter was made to bite the dust. And so, every where,  
it is despised and contemned. To be sure, there have  
been some victims seized—some in this city (of course,  
in this city!)—seized under the law, and carried off  
into slavery. But the number has been surprisingly  
few, and the law has worked mightily, under God, for  
the entire abolition of the slave system. Thus, as one  
of the results of the passage of that law, it gave us  
'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' (Applause.) 'Uncle Tom's  
Cabin' is making the tour of the world, and every  
body is peeping into it, and crying out against the  
injustice of making man the property of man; and, as a  
first instalment of European moral and religious senti-  
ment, we lately received in Boston a memorial to the  
people of this country against slavery, with the signa-  
tures attached to it of more than half a million of the  
women of England. (Applause.)

Finally, even in the very stronghold of slavery, there  
is dismay—a manly and open confession of weakness,  
and that there is no support to be found for slavery in  
any part of the world. I will give you a paragraph  
from the *Charleston Mercury*, the organ of the Slave  
Power of our country, in a pre-eminent sense:—  
'The institution of African slavery is every day be-  
coming more and more isolated, and by consequence,  
the section in which it exists, and to which it gives  
prosperity and peculiar characteristics, [very peculiar]  
is being gradually removed from the pale of sympathy  
and intimacy with the rest of the world. Every where  
slavery is denounced, and the slaveholder regarded as  
an inhuman tyrant. What will be the effect of this  
upon the permanency of the institution, and how should  
it dispose slaveholders to their outside enemies? The  
influence of slavery in the national government [he that  
hath ears to hear, let him hear] has certainly been for a  
long time on the wane. The last eventful struggle is of  
yesterday, and the results were ever condemned it to po-  
litical inferiority. A wall has been built up around it,  
and its vitality must henceforward increase rather by  
the perfection and energy of its own internal organiza-  
tion, than by the expansion of its domain.'

Surely, this is cheering intelligence, and it is authen-  
tic, because it comes from an oracular source, and, of  
course, is only covered by the necessity of the times in  
our favor. These are some of the cheering circum-  
stances under which we are here assembled to-day.  
Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

Mr. GARRISON then introduced to the audience ED-  
MUND QUINCY, Esq., of Massachusetts.

SPEECH OF MR. QUINCY.

MR. PRESIDENT: In your introductory remarks, you  
stated a truth which is on the lips of all the American  
people, for all the American people are eminently a  
religious, a pious people. You said—what would seem  
to be axiomatic in the land—that 'our trust is in  
God.' I apprehend that our presence here to-day, and  
the whole history of the anti-slavery movement, from  
the first moment that you commenced it, more than a  
score of years ago, are a proof of our trust in God.  
You, sir, have been called an infidel. The movement  
which you incarnate—that movement which is lived  
throughout the length and breadth of this land, and, in-  
deed, throughout the civilized world, by your name—is  
also branded as an infidel movement, as a movement  
which has no faith in God, no trust in His power and in  
His truth. Well, sir, I should like to know by what  
element of human nature, by which of the ordinary  
motives of human action, your conduct and our con-  
duct can be explained, if we have not faith in God? Do  
you delight to be a mark for the finger of scorn to be  
pointed at? Do you delight in being called, by the  
enemies or by the pretended friends of the slave thro-  
ughout the world, an infidel? Do you seek to be held up  
to public reprobation and scorn because you like it? Do  
the American abolitionists delight to be in a minority?  
Is it the delight of the American people generally to  
be in a minority? Why, sir, if there is any one  
characteristic which distinguishes the American people  
from all the other nations of the earth—although it is  
merely an enlargement, a projection of a common trait  
of human nature—that characteristic is a delight to  
swim with the stream, to go with the multitude, wheth-  
er to do evil or to do good—generally to do evil, but  
sometimes to do good. Are we, sir, exceptions to that  
general rule of human character? I apprehend not.  
I conceive that we have not stood up for twenty years  
in the face of the American people, and given them the  
lie—that we have not stood up and denied their love of  
liberty, their faith in their own institutions, and their  
belief in the possibility of a genuine republic—that we  
have not stood up and denied the Christianity of the  
American Church—that we have not unchurched the  
Church and excommunicated the State, merely because  
we liked to be pointed at, and to be hoisted at, and to  
be hunted from one city to another, and, least of all,  
because we delighted in the tender mercies of Capt.  
Bynders. No, sir, I conceive that the whole key to the  
character of the abolitionists was contained in that in-  
terdictory sentence of your speech, that 'our trust is  
in God and in truth,' because we know and we believe  
that here is a higher law than any that Congress can  
enact (applause)—because we believe there is a Legis-  
lator who sits on a throne higher than that occupied by  
President Pierce. (Applause.)

Why, what an extraordinary nation we are, Mr.  
President! We are surely 'a great people,' as we are  
fond of calling ourselves. We are not content with  
taking one sixth part of the inhabitants of the land,  
degrading them into the rank of beasts that 'lack dis-  
course of reason,' driving them to the field, taking  
away their young, denying them all knowledge of God  
and of Christ, and of those truths which the American  
Church and the American people, as a great body, be-  
lieve essential to salvation—we are not content with de-  
grading to one sixth part of the inhabitants of the land  
the right to their own bodies, as well as wives, chil-  
dren and wages, and condemning them, the Church it-  
self being witness, to everlasting tortures, by refusing  
them the knowledge essential to salvation—we are not  
content with all this, but we undertake to repeal the  
everlasting laws of God. In this remote corner of the  
universe—on this planet which forms, as it were, the  
invisible dust of the vast creation, we pigmies and illi-  
pianes, the tallest of us scarce six feet high, meet to-  
gether by our representatives, and repeal the laws of  
Heaven who sits upon the throne of the universe, who first  
brought these planets for His hand, who kindled the sun  
around which they revolve, and who powdered the firm-  
ament with myriads of other suns like ours. We meet  
together and repeal the laws of God! Will not He who  
sitteth in the heavens laugh? Does He not hold such a  
people in derision?

But not only have our legislators repealed the law of  
God, but the vast body of the priests of God, the great  
mass of the Church and those who stand at its head,  
men who are recognized as the great leaders and lights  
of American Christianity, have endorsed these doc-  
trines, have scouted and sneered at the idea that there  
can be any higher law than that which man can make.  
Literally, being done into English, being rendered into  
the vernacular, that is what they mean. Theodore  
Parker told us, last winter, in Boston, that he had  
collected one hundred and fifty sermons on the Fugitive  
Slave Law, only five or six of which, I believe, were  
against it. One hundred and forty out of one hundred  
and fifty took the ground that the laws men choose to  
make are obligatory, whether in conformity to the law  
of God or not.

Suppose a representative in Congress should rise and  
propose to repeal the law of gravitation; suppose Con-  
gress should pass a law, and it should be signed by the  
Speaker of the House, the President of the Senate, and  
approved by the President of the United States, decreed  
that from and after the date of the passage of that act,  
heavy bodies should no longer fall towards the centre  
of the earth, but fly off towards the sun; do you be-  
lieve there is a politician, do you believe there is a priest  
in the land, who, relying on that law, would leap from  
the top of Bunker Hill Monument? (Laughter and ap-  
plause.) Well, surely, man can just as easily repeal  
the physical laws as the moral laws of God; and, in the  
eye of reason, of common sense, of religion, and in the  
eye of God, one is just as absurd as the other, only the  
one is more wicked and atrocious than the other—be-  
cause it can and does operate on human action, and  
produce deplorable results.

I think, sir, that you and I, and the rest of us, would  
not, humble as we are, have stood up before this Ameri-  
can people, and, in a moral sense, defied them, denied  
their creed, trampled their commandments under our  
feet, refused to acknowledge allegiance to those wicked  
laws which we believe to be contrary to the higher law  
of God, merely because we liked it; but we have done  
it because we thought it our duty. It was the ac-  
quisition of the right of applying private judgment to  
public law that filled the sails of the Mayflower, and  
sharpened the sword of the Revolution. Why did our  
fathers come to this land, if not to achieve such a state  
of things? Surely, they were great fools, Mr. Webster,  
Mr. Clay, Rev. Dr. Spencer, Dr. Tyng, and no end to  
the Reverend Doctors of all sects, being witnesses—they  
were surely great fools to leave their comfortable  
parsonages, and farm-houses, and trades, and commit  
themselves to the stormy ocean, and plant themselves  
on an inhospitable coast, when they might just as well  
have staid at home. Why, what fanatics they were!

They only had to conform to the laws of the land! They  
only had to acknowledge the bishops and the supre-  
macy of the king! There was no occasion for their  
confronting all the perils of the Star Chamber and  
Court of High Commission! Multitudes of people  
lived very comfortably indeed at home—lived there and  
conformed, obeyed the laws of the land, submitted to  
orders in council, submitted to the acts of Parliament  
requiring conformity. They lived very comfortably and  
pleasantly, just exactly as we are now told by priests  
and politicians that we might do, merely submitting  
patiently and quietly to the laws of the land, and car-  
rying them out as they were intended. But that was  
not the spirit of the men of those days. They were  
protestants. Reformers in all ages have been protestants.  
They have protested against the evil which they  
saw around them. The flight to Plymouth was a protest.  
It was a protest of men who had resisted as long  
as they could at home, who had applied all the tests of  
conscience to human law, and, having carried their  
resistance to the utmost extent that was practicable,  
they then sought refuge in flight, in an honorable re-  
treat, and planted their institutions here, little think-  
ing what was to be the fruit of those institutions in  
the course of a little more than two centuries—little  
dreaming that there was to be a worse than the Star  
Chamber, a worse than the Court of High Commission,  
to be established in this land, to take cognizance of  
men's consciences—that there was to be a Procrustean  
bed established by law, according to which men's con-  
sciences were to be measured, to be stretched out or  
cut short, according as the occasion might require.

Sir, we take counsel of Plymouth; we take counsel  
of the whole colonial history, which was one suc-  
cession of resistance to arbitrary power, and attempt to  
secure the control of their own happiness and destiny  
in their own hands. The revolution began long before  
Lexington and Bunker Hill. It dates back previous  
to the emigration—to the days when the English re-  
formers began to reform the reformation—when they  
found that in England the reformation had merely  
transferred the power of the Pope into the hands of the  
king. It was in these old times that the American  
revolution began. It sprang from the principle of the  
right of private judgment applied not only to Scripture,  
but to law—the right of every man to judge whether a  
law made by man was in conformity with the law of  
God, and to obey it or not—taking the consequences,  
either quietly, if he could not help himself, or resisting  
it if he could. That was the old principle from which  
the revolution sprang; yes, sir, and that is the principle  
from which the complement of the revolution sprang—I  
mean the anti-slavery movement (applause); that movement  
which, if it fail, the revolution was indeed a  
failure. The American revolution was indeed a  
failure, if this anti-slavery movement do not march on  
to a triumphant success, and deliver this country from  
that base, that despicable aristocracy, which now lord-  
eth it over us—an aristocracy whose hereditary emblems  
are not the sword, nor the helmet, nor those marks by  
which the aristocracy of the old world carries back the  
imagination to medieval times and to the deeds of great  
ancestors, but whose hereditary emblems are the scourge,  
the branding-iron, the manacle. This aristocracy,  
numbering not more than 120,000, including women  
and children, and not probably more than 75,000, in-  
cluding merely the actual voters, governs with absolute  
sway nearly twenty-four millions of souls; and yet, we  
have had the impudence to stand up before the Czar  
of Russia, the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of  
France, and the other despots of the old world, and say,  
'Stand by, we are holier than you!' (Applause.)

For my part, Mr. President, I do not know whether  
I am a good republican or not. I believe in the power  
of the people to govern themselves. I believe the peo-  
ple are as competent to govern themselves as any of

those persons who, Thomas Jefferson said, were born  
'booted and spurred to ride the rest of mankind.' But  
I protest, that if the anti-slavery movement fail, and if  
I and my children are to the end of time to be serfs  
and thralls of this insignificant, contemptible, base,  
dirty aristocracy of whips and chains, (applause,) I  
cannot but regard the American revolution as a failure,  
and think that it would have been vastly better for us  
to have remained under the control of Great Britain to  
this day. For if we must be governed by an aristoc-  
racy, I prefer an aristocracy of some eight hundred thou-  
sand (a constituency) to one of seventy-five thousand;  
and if we must have an hereditary aristocracy, I prefer  
one of gentlemen to govern me. (Laughter and ap-  
plause.) I do not like the people that govern me; I do  
not like the aristocracy resting on ownership of human  
beings—a kind of oligarchy which our institutions have  
made. It is a species of vermin which I think ought  
to be exterminated—not by the halter, not by the guil-  
otine, but by the cane-knife sharpened to a point, not  
by insurrection, not by invasion, but by the bringing to  
bear upon it of such a force of public sentiment that it  
can exist no longer, (applause,) that will cause it to  
abdicate, resign, throw up its prerogatives, raise its  
slaves to a political equality with itself, and condescend  
itself to a political equality with ourselves.

That is what we are trying to bring about; that is  
the object of the anti-slavery movement. And how do  
we propose to do it? By changing the opinions of the  
American people and the world at large. Whence come  
institutions? Jesus Christ spoke a great truth when  
he said, 'The kingdom of God is within you.' What  
are institutions but the projections of ideas? All in-  
stitutions are but projections of ideas existing in the  
minds of men. What is slavery? It is the shadow  
which the selfishness of the American people casts.  
Change the substance, and the shadow will disappear.  
Why does slavery exist in this country? Because the  
American people choose to have it so; because they  
like it; because they think that, on the whole, it is for  
their profit and advantage; because they do not think  
there is any great harm in it; because the best of them  
suppose that, on the whole, the evils and inconvenience  
that would follow from immediate emancipation would  
overbalance the advantages. Now, we know how so-  
phistical and absurd all these ideas are. What we wish  
to do, is to change these ideas. And do you think that  
when the American people are determined to be rid of  
slavery, they will retain it? Do you think it will exist  
a day after the American people have fully made up  
their minds that it is not for their advantage, or that  
in some way or other they will be better off without it?  
I tell you, you do not know the American people as  
well as I do, if you think they will let it remain. The  
instant the American mind is fully permeated with  
anti-slavery truth, slavery will vanish like an exhalation  
of the morning. That is our aim; that is the end of  
the American Anti-Slavery Society. It is to apply the  
light of truth to the human mind; to change the ideas  
of men; to convert pro-slavery men and women into  
anti-slavery men and women; to make those who care  
nothing about it see that they have something to do  
with it—that it is something which affects them, and  
that they have a work to do. And as soon as we have  
created this public sentiment in this country, as soon  
as it is aroused (as it now seems to be arousing) in this  
country, as well as in other portions of the civilized  
world, (and barbarous portions, too,) when this circle  
of fire, which is already kindled, shall burn fiercer and  
brighter, and shall be drawn closer and closer around  
the scorpion of slavery, finding it can no longer live, it  
will, by a glorious and illustrious suicide, drive its  
sting into its own brains, and curse the world no more.  
(Great applause.)

THE PRESIDENT—Our friend, Mr. Quincy, has stated  
that Theodore Parker had said, that he had collected  
one hundred and fifty sermons in favor of the Fugitive  
Slave Law, only some half dozen of which took ground  
against it. I think the remark of Mr. Parker was not  
directly in reference to the Fugitive Slave Law, but to  
the death of Daniel Webster; and that out of that num-  
ber of sermons that had been delivered, nearly all were  
in eulogy of Mr. Webster. The error on the part of  
our friend was merely technical—Daniel Webster hav-  
ing been the Fugitive Slave Law incarnate, and a little  
more, if possible.

In 1840, the American Anti-Slavery Society (and  
the fact will read strangely, as long as any remem-  
brance of the Society shall be cherished) was broken  
asunder, and a large secession was made from it, on this  
single issue, because a female member of the Society  
was placed on one of its Committees! It was deemed to  
be so improper, so outrageous, and so unscriptural, as  
to warrant the formation of a new and hostile organi-  
zation. Now, this Society has always recognized the  
right of any of its members, of whatever sex or com-  
plexion, to open his or her lips for those in bond.

Shall we behold, unheeding,  
Life's holiest feelings crushed?  
When woman's heart is bleeding,  
Shall woman's voice be hushed?

(Applause.)

If any woman desires to plead the cause of the en-  
slaved, we bid her God-speed, and desire to hear what  
she has to say. I now have the pleasure of introducing  
to you Miss LUCY STONE, of Massachusetts. (Great ap-  
plause.)

SPEECH OF MISS LUCY STONE.

To my mind it does not need the poet's utterance to  
give woman a claim to speak on an anti-slavery plat-  
form, while there are 'Caseys' scattered by thousands  
all over this broad land; for, so long as they will  
keep to the ear of woman, how is it possible for her to  
be silent? Whether we find in the pen of the poet, or  
in any other source, an endorsement of our claim, we  
think we have a sufficient endorsement in the great  
promptings of our nature, which we cannot, if we  
would, hush.

The Anti-Slavery Anniversary, as it recurs year by  
year, brings to those who are engaged or interested in  
it, a survey of what has come to give us cheer in the  
year that is gone, and also what has come to show us  
the strength and purpose of the Slave Power. Within  
the last year, much to make the heart beat with highest  
hope has come clustering in the way of the abolitionists.  
We have had new voices speaking, and fresh and friend-  
ly hearts beating. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' strong and  
true, has gone the length and breadth of the world,  
winning hearts that did not before feel one throbbing

calling forth deep gushings of sympathy that we hope  
will never die out. Other causes of rejoicing have  
come to us; but I purpose rather, in the brief space of  
time I occupy, to look at some of the manifestations of  
pro-slavery. And I will not make an apology for speak-  
ing of political parties, from the fact that I am a wo-  
man. I need not make an apology. I believe in the po-  
litical right of everybody, man or woman, not only to  
think, but to speak on this question. If a political  
party puts itself in the way of the slave, then let any-  
body and everybody, disfranchised or not, speak in re-  
buke of what it does.

Our Chairman remarked, that since our last anniver-  
sary, the Baltimore platforms had been put forth. Yes,  
and not only put forth, but they have been adopted too.  
When the Democratic Convention at Baltimore had  
written out its creed—a creed so infamous that I never  
attempted to describe it, for I have no language that is  
adequate when it had put forth the platform, pledging  
itself plainly and unmistakably to return the fugitive  
slave, and when Franklin Pierce, in accepting the nom-  
ination, said, 'I accept it, not because you expect it  
from me, but because it harmonizes with my convic-  
tions,' and when he had pointed to his career in Con-  
gress, glorying in deeds that ought to have been his  
shame, to prove that his sentiments were in harmony  
with that platform, then the people rose up like a cloud  
over the length and breadth of the land, and gave their  
suffrage to that man and for that party, knowing well  
what slavery is. The people who are not chattels, into  
whose souls the iron of slavery has not pierced, know,  
as far as language can speak it, what slavery is; and  
those who acted with the political parties knew it. And  
yet, with their eyes wide open, they went and pledged  
themselves to return the panting fugitive.

In that month of June, when the Convention met,  
there were fleeing from the Republic, so named, and 'a  
model Republic,' too, a mother and her little child, a  
babe sleeping in her bosom. As she passed across the  
State of Indiana, having got half way through it, she  
dreamed that, having passed so far from the line that  
divides the non-slaveholding from the slaveholding  
States, it might do for a woman, seeking her liberty  
and the liberty of her little one, to walk at mid-day; and  
so, with the sun above and the green earth under her,  
she went on, hoping that she was safe. At mid-day,  
she was startled by the loud cry of the kidnapper be-  
hind her, demanding that she should stop, and, if she  
did not, threatening that she should be shot on the in-  
stant. That mother, instead of pausing at the bidding  
of those who were pursuing her in harmony with the  
Fugitive Slave Law, in harmony with the platform of  
the Democratic party, in harmony with the convictions  
of Franklin Pierce, took her babe from her bosom,  
placed it on her shoulders, and as she grasped its little  
hand with hers, she ran with all the speed that fear could  
lend to her feet. The kidnapper, who cared not whether  
they brought her back dead or alive, drew his pistol,  
and shot as deliberately as though the game before him  
had been a deer. Ay, it was dear in more senses than  
one. He fired; the ball went through the head of that  
infant, and through the ear of its mother, leaving the  
scattered brains and blood upon the cheeks of that  
mother, who, when she perceived that the little one had  
found its freedom with God, let go her grasp of its  
hands, not to stop, as you, mothers, when your little  
ones die, to dress their bodies neatly for the grave, to  
lay them where you can plant flowers and go to weep  
over the treasure of the love they gave you—not to stop,  
I say, but leaving it all unburied on the plains of Indi-  
ana, that mother fled for liberty dearer than her life,  
and found it, thank God, on the shores of Canada; (ap-  
plause;) no thanks to the Baltimore platform for it;  
(Applause.)

Such facts were being written in letters of blood all  
over the Union, and the Democratic party knew it.  
They knew what was the root of the evil. They knew  
what it was that caused the helpless mothers to flee  
out of this Union. They knew it all; and yet Franklin  
Pierce and his party said, 'The Fugitive Slave Law  
shall be sustained, and we will resist all agitation on  
the subject.' They virtually declared, 'No man, or  
woman, or child, shall open the lip against it: they  
shall be dumb; the heart shall cease to beat, and the  
infernal system shall be allowed to continue.' And  
when the people knew that such deeds were constant-  
ly being done, not less did they rush to ratify what  
their leaders had done. The voters of New York city  
rushed to the polls, and cast their ballots for Franklin  
Pierce by an overwhelming majority.

Men, fathers, Democrats! how could you do it? You,  
who are proud to take your own little boys and girls on  
your knees, and know that you are backed and protect-  
ed by law which is strong enough to guard you in any  
emergency, when you knew that millions of fathers and  
mothers who have no protection are hunted like par-  
tridges on the mountain, how could you do it? How  
could you go and give your suffrages for candidates that  
pledged themselves that every such father's heart should  
bleed, and every such mother should have her soul  
wringing with intense anguish? How could you do it?  
You know why you did it; I know why you did it.  
Will not your children's children find their cheeks  
tingling with shame at the remembrance of the deeds  
their fathers have done? (Applause.)

The Whig party did just what the Democratic party  
did. They had a platform just like the Democrats.  
Nobody knew which belonged to which, they were so  
alike in spirit. The Whigs, that were there of them,  
and General Scott, freely gave their adherence to the  
platform, and all went as far as they were able to ac-  
complish the same infamous purpose that the Democ-  
ratic party accomplished. Not coming into power, the  
Whig party escaped the necessity of being used as the  
tool of the Slave Power to do whatever it was bid. The  
Whig party was not ignorant, any more than the Democ-  
ratic party, of what slaveholding was and is.

A slave fugitive father and mother, with their two  
children, came to the Ohio river last summer. It was  
during the very time of the campaign. The father and  
mother had borne in their own persons all the cruelties  
that slavery inflicts. They had endured, and perhaps  
would have continued to endure, its inflictions, had  
there not woken up in their souls a new-born love of the  
little ones as they looked with mournful forebodings  
over the future of those children. They saw that there  
was not a single ray of sun-light to gladden that future.  
They looked upon that future, not as you look on the  
future of your children, knowing that some piece of use-  
fulness, of honor, or of profit, may be there. To that

slave father and mother, the future was one pit of black-  
ness. There was no school-house for their children.  
Into the very presence-chamber of the Eternal, they  
would be obliged to go without a single ray of light to  
guide them there. With their children they attempted to  
make their escape from your model Republic. They  
came trembling down the Ohio bank, on the Northern  
side. A man with tones of kindness told them if they  
were fugitives, they need not tremble so. They were on  
the soil of Ohio, and God's clear sunlight was looking  
down upon them, and yet they trembled, guilty of no  
crime, charged with none, unless it be a crime that their  
swells in the human soul that love of liberty which nei-  
ther waters nor floods can quench. (Applause.) The  
man said, 'You need not tremble so; if you want to  
hide, here is an old boat under which you can go.' The  
father and mother and little ones went and hid them-  
selves under that boat till the sun should go down, and  
the North Star come out. Very soon after they were  
concealed, a man who, in mockery of his Maker, claim-  
ed ownership in the body and soul of his brother man,  
came. The villain that told them where to hide, had  
told the owner where they were hidden. He came, up-  
lifted the boat, revealed the poor victims trembling be-  
fore his gaze, and demanded their surrender. That fa-  
ther came out of his hiding-place, and did as most of you  
would have done. He put his wife behind him and one  
little one, and taking the other on his arm, with the  
other he fought with all the desperation that a man  
could, knowing that on the issues of that hour hung  
not merely life to him and to his, but liberty and life.  
He drove back his assailants. The men went over the  
river, procured helpers, and, with bowie-knives and  
pistols in their hands, they came back and attacked  
him, still standing with his babe in his arms. The pistol-  
shots rattled the body of that father and his child, till  
they were literally a clot of gore. The father fell, ex-  
hausted by the loss of blood, the man-hunters pounced  
upon him and his, and while we are here in the city of  
New York speaking for outraged humanity, the poor  
man is where no tongue can speak in his defence. While  
this very deed was being done, and thousands like it,  
the Whig and Democratic parties were going up and  
down the length of the land, urging every body—except  
women, (laughter)—to give their votes for men who  
were pledged that just such deeds as that should be  
done, and done perpetually, and that we should not  
have Ohio, Indiana, nor one single State where a slave  
father or slave mother can stand and take their chil-  
dren by the hand, and say, 'They are mine.' And  
when the leaders of the Whig and Democratic parties  
were saying that, the men of the party were assenting  
and giving their sanction to platforms that they knew  
were ready to bind, hand and foot, and bury in eternal  
night, the last spark of liberty that should glow in the  
soul of any slave; and not only that, but to gag the  
mouths of any who dared to speak a word for down-  
trodden humanity, if they could hinder it. Thank  
God, they could not.

whose body is not hers. And when the father who lives back in the woods looks proudly upon his daughter...

Lamarine said of Wilberforce, that 'he went up to the throne of God with millions of broken fetters in his hands, as evidence of a life well spent.'

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I can say, with the utmost sincerity, that, so far as the simple Anti-Slavery question is concerned, there can be no necessity that we should detain this audience at all.

I read with pleasure, with more than pleasure, with a thrill of delight which words cannot describe, some of the speeches with which our excellent, faithful and eloquent friend, Mr. Hale, was received at the public dinner in Boston...

Two adjectives distinguish us and that class of anti-slavery men who met in Boston, who stand in the Senate of the United States, and who serve the cause of the slave at the Tabernacle to-night.

They love to speak of the beautiful symmetry of its proportions. With me, I dare not thank God who gave him to us, when I know that behind the sacredness of his example, thousands of 'Legrees' are hidden from the indignation of Christendom and this Republic.

Do you suppose that the class of brutal slaveholders, to whom Mrs. Stowe has given a generic name, could ever have sustained slavery in this country to the year 1853?

Do you suppose that profligate priests like Theodore Clapp, of New Orleans, could drag slavery behind the altar, if it had not been sheltered under the magnificent reputation of Washington?

Do you suppose that the great men of history, it is the men who have in some sort a Christian character to boast, that are the guilty men in this great national iniquity?

Our friends at a little distance, and in Boston, tell you that the Union must be preserved. It is organic, autochthonic; it is a part of the soil; it is a part of the blood; it is not to be spoken of; it is not to be debated; much less is it to be adjured.

Christ died for the whites. The Swiss walks up and down his valley, and dare not speak above a whisper, for fear he brings down the avalanche that hangs on either side of his head; and in this 'glorious Union' of yours, clergymen in New York pulpits, and politicians at Baltimore, tell you to walk softly, and read the Sermon on the Mount in a whisper, lest it bring the whole Union down upon your heads.

Perhaps they are right in saying it is a 'glorious Union.' The man who stands under the shadow of the Union, whose right hand holds an oath to support it, who is taking office under it, who is part and parcel of it, is bound to that oath and to the establishment.

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I have not misinterpreted this country. It seems to me I have not done so. Daniel Webster used to say, that we owe our commerce to the Union. Do we? Long before the Union existed, Edmund Burke could say of New England commerce, that it had 'tempted every climate and every eye sea.'

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word at some profitable employments—more profitable than the rude toil of digging holes in the earth, and planting cotton there. And the moment you turn the slaves into mechanics, the Huguenots of France are upon us, with their love of freedom, and with their patience and faith, to claim their rights.

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us able to bury any one of our great men but in tears. We have not a name in the galaxy of American great men that we can stand up with an unflinching brow, and hold out to the world as a statesman or a lover of liberty.

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alluded to Dr. Spring, you have missed me. The cause of such a monster is not my fault—nor is the fault of the anti-slavery enterprise. (Hisses and applause.)

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POETRY.

For the Liberator. ELIZA AND THE SENATOR'S WIFE. A Sketch from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'

SELECTIONS.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman. HORACE MANN'S LETTER. The letter from Mr. Mann, which we publish, probably closes his discussion with Mr. Phillips...

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

A meeting of delegates in the cause of Temperance took place on the 21st inst. at 9 o'clock A.M. at the brick chapel, Nassau street, pursuant to advertisement...

'Bloomer Delegation.'

This gave rise to a second debate, more exciting by far than the first, and brought Mr. Higginson again to the floor. He said the committee had excluded the names of several ladies...

Dr. Hewitt quoted from Paul and other Scriptural authorities.

which he claimed to be against women speaking in the Church, and in favor of her asking her husband at home. Rev. Mr. Chamberlain was particularly severe upon one of the excluded ladies...

ADIN BALLOU'S BOOK. PUBLIC FUNCTION OF WOMAN. WORCESTER WATER CURE INSTITUTION. FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA. THE NORTH BRITISH AMERICAN DISPENSARY.