

Poetry.

The Liberator.

For the Liberator.
"THE RAVEN."
With a heavy sorrow at my heart, I closed my chamber door.

THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.
THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.
The families who entertained in Boston the friends of the great national and universal cause of Freedom, on the evening of the 23d of January, cordially thank those honored and beloved guests; not only those then present, but no less warmly and gratefully such as greeted them by letter and subscription from other States and lands.

to join the free States... with whatever help from loans and advances the transition may require from Northern freemen. No compensation—no indemnity; nothing that can be cited as an acknowledgment of property in man.

Accept the enclosed ticket in behalf of the cause we all have so near our hearts... I need not say that, under ordinary circumstances, it would be larger; but at present, my poor Kansas claims all I have of purse, strength, energy, life!

N. F. Perkins, Boston, 1.00
Isaac Osgood, Charlestown, 4.00
E. C. Ray, New Bedford, 15.00

Harriet Richardson, 5.00
Mrs. Eunice P. Cutter, 5.00
E. Powers, 2.00
Mrs. C. A. Carter, 2.00

For the Liberator.
BE TRUE.
The conflict rages—let us stand firmly for the true and right; heart to heart, and hand to hand, dare defy Oppression's sight.

These are they to whose cooperation it is owing that Boston has, throughout the world, the reputation and the moral power of an anti-slavery city. With an ill-organized police and an incompetent city magistracy—the result of previous slaveholding manipulation—having among her hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants, a thousand or two of ill-bred and ignorant traders and manufacturers of slave products, who are rich enough to hire about an equal number of day-laborers no less ignorant and selfish.

With solemn thoughts like these, our festival began. It would be profitable, if time and space permitted, to note down the conversation that followed. "What necessity for these meetings?" said a novice to one of the old guard. "They only give this thousand or two of a defeated party, which appears one day as a Washington Union Committee, and the next as a Union meeting in Faneuil Hall, the chance to appear once more in the streets as a mob, under the delusion that change of form will disguise their insignificance to the ready-to-halts, the feeble-minded, and the much-afraids, that infest public life in seats of government. You cannot, excepting the one or two of you whom they threaten with assassination, even claim the credit of courage in what you do, under the forcible-feebleness of a city government that insults the slaveholder by public acknowledgment of your legal rights; the very rights it is engaged in violating."

LETTER FROM MRS. STEBBINS.
ANY ARBOR, (Mich.) Jan. 21, 1861.
DEAR MRS. GARRISON:—Your note of invitation to the Subscription Anniversary was duly received. I feel highly honored by the invitation; and it would give me much pleasure to attend, but the delicate health of my dear wife will not admit of our leaving home at this inclement season.

LETTER FROM MRS. CHAPMAN.
NEW BEDFORD, Jan. 23, 1861.
DEAR MRS. GARRISON:—I have been hoping to be present at the Subscription Anniversary, but home engagements prevent, and I must content myself with sending my small subscription.

EUROPEAN SUBSCRIPTIONS.
Members and friends of the WASHINGTON ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, (Eng.) by Ann Robson, Treasurer, £15 00
Friends in EDINBURGH, by Miss E. Wig- ham, 00 00

For the Liberator.
OUR NATIONAL FLAG.
How I would love that streaming flag, If it were not a trap, a drag, Of which the worst of tyrants brag!

The threat of riot, with the danger to life and property from municipal corruption and State supineness, though it awakened indignant pity for the poor creatures of slavery about to engage in it, did not in the least check the gaiety or the liberality of the occasion. Perhaps it stimulated both, to think of this new sort of political demonstration of loyalty to the Slave Power, executed by the small defeated party of Bell and Everett, as a last despairing effort. The Slave Power thinks of it with contempt and derision, and thanks no one for breaking owners by obeying orders.

From this unchecked interchange of thoughts and plans called free speech, comes the only possibility of sufficient approximation among men to the law of life—the truth—to enable them to live in society together. Stop it, and society—social, civil and religious alike—is extinct: everything begins to crumble. Out of it grows the only hope of ultimate union.

LETTER FROM HON. EDWARD HARRIS.
Woodscock, (R. I.) Jan. 23, 1861.
MRS. MARIA W. CHAPMAN AND OTHER LADIES, at the 27th National Anti-Slavery Convention in Boston, to be held this evening.
LADIES—You are engaged in what I sincerely believe is a righteous cause—the liberation of the bondmen. Just what our Saviour came to do. The progress of His principles has been slow, as may be seen to our short-sighted beings; but I believe they must triumph in the end.

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THE BOSTON LIBERATOR.
This noble and gallant pioneer journal in the cause of freedom entered upon its fourth decade at the commencement of the present year in a new and handsome dress. Thirty years of holy war against one of the most fearful systems of tyranny that ever insulted the light!

From the Chicago Tribune.
SOUTH CAROLINA.
BY J. W. TEMPLE.
There's a mighty new-born nation, Springing to life and power and station, Just by seizing the occasion.

The amount received on this occasion was about \$5,500: a sum entirely unexpected, since every pecuniary pressure which slavery brings upon the country is felt by the friends of the cause, as well as by its enemies. The difference between the two classes is this—the former have, through life, rejoiced to make their own petty interests the stepping-stones to public good.

LETTERS.
TO MRS. CHILD.
MONTREAL, Jan. 25, 1861.
MY DEAR MADAM:—I must beg you to forgive the liberty I am taking in thus addressing you, but having no correspondent in Boston, nor any with whom I seemed so well acquainted as yourself, although the acquaintance has been without the happiness of ever seeing you, and is formed only from my personal acquaintance with your friends.

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HOPE ON.
How on, oh, weary and depending mortals! I tell you that the world is not all gloom—That there is sunshine for each day that riseth Upon our lives, from birth—unto the tomb.

What makes the Swiss a people?—and England a nation?—and Christendom the synonym of civilization? The shelter they give to the political fugitive, and their law which only the Americans have infringed—

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