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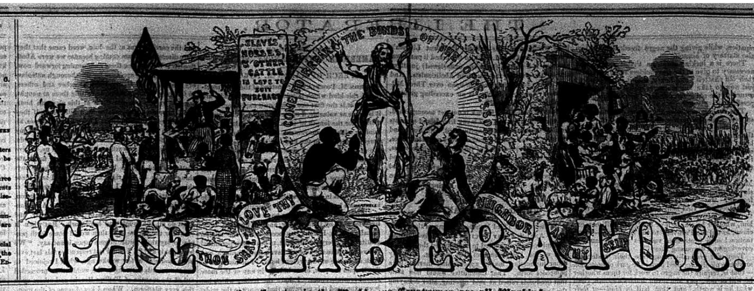

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, CIVIL, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interference with the institution of slavery, IN EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

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

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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The Liberator.

THIRD DECADE OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM ANTI-SLAVERY FRIENDS.

FROM JOHN JAY, ESQ.

To Messrs. J. M. McKim, and others, Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

GENTLEMEN: It is with regret that I find myself unable to accept the invitation with which you have honored me to assist at the celebration of your Thirtieth Anniversary.

The term of a generation has elapsed since that eventful assemblage at Philadelphia in 1833, and we who survive are permitted to see the great objects which were then proposed in the course of rapid accomplishment.

Slavery has already ceased to have a constitutional or legal existence in the rebel States, and the faith of the National Government and the American people has been solemnly pledged to that act, by the Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy; and at his command also, rightfully issued under the same war power and on grounds of military necessity, the colored people are being raised to the rank of soldiers and citizens. But we cannot overlook the fact that these objects of our life-long devotion are being effected by other arguments than the narrow constitutional means and moral suasion to which the founders of your Society so rigidly limited its efforts.

Man proposes, but God orders; and it was ordained that the Slave Power of America, hardening its heart like its prototype of Egypt, and raising its bloody hand against the American people to the end that it might erect a slave empire on the ruins of our republic, should, by its own act, forfeit the constitutional guarantees by which it was protected, and should itself invite its extinguishment by the tramp of armies and the crash of battle. While the slaveholders in their madness have thus inaugurated a war in which slavery is to perish, it is to be remembered that their allies at the North persistently allured them to their doom.

The first gun aimed against Sumter, and which sounded the knell of slavery, would never have been fired but for the assurance given by Democratic leaders at the North, who believed the masses to be as rotten as themselves, that they would assist the rebels in revolutionizing the government; and when the war had progressed for nearly two years, these rebel-sympathizers, foiled in their effort to convince the nation that it had no right to defend its existence, attempted to stay the national arm by discouraging volunteering at the North, and so compelled the President to call upon the black man to assist in maintaining our constitutional integrity. How promptly that call has been responded to, how gallantly he has done his duty as a soldier at Port Hudson, Milliken's Bend and Fort Wagner, and how popular the scheme of enlisting colored troops has become from the simple fact that every black man who joins the army enables a white man to stay at home, are matters familiar to us all; and we can hardly fail to admire the inscrutable ways of Providence, as we wonderingly behold the abolition of slavery and the elevation of the colored race, for which we had labored for a quarter of a century with such small success, now being rapidly and effectually accomplished through the agency of Jefferson Davis, Mr. Vallandigham and Gov. Seymour. He maketh, says Holy Writ, the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath shall He restrain.

A time so full of excitement as the present is not the most fitting for a calm review of the history of the Society, whose birth you are met to celebrate; and yet, as our work is so nearly finished, and your next decade will probably dawn upon the American continent unpolluted by the footstep of a slave, it may be well now to recall the political principles declared in the Constitution of your Society, as established at Philadelphia, and reaffirmed in the face of the malignant persecutions to which its early members were subjected. They are not to be lightly overlooked by the future historian of America; for when the story of their struggle is truly told, there will be no brighter page in American history than that which records their pure philanthropy, their intelligent patriotism, their wise statesmanship, their moral courage, and their heroic defence of Christian principle and constitutional right against the domineering power of an overwhelming and brutal majority.

If the founders of the American Anti-Slavery Society must yield to Jefferson Davis and his confreres, so far as the merit goes of organizing a thoroughly efficient project of immediate abolition, by so much as the bayonet and the bullet, iron-clads and monitors, Greek fire and swamp-angels are more convincing arguments than slow appeals to the conscience and the reason—especially when the one is blasted and the other perverted—they need yield to none in the claim which their children will make for them, that they were the exemplars of that spirit of devotion to Christian truth and American principle that to-day like a halo enwraps our country, and unites us in a common resolve to maintain, at whatever cost, against Southern slavery and European neutrality, the unity, the greatness and the freedom of our Republic.

I am aware that this view differs somewhat from the portrait which has been usually painted of American Abolitionists; that they have been pictured as disunionists, amalgamationists and incendiaries, anxious to interfere with slavery in defiance of the Constitution, and to incite servile insurrection without regard to humanity. But who was the painter of these darkly shadowed and distorted features? The Slave Power, disguised as a conservator of the Constitution, and attempting to escape the issue which we tendered by inventing fraudulent side issues. Now that the Slave Power is stripped of the mask under which it dared to impeach the patriotism of the Abolitionists, the American people will at their leisure review the charges which many of them have long believed.

One quality is already accorded to them even by their intelligent opponents, and that is moral courage, indomitable pluck. A handful of men, without power, wealth or official influence, they arrayed themselves against American slavery, reigning supreme in Church and State, as did the English Quakers against the British slave trade; and although they had none other than moral weapons and an armory of facts, the Slave Power recognized them at once as an adversary to be feared and to be crushed; for it dreaded, as was frankly admitted, their influence not simply with the people of the North, but upon the consciences of the slaveholders themselves.

The members of your Society were compelled to meet the furious onset of the Slave Power almost from the moment of their organization. Vilified by a slaveholding President, whose message they answered with a protest of great dignity and force; denounced in both Houses of Congress by slaveholders and their tools; slandered by a demoralized press; derided from the bench; sneered at by the bar, and damned from the pulpit; hooted at in political and religious conventions; tabooed in would-be-aristocratic circles; threatened with legislative pains and penalties for exercising their constitutional prerogatives; howled at by ruffian mobs, their houses sacked, their churches invaded, their presses destroyed, their liberties violated, they maintained their integrity with undaunted front, yielding no iota of principle, but grandly fulfilling the injunction, "Stand like a beaten anvil!" Every new outrage, as they multiplied throughout the North, such as the dragging of a clergyman from his pulpit in New Hampshire, and his sentence, by a convenient magistrate, as a common brawler, to fifteen days' hard labor, for having preached an anti-slavery sermon; or the leading of Mr. Garrison, that early and faithful pioneer of freedom, about the streets of Boston with a rope around his body, amid the plaudits of "gentlemen of property and standing;" or the murder of the brave Lovejoy, forerunner of the countless thousands since murdered by the same accursed power; so far from intimidating the Abolitionists, only inspired them with a sterner determination to rescue the country from the ruffianism of slavery, and they stood, and on the page of history will forever stand, the successful champions of those constitutional rights, freedom of conscience and of speech, freedom of the press and of debate, and the right of petition.

In vindicating the founders of the Society from the charges preferred against them by the slaveholders, and on the strength of which they were so bitterly persecuted—charges which were swallowed with disgraceful credulity by willing dupes, and which even now are sometimes repeated by men who lay claim to an ordinary degree of intelligence—it is necessary to refer to some historical facts in order that the opinions of individuals or of societies at a later date may not be confounded with the principles, pledges and conduct of the national organization formed at Philadelphia.

The principle charges on which its founders were arraigned were these:

1. That they disregarded and repudiated the Constitution of the United States.

2. That they were in favor of a dissolution of the Union.

3. That they advocated the right of Congress to abolish slavery in the States.

4. That they favored marriages between blacks and whites.

5. That they approved of and incited insurrection among the slaves.

When the Anti-Slavery Convention met at Philadelphia, Judge Jay, who was prevented from attending as a delegate, urged upon them, by letter, the necessity of an explicit declaration of their political principles to meet the baseless charges already made against them.

The first number of *The Emancipator* had shortly before announced, that "constitutional restrictions, independently of other considerations, forbid all other than moral interference with slavery in the Southern States;" and the Convention incorporated three distinct propositions in the Constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

1. That each State in which slavery exists has, by the Constitution of the United States, the exclusive right to legislate in regard to abolition in that State.

2. That they would endeavor in a constitutional way to influence Congress to put an end to the domestic slave trade, and to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and likewise to prevent the extension of slavery to any State that might thereafter be admitted to the Union.

3. That the Society would never in any way countenance the oppressed in vindicating their rights by resorting to physical force.

Under this Constitution and these distinct pledges, the Society rapidly increased in numbers, strength and influence. Its lecturers, agents, newspapers and publications aroused the country, and auxiliary societies sprang up far and near, numbering in 1836, 527; in 1837, 1,006; in 1838, 1,256; and in 1839, 1,650 auxiliaries had adopted the principles of its Constitution.

It was to crush anti-slavery effort under these clearly defined limitations that mobs were inaugurated in 1834, to sack churches and houses in New York, and to insult Mr. Garrison in Boston, and "conservative meetings" were held in various Northern cities "to consign to execration" the Abolitionists as "abandoned knaves and hypocrites."

In 1835 the Board of your Society issued an address to the public, for the advisement of those who had been led to believe that they "were pursuing measures at variance not only with the Constitutional rights of the South, but with the precepts of humanity and religion."

The address was signed by Arthur Tappan, President, and also by John Rankin, William Jay, Elizur Wright, A. L. Cox, Lewis Tappan, Sam. E. Cornish, S. S. Jocelyn and Theodore S. Wright. As it excited marked attention both in America and in Europe, and is the fullest official exposition of the views of the Society, you will perhaps allow me to quote briefly its several heads. They were as follows:

1. That Congress has no more right to abolish slavery in the Southern States than in the French West India Islands.

2. That the exercise of any other than moral influence to induce Abolition by the State Legislatures would be unconstitutional.

3. That Congress had the right to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and that it was their duty to efface so foul a stain from the National escutcheon.

4. That American citizens have the right to express and publish their opinions of the Constitution, laws and institutions of any and every State and nation under heaven, and "we never intend to surrender the liberty of speech, of the press, or of conscience—blessings we have inherited from our fathers, and which we mean, so far as we are able, to transmit unimpaired to our children."

5. That they had uniformly deprecated all forcible attempts on the part of the slaves to recover their freedom.

6. That they would deplore any servile insurrection, on account of the calamities that would attend it, and the occasion it might give for increased severity.

7. That the charge that they had sent publications to the South, designed to incite the slaves to insurrection, was utterly and unequivocally false.

8. That the charge that they had sent any publications to the slaves was false.

9. That they had employed no agents in the slave States to distribute their publications.

10. They reiterated their conviction that slavery was sinful, and injurious to the country, and that immediate abolition would be both safe and wise, and that they had no intention of refraining from the expression of such views in future.

11. They reiterated their views in reference to the elevation of the colored people.

12. "We are accused of acts that tend to a dissolution of the Union, and even of wishing to destroy it. We have never calculated 'the value of the Union,' because we believe it to be INESTIMABLE; and that the abolition of slavery will remove the chief danger of its dissolution."

In conclusion they said: "Such, fellow-citizens, are our principles. Are they unworthy of republicans and of Christians?" And, after referring to the unconstitutional usurpation of the government to protect slavery, and to prevent free discussion and the freedom of the mails, they closed with the prophetic warning: "Surely, we need not remind you that if you submit to such an encroachment on your liberties, the days of our Republic are numbered; and that although Abolitionists may be the first, they will not be the last victims offered at the shrine of arbitrary power."

As the country, under the stirring appeals and startling facts put forth by the American Society, its auxiliaries and its members, awoke to a new appreciation of the evils and dangers of slavery to the Republic as well as to the slave, some earnest Abolitionists, stung by a sense of its excessive wrong, and unwilling to await the slow remedy of moral suasion, or limited Congressional interference, sought to find some shorter method of accomplishing its destruction. Here and there one inclined to the belief that Congress could constitutionally abolish it; others that its very existence was unconstitutional, and should be so declared by the Supreme Court; and a few, at a later period, that it could be effected only by a dissolution of the Union.

But all of these suggestions were absolutely irreconcilable with the Constitution adopted in Philadelphia. In 1838 the late Alvan Stewart, Esq., of Utica, attempted to change that Constitution by an elaborate argument in favor of the right of Congress to abolish slavery in the States, and the proposed amendment was urged with great vigor and eloquence, but it was as vigorously resisted, as unsound in principle and inconsistent with good faith, and the attempt signally failed.

In the same year, the Massachusetts Society reconsidered some resolution that had been hastily adopted, and resolved, "That Congress has no power to abolish slavery in the several States of this Union."

The same year, Mr. Ellis Gray Loring wrote to Judge Jay from Boston: "I know of but one or two persons here who believe in the power of Congress over slavery in the States."

With the division that occurred a year or two later in the American Society, the removal of the old board to Boston, and the formation in New York of the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, the national unity of the organization was broken, and widely differing views began to be expressed by anti-slavery men, who did not hold to the principles declared at Philadelphia upon the religious and political bearings of the question.

Prominent individuals divided upon the status of slavery, and the best mode of overthrowing it; and neither the Liberty party, headed by those veteran Abolitionists, Gerrit Smith and William Goodell, nor Wendell Phillips, the golden-mouthed exponent of the views entertained at Boston, fairly represented the constitutional principles defined by the American Society, and adopted by nearly two thousand auxiliary associations.

But—and this is an historic fact of interest and importance—as the increasing insolence and usurpation of the Slave Power induced the conviction that if the Abolitionists had commenced the struggle to obtain freedom for the slave, the American people must continue it to preserve their own; and with their characteristic common sense, the people devoted themselves to the task of overthrowing its power and checking its extension, and organized for the purpose, under the wise lead of Abolitionists, in 1855, the Republican party. They incorporated into that platform the identical constitutional principles on which, thirty years ago, the American Anti-Slavery Society took its stand.

On these principles, for the holding of which we and our fathers were denounced as incendiaries and fanatics, Fremont was nominated and Lincoln was elected; and the sufficiency of those principles—the restriction of slavery extension, the abolition of slavery in the District, and of the inter-State slave trade, and the emancipation of the National government from the control of the Slave Power—to cripple and eventually to destroy slavery, was significantly recognized by the slaveholders themselves when they resolved, some twenty-five or thirty years ago, that the instant those principles were triumphant in the National government, they would anticipate the overthrow of slavery by overthrowing the republic.

Prejudices deeply seated may obscure, perhaps, for another generation, the credit due to the gentlemen whose careful action in convention you are met to celebrate; but the candid historian will admit that they exhibited not a blind devotion to the cause of the slave, but a conscientious regard to the integrity of the Constitution, and the welfare and happiness of the country. He will record that it was the Abolitionists who, avoiding all infringement on the constitutional rights of the slaveholders, would allow no infringement on their own, and that to them belongs the honor of vindicating the right of petition, and maintaining against brute violence and legislative menace freedom of speech and of the press. While he will be compelled to acknowledge that in many things they were defeated, that they opposed unsuccessfully the Seminole war and the Annexation of Texas under the late rebel John Tyler, that they failed in arresting that most wicked war waged by the Slave Power against Mexico under James K. Polk, and that accursed act, the Fugitive Slave Bill, under the renegade Abolitionist Millard Fillmore, and the removal, under Franklin Pierce, of the ancient land-mark fixed by the Missouri Compromise, he may say with truth, that they checkmated the Slave Power under James Buchanan in its efforts to force slavery into Kansas, and that they forever terminated its usurped supremacy upon the continent, when, defeating the traitors Bell and Breckinridge, they elected as President Abraham Lincoln.

Whatever errors of opinion or of action there may have been on the part of individuals or societies at a recent date, the political principles declared at Philadelphia have stood the test of time and trial, and have received the emphatic endorsement of the American people; and the anti-slavery movement in the United States, with few exceptions that more plainly show the rule, has been marked by statesmanlike characteristics, now crowned with success, and by a love of country that no delay, injustice or disappointment could impair or disturb.

Their progress was not always observed by the unobservant, and we heard occasionally that abolition was dead; but when the hour came that the Slave Power, drunken with blood and insolent with oppression, deemed itself strong enough to destroy the Republic, anticipating an easy victory by the aid of its fellow-traitors in the North, the hour had come of its fall; although they knew it not, when the loyal American people were educated to that point of patriotism, pluck and constitutional strength, that they were able to meet the blow, treacherously as it was given, and to return it with a vigor that is sending slavery and the rebellion to a common grave.

It is an interesting fact, that while the rebel slaveholders, who still regard as their friends the Peace Democrats and conditional Unionists at the North, who veil their treason under very thin disguise, both slaveholders and slaves, long before the Proclamation of Emancipation, foresaw the inevitable issue of the contest; and Beauregard came much nearer the truth than he has sometimes done, when he forbade his rebel troops to call by any other name than Abolitionist, every soldier who followed the old flag of his country, keeping step to the music of the Union, and ready to die in its defence.

As we recall reverently the dead upon your roll of those who met at Philadelphia, to issue what has since proven to be a second Declaration of Independence, let us remember also, tenderly, our brave heroes, who, slain by slavery, sleep beneath the battle-fields of the Republic, and their comrades, our sons and brothers, who now maintain against that inhuman power the integrity, the supremacy, and the honor of our country.

Always, gentlemen, most faithfully yours,
JOHN JAY.

FROM JESSE STEDMAN.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your invitation to attend the Convention of the American Anti-Slavery Society at the city of Philadelphia on the 3d and 4th of December came duly to hand, and I do assure you no man, more than myself, will feel a deeper interest in its action, or would more enjoy a brief interview with the early pioneers of this Heaven-appointed cause, in a city whose founder never stained his hands with human blood, nor his soul with a touch of that abomination of abominations, human bondage; and no man, more than myself, regards the importance of *decided, united* and untiring action in the cause of emancipation at this momentous crisis, when all, or nearly all, are disposed, either from policy or principle, to lend a helping hand.

I would accept aid coming from *any* quarter and from almost *any* motive, to exterminate and utterly *annihilate* the *cause* of all our national calamities. The most absurd and dangerous policy is to turn the abolition cause over to the government, as some seem disposed to do, when the second "ruler in the kingdom" tells the world "slavery is their business, not mine," and very complacently talks about "*returning prodigals*"! Returning prodigals, forsooth!! Thieves, murderers, pirates ranked under the mild cognomen of prodigals! A prodigal, in the common acceptation of the term, is an angel of light in the comparison, as he may not be guilty of a single act which the law regards criminal. I have less confidence than most men in the President, the Cabinet, or members of Congress, with a few honorable exceptions in regard to the latter, as to any action of either based upon the principle of immediate, universal emancipation as the duty of the government and right of the slave; and hence I regard the action of the American Anti-Slavery Society in this momentous crisis of immeasurable importance. The wants of the thousands already free, and the millions yet in bondage, if ever free, in the necessaries of life and education to render them fit subjects for civilized life, present an outlay and amount of labor to be done the most appalling. But, Mr. President, I am aware I hardly need urge the Convention to action when there are so many who have been longer in the harness and have labored so much more effectively than myself. In this connection, I cannot but advert to the changed condition of public opinion since the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, an age ago, in the city where you assemble, dedicated to free discussion. *Then* my blood rose to fever heat, and has remained there most of the time since. May your labor be crowned with success, and that speedily; and God grant that *moral necessity* may complete what military necessity commenced, and the joyous shouts of thirty-three million, free as the air of heaven, shake the continent from centre to circumference, and the benediction of the world and the blessing of God rest upon all who have lent a helping hand to deliver the oppressed from the power of the oppressor!

JESSE STEDMAN.

FROM REV. JEHIEL CLAFLIN.

EAST WESTMORELAND, N. H., Nov. 28, 1863.

DEAR GARRISON:—Your circular and letter of the 23d inst., inviting me to be present at the decade celebration in the city of Philadelphia on the 3d and 4th of Dec. proximo was received; and as I shall be denied the pleasure of being present in person to participate in the proceedings of that memorable and joyous occasion, allow me, dear sir, through you, to congratulate the veteran pioneers and faithful coadjutors in meeting each other again, after a long and arduous warfare, in the "city of brotherly love," where, thirty years ago, they met to inaugurate the grandest and most sublime movement since the Christian era. Being based, not on expediency but on principle, and depending, not on numbers but on the truth and the justice of their cause, they could not but have the sanction and approval of a just God and all-wise Ruler of the Universe; and relying on His all-potent arm for aid, their ultimate success could be but a question of time; and although many of the loved and dearly-remembered ones, colaborers in this humanitary and Heaven-approved enterprise, have fallen in the midst of the "irrepressible conflict," yet it has pleased the all-wise and merciful Father graciously to spare the precious life of him, who, under God, was the first to call to repentance this guilty and oppressive nation—"to undo the heavy burdens, to break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free;" and though one after another of the faithful ones has fallen, battling nobly in the true heroic and martyr spirit, for the deliverance of the oppressed, "remembering those in bonds as bound with them," yet others, catching the spirit of the noble dead, have risen up as new recruits to fill the ranks, and help carry forward to final completion the great work so nobly begun. The occasion will be a rare one for those who have consecrated the strength of their years and manhood in the cause of the oppressed. Those who will be gathered there to greet each other again and renew old acquaintance, will gather new strength and new inspiration to press on to final victory this mighty death-grapple with the legions and powers of darkness. The true friends of immediate emancipation and universal freedom have abundant cause of rejoicing and hope, in view of what has already been accomplished in the result of their faithful and indefatigable labors; "but the end is not yet." Slavery is a monster tenacious of life; but the harpoons of truth have been thrown by skilful hands, and the hideous monster is now writhing in his death-throes. Hitherto, our cause has been unpopular, but now its advocates and friends may be counted by many thousands; since, to be such, no longer endangers one's reputation or popularity; yet coming in at the eleventh hour, "they shall receive their penny." Recounting on this occasion, as you certainly will, the marvellous changes in the public mind and heart in this nation in regard to this great question of the age, you may very pertinently ask, "What hath God wrought?" Thanking God for his favor and help in the past, let us gird up afresh with unfaltering fidelity and hope for the last decisive and final victory over the serried hosts of darkness, conscious that our duty is not done and our work complete until the last fetter is broken from the limbs of the last slave in the land. Let every true Abolitionist be encouraged, now that the North has been aroused, and has leaped to "arms" and marshalled its hosts to vindicate our cause, and the rights of humanity in "black and white." Let every heart and hand be quickened to new zeal and activity in the meritorious work of redeeming humanity from the iron grasp of tyrants and oppressors.

Let us all be hopeful that God, after having sufficiently chastened us, as a nation, for our pride, avarice, ambition, ingratitude and oppression, will yet bring us out of this fiery ordeal a united, prosperous and happy people, to be in the future, not a warning but an example to all the nations of the earth.

Feeling it an honor, of which I am not worthy, to have my humble name linked with the noble and honored champions of impartial and universal freedom, and praying that God's blessing may attend your gathering, I am, with much esteem, your fellow-laborer,
JEHIEL CLAFLIN.

FROM SARAH M. GRIMKE.

WEST NEWTON, Nov. 30, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER GARRISON: How my heart yearns to be with you on this soul-stirring and glorious occasion—the third decade of your untiring and unflinching efforts in the cause of Human Rights! What a jubilee to my spirit would it be to mingle with you in this celebration!

When our revolutionary fathers drew the sword to establish the great principles they promulgated, of the right of every human being to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, they achieved, in their heroic and successful struggle for independence, the greatest triumph the world had then witnessed for liberty and self-government. But, alas! they too soon proved that the blessings they had won were only to be enjoyed by the white man—they sat down under their vines and fig-trees, and sang hosannas to the Highest for their deliverance. In the songs of their jubilee, they heard not "the trampled negro's smothered cries."

To you and your coadjutors it was reserved to hear the groans of the oppressed—to cry aloud and spare not—to lift up your voices in the palmiest days of a haughty and prosperous nation, and proclaim on the house-tops that all their righteousness was but filthy rags—yea, they were a stench in the nostrils of Jehovah. To you, and to those who have stood by you in the day of conflict, it has been reserved to fight the battle of the weak against the strong; of the down-trodden against the mighty; of the prisoner, scourged and tortured, against his tyrant; of the bereaved and bleeding mother against the relentless wretch who robs her of her child; of all those helpless babes, robbed of their birthright, and doomed to hopeless bondage, against the fiends who perpetrated this highest crime against God and Humanity. The blessing of these destitute ones will be your exceeding great reward.

Now you stand on the height you have reached with so much toil, and suffering, and patience, and fortitude. In surveying the past, you hear the blessed language, "Well done, good and faithful servants! enter ye into the joy of your Lord." In surveying the present, the word greets your ear, "Speak to my people that they *go forward*." In surveying the future, you behold the glory of the Lord covering the earth, and you, too, may sing hosanna to the Highest. Truly, if our forefathers did the work of noble men, nobly you have done the work of God in a godlike spirit.

This blessed war is working out the salvation of the Anglo-Saxon as well as of the African race. The eyes of the nation are being anointed with the eye-salve of the King of heaven, and thousand voices swell the anthem of praise and thanksgiving for what has been done; and lips, touched with living coals from God's altar, breathe the prayer, "Let not thine hand spare, nor thine eye pity, till judgment be brought forth unto victory."

This war, the holiest ever waged, is emphatically God's war; and whether the nation will, or not, He will carry it on to its grand consummation, until every American enjoys the rights claimed for him in our Declaration of Independence.

Will not some hero arise, ere this conflict closes, on whom will rest the mantle of Toussaint L'Ouverture? Earnestly do I pray that, from among the ranks of our colored brethren, a savior may arise, who will make this war resplendent with his deeds of valor, courage, wisdom and fortitude; and who will be deservedly hailed as the final Deliverer of his people.

Yours faithfully, SARAH M. GRIMKE.

FROM ARCHIBALD A. McINTYRE.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 1, 1863.

J. M. McKIM, Esq.—DEAR SIR: A kind invitation was received to attend a meeting of your Society, to be held on the 3d and 4th inst.

While I have to decline it because of pressing engagements, I cannot but express my full conviction in the complete success of a cause, which, like yours, is right in itself, and which is sought to be promoted by instrumentalities only which are sanctioned by law, morality and religion. Efforts made to reform, based on "the conviction and repentance" of the wrong-doer, must in the end succeed, particularly when that wrong-doer is a community.

Very respectfully yours,
ARCH. A. McINTYRE.

FROM JOSHUA COFFIN.

NEWBURY, Nov. 30th, 1863.

DEAR GARRISON: * * * What changes have taken place since December, 1833, and who then supposed that slavery would receive its death-blow by the hands of slavery itself? The first gun fired at Sumter was the death-knell of slavery. It will die hard, but die it must, although it may take a long time yet before the dying carcase is entirely dead, or buried beyond the hope of resurrection. As it is every day revealing its detestable character, it is every day changing the opinions of thousands, who have hitherto, like the priest and Levite, passed by on the other side, and been determined not to trouble themselves with such little things as the "nigger" question.

I wish I could be with you in Philadelphia this week; but as I cannot be with you in the flesh, I shall be with you in the spirit. I wish you a successful meeting, and hope that ere another decade shall have passed, the triumph of anti-slavery principles will be complete, and that the whole continent will join in the jubilee song, having been "regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation," directed as it undoubtedly has been by God's goodness, "whose ways are not as our ways, and His thoughts as our thoughts." The counsels of Ahithophel have been turned to foolishness, and, like him, the leaders of the rebellion are hanging themselves. Please give my respects to all who may inquire about me, whom I formerly knew in Philadelphia, especially those who signed the Declaration in 1833. I wish I could see them all, and bear the addresses, and shake hands with those whom you may see and hear. But enough. Success to you, and may you and I live to see the consummation of our wishes!

Yours truly,
JOSHUA COFFIN.

FROM JOHN M. LANGSTON.

OBERLIN, Dec. 3, 1863.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, Esq.: *Dear Sir:* Accept my thanks for your earnest and manly efforts in behalf of the American slave. You and your noble coadjutors have brought our whole land under lasting gratitude to you. It would afford me vast pleasure to be in Philadelphia to-day to aid in commemorating the Thirtieth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Ill health prevents my being with you to-morrow. Up to last evening, I had hoped to be with you. I can now only thank you for your kind invitation to be present, and thank you for what, under God, you have been able to do for the American people and the American slave. For in laboring to secure the emancipation of the slave, you achieved the enfranchisement of all the people. And let all the people be grateful!

Yours, for God and humanity,
JOHN M. LANGSTON.

FROM GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

NORTH SHORE, Staten Island, N. Y., Nov., 1863.

DEAR SIR: I have the invitation to your meetings on the 3d and 4th of Dec., but my engagements will take me far away at that time. I do not wonder that you congratulate yourselves, for History will record that the Abolitionists were the vanguard of American liberty, not only in asserting the natural right of every man to personal freedom, but in maintaining through the fiery tempest of hostile public opinion the right of free speech, which is the corner-stone of a Republic of all the people like ours.

I rejoice with you that we have lived to the day in which the people of this country plainly see that Liberty, and Liberty alone, is Union.

Faithfully yours,
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

LORD BROUGHAM AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.

From the Scotsman, Nov. 11, 1863.

Our townswoman, Miss Wigham, having sent Lord Brougham a copy of her recent volume regarding American Slavery, his Lordship, in acknowledging its receipt, after thanking Miss Wigham for her book, and stating that he has "read it with great attention and interest," proceeds:—"There can, however, be no use by either speeches or pamphlets in declaring against slavery. Every one in this country is agreed that it is a grievous shame and curse to the Confederates, and that the sooner it ceases to disgrace and afflict them, the better both for them and for humanity. But, then, it must be extinguished not by war and violence, but by peaceable means, as ours was in the West Indies. I don't believe that the Southern States separated for the sake of slavery, or that the Northern made war for emancipation. The Confederates made war for independence, the Federals for the Union; and I think it quite certain that if they succeed in restoring the Union, their success will have no tendency to extinguish slavery, though I heartily wish it were otherwise. As for the offence they take with us for having acknowledged the Confederates as belligerents, we only did what they have themselves done throughout the whole of this cruel war."

To the Editor of the Scotsman:—

SIR,—As I have unexpectedly furnished an occasion* for Lord Brougham's reiteration of his opinion on the American question, I think I may be allowed to make a few remarks, which otherwise I should scarcely have presumed to do, on an opinion emanating from one so justly venerated as Lord Brougham, whose noble inspiriting sentiments have, during past years of struggle, furnished household words in the anti-slavery cause.

Lord Brougham rightly characterizes Southern slavery as "a grievous shame and curse to the Confederates," and adds, "the sooner it ceases to afflict and disgrace them, the better both for them and for humanity." He then suggests that slavery must be extinguished only by peaceful means, as ours was in the West Indies, and adds:—"I don't believe the Southern States separated for the sake of slavery, or that the Northern made war for emancipation," and reiterates, "the Confederates made war for independence, the Federals for the Union;" and it is on this statement that I should like to make a few remarks.

The peaceful method of abolishing slavery was most devoutly wished for and advocated by the Abolitionists, but the nation of America would not listen to any overtures for emancipation while yet there was time to adopt them without bloodshed. They hardened their hearts, and "would not let the people go;" and it required many years of effort before even the North reached the point of refusing the *further extension* of slavery, and of protecting the yet unformed States in the vast territories of the Union from being disgraced and afflicted by this grievous "curse and shame." When at length the North had reached this point, and had pledged themselves by the election of a Republican President to the *non-extension* of slavery, the South, well understanding the anti-slavery significance of the determination, at once resented it. The South had, almost without interruption, controlled the National Government ever since the formation of the Republic, and the North had hitherto yielded every demand of the slave power. This first step of independence could not be endured; so the Southern States, with the exception of five, seceded, and shortly afterwards declared war on the Northern States. They never professed to have any other object for secession and war than to secure the power to *extend* and *perpetuate* the "curse and shame" of slavery. They knew that if it was shut in to its present limits, it must before long die out, so they wished for fresh territories on which to extend it.

It must be recollected that no attempt was made on the part of the North to interfere with slavery in the Southern States, or to do anything in opposition to the "peculiar institution," except to restrict it. The broad, unmistakable, and offensive way in which the Southern organs have stated their object and principles must be too familiar to require repetition, in order to prove that (as Vice President Stephens

*The little book which Lord Brougham mentions was not so much a declaration against slavery, as a narrative of the anti-slavery cause in America.

says) "this (African slavery) was the immediate cause of the late rebellion." Now, I submit, I think, that it is commencing this rebellion on the North, that is responsible for what followed. I submit that the right of transportable power to exist, in order to its protection, is the right to extend it. I consider it irresistible power to buy, sell, oppress and degrade their fellow-beings, and to adopt and control for the "wild and gushy phantasy, that man can hold property in man."

As regards the North, although there are undoubtedly thousands of individual exceptions, yet, as a community, generally and honestly fighting for liberty, the Federals have never, I believe, attempted to have taken place to a very large extent, the anti-slavery ideas in spreading rapidly; and I feel confident, that if either these be restored or not, the days of slavery are numbered. And even if these are not, for, will involve a compromise with sin, and will, therefore, prove to be only a hollow and rotten peace.

I am, &c. ELIZA WIGHAM.

* I with all who take interest in this question would look into Dr. Channing's Duty of Free Men. It probably report in favor of a plan substantially the same as that recommended in Parliamentary Report of the President's Inquiry Commission.

But whatever plan is adopted should be founded on the principle that the negro, once emancipated, is as free as a white man; free to go or to come; free to accept or reject employment, free to live or to starve.

We have no right to restrain him under whatever pretext; and if we had, it would be unwise to do so. Nevertheless, there is a strong party who would have, and are, supporting themselves. They clear up the forest, enclose farms, build houses; they do the drudgeries; they thave, and wait, and tend, and keep out of prison and poor-house, as much as any other laboring class.

Look at a quarter million of free colored people in the States! They support themselves, and live in face of bitter prejudice and partial disfranchisement.

Look at over a quarter million of free blacks in the Slave States! Do they not take care of themselves?

Twelve and a half per cent. of the industrial population of Maryland are free blacks. They own much of themselves; and contribute their full share to the prosperity of the State.

In Kentucky, in Louisiana, and elsewhere, free blacks not only take care of themselves, but gather property; and the whites take that property from them.

In none of the places mentioned do the colored people receive so much assistance from public charity, in proportion to their numbers, as whites do.

Still, there is kept up by those who do not believe the negro can take care of himself,—and by those who do not want him to take care of himself,—a system that must be a system of pauperism and restraint.

The slaveholders do not believe any such nonsense. Whenever it is for their interest to employ the negro in any way, they have him in such way. He is himself, and to transact business, they do it. Yes, in thousands and thousands of cases, they thrust the negro to lead gangs of field hands; to manage mills; to drive teams; to run mills; to go to market with garden stuffs; to drive and direct drives of hogs or cattle; to act as mechanics in every department of labor, and to act as overseers of field hands; to manage estates

is reason and not of season, that we create such a public sentiment as we need; and we never could have attained it, if success had attended the Union arms. I was thankful for Meade's victories; but I was also thankful for his withdrawal. I should be sorry to have too much success; we want just little enough to keep up the North in the election of next year, and to keep them up on, and abolish slavery for its own safety.

[Dr. Cheever] May say that he can count upon his fingers all those, [for] the abolition of the Anti-Slavery Society is finished. I cannot do that. I know every Society of Friends, every Anti-Slavery Society was distressed, especially for want of funds, from private conveyance. I know that that Society was abandoned, and their Anti-Slavery paper was put down because their leading and most active members thought that we could not have our work in the anti-slavery cause. At the time that Fort Sumter was attacked, they declared that the mission of the anti-slavery cause was fulfilled, and that South Carolina was now doing the work we had formerly done. Count on my fingers? Ha. This house formerly done. Count on my fingers? Ha. This house would not contain the number. Many of them have laid down their lives upon the battle-field. They laid down their lives upon the battle-field. They thought the army was doing the work of the Anti-Slavery Society. From Pennsylvania hundreds of young men have gone to the battle-field with that conviction. And I know there are old men and middle-aged women, who have labored for thirty years in the anti-slavery cause, who have that conviction, and therefore have laid down their arms.

Let me, therefore, be too confident. Do not let us count too much on what has been done. Napoleon spoke a great truth, when, after receiving the congratulations of the generals on their success in Russia, he said, "I want you to remember that nothing is done while anything remains to be done." Solemn words! Let us remember the truth of that sentiment. Nothing is done while anything remains to be done, so far as the death of American Slavery is concerned. Not that I believe that one iota of moral truth that has ever been uttered, any more than one atom of physical matter that has ever been created, can be lost. But—for a time at least—the overthrow of slavery is concerned, we are access to attend the Federal arms to-day, I feel confident that every word I utter, and that every word I am writing, therefore, to wait another year, if need be, in order to insure its destruction.

MR. GARRISON.—It seems to me that it is not at all my province to undertake to determine the motives by which the people are animated who have recently come into sympathy with the cause which we have labored to advance; that it is not our province to accuse them of being hollow and hypocritical. Thank God that a great change has taken place in a most miraculous manner! Whoever will come up now, and speak a word for freedom, I will hail as a friend and a brother, and will believe his motives to God, to whom alone he is responsible.

The meeting will now be addressed by Susan B. Anthony, Secretary of the Union's Loyal League.

SPEECH OF SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY said: Among the early lessons which I learned upon the abolition platform was the: That to every man who works for principle, the heart of the people of this nation into a full recognition of the humanity of the black man; that we were to awaken the heart of the North that they would never refuse to aid the government in holding the black man in chains; and I suppose that is precisely our work to-day. I remember that I had thought that anti-slavery work was very important and really anti-slavery; but I remember that one of the first lessons I had to learn was, that the highest law I would be called to obey was men philanthropy and benevolence, and that we, who called ourselves Radical Abolitionists, should give the first attention, and the best efforts to the removal of the cause which compelled the fugitive, with bleeding feet, to cross the free States of the North to the British dominions; and it was then that the Fugitive Slave Commission work, the Freedmen's Association, the Freedmen's Educational work, are to-day common words among our countrymen, and the world will look after it. Here, in this third decade of the American Anti-Slavery Society, are assembled, from different parts of the land, the representatives of that small handful of men and women over the country, who have for these thirty years been working to undermine the love of the white man's heart, and the holding of property in man. Precisely this is the work which I think we should abide by at this hour, leaving to the great army of men, to whose attention we have now called in the question of liberty, to the question of saving this nation, to the question of emancipation—leaving to them the work of the care of the black and wounded upon the battle-field. Let us go on with our principles and fundamental work of removing the laws which allow of the existence of slavery.

That is the specific work to which the association of which I have the honor to be a member, the Loyal League, (the Women's Loyal League,) has specially devoted itself. We aim to circulate throughout the entire North a petition, to be presented to the next Congress, asking that body to enact a law of Universal Emancipation. As women, we felt that it was especially fit, for us to go to work in such a way that every loyal woman of would have no voice as to what should be the basis of reconstruction of this government, save through the use which she could make of the ballot, as the highest right of petition. Women can neither take the ballot nor the bullet to settle this question. Therefore, to us, the right to petition is the highest right which we can ask, ought not to neglect. I appeal to women here to-day to put themselves about this work when they shall return to their homes; to circulate the petitions among their friends, themselves, and to urge upon their neighbors and friends to engage in the work.

Then you women here would like to know something of the progress of this petition movement. I am sorry not to be able to make an enthusiastic and encouraging report. I am sorry to say that many conscientious people have been sent, from vanity too many places the responses have come back; "What do you mean by asking us to petition for the abolition of slavery? Is it not the work already done? Has not the President proclaimed freedom? Is he not doing the work, and what he can?" Is it not doing the work, and what he can? Such, the one great discouragement, which we have had to meet. Those who have occupied the highest position in our estimation have been the most indifferent, and to feel as if this was really an unnecessary work. Why should we, who have been at work for these long years, now undertake to move abstract work? Why should we, who have been at work for the same [illegible] disasters and strifes and discords which we have had, be enlisted, in this last struggle, of doing no such?

The petitions to-day are being returned rapidly. They have been sent out, I have brought four or five thousand signatures. I only hope that the people, to whom they will begin to feel that there is need of a petition for the next Congress, that the movement ought to be now before the next Congress—the question of reconstruction. I have no doubt that Senator Wilson will speak to the people, and encourage them to speak, that the signatures of a million of men and women of the North, poured in upon Congress, will be much to encourage the President to stand fast by his principles. The Congress needs to know that the people, their constituencies, stand by them, and will demand of them the strictest adherence to principle, and will not abide the slightest compromise of it. This is for us to make them feel this.

The Petitioners—We shall now hear from one who represents a phase of the anti-slavery movement, the most slighted and the success of our movement. We have burned the bridge behind us, and there is no more going backward. We have passed the Rubicon; we are going on, conquering and to conquer. You may call me your contraband. I am the contraband of the anti-slavery army, a mighty host of the colored population of the country at the present time. I have the pleasure of introducing to [illegible] Rev. Mr. Waggoner, of Camp Wilson Penn.

SPEECH OF COL. WAGNER.

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: When I received, at the hands of the Chairman of your Conference Committee, an invitation to address this meeting, I feared that my duties at the camp would not permit me to be present. In coming here this morning, I did not expect to make a speech, nor even to address you. I am not able to make you a speech; and if I were, I would not assume to come here, and preach abolition sentiment to those who are already converts to it. I am not a member of this Anti-Slavery Society, nor was I ever; but I am proud to style myself a believing abolitionist. I am proud to say that I have been converted, not who has, in some little measure, contributed towards the abolition of slavery. I have gradated in that school where those who are opposed to slavery are training and compiling Abolitionists. My Abolitionism is of the most recent growth. When I entered the army, I entered it with the full belief that to crush this rebellion, I believed with hundreds of thousands of others, that it could be done without interfering with slavery. But I had been but a short time in the army, I met with that to crush this rebellion, it was necessary to eradicate slavery. I had been there but a little while before I met our erring brethren on the field of battle, and falling into their hands wounded and a prisoner, I was able to obtain information which I never possessed before. It was in the hospitals, and on the battle-field, where

For the Liberator.

LYRICS OF FREEDOM.

BY REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS.

III.

Write the great truth above our Nation's portals,
O'er Church and State, sublime;
In words that burn as eyes of the Immortals,
"All Slavery is Crime!"

It is no slight offence, no venal error
Of brain, or heart, or hand;
It moves in one profound, infernal terror,
Smiting with plagues the land.

It is the death of Love, the hell of Reason—
A pest-house and a grave;
When Crime arose to work its first foul treason,
It coined the name of "slave."

It is the sum of all things vile and evil—
An Idol, huge and grim;
Pride, Lust, Unfaith hold in his courts their revel,
And sacrifice to him.

Far as its reign extends, whatever curses
Our suffering kind has place:
The Order of the World its rule reverses,
Corrupting all the race.

Wo for the serf, denied his birthright human,
Freedom of hand and heart!
Wo for the child; the virgin, mother-woman,
Sold in the public mart!

For the pure bosom, outraged past redression—
Eyes that with anguish flow;
For soul, for sense, trampled in long oppression,
Wo, bitter, burning wo!

Ah! but God's awful balances are even;
His justice turns the scale:
The levin-bolts of yon avenging Heaven
Pierce coats of hammered mail.

The Anarchs change, by fatal transformation,
At heart to wolves and swine;
Their empire falls in fiery desolation;
They drink God's wrath for wine.

Wassaic, N. Y., Dec., 1863.

For the Liberator.

THE STATUE OF FREEDOM.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2, 1863.

The colossal statue of "Freedom," in bronze, by Clark Mills, modelled by Crawford, is to-day set upon the great tholus surmounting the dome of the Capitol.

During more than two years of our struggle, while the national cause seemed weak, she has patiently waited and watched below; now that victory crowns our advances, and the bond are being freed, she comes forward, her hand outstretched as if in guaranty of National Unity and Personal Freedom. . . . Was there a prophecy in that moment when the slave became the artist, and, with rare poetic justice, reconstructed the beautiful symbol of Freedom for America?—*Correspondent N. Y. Tribune, Dec. 16.*

Aye, raise the statue high,
And shout in chorus long,
Till mountain, hill and vale
e-echo back the song!

Place it where it may kiss
Each silvery-lined cloud,
And then renew your cheers—
Raise them high, long and loud.

She waited patiently
Below, and watched the fight
Which gave us victory,
Or Bondage's cruel night.

She rises now with joy,
With gladness hails the day
That bursts our bonds, and fills
Each traitor with dismay.

* * * * *

It was for eager gain
The white man laid it by;
But, soul-inspired, the *slave*
Wishes that he may try.

The uncouth ponderous mass
That black man's arm did raise,
Has, bolted by his hands,
Called forth our nation's praise.

Success his efforts crowned,
And, standing on the dome,
To every bonded one
"Freedom" cries, *Welcome home!*

Then let us catch the strain,
Shouting it o'er and o'er,
Until the bondman's cry
On earth is heard no more;

Till chains are cast away,
And mothers' tears are dry,
And all receive at birth
The right of Liberty.

MRS. P. R. WOODBURY.

THE THIRD DECADE.

ON THE CELEBRATION OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1863.

They quiet left behind,
And station they resigned,
Pilgrims afar for Freedom and for Truth;
At Duty's high behests,
They stifled in their breasts
The eager longings of the heart of youth;
And theirs were scorn and shame,
Instead of love and fame,
Peril obscure, and pain that hath no name.

Theirs was the prophet's woe—
Misfortune to foreknow,
Yet plead and warn in vain of judgment near:
The dreamer to awake,
The reveller's cup to break,
Heralds of wrath and oracles of fear!
To mock with bitter sneer—
To chide with frown austere—
Harsh tasks for loving heart, unwilling seer!

Or soon or late, the world is fiercely just!
And this they knew, and stood serene, and saw
The years go by, and mock their trust
In Order and in Law.
They waited; but they wait no more. Behold!
The hour is of the wrath which they foretold.
O! who can doubt in such an hour as this,
For nations as for men there is a Nemesis?

They ask not tardy honors at your hands—
Statue, or song, or wreath!
They are avenged! The future shall requite,
Or, if not here, above! They sowed the seeds
Of thoughts ye reap to-day in glorious deeds:
Yet theirs were nobler, but for whom the night
Of evil dreams, in which ye lay so long,
Deaf to the warning voice, the awakening song,
Had deepening brought unknown to the sleep of death.

Yet listen to the voices deep,
Which could not flatter nor fawn
In the darkness of days agone:
This is the only boon they crave
Whose heavy eyelids long for sleep
Within the quiet grave.
Listen! 'tis selfish wisdom which commands:
Nor mar with little hearts the labor of their hands!

Commonwealth.

DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

The years, swift waves of an eternal sea,
Successive break on Time's receding shore—
Now the subsiding sob of Sixty-Three,
And now the rising surge of Sixty-Four.

Here, the gay argosies of proud Success,
Rich-freighted, ride to the rejoicing land;
There, with unanswered signals of distress,
Dash Failure's wretched wrecks upon the strand;

While o'er the Future's blue and billowy years,
Borne under varying skies of gleam or gloom,
Press toward the Present fleets of hopes and fears—
Armadas, laden with our human doom.

O angry-voiced! O treasure-bringing Sea!
O happy Land! that draws its wealth from thee!
O wiser souls! that wait upon the shore,
And take whate'er thou bring'st, nor ask for more!

Albany, N. Y. —*Christian Inquirer.*

The Liberator.

PLANTATION PICTURES.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON,

Author of "Cousin Frank's Household."

CHAPTER XV.

HINNA ON HER ROUNDS AGAIN.

About this time, Hinna made another journey to visit Chainy. She found her alone at her cabin, for Kitty lived at overseer Rixby's as one of Plumy Ann's maids. She was deeply stricken, and talked much about her lost Trolo.

"I shouldn't done tried to git free," said Chainy, "if 'twant for my boy. I couldn't dar to think my darlin' should be a slave. An' so we tried to git away, and now see how 'tis! He's gone, an' I's all 'lone, an' Rixby's got me now, an' dere's no help for 't."

"Well," replied Hinna, seeking to comfort her, "you'd orter to bless the Father for taking your boy to himself. There's no tellin' how much better off he is than if he's a slave. The rich uns can't make him traipse an' tile fur 'em now—they jist can't do't. He's out of their reach, an' 'tis a good thing by my reck'nin' so many of your people's gwine that road so fast. The rich uns can't tutch one on you, when the Father says, 'Child, come home!' There aint no hinderin' then—can't stop you from gettin' free. But these ere slaveholders 'll find they won't be thanked for it, I reckon. Their bills 'll fall due by an' bye, an' they'll find it mighty hard to come to settlement when God says, 'Come to judgment!'"

"Oh, aint you chilly?" asked Chainy, getting up from her comfortable bed, and stirring open the embers on the hearth; "sit right here on this log in the corner, an' git warm."

Hinna took the seat pointed out, and Chainy sat beside her.

"It aint bein' chilly I minds," said Hinna. "Many an' many 's the time I'se got drippin' with dew an' fog an' rain servin' of your people, an' I aint sorry nuther—I reckons I shall aluz be out nights tryin' to do 'em some good till I'se old an' hauled up with rheumatism. An' then the rich whites 'll let me die alone. I ain't done 'em no favors, an' I don't ask none."

"But," said Chainy, "you knows us poor slave people would n't let you die 'lone. We'd come an' comfort you, an' tell over how much good you 'd done us, an' we'd pray de Father to bless you, an' take you hum to lib wid de good angels."

"It's like you would if you could," replied Hinna, the tears coming into her eyes, "but there 's them 'mong you as can't do the things they want to. You don't have no time of your own to tend the sick an' dyin'. But I didn't traipse off here to spend my time a-talking like this ere. I cum to tote you hum with me, an' nuss you up like, an' git ye free. I never undertakes to git folks free but I tries to git the matter through somehow. I don't vally the trouble, an' the wear an' tear of the sick night air; I don't mind all that; but I don't like to be interfered with, an' all my plans spiled, as they was with you an' that are boy of yourn. I can't stand that, noways; an' now you muss jest come hum with me, an' I'll help you off when you gits well rested."

"Don't talk, don't talk!" replied Chainy hopelessly; "it aint no arthly use. I'se dat broken down, I aint no heart to set out. No, I shan't neber done try agin, I'se got nothin' to live for but my poor Kitty, an' I don't vally stayin' here, now my boy is gone."

"Well, Kitty, that bright-eyed, smart little Kitty!" exclaimed Hinna, catching hold of the thought for a motive-lever, "she's wuth livin' for, I reckon. It's your bounden duty to git that child clar, that 'tis! Why, jest think what a poor little slave she is, trod under Plumy Ann's foot!"

"I knows it, I knows it," said the dispirited woman, "but I shan't durst eber try to git free agin. No, I neber shall try to git free agin; no, neber shall try 'gin. Let de Father take us when de good time come—dat 's all de gettin' free we shall ever hab."

"I can git you free, if you will only let me," replied Hinna courageously; "you come hum with me to-night—don't you remember what a safe little room I've got for you under the trap-door?"

"Yis indeed!" rejoined Chainy, "I can't neber forgit dat room, an' how good you was to us, an' how my poor boy dat's dead an' gone"——and the bereaved woman's sobs checked her words.

"Oh, never you mind your trouble," said Hinna soothingly, "take my word for 't, all will be well yit. All you've got to do is to forgit your troubles, an' come with me.' An' day arter to-morrer night I'll take another tramp, an' tote off Kitty, an' she shall be sleepin' sound by your side afore the next night is out—shan't she, Bruno?" and the ferrywoman playfully patted her dog, who licked her hand in the affirmative.

"Oh, I can't try no more," answered Chainy, shaking her head, "I'm so broken at my heart! An' dey'd be sure to beat my poor Kitty. I shan't neber try 'gin"; and the crushed slave woman buried her face in her hands, and sobbed in hopeless grief. Hinna looked at her with an expression of deep sympathy. She saw that she could not summon the resolution to attempt flight again; but her stout heart was by no means reconciled to such a conclusion.

"The curses of the Father be on 'em as has done this mischief!" came bursting from her lips like hot lava. "If I could pray like you can, I'd pray Him to curse 'em with jist sich a broken-up heart, an' jest sich a walled-up body; that 's jist what I'd pray! I'd pray Him to blast 'em with his thunderbolts! I'd pray Him to send down upon 'em the plagues that came upon Egypt—the darkness that can be felt; the frogs in the bed-chamber, and the bloody waters, and the destroying angel to kill 'em as they slept, till they should wail in their sorrow as their friends, the Egyptians, wailed over their dead"; and she paced the room at a rapid rate, impelled by the most violent emotions. At length, becoming more calm, she tried to persuade Chainy to go to bed again.

"If you don't go with me, you know you 'll hafter work like a dog to-morrer, an' you'll need all the rest you can git." Then, making the heap of straw as comfortable as she could, she led Chainy to it, and gently laid her down. The disappointed ferry-woman, still uttering maledictions, took her departure to while away the night on some other errand of mercy.

As the morning was breaking, she was still far from her ferry, and in the vicinity of Powhatan.

Passing listlessly through the fields dank with dew, she met Jaff, the poor white, who had been employed by overseer Rixby to help hunt Chainy and Trolo. Hinna recognized him, and was glad to meet some one to give vent to her excited feelings.

"Hello! you Jaff!" and the ragged, wretched white turned round with a craven air, as if he were afraid of his own drunken shadow. "It was mighty big business you was in," she added, "the last time I seed you."

"I—I dun know wha-at ye mean," stammered Jaff.

"Why, you'd no character to lose," continued Hinna, ironically, "an' so you goes down on all fours, wuss than a dog, to help hunt God's poor."

"Wall," begun Jaff, apologetically seeking to hide his hands in his ragged pockets, "in course, I doesent wanter hunt niggers mor'n nothin'—but, fact is, I haster shift every-which way to git victuals an' drink."

"Yis, I reckon yer hafter shift someto git what yer wants," replied Hinna; "whiskey's your main livin', aint it?"

"Yis, I reckon so," replied the poor white, in a matter-of-course tone, "dun know what I'd do if 'twant for whiskey."

"Well, then," rejoined Hinna, "I aint a bit sprized you ken go on all-four errands for rich folks as overseer Rixby. I should know you'd come to that, all burnt up with that filthy stuff."

"You don't think whiskey and grog aint good!" exclaimed Jaff; "wall, that are beats all! You is the fust critter I ever seed that run down the vally of them are lickers. Yis, you is—fact."

"Well, Jaff, you haint seen all the world, not by a jug-full," replied Hinna—"you're a Blagg; I uster see you when you was a little half-starved boy, looking more like a pertater-vine groin' in the cellar than a human critter. I belonged to Blagg's old fields myself, an' I knows all I wants to of the misery of our poor people. They is more to be pitied than the slaves is; for when the whites is down, they don't have religion nor nothin' to help 'em, and they are stupider than the beasts. They don't know enough to know what's the matter with 'em, an' you couldn't git 'em to stir from the pig-pens where they're born more'n nothin'. They don't know half so much, an' they aint half so smart as slaves, an' yet they aint actually in bondage as the slaves is. I can't see no hope for 'em as long as the rich uns keeps slaves, an' won't hire poor whites to work for 'em."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Jaff more intelligently, as if a new thought had lighted up his dim brain, "I aluz know'd suthin' was in a tangle, but never know'd what 'twas."

"Why," replied Hinna, "the hull trouble is, the rich will keep slaves, an' cheat the poor whites out of the work which belongs to 'em; an' that 's makes me so mad when I hears of poor whites turnin' slave-ketchen'—they jest turn agin themselves."

"I've got a little free from the Blaggs," Hinna went on to say, "an' I ken take care of myself, an' aint beholden to nobody; but I wish they'd git pluck 'nuff to scatter every-which-way, an' see if there aint suthin' for 'em to do somewhares. I'd go off to the North, where the rich hires the poor, an' where there aint no slaves, if I was a Blagg now."

"Do they hire them thar?" asked Jaff wonderingly.

"Yis indeed!" said Hinna, "an' if our folks at 'Blagg's old Fields,' wasn't so burnt up with whiskey, I should have some hopes I could git some on 'em to make tracks for the North, an' git some business."

"We could n't never walk there if we was to try," replied Jaff dispiritedly. "Why, I reckon it's right smart many thousand miles off!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Hinna, "it makes me so mad to hear folks say 'can't!' Why, don't you know, if you only let drink alone, you can do anything you set out to?"

"No, I don't!" rejoined Jaff in the manner of a settled conviction, "I can't do nothin' 'tall without it! nothin' 'tall! I've tried over an' offen when 'twas scarce, an' it's no use, I can't do nothin' without it. It's my main livin', an' I'm sick when I can't git it."

"If you was a mind to, you could give it up," said Hinna, "and it wouldn't hurt you either. But what if it did make you sick, an' kill you to give it up? It's killing you now! You mought as well die one way as tuther! An' it's a mighty sight better to die naturally in your senses than to pison yourself to death with whiskey, and die like a hog. I say, if you'd make up your mind to give up drinkin', an' set out for the North, determined to git there, as the slaves does, it's my reck'nin' you'd git there in good time, an' find plenty of friends to help you, too! That's my reck'nin'!"

"Has you been thar ter see?" eagerly asked Jaff.

"No, not I," replied Hinna, "an' I don't need to. Don't I know it stan's to reason that where they don't hold slaves, there's plenty of work an' pay for the poor; an' if they'll jest let drinkin' alone, an' lay up their wages, they may get rich in their turn?"

"I can't bleeve that are," said Jaff shaking his head. "You's foolin' me, I knows. Never did har of poor whites gettin' rich, ony by turnin' slave trader, or some sich, an' I don't bleeve it. We'se poor, an' we'se got ter be poor all our days, an' there ain't no help for't. If we gits 'nuff to eat an' drink, we shall do wall. Clothes aint of much count, no ways."

"I shouldn 't think they was," replied Hinna, "from the rig you're in! Why don't you wake up, an' try to be as smart as the niggers you hunt, if nothin' more? Come, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll hire you to tend my ferry for a week, an' if you do well, I'll hire you longer. But, mind! you must do jest as I say in one thing."

"Wall, what's that?" asked Jaff.

"You can't drink a drop of whiskey while you is with me!" replied Hinna. Jaff essayed to speak, but Hinna went on:—"You thinks your clothes won't do, an' so they won't. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy you a suit, an' start you in business, an' if you don't drink, you ken do well, an' lay up money to buy you a hum for old age."

"Can't I drink no whiskey?" asked Jaff.

"Not a drop!" replied Hinna, "that's the only stoppin' place; an' if you can't there, there's no stop to yer! Not one drop while you work for me, remember!"

"Wall," replied Jaff, "then I reckons I won't hire. Can't live without whiskey, no ways, an' overseer Rixby 'll give me what I ken drink when I works for him;" and Jaff seemed to think he had chosen wisely.

"Ho, hum me!" sighed Hinna; "what prospect is there afore the poor whites? I'm most ashamed to have white blood in my veins when I think how boastin' and cruel it is when it has a little money an' power, an' how good for nothin' it is when it hasn't. But perhaps it's better where there aint no slavery. You've determined aluz to be a poor drunken body, Jaff, an' I don't see what I ken do for you;" and she turned away more than ever embittered and disappointed. Jaff tried to raise a broken whistle, and with his hands in his pockets slunk off towards Chincapin Hill, to do some odd job and get his dram.

FREEDMEN ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

NATCHEZ, (Miss.) Dec. 12, 1863.

MR. GARRISON:—

DEAR SIR,—Being attached to that branch of the public service more immediately connected with the colored people, a few incidents and facts touching their interests, and those of the public generally, I have thought might be acceptable to you.

Yesterday, as the steamer Brazil was passing Rodney, on her way down the river, a few miles above this place, she was attacked by the enemy with artillery and small arms. Two women were killed and several men wounded. Chaplain Vannetter and his wife and two children were on board, and on their way here for the purpose of establishing schools among the freed people. Mr. Vannetter received a terrible wound in the back, probably fatal, and Mrs. Vannetter was instantly killed. Incidents of this kind are common with us. The rebel army appears to be made up in this part of the country chiefly of roving banditti, who seem to be as much of a terror to a large part of their own people as they are to the women and children that venture upon journeying on the river. And they prove to be the most efficient agency in spreading ruin and devastation over the rebel States. Several large plantations on this side of the river, a few miles out from the town, have recently been devastated, buildings and fences burned, and all property that could not be carried off destroyed. Men who manifest symptoms of returning loyalty, or who sell their cotton to "Yankees," are sure to be visited with vengeance if within reach of those misguided creatures. They seem to be an infatuated people, (the rebels,) intent upon their own ruin. Infatuated they certainly must have been; for what cause had they to complain, who inaugurated this perfidious rebellion? The Government protected them even in the holding of their slaves. They were the men of means, men who owned large tracts of land and hundreds of slaves; men of wealth, who luxuriated in summer at fashionable places of resort at the North, who rolled in thousand dollar carriages, who drank costly wines, and reposed upon soft and downy couches; men who swayed the destinies of States, and who lived and thrived upon the price of human blood, the sweat and toil of slaves:—these were the men that could not live under the old government, that complained of its despotism, and that conspired for its destruction. Strange infatuation! Strange that these men, gifted as many of them were, should not have more fully comprehended the spirit of the age in which they live! Strange that they should not have been better students of history! Strange that men possessing the advantages they did, should have deliberately engaged in such a gigantic conspiracy against the liberties of the human race! But they did so, and behold the consequences!

In the freedmen's camps here, one morning's report shows of men 495, of women 1612, children 875, making a total of 2982. The number varies considerably, as we are frequently sending them out on detached service, and hiring them to work upon plantations that have been leased of the Government. Sometimes they run up to near 4000. A great many of them are very destitute, and are unfit for any kind of service. I have received three boxes of men's cast off clothing, but nothing for the women and children. It will be seen, by reference to the figures, that the men constitute but about one-sixth of the aggregate population of our contraband camp. I really wish that I could get something for the relief of the women and children.

I am now placed on duty here as acting quartermaster and commissary for all the freed people in the district of Natchez, and will most gladly appropriate anything to their relief that may be forwarded for them. Goods will be shipped from Cairo by the Government, free of cost.

Before I close this letter, you will pardon this brief allusion to myself. Having recently changed my vocation in the army, I obtained leave to go out on a scout! So taking a squad of mounted troops (colored), we proceeded inland on the Louisiana side of the river. But we encountered no rebels, and saw scarcely anything but sad remains of abandoned plantations, old ploughs piled up in heaps, broken carts, and dilapidated wagons, buildings and fences going to ruin, with now and then an old mule thrown upon his own resources in his old age. But it seemed so odd for me, an old man, who had hitherto led so quiet and peaceful a life, who had never dreamed of mingling in war's bloody strife, and especially of hunting rebel slaveholders down here on the Mississippi bottoms, in the State of Louisiana, to be running a tilt with a bludgeon by my side, with a squad of armed blacks, on such a business! But so goes the world, and one can hardly account for the change in his feelings when he becomes once engaged in the work. The martialing of armed men, the music, the clatter of arms, and the booming of cannon, seem to create a kind of excitement or exhilaration of feeling, that has a tendency to nerve a man to dare and to do that, which, in his sober moments, he would shun as he would the embrace of death. A day or two after this, a captain Orgin, from Arkansas, went out on a two days' trip with about one hundred men, and returned a night or two ago with thirty-eight prisoners, and about sixty horses and mules. The captain is what the boys call a "brick," and such kind of adventures are common with him. But what seems to gall the rebels most on these occasions is the fact that captain Orgin is in the habit of doing it with "niggers."

WILLIAM THIRDS.

A WORD OF COMMENDATION.

DEAR GARRISON:—For some time I have been waiting to seize upon a moment, the most favorable in view of your pressure of valuable matter, to offer through the *Liberator* a word of commendation, and that, too, on "my own hook," in favor of a talented and most useful laborer in the field of science, progress and reform. I refer to Mr. WM. DENTON, the popular, and deservedly so, lecturer on geology and other subjects. Mr. D. is an Englishman by birth, and has for some years past resided in Dayton, Ohio. His characteristic modesty and retirement have kept him somewhat in the shade, and away from the East. Fortunately, however, we heard from him, and secured his services in Milford. He has delivered in our town some eighteen lectures, and is soon to add four more to the number. Never have our people more eagerly listened night after night; never was a larger audience kept up for consecutive evenings with unabated interest. And what is rare, Mr. D. seemed as fresh at last as when he first began. His acquaintance with Geology is deep and profound, and his versatile manner of utterance charms both young and old. Added to this is a pervading loyalty to truth, however unpopular, which finds in our friend a bold and fearless advocacy. Some might incline to the opinion that he 'sifts in extraneous matter," but, really, a majority who listen banish such a thought, impressed with the idea that what he says for universal man and the peership of all races "whistles itself."

Mr. D. has given a most successful course of lectures at Providence, of which the city press has spoken in terms highly eulogistic. He is now in the midst of a course at Worcester, before the "Historical Society," and will no doubt meet the high expectation of this enlightened community. He is, in connection with his wife, the author of a most remarkable work, the second edition of which is just published by Walker, Wise & Co. of Boston, entitled "The Soul of Things." He is also preparing for the press a work on his favorite subject, Geology, which will present this science in a most familiar and easy style. Let me add, that our friends in various communities may deem themselves most fortunate in securing his services. No better aid can be rendered to all that is noble and dignified in our humanitarian labors. And in my opinion, the "Twenty-eighth Congregational Society" cannot do better than to fill up some one or more of their Sabbath services with the profound, yet practical discourses of Mr. Denton. I am sure he would not slight such an invitation.

Yours as ever,

GEORGE W. STACY.

[☞ Mr. Denton well deserves the commendation bestowed upon him by our correspondent. Wherever he has given his lectures—already in numerous places at the East as well as at the West—he has invariably won the esteem and applause of his deeply interested audiences.]—*Ed. Lib.*

INTERESTING DISCLOSURE.

NORTHAMPTON, Dec. 8, 1863.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR—Reading, a few days since, the proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, on occasion of the celebration of the completion of the Third Decade of its existence, I noticed the following passage of your opening speech:—

"I mean the first President of the American Anti-Slavery Society, once the distinguished merchant philanthropist of the city of New York, ARTHUR TAPPAN; the benefactor to whom I owe my liberation from the Baltimore prison in 1830; *and but for whose interposition at that time, in all probability, I never should have left that prison, except to be carried out to be buried.*"

While I fully concur with you in what you say of Mr. Tappan's benevolence—for it was always co-extensive with his ability—yet I feel compelled to say, that in rendering a just tribute to him, you omit an act of justice to another distinguished individual, whose course of life you, in common with myself, disapproved, in some important particulars, who, nevertheless, possessed and exhibited some noble traits of character; and I have no doubt that you were always, as now, ready ingenuously to accord to him the full measure of credit for good intentions and acts. I allude to HENRY CLAY.

During your forty-nine days of imprisonment in Baltimore, in 1830, John G. Whittier,—who at that time was a friend of Henry Clay,—wrote to Mr. Clay, at his home in Lexington, Ky., requesting him to use his influence to secure your liberation. Shortly after, Whittier received a letter from Mr. Clay, in which he said that he had, on the receipt of Whittier's letter, immediately written to a friend in Baltimore, directing him to pay the fine and costs, and liberate Mr. Garrison; but his friend had just written him that before the letter of Mr. Clay had reached him, another person had already accomplished the purpose which he had intended himself. The letter of Mr. Clay contained the first information that we received of your liberation. That letter of Mr. Clay to our friend Whittier *I saw and read.*

Very cordially yours,

A. W. THAYER.

P. S. In my files of the *Essex Gazette*—Dec. 1833—I find the "Declaration of Sentiments," published at length, including all the names of its signers.

Also, in my paper of May 29, 1830, is a complimentary article, by Whittier, and June 5th, 1830, another by Wm. S. Allen of the Newburyport *Herald*—and I know not how many others there may be scattered through the nine or ten volumes, while I was editor of the Haverhill paper.

[☞ Will our esteemed friend, J. G. Whittier, allow us to hear from him on this subject? Has he the letter from Henry Clay in his possession alluded to by Mr. Thayer? Mr. Thayer did good service to the Anti-Slavery cause in its early days of fiery trial as editor of the *Essex Gazette*, and may well be proud of it.—*Ed. Lib.*

ANNALS OF WOMEN'S ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES.

BY MARY GREW, OF PHILADELPHIA.

[*Read at the Celebration of the Third Decade of the American Anti-Slavery Society, Dec. 3, 1863.*]

The trumpet-call which, thirty years ago, summoned the American people to moral warfare against the system of American slavery, aroused in the souls of a few earnest women a consciousness of personal responsibility for the existence of that great national sin, and a consciousness of power to promote its overthrow. They clearly perceived, both intellectually and spiritually, that the truth of the inherent sinfulness of slavery, and the correlative right and duty between the slave and his master, of immediate emancipation, were the only principles which could permanently vivify an enterprise for the destruction of a system intimately inwrought with the political, religious, and social life of the nation. Their first step was to organize themselves for effective effort for the promulgation of these truths.

Previous to the organization of the American Anti-Slavery Society, two Female Anti-Slavery Societies were formed in Massachusetts; the first, in Reading, in the month of March 1833; the second, in Boston, in October of the same year. In Dec. following, the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society was organized, and, at about the same time, the Female Anti-Slavery Society of Amesbury, Mass. During the few years immediately following, numerous State, County, and City Anti-Slavery Societies were formed throughout the free States, both East and West, and among them were many organizations of women. Of these were the Concord, Lynn, Providence, Brooklyn, New York, Pittsburg, and Massillon Female Anti-Slavery Societies. All these associations were auxiliary in fact, and many of them in name, to the American Anti-Slavery Society; based upon the same principles, working with the same measures, and inspired by the same hope. An examination of early anti-slavery records reveals the fact that many of these women were active and influential members of Churches of various denominations, who brought into this new enterprise the energy, zeal, and executive ability acquired in their ecclesiastical and moral training; and that they began their work in confident faith that a general dissemination of the truth relative to the character of American slavery would speedily array the power of these Churches against a system essentially anti-Christian. It cannot be claimed for them that they counted the cost of the warfare upon which they were entering, nor the number of the years which lay stretched out in the dim future, between their first battle and their final victory. It was well for them, well for the cause to which they had vowed allegiance, that this knowledge lay beyond their reach. The soul that would not have fainted or faltered before the prefigured vision of that long period of toil and strife, was, yet, stronger for the buoyant hope of early victory, and addressed itself to the labors of each successive year, all the more ardently for the bright possibility that its close might usher in the jubilee.

As they went on, they found their work widening, their responsibility deepening, at every step. It is now a page of history, it was then a startling revelation daily made, a painful experience daily borne, that the Churches which had nurtured their sons and daughters on the *words* of Christian love and human brotherhood, had no desire to see them practically illustrated towards the slave or the negro. With more of keen disappointment and sorrow than of indignation did we look on the strange spectacle of the American Church standing by to keep the garments of an enraged populace stoning the Stephens of that martyr age.

In October, 1835, the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society learned what was the degree of free speech which Massachusetts would allow and protect. Their announcement of their Annual Meeting to be held at Congress Hall for the transaction of business elicited threatening and scurrilous articles from the daily newspapers, indirectly invoking popular violence upon the anticipated meeting. Alarmed by these indications, the proprietor of the Hall refused to open it, and the meeting was necessarily postponed. That was a critical hour for the slave in the South, for freedom of speech in the North, and for the friends of both. In itself, it was a question of little importance whether a small and obscure Society should hold, publicly or privately, a meeting for the transaction of its business. Viewed with reference to its *immediate* consequences only, it seemed that obstinacy and folly would counsel the former, and wisdom the latter course. But the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, in deciding this question, looked beneath the surface of things, looked beyond the present hour. They knew that they stood that day, in Boston, the representatives, not only of two and a half millions of American slaves calling for help in the name of Justice, but, also, of the right of freedom of speech and of the press in the free States of America. They could not estimate then, we cannot compute now, the immense, far-reaching consequences for good or evil, which hung on that decision. From the records of these soul trying scenes we learn that one question was asked and answered by their own souls, and their path of duty lay clearly revealed: "Upon whom dare those fail to resist the popular voice, who have themselves been silenced by its tumult?"

Then followed the public advertisement of their Meeting, and their assembling at No. 46 Washington street, on that memorable 21st of October, 1835, when that famous mob of "gentlemen of property and standing" assaulted them with violence, and the Mayor of Boston told them that he had no power to protect such a meeting.

These events stand out, with prominence, in a review of the life, now become history, of the Women's Anti-Slavery Societies of this country; for they were the commencement of a long course of struggles against tyranny, and resistance to popular clamor in the advocacy of the slave's right to personal and political freedom.

A few years later, Anti-Slavery Women instituted an Annual Convention, to be composed of delegates from their various Societies, the object of which was "to interest women in the subject of anti-slavery, and to establish a system of operations throughout every town and village which should exert a powerful influence in the abolition of American slavery."

The first of this series of Conventions was held in the city of New York, in May, 1837. The Resolutions adopted and the Addresses and Letters issued by that body indicate the wide scope which our enterprise had, at that period, attained; and evince a clear apprehension of its growing demands, and a strong and solemn purpose to meet them faithfully.

The second of these Conventions was held in Philadelphia, in May, 1838, during that well-remembered week when the Slave Power ruled this city, and its vassals sought to appease it by a burnt-offering of a Temple of Liberty. Women who sat in their imperilled houses that day, thinking on the National Institute awaiting their children, read, by the light of those fires, new lessons of duty to their country and their race. That Convention, driven from one place of meeting to another, at last assembled in a school-room, which was opened to them by one who regarded the security of private property as of less importance than the defence of a great moral principle. The records of their closing session show that in the midst of their own fiery trials, and their sympathetic sufferings with our colored fellow-citizens who were victims of popular fury, they were jubilant over the triumph of Liberty in the British West Indies, the glad tidings of which were then resounding through our land; and were strong in faith and hope of the emancipation of the American slave. Another fact is clearly revealed by the records of these Conventions. It is that Abolitionists long clung, tenaciously, to the American Church, cherishing the belief that there was spiritual vitality enough in it to exercise the spirit of slavery; and that it was with great reluctance that, after earnest and persistent efforts to arouse this vitality, they were convinced that the great body of the American Church was so thoroughly corrupted, by its alliances with slavery, that separation from it was a Christian duty.

The third Convention assembled in Philadelphia, in May, 1839, and occupied the building of the Pennsylvania Riding School, which, the Minutes tell us, was the only building of sufficient size which could be procured in the city, for that purpose. The mayor of the city, alarmed for the safety of the public peace, called upon Lucretia Mott, and offered several suggestions for the conduct of the Convention, which he thought might aid in warding off threatened danger. It is interesting, now, to read that conversation, eminently characteristic of the two parties represented by the colloquists.

We find on the Minutes of this Convention a Resolution of adjournment to meet in the city of Boston, in the year 1840. But the adjourned meeting was never held, and the third was the last of this series of Conventions.

The informing spirit of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise had been leading its followers in a way which they knew not. Opening their eyes to one truth, and setting their hands with earnest purpose to one course of action, they soon perceived the scope of their vision broadening, and new fields of labor spreading out before them. Women whose souls burned with indignation against the monstrous injustice of slaveholding, or melted in pity for the slave, began to plead the cause of emancipation in public assemblies of men and women; and men, working heartily and zealously in the same cause, discovered that, as concert of action between men and women was important to success, so mutual counsel and discussion in their business meetings were convenient and profitable. The American Anti-Slavery Society, at its Annual Meeting in 1840, decided for itself, that such mutual conference was right and expedient, and thenceforward women shared with men the management of its business, spoke from its platform, and were commissioned as its lecturing agents. Anti-Slavery Conventions composed exclusively of women were no longer needed, as they served no purpose which was not better served on a broader basis of operation. Some of our Women's Anti-Slavery Societies retained their distinct organization, and others were gradually merged in State or County Societies.

Two Institutions established by the Boston and Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Societies, and which became very important auxiliaries in our cause, have a prominent place in the scenes which we are reviewing. These are the series of Annual Fairs commenced in Boston, in the year 1835, and in Philadelphia in 1836. The former soon passed from a Metropolitan into a National Institution; and the latter, in the progress of years, became in fact and, in name the Pennsylvania A. S. Fair, though they continued under the control and management of their originators. These have been of vast importance to our cause, in furnishing pecuniary support to the organ of the National Society, and to other instrumentalities by which our work has been done. And independently of such service, they have been of immense value as mediums of moral influence. Their social attractions brought many young persons within the hearing of anti-slavery truth; the opportunity of *working* for the objects of their sympathy crystallized sentiment into principle; the annual gatherings of the old and young, the veterans and the neophytes of our ranks, in scenes where the freedom of social intercourse mingled with the spirit of an anti-slavery meeting, were Passover Festivals, whither "our tribes went up" with gladness, and found refreshment and strength. Occasionally they became mediums of strength to our souls by a sterner ministration. There were times when the populace, consenting to be the tool of the Slave Power, demanded the suppression of these Fairs, and the municipal authority sympathized with a lawless mob, or shrank from the duty of opposing it. Four years ago, some of you stood in this Hall in very different circumstances from those which surround us to-day. Then, the banner which we hung out from its walls disturbed the peace of Philadelphia, because it bade the Nation "proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." Some of you well remember that remarkable conference which we held in the centre of this room, standing with the officers of the law, who were in most uncomfortable strait betwixt their sense of obligation to do what they were bidden, and their reluctance to perform the disgraceful errand on which they had been sent. On that occasion our opponents succeeded in ejecting the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair from this Hall, and the doors of another were immediately opened to it, by one of our citizens who, in the darkest and stormiest days of our conflict, never closed those doors against us.

Many of you remember, also, the yet more trying circumstances in which this Fair was held a year later, when the anticipation of the dissolution of the Union had alarmed the commercial classes in the North, and the suppression of an Anti Slavery Bazaar was regarded by some of our citizens as an opportune peace-offering to the South, and we were once more called to stand for the defence of the people's right of peaceful assemblage. The vigilance of our Mayor and his officers frustrated the purpose of the mob; and we regarded the maintenance of our right thus to assemble the chief success of our Fair of 1860.

The Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society has preserved its distinct organization; and now awaits, with its coadjutors of the past thirty years, the hour when the shout of final victory shall burst from all our host, proclaiming that the work of the American Abolitionists is accomplished. That hour draws nigh. At the close of thirty years of warfare, we stand to-day in the midst of national convulsion—of a great moral revolution. Old things have passed away; and we hear a voice out of heaven proclaiming, "Behold, I make all things new!" The long and weary hours of darkness passed, we look around us, and

"Lo! our foemen of the night
Are brethren at the dawn of day."

Our watchwords are caught by other lips, and echoed through the land. Our Banner of Emancipation clings to the flag-staff of the Stars and Stripes, and soon will wave as broadly over the Nation. "Who knoweth not that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?"

Verily, it is fitting that we, who, side by side, have toiled and fought for thirty years, should come hither to-day, to grasp one another's hands in fraternal congratulation, and to unite our unutterable thanksgivings that America's Day of Jubilee has dawned, and its sun is high in the heavens. With its glory streaming down upon us, and the song of our ransomed brethren in our ears, we bow in adoration before the Power and Wisdom and Love which is guiding this mighty revolution, and cry: "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."