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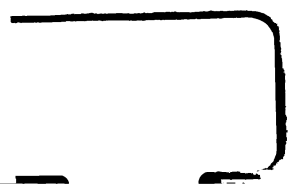
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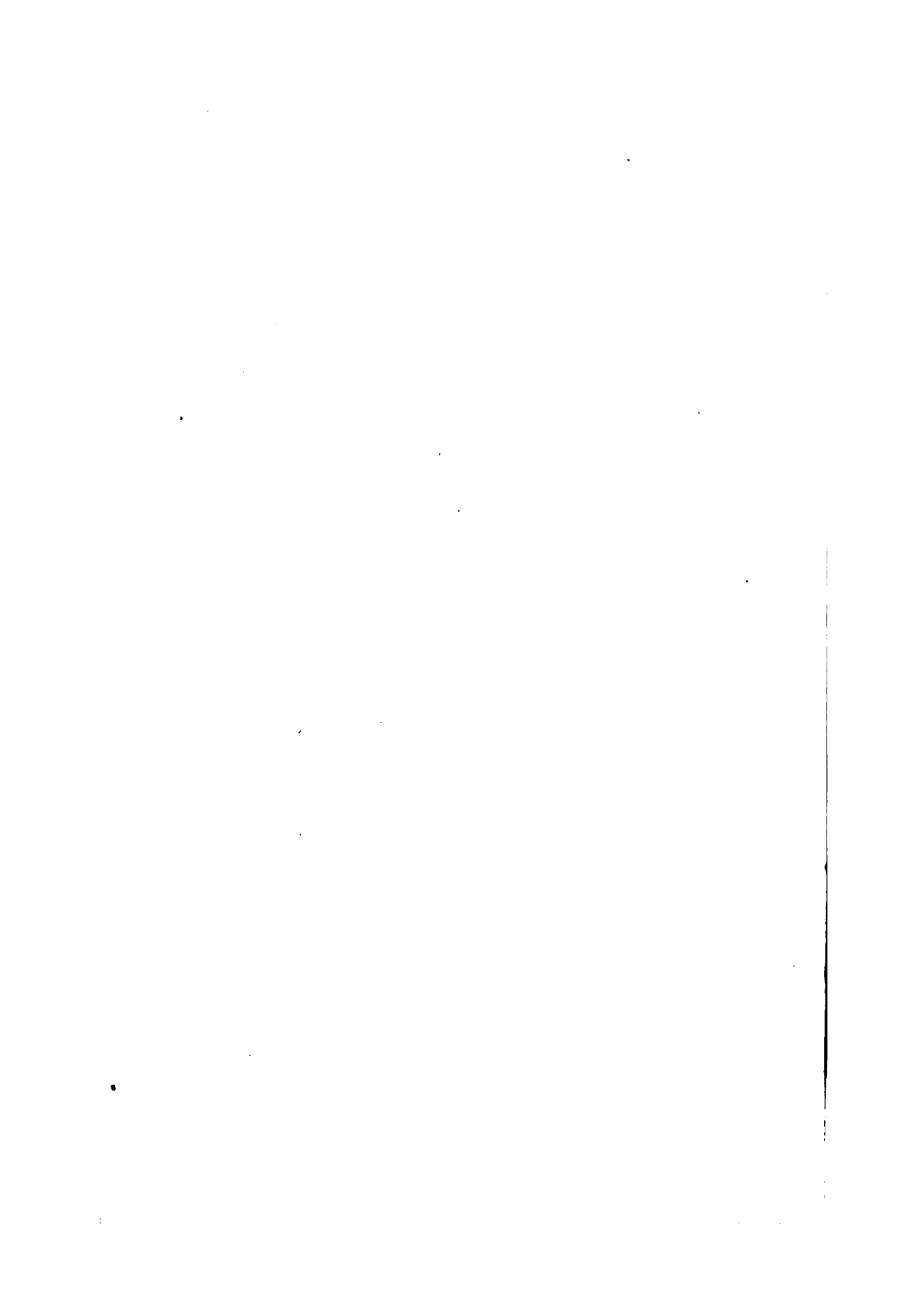
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Liberty Chimes.

“ Yet, freedom, yet, thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind;
Thy trumpet-voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms; and the rind,
Chopped by the ax, looks rough and little worth;
But *the sap lasts*,—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.”—BYRON.

PROVIDENCE.
LADIES' ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

1845.

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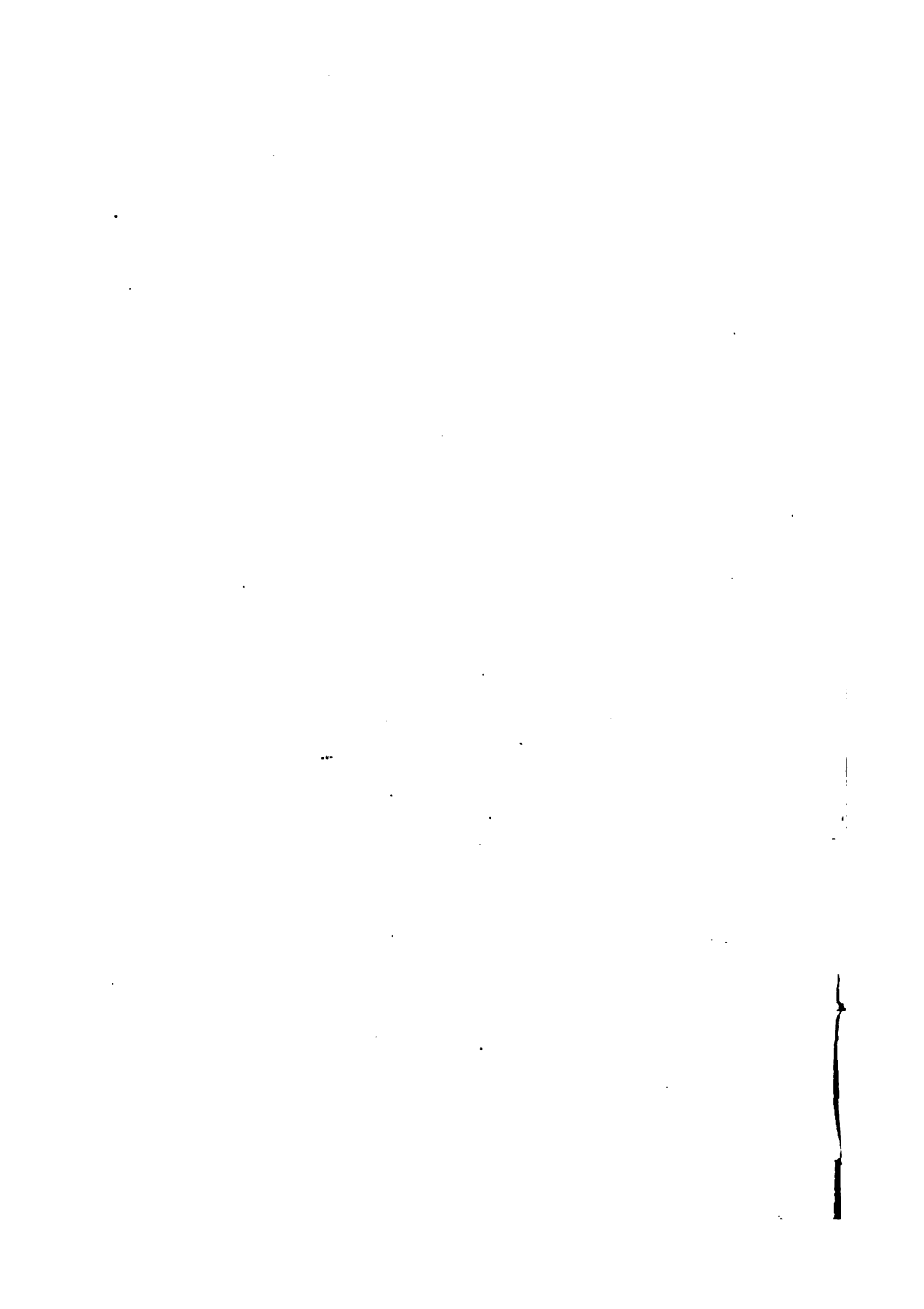
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FREE SPEECH .

BY N. P. ROGERS.

How can we ask freedom for the plantation slave, if the abolitionist himself may not be trusted with liberty of speech! If the advocates of humanity are not competent to meet together, and *talk* about freedom, without first being fettered, how can wild-passioned men hope to live free amid the stern excitements of conflicting life!

It seems to me, abolitionists had better first ascertain, whether any degree of freedom is possible to themselves. Whether any liberty—the liberty of thought—is practicable to any of the race. Whether unfortunate humanity be not, in fact, here on the earth, incapable of self-regulation, and only to be kept in a state of endurable servitude, by fear of the aggregated brute force of Community. We have gone manacled from our birth, and have got to thinking chains are natural to us—and that

they were born with us.—They were born with us,—or we with them—but we better not have any more born so.—We inherited fetters from our “fathers,”—but we better not transmit them.

The right of speech—it is the right of rights—the paramount and paragon attribute of our kind. It is glorious among the brutes, when it is free. The roar of the lion—it is majestic and sublime in his native desert.—Not so, when he *grunts* under the stir of the *poker*, in the menagerie. The scream of the eagle, in the sky—or on the crag, where he lives and has his home—how unlike his most base croak, when they withhold his allowance in the cage that you may hear him make a noise. The one is free speech, in “free meeting.” The other, speech-making, under chairs, boards and business committees.—How different the wild note of the life-bird, in the top of the high pine, when the setting sun awakens her throat after the shower,—how different, from the chitter of the poor caged canary, in the pent up street of the city. But illustration fails.—The glory and beauty of freedom cannot be illustrated. It must be witnessed—experienced, and felt.

Speech is the only terror of tyrants. It is the thing they cannot control or encounter.—Brute force has no tendency to match it. “Four hostile presses,” said Bonaparte—the most formidable brute the modern world has seen—“are more to be dreaded, than a hundred thousand bayonets.” So, he might have said, is *one* hostile press—if it is free. And if it is free, it will be hostile to tyranny. It is as hostile to boards, as it is to bayonets, and as formidable. It is “the king of terrors” to both. The board has nothing to oppose to it, but the bayonet. The bayonet is the board’s argument,—and only argument. A board without a bayonet, is a hornet without a sting—or a toothless hound. But it will try to worry and bark down free speech if it cannot bite. And as the bayonet is the board’s only argument, so only boards ever wield that ugly and hateful implement. Individuality never can hold or maintain it.—The individual can resort only to the truth.

“Stop his mouth!” cries alarmed and exasperated tyranny. Stifle his outcry! mankind will hear

him! Shut him up, where he cannot be *heard!* Let his dungeon be deep and his walls thick,—not so much to keep him, as to keep him from being *heard!* I must not hear him myself. “It disturbs my tranquility.” Keep him *alone!*

It is the uttered word, that awakens the tread and that moves mankind. Words are the storm that “awakens its deep.” Words revolutionize society and nations, and change human condition. They bring those “changes,” the “fear” of which “perplexes monarchs.” Monarchy builds its bastiles to imprison them. It erects them amid the silence of the people, and it is only speech that can throw them down. The bastile of France, that fell at the outbreak of her dread revolution,—it was not artillery that prostrated its walls, but they were shaken down by the thunder and earthquake of the voice of the people, and had France known the power of that voice, she would have shaken down with it every throne in Europe. But she took the bayonet and it failed. It failed even in the hand of Bonaparte, the strongest hand that ever grasped it to conquer the world. It failed,

and France is again in chains. Kings build their bastiles again in her borders, for the imprisonment of the people, but they have to build them in a later style of architecture than the old Gothic, for fear the sight of that would awaken again the people's voice.

And Bonaparte himself, with a wall around him of half a million of bayonets, trembled at the slightest breath of free speech. The creature *sued* men for *libel* in the English Courts. At a time he was at war with her—when the proud island stood dismayed at his threatened descent upon her,—when he hovered with his dreadful marshals on the edge of the British Channel, the English Common Pleas was resounding with the call of the Crier, to “John Smith to come into Court and answer to the complaint of Napoleon Bonaparte, or his default would be recorded.”—The Emperor had no confidence at all in his terrible Marshals,—or the armies of Italy and of Egypt, so long as free speech could libel him with impunity in the coffee houses of London. And did it strike any body as ludicrous, that Bonaparte should be

scared at a *libel*? not at all. His folly was, that he sought to defeat it by a law-suit. Had he been a man, he would have sent an article against the libeler, to the British press. He did not dare to. He was a tyrant—the truth was against him,—free speech was uttering it.—It scared him, and he stupidly went to law. I forget whether he got the case!

To come nearer home, and to the fields of moral strife. Corporation is the same coward and tyrant-foe of free speech, in the chair—the board—the business committee, as in the camps and courts of kings: and free speech, the bane and terror of corporation in all its forms. Its motto and banner words,—No Committees—nor commitment. No Boards, on which to lay humanity out, for a living burial.—Association—but of associate individuals—whole individuals—unabated and undiluted. Concert of action—but of individual, personal action—where no combination can bring upon individual freedom, the wizard spell of the majority—where that monstrosity is not known—where unfelt and unacknowledged, is the influence

of numbers and the authority of names—where are no great men—no leaders ;—that sends out its great truths, backed up by no external or extrinsic force, to make their own way to the free and un-awed heart of the people.—This is the “ anti-slavery society.”—The New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society is such. The humblest and poorest of anti-slavery bodies.—Poor in every thing but its principles, its love of liberty, and its fidelity to the cause of Humanity. In these it is rich.—It proffers its hard right hand of working fellowship to the anti-slavery of the land, and especially to the field-tried and service-worn handful in little Rhode Island.—It is “ auxiliary ” to all anti-slavery society,—subsidiary to none, as indeed no real anti-slavery body would claim of it subordination or homage.

CONCORD, N. H.

REFORM.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

LET no one who looks for fame join us. Let him wait rather, and be one of that crowd which will flock like doves to our windows, the moment the first gleam of success shall gild them. Our work is only to throw up, ourselves unseen, the pathway over which, unheeding, the triumphant majority are to pass, shouting the names of later and gaudier leaders as their watch-words.

How few have ever heard of Zachary Macauley, —the counsellor to whom Wilberforce looked up, —one who rose before the sun to give every hour to the slave, and died at last that glorious poor man, which the creditor of humanity always is. But thousands echo the easier earned fame of his son!

How few know any thing of that little committee

of Quakers, who labored unseen, in Lombard-street, that Wilberforce and Clarkson might be strong in the eyes of the great British people,—grappled uncheered with the great British heart, and enlisted it finally in the cause of Africa ; but went down, most of them, to their graves forgotten, while the gallant ship which they had launched so painfully,—baptized with a new name, and bannered with a new flag, anchored in the safe harbor of a nation's welcome.

“ We may regret,” says the Edinburg Review, “ that those who sowed should not be allowed to reap, but such is the ordinary course of events. By separating success from merit, by imposing on one set of men the sacrifice and the labor, and giving to another the credit of the result, Providence seems to tell us that higher motives than any man can offer, ought to actuate those who assume the responsibility of Government.”

In the place of ‘ Government,’ put “ Reform,” and the sentiment is still more applicable to a cause like ours.

“ And grant,” says old Fuller, “ that God

honors thee not to build his temple in thy parish, yet thou mayest, with David, provide metal and materials for Solomon, thy successor, to build it with."

Some reluct at the long time requisite to change the institutions of a nation, or regenerate its public sentiment. But here too, a moment's thought shows us, how wise in this respect is the order of Providence. The progress of a great reform is a nation's school. It creates as it advances, the moral principle, the individual independence, the habit of private judgment, the enlightened public opinion, which are necessary for its own success ; and thus, by new moulding the national character and elevating its tone of morals, it confers far other and greater benefits than its originators at first proposed. And further, it naturally opens the eye to kindred abuses, or growing itself out of a wrong principle, which has other results beside this immediate one, it insensibly prepares the way for wider and more radical reform. Having once gathered under its banner an army of disinterested and enthusiastic hearts, its slow advance keeps

them in the field long enough to form them veteran and willing laborers in every good cause. Forty years in the wilderness were necessary to make the Egyptian slave a fit soldier for Joshua to lead, and a fit subject for David and Solomon to govern.

An acute observer has well remarked, speaking of the slow step of the English movement for a repeal of the corn laws :

“ The change will be delayed so long, that when it comes, the people will have been instructed in the necessity for something more than a mere repeal of an act of Parliament, important as that repeal unquestionably is. They will see the necessity for an organic change—that the cause of the evil is in selfish legislation, and that again springs from the exclusive possession by one small class of the legislative power ; and thus Chartism, under the name of Complete Suffrage, will become the adopted measure of the middle classes.”

Welcome then the thought that careless History, will probably drop from her tablets the names of

those, who were first to stem the current of corrupt popular opinion. It tends to keep our ranks pure.

Welcome the long years of struggle which show us that we are enlisted not for a single campaign, but for life.—The discipline will make us wiser, and imprint deeper in our hearts the conviction, that it is from us the ranks of future reforms are to be recruited ; and that to shut our eyes to the light of other reformations is to be traitor to the past.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE AMERICAN UNION.

BY ADIN BALLOU.

O MIGHTY confederacy, nation of nations, great republic, boasted Land of Liberty (!) Who shall declare thy resources, thy enterprise, thy attainments, thy destiny? Thy children multiply by millions, and shout thy praise with universal exultation. Thy glory is the theme of poets and orators, and thy chieftains delight to magnify the excellence of thine institutions. Ancient nations honor and envy thy rising greatness. Distant barbarians talk of thee in their tents. The earth is filled with thy fame.

Has all this inspired thee with a zeal to prove thyself *worthy*—to realize the best hopes of an expecting world? Has it determined thee to renounce and forsake all that disgraces thee? To remove from thy countenance the hateful blotches which

threaten to turn thy beauty into ugliness? Dost thou feel thine infirmities, and seek the strength of righteousness? Wouldst thou be great in goodness as in numbers, wealth and power? Wouldst thou be indeed "the home of the brave, and the land of the free?" Wouldst thou lead off the nations of the earth in the grand march of reform, to welcome the dawn of that long predicted era when universal Love and Peace shall reign? Does this sublime ambition throb in thy mighty heart? Does it pulsate through all thy vast system of political and religious organization? Does it rule thy counsels, direct thy policy, and breathe through thy powerful influences? Does it animate thy statesmen, thy legislators, thy philosophers, thy literati, thy scribes, thy religious and moral teachers? Are all thy efforts, energies and interests unitedly directed to the attainment of such a destiny?


Alas! my country, I blush, I tremble for thee. Thou art indeed capable of all that constitutes true greatness. Heaven and earth have lavished their gifts upon thee in boundless profusion.

Nothing is wanting in thee but a right spirit—a pure heart. These thou lackest. Thou hast made fair professions. Thou hast solemnly acknowledged the noblest principles of action. Thy career opened with promises of unparalleled usefulness to the human race. Liberty, equality, justice, mercy, progress, happiness, were thy watchwords. But where now is *liberty*? Where is equality? Where is justice? Where is mercy? Where are the pillars of thy greatness? Where is thy moral excellency? Where is that true majesty which exalts a nation—the majesty of righteousness? Nearly three millions of human beings, whose birth-right was freedom, clank the chains of slavery, and send up to heaven unavailing groans for liberty, for justice, for mercy. Thy vast cotton harvest is annually moistened with their sweat and tears. Thy sugar cane and rice fields flourish by their unrequited toil. Thy wealth, rolling in golden streams across the land, is tainted with their lash-extorted blood. They would fly from thy tyranny, but thou pursuest them with blood-hounds. All thy citizens are in

league to keep them in bondage. They would rise up and fight for liberty, after the example of thy revolutionary worthies, but thou terrifiest them with thine armies—with threats of swift and terrible destruction. They would kneel in humble petition before thy Congress, and sue for the crumbs of liberty which fall from their masters' tables : but slaves are not permitted even to *petition*. They would learn letters and acquire knowledge ; but it is made a high misdemeanor to teach them. They would enjoy their wives, their husbands, their children, the endearments of family and home, to solace themselves amid the sadness and dreariness of their servitude ; but these are all rudely trampled under foot by their oppressors. Every ligament of tender affection is torn asunder. Degradation, ignorance, toil, and unnumbered miseries—immeasurable wrongs crush them as between the upper and nether millstone. Who is horror-struck at all this oppression ? Who burns with shame ? Who weeps bitter tears of repentance ? Who rises up to put away these abominations ? Who are they that propose to

break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free ? Are thy presidents, judges, statesmen, legislators, editors, politicians, divines and pastors, putting forth all their influence to accomplish this indispensable *reform* ? Alas ! see them, hear them, mark their proceedings ! They grasp new slave-regions ; they threaten to extend the area of oppression over all Mexico ; and yet they call it the area of Freedom. They feel no shame, they experience no compunction ; they dash forward like the war-horse rough-shod over their fallen victims ; proclaiming to the world with matchless insolence the rightfulness of all their robberies ! the mercy of all their cruelty ; and the increasing happiness of their down-trodden fellow men ! Every where ascends the loud "*amen*" of a deluded people. They shout to the onward progress of the most intolerable wrong and outrage. And the highest places of religion, a spurious and adulterated religion, blasphemously pronounce benedictions on these heaven-daring iniquities.

But though hand join in hand, wickedness like this shall not go unpunished. Hear, O people,

the word of Jehovah :  " This is a rebellious people, lying children, children that will not hear the law of the Lord : which say to the Seers, See not, and to the prophets, Prophecy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits. Wherefore thus saith the Holy One of Israel, Because ye despise this word, and trust in oppression and perverseness, and stay thereon : Therefore this iniquity shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall, whose breaking cometh suddenly at an instant." Isa. 30 : 9—13. " He that heareth let him hear, and he that forbeareth, let him forbear." Ezek. 3 : 27.

HOPEDALE, MASS.

THE NATION'S DESTINY.

BY A. H. PRICE.

HER doom is sealed,—and on the lurid air
Come shrieks of wo, of terror and despair ;
Columbia proudly fill'd her cup of crime,
And dar'd destruction on her guilty clime.
She said, “ Am I not *rich*, and *strong*, and *young* ?
Are not fair words of Freedom on my tongue ?
I've twin'd my temples with a wreath of fame
And other nations envy me my name.”
Proud land ! The wealth, oppression made to grow
Is but the price you'll pay for floods of wo !
The strength you boast, and trusted in to save,
Has dug beneath your feet a fearful grave.
Your fame alas ! a mocking now is made,
Your temples built by labor, all unpaid,
And fill'd by wrongs, shall crumble to the ground,
And not a vestige of their pride be found ;

You sow'd the wind, the whirlwind you shall reap—
The harvest-feast in sorrow you shall keep.

Mourn for Columbia now ! The arm of God
For the crushed poor takes the avenging rod ;
The nation trembles as it hears the word,
While gathered vials of His wrath are pour'd—
Mercy has moved her starry wing away,
And grieved—no longer seeks his wrath to stay ;
Mourn for Columbia now—restraining grace
Is all withheld—and utter darkness shrouds,
While o'er the sky rise fast portentous clouds ;
From east to west, from north to south, no ray
To gild the darkness of that dreadful day.
Dire scenes of old, when nations drunk with blood,
Crumbled to dust, at high Jehovah's nod,
Shall now transpire in thee ; when thou shalt feel
Worse tortures than thy despot's branding steel ;
The heaven above be brass, and plagues shall rise
From thy soil, rife with human victims' cries,—
And, left alone, thy suicidal race
Will slay each other in a fell embrace.

* * * * *

Perchance, when ages more shall roll around,
When the mock temple crumbles to the ground,
A glorious dome shall rise—a home of love,
That shall a refuge to the earth-worn prove ;

WHAT CAN A WOMAN DO ?

33

The hist'ry of the past—perchance may save
The new-born nation from that dreadful grave ;
Then let them build on Righteousness alone,
And peace unending shall be all their own.
HOPEDALE, MASS.

WHAT CAN A WOMAN DO?

BY RICHARD HILDRETH.

THE female heart is soft ; the affections of woman are warm ; her sensibilities are easily excited. Her first impulse is, to give her aid to every effort designed for the benefit of suffering humanity. Yet what can a woman do?—This question presents itself at the outset, and smothers the desires of many a benevolent heart. What can a woman do ?

There is inherent in each individual man and woman, a certain portion of moral power. It is this which makes them human ; for of mere physical power, many animals possess more. It is this moral power, which has gradually softened and humanized the more favored portions of the race ; it is by means of this moral power, that all revolutions and all advancements have been made. Wo-

men share it equally with men. In all changes of opinion, in all the great struggles attendant upon such changes, they have always borne a conspicuous part. The Grand Rebellion in Great Britain, which transferred the government of that country from the privy council of the king, into the hands of the property holders, and gave to England such freedom as she has, owed much, at its starting point, to those women who overwhelmed the long Parliament with petitions, and who commenced the rebellion in Scotland, by an energetic and even tumultuous resistance to the introduction of the liturgy.

The French revolution, which in its results, has wrought such changes throughout Europe and the world, was cradled and nursed in the saloons of Paris, where female influence had reached a higher point than any where else before.

It is true, that taking the past history of the world together, the influence of woman appears, on the whole to have been small. This however is more apparent than real. We have the history of battles, and sieges, and political intrigues, and

revolutions of governments ; but the true history of the human race, the history of the progress of opinion, of the development of intellectual and moral power, remains to be written. Christendom for twelve centuries, had its opinions controlled by the Catholic church ; and the Catholic church knows well the power of female influence. The several orders of female devotees, were and are, a great pillar of its power ; and female saints abound in its calender. It has been the same with the Protestant churches. Is it not notorious, that at this moment, every Protestant sect in America, is mainly upheld, its churches built, its ministers paid, its associations and charities sustained, by the efforts and influence of the women ? In every church the female members far outnumber the men ; and the men who are there, seven times out of ten, are carried there and kept there, by the women. In all this, it is true, the women have played and play, but a secondary part ; they are led on, marshalled, ruled and used by male leaders. They are treated as the British treat the Hindoos who compose the bulk of their Indian

armies. They are welcome to serve as common soldiers, but are not permitted to rise above the rank of corporal ; or sergeant at the best. And the reason is the same in both cases. The intellect of the men has been far more developed than that of the women. It has been held, and in most countries still is held, a sin and a crime for a woman to dare to think for herself. Even here in New England, a woman who adopts that course, is looked upon with suspicion and distrust, as an ambiguous character. Yet the thing becomes more and more common ; and is fast losing its strangeness. Having admitted women to equality in education ; having opened to them the doors of the school-room and the lecture-room ; having allowed them to read not sermons and books of devotion only, but novels, and histories, and newspapers, and every thing else, it is impossible to keep them from thinking ; and women who think, will presently feel and act, not as their mothers and grandmothers did, but in accordance with those new ideas to which they have attained.

But how can they act ? They cannot vote ;

they cannot preach,—at least not many of them ;
—they cannot legislate ;—what can they do ?
more than voter, preacher or legislator. Each
and all of those, is but the instrument to promulgate,
or carry into effect, some pre-established opinion.
No man can preach except as the expounder and
defender of opinions already espoused by his
hearers, or a part of them. If he preaches his
own opinions in contradiction to theirs, he must be
content to lack salary and a pulpit, and to seek
audience as Paul did, in the market-place, or cor-
ners of the streets, at the risk not only of brick-
bats and rotten eggs, but of the police and the
house of correction. How many men are equal
to that ? No man can legislate except in confor-
mity to the opinions of those who make him a leg-
islator ; and the voter does only signify by his
vote, his adherence to a certain principle or opin-
ion which he thereby proclaims and vindicates.
Behind all these is the opinion preached, voted
for, made into law,—and whence comes that ? It
is first conceived in the depths of some few con-
templative souls ; thence, as circumstances oppose

of favor, it is more or less gradually communicated to others ; and this little leaven, worked in and diffused imperceptibly almost, through the mass, presently leavens the whole lump. The mass ferments, rises, and becomes something which it was not before. All the kneading, rolling, baking and fussing in the world, will not make bread, without the leaven to begin with.

For instilling into the public mind, and diffusing through society those new opinions, in which all social changes must have their origin, women possess peculiar advantages. They have an access to the hearts of men, which no man has. They have an access to the hearts of children, peculiar to themselves, those children who are soon to become men and women, and to influence, for good or evil, the destinies of the race.

There is no woman whose soul is possessed by any great idea, and who longs for its diffusion, who may not become, if she has patience and perseverance, a very apostle among the children of some little village school which she teaches, or who may be otherwise within the circle of her in-

fluence, may perhaps be, sporting and prattling, the political and social leaders of the next generation. Who knows? Let her scatter the seed then hopefully. Some no doubt, will fall upon 'stony places, and some among thorns,' and much, the fowls of the air will devour. But some too, will fall upon good ground, and will produce fruit twenty, and fifty, and an hundred fold.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE RECEPTION OF SLAVE- HOLDERS AT THE NORTH.

BY GEO. W. STACY.

To discharge the duty of faithful rebuke to those who are violating the plain commands of the Most High God, requires an amount of moral courage which few possess. Naturally we are inclined to covet the good will of our fellow pilgrims. A smile accompanied with the voice of friendship, is more acceptable and comforting than a frown, indicating feelings of bitterness. Especially is the duty of rebuke, uttered to the wrong-doer, a great trial to our Christian integrity, when by ties of kindred and long familiar acquaintance we are influenced to forbear. The peerless example of Jesus, and the truthfulness of

the Apostles and early Christians, present a profitable theme upon which to expatiate. But sad is our deficiency of imitation in respect to a consistent practice.

I apprehend one of the strong holds of the dark and terrible system of American slavery is to be found in the reception of slave-holders at the North. The southerner finds it pleasant and profitable often, for a season, to turn his back upon the land of "whips and chains," and mingle with relatives, friends and acquaintances at the north. Inflated with the pride of a tyrant,—wrapped up in a garment of self-esteem, he deigns to pass himself off as an *honest* and MORAL MAN in the community where he chances to make a temporary sojourn. He throws himself back upon his dignity and chivalry, and walks erect as though no foul stain rested upon his garments. Say you, he is an ignorant sinner? It may in a measure be so. I have no time to discuss this point.

But how is the slave-holder received by those who profess to look upon *Man-stealing* as a sin? Does he hear the voice of remonstrance and warn-

ing? Is he told of his atrocious crimes of *murder*, *theft*, and *adultery*? Does he understand from his intercourse with us, that we view him as a *vile* and *notorious sinner*? Does he feel like eluding our presence, and calling upon darkness to hide him from the light of truth and relieve his soul from the pain which consequently follows words of "*truth and soberness*?" Does he return to his foul work of hate and tyranny goaded and tormented out of season by what his eyes have seen, and his ears heard in the society of northerners? Does the rattle of the chain terrify his ears? Does the streaming blood which follows the scorpion lash harrow his conscience? Does the piercing shriek of sundered hearts around the auction block, cause his knees to smite in anguish? Does the mighty flood of licentiousness, which meets his eye at every turn, pain and sicken his soul? Alas, we must answer, *no*.

With the comfortable assurance, "I am not a sinner above others," the slave-holder returns from his pleasant visit to the north. His hands are strengthened in the dark work of oppression. He

has procured an anodyne to his conscience, and hugs his robber-plunder to his "heart of hearts." To all about him he proclaims the pleasing tidings of a gracious reception, flattering carresses, and constant marks of attention from those who are supposed to be the enemies of their "*peculiar institution*."

Abolitionists, these "things ought not so to be." We are too faint-hearted, too taciturn, too *tame*, in respect to the monster who perpetrates the sin of *Man-stealing*. On our part, at least, there should be no compromise—no good natured truce with the man in whose character concentrates all the works of damning darkness. Let us respect and count humanity too sacred to treat a slaveholder like a gentleman, and brand the horse-thief as a villain. The character of the former is as black as the fabled regions of darkness compared with the latter. Mercy shall be our theme to the repentant soul, and "tribulation, anguish and wrath upon every man that doeth evil." In the meek, mild, yet uncompromising spirit of Him who came to "preach deliverance to the captive,"

let us sound the words of rebuke in every slaveholder's ear who comes within speaking distance. Then shall he *know* and *feel* that we are true to our professions,—true to the crushed bondman, and true to God.

HOPEDALE, MAS.

TREASON! TREASON!! TREASON!!!

BY C. K. WHIPPLE.

VERY well ; be it so ! We do not shrink from the name that designates our act, nor do we fear the position into which that act brings us. But, you who clamor so violently against us, are you really so instructed in the affairs of this world as to suppose that treason is always and necessarily a crime ?

Truly illustrious are the predecessors whose traitorous footsteps we follow. We do not seek protection beneath the shelter of their names ; truth, right, justice, the arm of the living God, are a sufficient defence for us ; but since *you* need

the authority which their eminence and popularity give to acts like theirs, you shall have it.

Heard you never of the Roman Brutus, of the British Sydney, the Polish Kosciusko, the Greek Bozzarris, the American Washington, Hancock, Adams, Warren, Henry ? Rank traitors were these, every one of them ! resisters of established authority, violators of law, and each not only exposed, but certain, had he fallen alive into the hands of the existing and established government of his country, to have died a traitor's death.

These men were defenders of liberty of conscience, freedom of thought, speech and action, the rights of the minority ; they recognized in justice something superior to law and rightfully taking precedence of it. Without expressing themselves in Bible phraseology, their actions plainly said, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye;" and if those to whom this appeal was made judged blindly and unjustly, these conscientious traitors renounced that decision, judged for themselves, followed up their judgment with ac-

tion, and cheerfully risked, for the sake of principle, the loss of property, life, and present reputation, knowing that the truth which they held fast was more precious than all these combined.

The very men who now cry out so zealously for law and order, as if there were no better things in the universe, are loudest in their praises of Washington for his resistance to law, and his violation of order. Alas! their inconsistency gives us reason to fear that the success of the American revolution, rather than its justice, gives it glory in their eyes.

But was not Washington's rebellion against the tyrannical British laws as just and righteous while he bore the obloquy and risked the doom of a traitor, as now that he has become the idol of the world? The justice of a revolutionary movement then is quite independent of success or failure, and may be decided with perfect certainty while the result is yet pending. It is to be settled, not by armies or majorities, alike impotent attempts of might to make right, but by deliberate inquiry into the merits of the case, and an application to

it of the plain and immutable rules of right and wrong. If these show distinctly and decidedly (for while a single doubt remains upon a subject of such moment, we should refrain from action,) if these show distinctly and decidedly, that the human law in question is opposed to essential justice and the law of God, it should be to us as if it had never been, and should receive from us no more respect or consideration than any other detected imposture.

Socrates, Jesus, Paul, for vindicating the claims of righteousness against existing laws, were despised and rejected of men, and finally suffered death, stigmatized as enemies of the civil and religious institutions of their country. But the judgment of their contemporaries has been completely reversed by posterity. Their names are now held in high esteem, and men say, and no doubt seriously think, "if we had lived in those days, we would not have been partakers in the blood of those just men." But are we uncharitable in suspecting that they deceive themselves, when we see them denouncing and reproaching

the men of the present-day who, like those illustrious martyrs, make right their standard rather than law ?

With such laws of this country as are just and righteous, we have no quarrel; but in so far as they authorize slavery, and enjoin war for its support, we repudiate and renounce them ; we cannot respect, and we will not obey them.

Such is the position of abolitionists. Let us see now what those are doing whom abolitionists call pro-slavery men.

The southern church and state (as represented by Governor Hammond and Rev. Dr. Fuller of South Carolina,) are putting forth an elaborate defence of slavery from the Bible, and declaring the perfect accordance of that "sum of all villainies" with their religious system ; and the northern church and state, (as represented by Bishop Doane and the Honorable Rufus Choate) are coming to the same end by a different course, namely, a defence of the divine right of governments, which if established, would show by necessary implication that whatever crime a governor

commands may be perpetrated without guilt by any subject. Thus priests and politicians of the north and the south play into each other's hands for the support of slavery. The leaders in church and state boldly promulgate these detestable doctrines, (thus giving the lie to the Gospel and Declaration of Independence, both of which they profess at the same time to hold sacred,) and their credulous disciples follow up the movement by throwing every obstruction in their power in the way of the abolitionist.

What is the duty, in this emergency, of faithful followers of him who was at once Prince of Peace and preacher of deliverance to the captives? Are we to forsake the cause of the slave because "Reverends," and "Excellencies," and "Honorable" are binding his chains tighter? Are we to make war against him because these titled personages present themselves as recruiting sergeants, and offer us their dispensation from the sin of bloodshed? Nay, verily!

Christianity, while it repudiates carnal weapons, is yet a system of determined aggression against

all sin. We are now liable at any moment to be called upon by our profligate government to commit one of the most detestable of crimes in its support. A war in favor of Texas would be a war against the slave! A war in favor of Texas would be the deliberate support of slavery by murder! Let those wage such a war who will; but let them be aware that they are to find in the rapidly increasing band of Anti-Slavery men and women neither support nor acquiescence, but determined, active opposition. They will find the cry of "treason" as powerless as that of "infidelity" to restrain us. Regardless of both, while we feel ourselves supported by the precepts and example of Christ, we repeat the declaration: We *will not* countenance or aid the United States Government in any war which may be occasioned by the annexation of Texas, or in any other war, foreign or domestic, designed to strengthen or perpetuate slavery.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE BOND - WOMAN ' S P R A Y E R .

BY ELIZA STORR.

Sobs went up on the still night air,
The crackling flames shot high,
And darkly circled their smoky breath
Against the summer sky,—

Wild shrieks of torture, fierce and keen,—
A *woman's* frantic cry,
Of quivering flesh, and scorching limb,
And mad'ning pangs to die.

A groan of mortal agony,—
A voice of mighty prayer,—
The anguish of a soul, pressed close,
The thick and stifling air.

“ God of Egypt’s bondmen,
Avenger of their wrong,
For thy suffering children,
Thine arm, O God, is strong !”

But shriek, and groan, and prayer grew faint—
The glaring flames roar’d on
Till brightly o’er the mouldering pile,
Arose the morning sun.

The burthen of that Spirit’s curse—
And has it pined away,
The curse, that human agony
Wrung from those lips of clay ?

An heritage of blood and tears,
Of all untasted woe,
Into our country’s brimming cup,
Must from her bondmen flow.

A blasting, scorching breath goes up,
From all her suffering ones,
The shadow of a coming wrath,
Fast settles round her sons.

BOSTON, MASS.

IS CHRISTIANITY, THE RELI-
GION OF PEACE, ADAPTED
TO THE WORLD ?

BY S. E. COVES.

Is it safe to forgive enemies, to love them, to return to them good for evil ? Can the meek inherit the earth ? Is Christianity, the religion of peace, adapted to the world ? An answer is given to these questions by the bayonet and the sword, by the pomp of military array ; the answer is heard in the beat of the drum, in the roar of the cannon ; it is spoken by the statesman in his vaunt of national strength, by the soldier in his aspiration for fame, by every one who maintains the necessity for the appeal to arms. This answer is No ! emphatically No ! We cannot love our enemies ;

we cannot do good to those who injure us ; we cannot return good for evil. The meek cannot inherit the earth. Christianity is not adapted to the world.

The reasoning of men gives the same answer. The spirit of Jesus Christ, who, when smitten, submitted, when reviled, reviled not again, who was led as a lamb to the slaughter—this spirit of meekness and self-sacrifice is not proper for man ! We have duties to discharge to others as well as to ourselves, which demand the opposite traits of character. If we did not resist evil, it would be an encouragement to evil-doers ; if we submitted to fraud, injustice, or rebellion, the result would be that confusion and bloodshed would every where prevail. If a nation were to bear one insult with Christian humility, it would open the way for further manifestations of contempt ; if an aggression were humbly submitted to, it would be repeated ; if one inch of territory were given up, the whole would be claimed. Life, property, and welfare depend on the sword, for there are many nations, living in peace and security, without Christianity,

but who ever heard of a civilized people, which did not recognize the appeal to arms for defence ? It is the garrison, not the pulpit—the soldier, not the priest—boldness, not humility—the power to injure others, not the disposition to endure wrong, which minister to the happiness of the world. We depend on the trumpet-tone of war, not on the whispered words of kindness. We are preserved by the law of force, not by the law of love. We put our trust in the strength of the right arm, not in the promises of God. A religion of peace is not adapted to the world.

There is no common ground, no meeting point, no commingling together of the spirit of Christ and the spirit of the soldier ; we cannot bring them together in the same heart. A man can at best but choose between them ; he can only decide when he will be humble, when self-confident—when he will submit, when rebel—when he will be mild and forbearing, when harsh and revengeful—when he will be peaceable, when warlike. It is impossible to combine these conflicting traits of character, these opposite purposes ; what ! a valiant soldier,

smitten upon one cheek, turning the other to the foe—a meek Christian ready to meet injury with injury, blood with blood !

We know that it has been by some pretended that the law of love is not intended to go into full operation until some lapse of time ; that the binding effect of the gospel is put off to some future day, to some indefinite period, when the whole world shall become converted and christianized ; then there will be no necessity for the fight, no need of the recourse to the sword. We can all be meek then, and safely too. But surely, a religion, which commands love to enemies, is not adapted to a world, where there are no enemies to be loved. What becomes of our present duties as followers of the Prince of Peace, here, in the present state, now, at this very time, when there are enemies to be loved and wrongs to be borne ? It has been said too, that the great and paramount office of Christianity is to save men's souls ; that it is a personal affair between God and the individual conscience, that it takes no special cognizance of the political or social relations, having in all its

laws reference to the eternal interests, the peculiar inner good of every man, the salvation of the soul. Be it so. It is not he, who sayeth, Lord! Master! but he, who doeth his will, who imbibes his spirit—it is he, who is saved. Now, the will of our Saviour is, that we do good to our enemies ; the spirit of our Master is, to yield up even life itself for their safety.

This life is not however a preparation for heaven only. God's will is, that there should be law, order, peace, security, even here. This world was not created as a mere three-score-and-ten of anarchy and confusion, as a dreary prison house to hold the captives until ready for trial. This is God's truth ! He attests to it himself in the magnificence and open-handed profusion of his gifts to men. His creative energy has been exerted—as may well appear to us—to its utmost range. Look upon this glorious theatre of the present life, our beautiful world, rolling continually through almost illimitable space, that the sun afar off may warm and cheer every part of its surface, that the rays of each star of the heavenly host may be drunk

in by every eye, making even "darkness transparent" and beautiful. It is delight to breathe in such a world, to eat of its fruit, to drink at its chrystal springs, to have the cheek bathed in its balmy winds, the senses soothed by its colors and shapes, its fragrance and melody; its varied surface and its changes, its order, its permanence, all these, all, pertaining to the time-vesture of God, prove that the world is not a mere appendage of little value in itself, but that it is a part of eternity, and that the welfare of man here in this life is the aim and object of the Almighty God.

He, then, who is commissioned to declare the will of our Father in Heaven, and to ordain laws upon the earth, will make known those truths, and establish that government which sympathizes with nature, and which will minister to the happiness of man and the welfare of society. A revelation from Heaven will contain an element of social order, will guard our lives, our rights, our happiness upon the earth.

The world has not found this element of social order in meek Christianity. It dares not to carry

out into the social relations, the mild, merciful and self-sacrificing spirit. It has pronounced its judgment that the religion of peace, which would strike from its hand the sword, is not adapted to the order, security and happiness of man. What then is to be done? Surely if the thorough and complete obedience to the letter and spirit of Christ's teachings, "when smitten upon one cheek, turn ye the other also," would give full scope to evil—overthrow all authority—expose the christian to every species of crime—deluging the earth with blood, so that neither the wives of our bosoms, nor the children of our hearts, neither the young in their innocency, nor the old in their feebleness, could be safe, should we not abjure it at once, boldly and fearlessly, and not continue to profess it with the lips, when almost every act is a denial of its authority?

This is a startling question to ask in this land, where outward respect at least is claimed for the religion of peace. It is however but a distinct utterance of a very prevalent doubt; it is but the putting into words the skepticism of many hearts;

it is but giving a tongue to men's actions, language, to the conduct of the world! Why shrink you when we demand that you be honest men, and with straight forward integrity of soul either abandon the sword or that religion which saith, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth?"

We for ourselves entertain no doubts upon this subject; we are prepared to come at once to the standard of Christianity; to give up the sword, and to let the oppressed go free!

If this gospel made a slight change only in the social relations, if it only modified existing customs, we should have great reason to doubt of its being from God. It is the characteristic of human legislation to form half-way expedients; to tolerate imperfection; to rest satisfied with evil, if there be good mingled with it; to sanction injury to some, if others are delivered from violence. Directly opposite is the principle which comes of God. This changes at once and altogether the relations of men. It assumes a higher purpose. It acts by opposite means. If,—we repeat

the idea, if the gospel were intended only to check or diminish the evil, if it cast but some sweet upon the gall of bitterness, if it but restrained the use of the sword, if it had a measure for the proper degree of violence, if it permitted hatred to burn in the human heart for any purpose whatever, if it consented that love should be quenched by any evil that can be inflicted, it might be the invention of some wise man, not the revelation from God. But the gospel utters a law, firm, fixed, unyielding ; a law which can never be made to minister to selfishness ; a law which admits of no exception or excuse. It forbids us to do any evil to others for our good. It puts the axe at the root of the tree. It takes at once from all wars and fightings the sanction of God. Nothing short of this full, clear, explicit law could come from the Prince of Peace, nothing short of this can extend his reign over the earth.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

THE PLEDGE AND PROSPECT
OF PEACE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THERE is a fellowship in a common suffering and a common joy, which makes brothers of millions, irrespective of name or nation. And there are millions in this country and the British empire who have just recognized this common bond of peace, and shaken hands in perpetual amity. Without asking leave of their governments, they have signed the same pledge of peace—the pledge of TOTAL ABSTINENCE. With hearts throbbing with the common sympathies of their nature, they have put their hands to an instrument that makes them brethren. By a united struggle, they have

broken the thralldom of one common and dreadful enemy ; and will they think of mutual slaughter, while mingling in a common jubilee over their independence ?

And there are other millions, on both sides of the Atlantic, who have recently signed a more extensive and solemn treaty of peace. They have formed a vast "*Home League*" with all the attributes of God, nature and humanity, to restore the millions of human beings who have been expatriated from the great brotherhood of mankind. The light of the Gospel has revealed an Archimedian point of rest ; and they have got a lever under the SLAVE ; a lever whose longer arm reaches into Heaven, and is now descending beneath the weight of God's eternal throne and all his angels of light. O, they will raise him ! they will raise him ! without the aid or consent of human legislation. And think you those swelling millions will leap from that descending lever to fight a national duel, and soil their souls with the blood of fratricide ?

Ye men of war, there is treason in your camp ;

There are a hundred thousand "Hartford Conventions" holding their simultaneous sessions, once a week, all over Christendom, on purpose to frustrate your belligerent projects. A secret coalition of people of all languages and tongues, is now on foot to transfer your empire to a foreign power which you have refused to acknowledge. Multitudes of your countrymen are first and foremost in this deep-laid plot. A new but long predicted Kingdom is about to be established, which shall embrace the whole continent of humanity. Its great Founder, the Prince of Peace, has already been crowned KING of KINGS. His coronation was celebrated in the courts of heaven long before the creation of man. The promise that he should reign King of nations as he does King of saints, is as old as eternity, strong as the pillars of his Father's throne. His government is organized ; his officers are appointed ; and thousands in America have taken rank in his Legion of Honor, and bear about in their bosoms the Bethlehem Star of their heavenly knighthood. The code of his immutable laws has been published. He

himself read the last proof sheet and sealed it with his blood, when he cried on Calvary, "*It is finished! It is finished!!*" With his dying breath he made it the test of allegiance to carry his *statute book* to the uttermost corners of the earth and read it in the ears of every human being. Thousands and thousands of the most patriotic sons of America and the most loyal subjects of Britain have taken the oath of that covenant and received that heavenly commission. Six times a year, in solemn convocation, they renew the sublime terms of their fealty, and swear upon the altar of their God and King, that, whether the British empire stand or fall, whether the experiment of the American Republic succeed or fail, they and their children and their children's children, will adhere to the letter of their covenant with the Prince of Peace. The Christians of the Anglo-Saxon race have been singled out as kings and priests unto God, as co-workers with him in the redemption of mankind. And think you they will prove recreant to their heavenly calling? Will they exchange the badge of Jesus for the tri-colored cockade of

some bloody faction ? Will they throw away their august commission for one in your armies and navies ? No ! they have signed a commercial treaty with eternity ; a treaty of eternal peace.

And let me say in conclusion, that, in the recent treaty with Great Britain, the two great Anglo-Saxon nations have at last recognized these mighty and multifarious bonds of peace. Look on Bunker Hill ! There stands the GRAVE STONE OF WAR ! Through all the remaining ages of the race, a consecrated halo of heaven's purest light will encircle its august and lofty brow. Sweeter than strains of fabulous melody, the perennial music of peace will breathe from its every granite pore, awakening responding symphonies in the hearts of a thousand generations. The myriads that recently gathered around that hill, felt all their heart-fibres thrilling within them, when that great man concentrated all the power of his enchaining eloquence upon the prediction, that in a future age, he who leaned against that monument would thank his God that he, also, was an *American*. Methinks that future ages will disclose a

higher destiny for that towering column ; that it will suggest a loftier theme of exultation ! Let me tell the great Webster, and his English coadjutor in this conquest of peace, that it will be part of their eternal reward, to have hastened the age when the term "*American*" shall convey no prerogative of freedom not enjoyed by every being that wears God's image upon earth ; when not only the *American*, but the African, when he comes to stand within the peaceful penumbra of that obelisk, shall say, with tears of grateful exultation : "*I thank my God that I also, am a MAN—a MAN !*"

ELMWOOD, MASS.

THE CONTRAST.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

THY love thou sentest oft to me,
And still, as oft, I thrust it back ;
Thy messengers I could not see
In those who every thing did lack,
The poor, the outcast, and the black.

II.

Pride held his hand before mine eyes,
The world with flattery stuffed mine ears ;
I looked to see a monarch's guise,
Nor dreamed thy love would knock for years,
Poor, naked, fettered, full of tears.

III.

Yet, when I sent my love to thee,
Thou with a smile didst take it in,
And entertain'dst it royally,
Though grimed with earth, with hunger thin,
And leprous with the taint of sin.

IV.

Now, every day thy love I meet,
As o'er the earth it wanders wide,
With weary step and bleeding feet,
Still knocking at the heart of pride
And offering grace, though still denied.

ELMWOOD, MASS.

SELF-RELIANCE.

BY H. CLAPP, JR.

ANTISLAVERY has no lesson which it teaches so plainly as the great lesson of *self-reliance*. I do not, of course, mean by self-reliance, that intense egotism which discovers no wisdom beyond the narrow walls of its own mind, and which is therefore as superficial as it is supercilious, and as intolerable as it is intolerant ;—but, rather, and simply, that unfaltering reliance on one's highest convictions and purest instincts, which is supremely indifferent to the evershifting current of popular feeling, while at the same time it sees beneath the earthy incrustations of every soul some spark of the absolute truth.

“Unstable as water” must that mind be which

takes for its pole-star either public opinion, or the opinion of any sect, clique, or individual. It may seem, at first glance, like a becoming humility, to distrust the uncertain light which flickers in one's own soul, and be guided by what seems the fixed ray of some brighter luminary ;—but, depend upon it, such a course pursued continually and implicitly, though it may commence in a healthful diffidence of one's own powers, will soon degenerate into the most debasing servility. By all means call to your aid, in every important matter, all the counsel and advice which you can command; but, as you value your uprightness of soul, and desire to walk in the path of *infinite progress*, do not receive one jot or tittle of it as *authority*. However hallowed by time, or endeared by association, or deified by superstition, listen to no one as an authority, and be subject to no rule but the clear utterance of your own reason, and the still small voice of your own soul.

It is the utter want of this self-reliance which keeps many beautiful spirits aloof from the antislavery movement. They cannot but perceive, and to some extent appreciate, its claims

upon their attention ; but their moral systems have become so completely unnerved and confused by long, sad years of devotion to sect and authority, that they have no confidence in their own judgment, and are frightened by their own footfall and shadow. Seeing that the *Genius of Reform* is superior to those Creeds and Teachers which they have been accustomed to receive and reverence as the exponents and expositors of God's Truth, they feel that every touch of her mighty wand is moral desolation and death. And, in their present servile and abject state well they may ; for the very sight of her makes the walls of their sanctuary tremble, and shrinks their high-priests, who but now bore the seeming of brave and portly men, into pitiful cowards and hideous dwarfs.

Nothing in the history of the world is more striking, or more instructive of good, than the withering effect which this same Genius of Reform has upon the popular religion, and its servile adherents. Her approach is more terrible to them than "an army with banners." To their disor-

dered eyes her white robes are spotted with blood, and her peaceful wand is a flaming sword. They flee from her as from a pestilence, and at the mention of her name the traitorous blood deserts their cheeks, and with livid face, and lurid eye the poor things appeal piteously to the rude populace to save their priesthood from death, and the ark of their God from desolation.

So strong is the hold which the popular religion—cowardly and ignoble as we have seen it to be—has upon the thoughtless multitude, they dare not take a new step without the consent of its authorities, who have the good sense to perceive that any new step—unless it be a step backward—will prove fatal to its existence. And so the people hold back, despite their inmost convictions, from every onward movement, and throw all the obstacles in its way which, with their remaining courage, they dare to.

Now it seems to me that it only needs for the great mass of the community to *do their own thinking* in order to remedy this state of things, and secure an immense accession to the reform ranks.

And it is equally necessary to continue in this excellent habit (of doing one's own thinking instead of having it, like so much sewing "done out") after you have *entered* those ranks. To this end—if the reader will pardon a little dogmatic advice—sign no creeds ; bind yourselves to no constitutions ; choose to yourselves no Kings or Presidents ; submit your judgment to no committees ; engage in no political tactics ; and submit to no parliamentary, congressional, or (for they are all of a piece) constabular discipline. *Touch* any of these things and you will be defiled. *Engage* in any of them, and you will find (if you are a fugitive from church or state) that you have only changed one priesthood for another,—and that while you have been congratulating yourself on a happy escape from the meshes of sect and clique, you are more hopelessly entangled in its cunning web than ever. The only hope of your soul—here or "hereafter"—is the preservation of your individuality,—in other words the maintenance of your own soul as a separate, distinct, entire existence, subject to no authority and amena-

ble to no discipline,—save the authority and discipline of the divine law as written out and declared by the “ oracle within.”

LYNN, MASS.

A THOUGHT UPON EMANCI- PATION.

“ Hereditary bondsmen ! know ye not,
Who would be free themselves, must strike the blow ?”

THE abolitionists during the last twelve years have, by incessant and untiring zeal and labor, accomplished wonders. They have spoken loud and long in behalf of human rights, and the whole nation has heard their terrible denunciations against slavery, and their earnest and thrilling appeals for freedom. They have removed the drapery, which while it allowed the “ happy” and “ contented” features of slavery to be seen, hid the awful enormity of the slave system from public view. And now, that system reeking with the blood of its millions of victims, whose bodies have been tortured and whose minds have been ruined—stands ex-

posed to the gaze of the world, in the full broad light of day.

But much yet remains to be done, and much that can only be accomplished by the efforts of the race in whose behalf the abolitionists are laboring.

“Who would be free, *themselves* must strike the blow.”

The efforts of the abolitionists may possibly remove the outward forms of bondage. The lash may no longer be raised—the human auction block may no longer stand in the market place—human flesh may no longer be sold like cattle.—But after all—the *real* freedom of the negro race can never be attained except by the unceasing efforts of its members. They can never rise in the scale of civilization—never become artizans—scholars—useful and practical men by any—save their own individual endeavors. The abolitionists can be of but little help to them in the struggle for the *highest* emancipation. They can at most but open the door and it is at the option of the colored man to cross its threshold.

Even, now, the slave himself need no longer be a slave. Has he the heroism to prefer death to slavery and the system is at an end.

Let the terrible determination go forth through all Slavedom, that the slave, *will not work—will not eat—will not rise up or lie down at the bidding of an owner and will be free or die*, and it is done. Tomorrow's sun beholds a nation of freemen indeed.

What can the South do against three millions of determinations to die, rather than move another finger as a slave? Would the lash—would the bayonet avail? Powerless all. Terrible—terrible indeed would be that *negation* of Slavery, uttered by three millions of victims.

Already do we see indications of this spirit in the attempts of large numbers of "property" to walk quietly away from their assumed ownership. And soon may we hope, that the slaves throughout the land will assert their claims to humanity with the omnipotent might of non-resistance and on the very spot of their oppression.

C.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

THE SLAVE-WIFE.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

AMONG the numerous facts, which our "peculiar Institution" is continually developing—facts, which from the wild daring on the one hand, and the deep malignity on the other, outvie the most extravagant romance, may be found evidence that truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction. The following story was related to me by one who well knew the parties ; and I give it, nearly as possible, in his own words.

"I had been," said he, "sojourning for several weeks at Dawns, Upper Canada, which you well know, was settled by a colony of Fugitive Slaves, observing the regenerating influence of a free atmosphere, which is daily working out a phenomenon more wonderful than the dreaming alchemist

ever imputed to the philosopher's stone—the transmutation of chattels into men. These facts stand out against the deep black ground of Slavery, like miracles wrought in lightning, and fraught with an interest strong and deep as the eternal interests of humanity. There are among these people some fine specimens of the race, whom it would do our negro-haters good to know—and many whose fine manly character—ay, and intellect also, would put to the blush our traducers of the colored race. Of all these none pleased me better, or interested me more deeply, than Laco Ray. He was, I think, as fine a specimen of the physical man, as I ever knew. Tall, muscular, and every way well-proportioned, he had the large expansion of chest and shoulders that are seen in the best representations of Hercules. He was quite black, the skin soft and glossy ; but the features had none of the revolting characteristics which are supposed by some to be inseparable from the African visage. On the contrary they were remarkably fine—the nose aquiline—the mouth even handsome—the forehead singularly high and broad. Superadded to this was a noble intellect,

with a power of language and expression which, under happier circumstances, might have produced the poet, or the orator, and which under every incumbrance rose at times to the loftiest eloquence. I had often been astonished at the spontaneous exercise of this power ;—and the rude men among whom we dwelt likewise felt, and quietly yielded to the sway of a master-spirit.

Although he had been in Dawn only about two years, he had yet acquired no small degree of influence among his people—and both for integrity and ability he was highly esteemed. But notwithstanding all this I observed that a deep shadow seemed to rest upon his heart, and that there was a void in his being which nothing appeared to fill. These tendencies became more distinct as I knew him better ; and I was convinced that some very painful circumstance connected with his former life, hung like a pall above him, darkening the glad sunshine, and making bitter the free air he breathed. I determined to learn his history from his own mouth the first opportunity that presented itself. Fortune soon favored my wishes.

I had been walking through the fields of various acquaintances, conversing with them as they worked, or listening to the happy song, or the merry whistle that rang out on the clear air of a fine spring morning, when, at about nine o'clock, I leaned over the rude fence that enclosed the field where my friend Laco was at work. He was at the lower end of the lot ; and I stood listening to the native melodies that resounded on every side. There was in this music a fullness of joy that spoke at once of the consciousness and the love of freedom ; yet not unmingled, with occasional notes of the sweetest and the deepest pathos, that whispered of friends left far behind, yet groping darkly in the land of bondage ; or, may be, it uttered the sadness which belonged to memory—or pictured forth shadows which the long-brooding wing of Slavery yet left resting on the free soul. It was infinitely touching ; and I could not listen to it without tears. As Laco drew near, I saw that he was unusually sad and disinclined to talk ; and, after passing the compliments of the morning, he dropped his eyes to the ground, and appeared

quite absorbed with his business of planting. I waited, deliberating within myself how I should best enter upon the subject, until he had advanced to the end of the row, and stood opposite me.

“ Well Laco,” I said, extending my hand, as he was about turning to commence another row, “ This is a fine morning, but you are not quite in the spirit of it. You seem unhappy. Has any thing happened to distress you ?”

“ No Massa, no. Nothing happen to Laco, now. Nothing now ever happen to him,” he replied, turning upon me a look of unutterable sadness.

“ Why do you say that, Laco ? you surely are happy now you are free ; and you cannot be insensible to the beauty of this lovely morning ! The free sunlight is shining abroad. The birds are singing. The neighbors are singing. They are happy—all are happy. Why should not Laco sing and be happy too ?”

“ The birds,” he answered, “ are singing songs of love. Each one has a mate in his nest ; but Laco’s nest is cold and silent. Why then should

he sing ? The free are singing the song of liberty ;—but the light of Laco's freedom is put out. The sun is shining very bright ; but he never reach here," he added, laying a hand on his breast, and smiling with the expression of one who feels that he has already met the worst. " Massa very good ; but he never make darkness light—he never make the dead live again. It's no use talking, Massa. Laco better work. If he would eat, he must make corn grow. Talking never help him ;" and he turned away, as if resolved to say nothing more.

" Excuse me Laco," I urged, as I sprang over the fence and stood beside him, " I am your friend. Speak to me freely, as to a friend—a brother—and the confidence may relieve you. I see your story is a sad one."

" Ah, Massa, so slave story always be. But come to the cabin, Massa ; and Laco will tell you, what he has whispered only in the great ear of night, when God and angels alone are waking." He threw down his hoe in the furrow and sprang over the fence at a single bound. I followed

him ; and with a few more steps we stood in the log-cabin where he spent the solitary hours of rest. A draught of cool milk and water refreshed us ; and seating himself on the ground near the rude bench he had offered me, after a pause of some minutes marked by profound emotion, he thus related his simple but heart-thrilling story.

“ I was raised on the plantation of J. C——, and perhaps few slaves have had a kinder master. At the age of twenty-two I married Clusy Davis, a girl of twenty. She was white. At least no one would suspect that she had any African blood in her veins. Some have said that the only trace of it was in her eyes ; and they were large, and soft, and brilliant, although very black. I believe no one ever knew Clusy without loving her—she was so sweet, and kind, and gentle—and no one ever saw her without admiring her beauty—which I may say *now*, I never saw the like of, in the fairest lady that ever gladdened the heart of a free man ; for it is two years this day since I laid her in her lonely grave away out there in Maryland ; and nothing but her sweet soul is left.”

He bowed himself to the ground ; and I knew by the convulsive heavings of his crouching form that he wept bitterly—The unwonted indulgence appeared to relieve him. He arose and went out a few moments ; and when he returned to his seat, all trace of tears had been carefully washed away ; and he resumed his narrative.

“ I had long been tenderly attached to Clusy. We had loved even from childhood ; and for about three months after marriage we were happy as the birds. Until that time I had thought little, though I had seen much, of the evils of Slavery ; for I had begun to love so early, and this so entirely took up my attention, that I had little time to dwell on the sorrows of my less fortunate companions. I had won the favor and confidence of my master and mistress. I always had enough to eat and drink, and I was well clothed. Upon my marriage I was promoted from the post of errand boy, or runner of the plantation, to that of coachman, and as Clusy was the personal attendant of her mistress this arrangement added much to our happiness, as we generally traveled togeth-

er. Both parties were mutually pleased with our new relation ; and, for a time, all went on happily. Clusy was a great favorite with her mistress—they had, indeed, been raised together, and were more like sisters, than mistress and slave.—Our master and mistress were married about a year before we were ; and they already had a fine little boy, of which the young parents were very proud. Our courtship had advanced together.—Year in, and year out, we went in company to the neighboring plantation of Col. Davis. We shared each other's secrets. All our little love-quarrels—all our hopes, and all our fears, were freely communicated ; and in the warmth and confidence of mutual friendship, and mutual love, we at times, forgot, we were master and slave—we forgot that there was a gulf lay between us wide and deep as that which separates chattels from men. Clusy and I were very happy. All our wants were supplied. We were contented in the present, and without care for the future. We considered ourselves the most favored of mortals. But how blind was our satisfaction ! We soon

found that we stood in a false position. What is true can never come out of falsehood—what is right can never come out of wrong. I have known Slavery in its best form; but there is no good in it.

“At length I observed that Clusy was getting pale; and I often found her in tears. I asked her the cause—I urged her to tell me; but she would dry them instantly, and say that she was not well—or that she was so lonesome she could not help crying when I was gone. I saw that this was mere pretence, and sought in vain for the truth that lay under it: and when, at last, she could no longer hide from me the fact of her unhappiness, she resolutely refused to tell the cause. I could find no relief to my anxiety. Strange indistinct visions of wrong haunted my bed at night, and my work by day. A new feeling of insecurity came upon me. I felt afraid of I knew not what. A dreamy consciousness of my false position began to present itself; and a vague sense of the horrors of Slavery oppressed me. When I slept it lay upon my breast like a night-mare; and when I woke it stared at me with the eyes of a

fiend, making hideous faces in the dark. It followed me every where. It looked out from the corners of the road. It mounted the carriage box and sat beside me. This spirit of unrest haunted me forever—a strange intimation of the approach of some unknown evil. It seemed to me that spirits were continually whispering words of warning ; and though I did not understand their meaning, I felt their power. In this manner three months more wore heavily away—Clusy all the time getting paler, weaker, and more silent, until, at length, she trembled as I approached her ; and any act of tenderness on my part seemed to terrify her—so that I began to lose all pleasure in her society—and at length seldom visited her.

“ One holy-day—it was the Fourth of July, I had resolved to go to a carouse, with my fellow slaves, and drown my troubles in whiskey. My master was even more complacent than usual, and gave me a generous allowance of money. He warmly encouraged my going, as masters always do, because whatever sinks the man, secures the slave ; and it seems he had another reason for

wishing me absent. I had already left the plantation and set out to join my companions at a small ale-house about half a mile farther, when my purpose was arrested in a very singular manner.— While loitering through the meadow, whistling—not so much for want of thought, as to drown thought, I came accidentally to a large magnolia tree, where I had first met Clusy, when we were both children. I threw myself into the refreshing shadow, when the times past and long forgotten, seemed to rise up before me. There we had often played together in childhood; and when she came to the great house, to this tree I always accompanied her; and here we always parted.— Here, too, she often came to meet me in the long starry evenings, after our work was done. Here she first promised to be mine; and here, too, my mother blessed us, but a few days before her death; and I remembered well the hot tears that fell upon my hand, as it was clasped between the bony and shriveled ones of my mother. I thought then that she wept because she was going to die; but I know now it was a deeper sorrow, that shook

her so fearfully. Here, too, beneath this very tree, we sat, with hand-fast locked in-hand, on the eve of our marriage ; and here the minister blessed us, and called us one. All these things became present with me. I lived again in the past ; and my spirit returned to its former peace. I abandoned my design of a frolic. I thought only of Clusy ; for Love and Faith once more blossomed in my heart ; and I hastened to reach the path which led to the pretty cottage that her loving mistress had built for her. I ran—I flew along its windings—and, almost breathless, I reached the viny shadow of her porch. I would clasp her to my heart, which was throbbing with but one great pulse, for her—for her alone—my love—my wife. I would assure her of my love—I would make amends for all my former coldness. I was nearly insane with the violence of my feelings. Oh, God ! what did I see ! My Master rushed from the cottage as I drew near—his face flushed—his eyes, terribly bright. As if by the help of a flash of lightning, I saw the truth—Too horrible it is to speak of ! I had never been jealous of Clusy—

why had I not ?—She was beautiful. She was in her master's power. She was in the power of every white man that chose to possess her. She was no longer mine. She was not my wife. And the babe that slept under her bosom—that, too. A thousand devils seemed to possess me ! I rushed into the house. She lay there on her couch, pale and almost lifeless. I know not what I did. I know not how long a time had passed. I only remember that Clusy lay stretched upon the floor, and the hot blood that gushed from her mouth and nostrils was wetting my feet, and stood in puddles upon the ground. A horrible thought that I had murdered her took possession of me. I lifted her up and bore her to a neighboring spring. I bathed her head—her hands. I drenched her with cold water. For minutes that seemed hours, years, ages, I watched to see whether she would live or die. At length, slowly, and faintly, she opened her eyes ; and the horrid guilt of murder, like a great weight, was lifted from my soul. I wept, I prayed. I covered her hands, her arms, her very feet with kisses. I blessed her with bless-

ings that seemed wrought out of my heart's blood.

“ She appeared very weak—too weak to utter a sound, though she often strove to do so ; but she feebly pressed my hand ; and when she turned those large, loving, truthful eyes full upon me, looking into my very soul, I knew that she was guiltless. Whatever others might have done, *she* had done no wrong. At length I became completely exhausted. I sank down beside her, weak and helpless as a child ; and, side by side, with cheek resting against cheek, we slept together. Clusy was the first to wake, ‘ Laco,’ she whispered, ‘ rise, I pray you ! Massa will be very angry, if we are seen here together !’

“ ‘ Why, what do you mean ?’ I cried, starting up in alarm, ‘ you are my wife—my own wife ! Did not Massa Minister, himself, say—What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder ? I cannot leave you, for you are ill.’”

“ ‘ O, you must, I shall die, soon, Laco—very soon—and then you will have no more trouble—your baby will never see the light.—It is yours,’ she added, in a hollow whisper—‘ and I

have kept it pure for your sake.' After a short pause she resumed—'I believe I must tell you now, Laco—I thought I never should, but I believe I must. I shall never get another chance. Let us go to the woods. I dare not speak here.' She attempted to rise ; but she fell back quite exhausted. 'Can you carry me?' she whispered faintly. I took her in my arms and bore her to the wood. She was so light and thin it seemed like carrying a shadow. 'Clusy,' I cried, in agony ; 'how much you must have suffered ! And why—why could I not have known it ?'

" 'I will tell you ;' she answered, 'but hush and be quick ;' I piled together a heap of fresh leaves, and laid her gently down. 'Sit down by me now, Laco, and turn your eyes away ; for you must not look at me while I am telling.'

"O, I wish some of those fine ladies, who think that the slave woman has no virtue—no delicacy—no sense even of decency—could have seen with what a sweet and shrinking modesty she told the revolting tale ; and when it was finished how she hid her head in my bosom, and wept so piteously !

It was a common story, I have since found. Her master was enamored of her beauty. He had sought in vain to win her favor—at first by entreaty, by presents, and flattery ; then by violence, and the most abusive treatment.' 'And why did you not tell me this before, Clusy ?' I asked.

“ ‘ O,’ said she, looking up in my face, and at the same time clinging to me with a convulsive shudder, ‘ he said he would kill you, if I ever told ; and massa very strong—massa very cunning—massa very rich. What could poor slave do ? I never should dare to tell now, only Lord Jesus Christ came to me last night, in my dreams, and say I must. He say poor slave woman come to him presently. There is no selling—there is no buying where the Lord Jesus is ; there is no flogging to make poor woman wicked ; no more—’

“ ‘ He surely has not dared to flog you, Clusy !’ I interrupted.

“ ‘ Look here,’ she answered, with a shudder, ‘ see if Clusy tell truth, or no.’ She drew aside from her back the one loose garment, and—O, my God ! that soft white skin was cut up and

crossed and seamed in all directions ; and there were deep ridges, and running sores. And all this she had borne without complaint, for my sake—for the love of virtue—for the inborn love of purity—O, God ! it was hard to look upon, and think I had no power to help her !”

He paused, unable for some time to speak farther. He shook from head to foot, and bitter groans burst from his heaving bosom.

At length he grew calm, and continued. “ We resolved to apply for advice to the minister who had married us. He was a Presbyterian. Mr. and Mrs. C——, were members of his church. Clusy and I, also, were baptized members of his flock. I bore my wife to the cottage, and laid her on the couch ; and having summoned an old woman to attend to her, and to inform her mistress that she was ill, I went in pursuit of the minister. I had the good fortune to find him. I told him my story, in words that seemed to burn me as I uttered them. And what do you think he said ? He said *there was no help*—that I must *submit* ! Think of that, Christians ! a minister of the gos-

pel, in high standing, deliberately instructs one member of his church to sin, that another member may be accommodated in sin ! Think of that, husbands—ye who have beds you can call your own ! ye who have honor to lose—I must submit to see my wife polluted ! I must submit to see her scourged, because she would not yield herself willingly ! And *she* must submit ! Think of that, wives ! Think of it, all ye modest and virtuous women, who have husbands, and brothers, and friends, and the laws, to wall round, and protect your purity, so that the shadow of evil may not approach you—a gentle and lovely, and delicate woman ; ay, and as modest and virtuous as any of you—although she had been taught only by her own pure and loving nature—although she was shielded only by the majesty of innocence—she who had borne repeated stripes and bitter sorrow, rather than pollution—she was told by her minister—her spiritual guide and pattern, that she must commit a damning sin—that she must have no conscience of her own—that her master was answerable for her offences ! She was told this by

the very man who had placed on her brow the seal of baptism—who had mocked her with the rite of marriage!—Think of this, all ye virtuous—all ye pious women of the land; and if your virtue, your piety, are not a mere sham—are not a damning lie—give speedy help to the thousands of women—all of them your sisters in the bonds of Humanity—many of them your sisters in the bonds of Christianity—who are daily prostituted on the altar of slavery! while the black-hearted, lying Priests, lift up their bloody hands in consecration of the rite !!

“Is it strange that I hated religion—that I hated the very form of man? for I came to believe that a devil incarnate had taken possession of it!

“I dreaded to communicate this intelligence to Clusy; but she was prepared. When I told her all, a superhuman strength seemed to possess her. The poor, ignorant, weak, and almost dying woman, was changed at once into the form of a seraph. Her eyes shone with terrible brightness, as she rose up and sat erect on her couch, her long, black silken hair streaming, with a contrast

almost terrific, over her pale features. Her eyes were raised toward heaven; and for some moments she seemed conversing with the spirits that dwell there. At length she turned her eyes upon me, with a dignity and majesty I cannot describe, although it astonished and terrified me; for I thought I had seen a spirit. 'Then he is a liar,' she said—'and the Lord Jesus Christ never sent him. He came from Hell; and he will return to Hell again. But the innocent will triumph! God never will forsake his children!' A radiance not of earth overspread her features. She sank gently down upon her couch, as if the hands of angels had supported her. I could almost feel the breath from their fanning plumes—for I knew they were watching her, when she slept so sweetly, a lamb among prowling wolves. Yet in her simple faith she rested securely; for God kept her.

"I will not, and I need not, recount here all the disgusting steps in this affair. Clusy and I were happier than we had been; since we had no secrets from each other. In the deepest trouble we could kneel down and pray together; and we

were not left entirely without comfort, bitter and heavy as the yoke of bondage was. For God drew near unto our souls in the day of trouble; and our good mistress, to whom the whole affair became known, not only felt for, but shared our sorrows.

I should have told you that on the Sabbath following the Fourth of July alluded to, the *Rev.* Mr. Lovegold broke the bread of life, and administered the communion. The seducer, the adulterer—the tenfold murderer was there, and partook of the holy feast—not only unrebuked, but with the smiling approbation of his kind pastor. Our master, finding that I had become apprised of his conduct, threw off all disguise, and openly declared that after the birth of her child, Clusy should be his exclusively; threatening, if I made the least opposition, to sell me into Louisiana. To the birth of our child—that event so pleasing to most parents, we looked forward with the most agonizing fears. How we were sustained I know not; but it really seemed as if an angel had entered into the heart of my wife; for what else

could have supported her? From day to day she bore punishments which I cannot repeat—which I dare not even think of—with a heroic gentleness which was nerved to suffer all things, but to yield nothing. She endured with the spirit of a lamb; but she resisted with the heart of a lion.

“ It was early in the month of September, that Mr. C., in attempting to extort a promise from Clusy to favor his wishes, became so exasperated by her refusal, that he ordered the overseer to bestow forty lashes on her back, which had never been permitted to heal. She in vain pleaded that fright and agitation had made her very ill—that she could not even stand. She was bound to the stake; and while cruel and vulgar men mocked her agony, *THERE our babe was born!* Had I been there, all the devils in Hell could not have kept me from defending her. But I had been purposely sent at some distance from home, and on my return, I found the wretched mother scarcely alive, and the dead child lying beside her.

“ Oh, bless and praise God !” were the first faint words she uttered, that he has taken our babe

before she knew what it is to be a SLAVE-WOMAN ! !' Think of this, ye wives, whose maternal anguish is alleviated by all that love, and friendship, and art, and science, can do ! think if ye would see your own daughters suffer the like ; and inasmuch as ye would not, strive to redeem these, also, from the bitter degradation—the cruel suffering !

“Although extremely weak I found my wife perfectly sane. Her kind mistress had done every thing that could then be done, to promote her safety and comfort. When I arrived she was holding a pale hand of the sufferer between both of hers, and bathing it with her tears. She loved poor Clusy with a sister's love ; but she could do nothing to save her.

“Three weeks from that night I escaped with my wife ; for her master had begun to renew his base proposals. I asked her if she dared to undertake the journey, in her then weak state. I told her of the blood-hounds, of the rifle shots, of the nameless tortures that would await us, if retaken ; for Clusy had been kindly dealt with almost

all her life and knew very little of slavery. 'I can die,' she replied; 'I am ready, and willing; and I must die soon; but I cannot live here. That answer determined me. I bore her in my arms, that night, to the heart of a thick swamp; and, on the cold wet earth we nestled together. There was no terror in the numerous serpents and reptiles that crept around, and crawled over us. They were not so cold, or so venomous, as the heart of the slave-holder. We seldom stirred abroad by day; but at night we crept from our hiding place, found out the north star, and resumed our journey. When she was overcome with fatigue, which often happened, I carried her in my arms; and I really began to hope that the prospect of liberty would be the elixir of life, and completely restore her; but I found that there is no medicine to heal a broken heart. True, she seemed, at times, much stronger—her eyes grew brighter and brighter every day; and her fair cheek was tinged with a deep spot of red; but when we had reached the northern boundary of Maryland, she could go no farther.

“ ‘Lay me down,’ she whispered. ‘It is useless to strive on. I have panted for freedom. I have struggled hard for it ; but I can struggle no longer. Pile me a bed of leaves, and sit down by me ; for I feel that I am dying. There, let the north wind blow upon my cheek, for it is the breath of the free ; and let me look once more upon the bright star we have followed so long. It has been our only friend. Do you think it will shine in heaven, Laco ? Ah, now I hear angels singing songs of freedom ! I shall never suffer any more ; I have no pain—no sorrow. God will send a good spirit to lead you, my husband, into the land of liberty ! O, God, pity and forgive poor Massa ! Oh, Lord ! bless dear, dear Missis !— Is there a cloud upon the moon ?— It is dark—dark. Ah, now a bright light is springing up within me ; and through it I see heaven ! Never mourn for Clusy ! she is FREE ! FREE !!’ She murmured a few indistinct words of praise and prayer ; then her lips were still ; and I saw that without a struggle the free soul had departed.

“ In the deep loneliness of a widowed heart I

sat by her till morning, and then by the help of a small flat stone, but mostly with my hands alone, I hollowed out a grave in the sandy earth. There I buried her. There I sat all day, so absorbed in my sorrow that I knew nothing of the flight of time, until it was dark again. The melancholy owl came out and mourned with me. It seemed then as if I had companionship—as if an intelligent being had spoken to me ; and I, for the first time, gave utterance to my grief aloud. At length a whippoorwill came and sat upon the new grave, and sang her plaintive song. I thought the pure spirit spoke to me in the voice of that gentle bird : and then the angel of peace dropped his wings upon my weary soul, and I slept.

“ I left her there, sleeping in the lonely woods of Maryland; but I brought with me a shadow, which no earthly sun can chase away. Tell my story,” he added, as he rose from the ground—“ publish it abroad ; for if any woman can hear it without a wish—a determination to labor with all her might to abolish THE SLAVERY OF WOMAN, I impeach her virtue—She is *not* TRUE—she is *not* PURE.”

THE SLAVE-MOTHER.

BY S. L. L.

It comes at length, the twilight dim ;
The weary mother sings her hymn
Sweetly, but plaintively. She sings,
“ I have no hope in earthly things,
But only in the King of kings.”

’Twas a young mother sitting there,
The mingled hues her features bear
Of that poor race to ruin driven,
With those to whom the will of Heaven
A paler tint of skin has given.

She hushed upon her yearning breast
Her loved—her first-born—into rest ;
And parted back his raven hair,
And heavenly hope with earth’s despair
Was struggling in her tone and air.

“ My baby dear, they sold away
Thy father to the South to-day ;

And soon they'll come for thee, sweet love.
Oh, why thou gracious One, above,
Do slaves e'er know a mother's love?

"Hush, babe! thy mother's earnest tone
'Wakens anew thy plaintive moan.
Hush, babe! thou hast no father near
To wipe away thy glistening tear:
Hush! for the master's step I hear."

The master comes, he need not speak;
She reads it all with changing cheek,
And eyes whence tears of anguish run—
Closer she clasps her little one,
And sobs aloud "You've sold my son."

"I have! no whimpering, on thy life,
Or soon the lash shall end the strife.
To-night with thee the boy may stay;
To-morrow morn at break of day
You part—be silent, and obey."

The morning came, as fair a morn
As ever was in Eden born.
As near the hut the master drew,
The deep green earth, the Heavens blue
Were still, as if the whole they knew.

He entered there ; on the low ground
The mother and her babe he found ;
He stooped to rouse with sudden shake—
Pause, ruffian, pause! for Heaven's dear sake,
The dead, the dead wouldst thou awake ?

Oh ! what divine, triumphant air
Those young and gentle features wear!
And the meek babe, no ruffian bold
Shall e'er unclasp the tender hold
Of those soft arms that thee enfold.

A mortal plague that season reigned,
And many a bondman, long enchained,
Found freedom in their welcome graves;—
Lucy and her dear infant craves
A place among these happy slaves.

Far off on that clear morning sky,
'Twas told that music floated by,
And legends of that region wild
Said that sweet song of angels mild,
Was Lucy and her blessed child.

NEWPORT, R. I.

A LETTER.

E. GREENWICH, JUNE 30, 1845.

DEAR FRIENDS :

As I did not absolutely refuse your kind request to furnish an article for your Book, I have endeavored to fix on some subject that might be interesting to your readers ; and my excuse is, that I feel such an all-absorbing interest for the re-union of the Friends of the Slave, that I have no place in my mind but for that ONE IDEA.

When in the year 1836, I had the high honor to preside in the convention that formed the R. I. State A. S. Society, and there witnessing the unanimity, zeal, and kindness and Brotherly Love there manifested, giving promise of certain success, my heart rejoiced exceedingly.

But where now are those Brethren whose hearts mingled like drops of water uniting in one ? why

is the good work stayed, and why are those brave hearts chilled ? Why do those Giant arms hang listlessly down and why are those heavenly tempered weapons blunted or turned upon their Friends ? Who is the Enemy that has done all this ? Is he not of ourselves ? And why have those loud peans ceased, with which the Liberator and Emancipator, once greeted the Tappans, Garrison, Birney, Stanton, *Rogers*, Phelps, Goodell, Stewart, Smith and others ? Has the pure gold become dim ? Or are those Editors of too pure eyes to look upon human infirmity with the least degree of allowance ? I do most sincerely wish that all Friends of the Slave would earnestly inquire, why it is, that most of our Anniversaries exhibit the secession, or an open, violent, virulent, attack on some prominent, active and influential abolitionist ; all his faults observed set in a note book, conned and learned to be cast into his teeth. And then let those who are not wholly inflated with the idea of their own infallibility, resolve not to cast the first stone until they are without sin and resolve to refrain from all harsh and pro-

voking epithets, and cheerfully leave others to choose such means as they think will be most effective to accomplish the object we all so much desire.

Yours for the Slave

And Freedom of Speech,

JOHN BROWN.

LINES WRITTEN IN NOVEMBER.

BY SARAH H. WHITMAN.

“ All seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple tree.”—COLERIDGE.

—
Farewell the forest-shade—the twilight grove,
The turfy path with fern and flowers inwove,
Where through long summer days I wandered far
'Till warned of evening by her “folding-star.”—
No more I linger by the fountain's play
Where arching boughs shut out the sultry ray,
Making at noon-tide hours a dewy gloom ;
O'er the moist marge where weeds and wild flowers bloom ;
'Till from the western sun a glancing flood
Of arrowy radiance filled the twilight wood,
Glinting athwart each leafy verdant fold,
And flecking all the turf with drops of gold.

Sweet sang the wild-bird on the waving bough
Where cold November winds are wailing now ;—
The chirp of insects on the sunny lea,
And the wild music of the wandering bee
Are silent all—closed is their vesper lay,
Borne by the breeze of Autumn far away—
Yet still the withered heath I love to rove,
The bare brown meadow and the leafless grove—
Still love to tread the bleak hill's rocky side,
Where nodding asters wave in purple pride,
Or from its summit listen to the flow
Of the dark waters booming far below.
Still through the tangling pathless copse I stray
Where sere and rustling leaves obstruct the way,
To find the last pale blossom of the year,
That strangely blooms when all is dark and drear—
The wild witch hazel, fraught with mystic power
To ban, or bless, as sorcery rules the hour.—
Then, homeward wending 'neath the dusky vale
Where winding rills their evening damps exhale,—
Pause by the dark pool in whose sleeping wave
Pale Dian loves her golden locks to lave,
In the hushed fountain's heart, serene and cold,
Glassing her glorious image—as of old
When first she stole upon Endymion's rest,
And his young dreams with heavenly beauty blessed.

And thou, "stern ruler of the inverted year,"
Cold, cheerless winter, hath thy wild career
No sweet peculiar pleasures for the heart,
That can ideal worth to rudest forms impart?

When, through thy long dark nights, cold sleet and rain
Patter and plash against the frosty pane,
Warm curtained from the storm, I love to lie
Wakeful, and listening to the lullaby
Of fitful winds, that, as they rise and fall,
Send hollow murmurs through the echoing hall.

Oft by the blazing hearth at eventide,
I love to mark the changing shadows glide
In flickering motion o'er the umbered wall,
Till slumber's honey-dew my senses thrall.
Then, while in dreamy consciousness, I lie
'Twixt sleep and waking, fairy fantasia
Culls from the golden past a treasured store,
And weaves a dream so sweet, hope could not ask for more.

In the cold splendor of a frosty night,
When blazing stars burn with intenser light
Through the blue vault of heaven—when cold and clear
The air through which yon tall cliffs rise severe;
Or when the shrouded earth in solemn trance

Sleeps 'neath the wan moon's melancholy glance,
I love to mark earth's sister planets rise,
And in pale beauty tread the midnight skies,
Where, like lone pilgrims, constant as the night,
They fill their dark urns from the fount of light.

I love the Borealis' flames that fly
Fitful and wild athwart the northern sky,—
The storied constellation, like a page
Fraught with the wonders of a former age,
Where monsters grim, gorgons, and hydras rise,
And " Gods and heroes blaze along the skies."

Thus Nature's music, various as the hour
Solemn, or sweet, hath ever mystic power
Still to preserve the unperverted heart
Awake to love and beauty—to impart
Treasures of thought, and feeling pure and deep,
That aid the doubting soul its heavenward course to keep.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

From "The Kosmian," an unpublished work.

AHMED'S LETTERS.

NO. 48.

BROTHER OF MY SOUL,

THOU well rememberest that from time to time I have spoken to thee on the subject of TEXAS, and its annexation to these United States—which measure is now said to be inavertible; and only waits the ratification of the next Congress. The stupidity—the stolid indifference of these people in regard to the subject is really astonishing! One would think it should burn itself into every heart, until the whole man became ignited, as with in-consumable fire. But what do I see? A people professedly Republican, with the most sonorous grandiloquence about freedom on their lips, and the most swelling flourishes of patriotism in all

their writings—the one half, or the small majority, urging and carrying forward a measure, which is intended to fasten the curse of slavery—slavery, too, of the most revolting character—upon the land, forever; and the other half, or the large minority, without sufficient force to resist the current—which they seem to take for granted it is impossible to arrest! And this has been the condition of things for months! Impossible! Nought should be considered impossible, while aught remains to be done! Impossible!—the word should be made *obsolete* at such a crisis; and every man should plant himself upon the rights of man, and do battle therefor, with a firm resolve to conquer, or die in the struggle! Is there no Leonidas to throw himself into the gap? Are there no brave three hundred men to follow, and sustain him?

Thou wilt remember, my friend, that, after Mexico had achieved her independence, her first great measure was to manumit her slaves, providing that slavery should cease, and forever, throughout her dominions. This noble consistency, which so readily gave to others what she demand-

ed for herself, should have secured to her the admiration of the living world, as it surely will the applause of posterity. But this only inflamed the avarice of the American slave-holders, many of whom had settled in Texas; and a conspiracy was immediately set on foot to rend the colony from the parent country. To this end seditions were fomented by a band of swindlers and loafers, who had emigrated from the United States, and who were sustained and encouraged by the slave-power of the country. These continued to import and retain slaves, contrary to the express laws of the Republic; and, by their wild and lawless character, they overawed the old residents, who were living prosperous and happy, under the gentle sway of Mexico. Although the Texan declaration of independence falsely asserts to the contrary, all religions were tolerated by an act of the legislature, the right of trial by jury, in all cases whatsoever, was secured by law; schools were established; their lands were *given* to the people, and they were exempt from taxation for ten years; the gentlest, the most generous policy

ever extended to any body of emigrants, was met with the basest ingratitude. In this way the revolt commenced ; and though this country was, at that time, and has remained since, under bonds of peace and mutual alliance with Mexico ; yet, in violation of the law of nations—in violation of all good faith—men, money, and arms, were publicly levied, and transported into Texas, to aid the insurgents. They were permitted to pass the borders without check or hindrance, under the weak and silly pretence that they *could* not be restrained. The cause of Texas was represented as the cause of liberty ; and strong appeals to patriotism in connection with the foulest prejudice and cupidity, were made in her behalf, and published openly in the public Journals. The President was known to hold a correspondence with the chief of the conspirators, one of whom, SWARTWOUT, was *his very particular friend*. An army was raised for the special purpose of conveying a large body of recruits into Mexico ; and they had actually received marching orders—but the affair getting abroad, they were retained.

An agency was established in New Orleans, with full powers to raise and equip a navy, to forward supplies to the army, and to accept, and encourage, the services of volunteers. At this time Mexico had a fleet which commanded the gulf ; but, within three months, four heavily armed schooners were equipped, in full view of the Custom House of New Orleans ; and, in less than four months, every Mexican cruiser was either destroyed, or driven into port : and this loss of the command of the sea, was the main cause of the defeat of Santa Anna—with which the Texans had nothing to do. At this period, transports filled with armed volunteers, were continually leaving New Orleans. Munitions of war were purchased and shipped in the most open manner ; and, at one time, three transports and an armed steamboat, with five hundred volunteers under the command of Gen. Green, fitted out, and sailed from the Levee, which is directly in front of the Custom House, with the sound of drums, and the Texan colors flying. Simultaneously with these movements, another large army belonging to the

United States was despatched into Mexico, ostensibly with the *very friendly intention* of protecting our ALLY from the Indians on our frontier ; but, really, to overawe the Mexican, and strengthen the Texan Soldiers ; and this policy they fully sustained, always permitting American volunteers to pass into Texas by the hundred ; while no Mexican, or native Indian, was allowed to approach the Texan army ; and this was their neutrality !—Surely the pretext that these facts were unknown to the government, exceeds in audacity the movements themselves, yet no proclamation was issued ; and no overt, or official act of the Executive, discountenanced, or, in any way, discouraged them. THE PRESIDENT NOT ONLY VIOLATED THE LAWS OF NATIONS, BUT HIS OATH OF OFFICE ; and, after all this, in his following Message, the Chief Magistrate spoke not one word of the troubles ; but represented all the relations with Mexico as of the most bright and sunny character !

In his general order for the execution of Arbuthnot, and Ambrister, President Jackson says ;—

“It is an *established principle* of the law of nations, that any individual of any nation, making war against the citizens of another nation, they being at peace, forfeits his allegiance, and becomes an outlaw, and a pirate.” According to this principle then, the whole array of “Emigrants,” and Volunteers, with **THE GOVERNMENT AT THEIR HEAD**, should have been hanged, as **OUTLAWS AND PIRATES!** Tell it not in Algiers, O, my brother! Publish it not on the hills of Constantine! how this great Nation has fallen!—how Slavery walketh abroad, or sitteth in high places, clothed in purple, while Freedom is robed in sackcloth, and bowed down to the dust, in sorrow and lamentation! The proud mock her as they go by; and the great ones of the land rejoice in her tears!

To this alliance with Texas the whole spirit, and most of the men of the North, were entirely opposed—until, in the electioneering campaign of 1844, it was made the test question of a party, and the basis of political action. In the name of Democracy, then, which declares that “all men are created free and equal, and are by nature endowed with certain

inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," a system is to be sustained and perpetuated, which cuts off, at a blow, every one of those rights—which devours and swallows up life with fearful rapidity—which annihilates liberty—which leaves no room for happiness, but in the grave—which divests man of his God-like attributes, drives him to the shambles, and makes him a *brute*—a **THING**—which tramples under foot all social and domestic relations—which invades the sanctuary of female virtue, and pronounces *woman*, **PROPERTY**.

The great movement of Annexation has been carried forward by addressing two of the strongest of the selfish principles, the **LOVE OF GAIN**, and the **LOVE OF POWER**. In addition to the impulse which Slavery gave, the whole country was flooded with Texan "*Scrip*," or fraudulent land-titles, which would be worth nothing if the Mexican authority was re-established, but which would increase in value, if Texas could be allied to this country. So the scrip-holders, like the slave-holders, became violent Annexationists; and here

was the root of their patriotism! Remember that all right of alliance is predicated on the assumption that *Texas achieved* her independence. This she never did. Her battles were fought, and her victories won, by American volunteers! Even at the battle of San Jacinto, there were not twenty native Texans on the field. The true people of Texas were satisfied with the government of Mexico, and indisposed to change; and these were so far in a majority in 1843, as to *decline* a formal proposition of alliance made by this government; and it was only acceded to, upon a direct **THREAT OF WAR!** Yes, my brother, this self-styled noble and magnanimous government—has crowned her meanness by threatening the feeble and infant republic of Texas with war! What an array of facts is here! The Americans invading the territory of Mexico, with whom they were at peace, and taking possession of the country, without the consent, and against the wishes, of a majority even of the people of *Texas!* They have overthrown the laws and usurped the dominion of a friendly power—and now a majority of the peo-

ple at home sustain them in the wrong! What a record for history! Is there no true blood in your veins, that ye blush not, O ye degenerate sons of noble fathers! Are these people so lifted up—so swelled out with a mighty pride, that they really have no regard to the opinion of the world—no regard even to the laws which govern the world? Are they so blinded by self-conceit that they cannot perceive the ridiculous, the despicable light in which they appear? Allah is good; and I bless thee, O MY FATHER, that the star of my nativity rose not in the United States, but in the States of Barbary.

Thou wilt remember the several reasons which have been urged by its friends, in favor of the measure, to which I have given due weight in former letters. I have no leisure at this time to give them further attention. I will, however, just recapitulate the heads, for the better present understanding of the subject:—They are—the danger of smugglers in the south east—of the occupation of the country by England—of the escape of Southern slaves into Mexico—and the advantages to

their trade and commerce. The fallacy of all these I have before shown thee. But even if they were valid, are they not founded in sheer policy? and how can they stand against a question of absolute right? As well might we possess ourselves of our neighbor's purse, because it is convenient, or agreeable to do so—because we may make ourselves richer or stronger by so doing. Wrong, by being extended from the individual to the mass—to the nation—does not lose its character. It is still wrong; and though it multiply itself into a thousand hydras, yet every single head will be held accountable; and, in proportion to its power of persuading others, will be found guilty. Let no man seek to hide himself under his neighbor's fault, nor under the shadow of the general wickedness—though it spread itself forth as the banyan tree—though it stretch itself upward so as to darken heaven—yet the worm that is nourished at its own root shall consume its vitality. It shall wither away, and the lightning of God shall consume it. All wrong is temporary. It existeth but for a season. Only Truth and Right are eternal.

I should here allude to the dissimulation and inconsistency of the Annexationists, one party of whom strongly recommend it as a pro-slavery measure, and another as an anti-slavery measure, —both being agreed between themselves, to use any means, and tell any story, by which the North may be cajoled, and the grand object effected. Mr. Murphy, Chargee of this Government at Texas, speaks quite explicitly on this point. In a letter to Mr. Upshur, of September 23d, 1843—he says. “ Do not offend our fanatical brethren of the North. *Talk about civil, political, and religious liberty; that will be the safest issue to go before the world with!*” What can be expected of a people who have such leaders? and what hope can there be in a nation where POLICY is superior to TRUTH, and PARTY is paramount to RIGHT? But there is one recommendation of the measure which I must notice here, since it shows quite clearly how rich they are in resources, how strong in reasons. Mr. Walker, the slave-holding anti-slavery advocate from Mississippi, strongly argues the necessity of changing boundaries, because the

present carves the valley into "a *shape actually hideous!*" It is too angular. It does not exemplify Hogarth's line of grace and beauty, and therefore must be changed. A very excellent reason for invading and spoiling one's neighbor!

In weighing the advantages of Annexation, I wish thee to bear in mind that the character of the climate on the Gulf of Mexico is such, that a white population, sufficient for its defence, can never be maintained there. The slave population, with all its elements of discord, must always preponderate. To excite such a people to revolt, would probably be the first policy of an invading enemy; and to be prepared against this, *would require a stationary force greater than would be necessary for the defence of the whole Atlantic coast.* What will be gained, then, by the possession of all the dangerous coast of Texas, which is wholly unfit, either for the purposes of commerce or defence?

The annexation of Texas became a party measure of the Democrats; and but few distinguished men among them dared to breast the current of popular action. The spirit in which such opposition

would be met, was shewn by Mr. Walker, when he declared, that "the wrath of this indignant nation, shall roll like lava, in fiery torrents, over the political graves, of those who oppose the admission of Texas." Deeply is it to be regretted that a Buchanan, a Woodbury, and a Bancroft, should not have *chosen* "*political graves*" rather than have lent the influence of their splendid genius to so bad a cause; and that even a Webster without any apology of party bias, should voluntarily have given it an indirect support! The orator of Plymouth Rock, and of Bunker Hill, bowing down before the Southern Moloch! Could the pilgrims have foreseen this, the Mayflower would have turned back, to retrace her pathway over those wintry seas; and could the dying heroes of Bunker have known it, their spirits, ere they parted forever, would have felt a pang keener than death, in the conviction that all those rivers of blood were poured out in vain!

I have seen but one Democratic paper which came out against Annexation; and that is The Independent Democrat, edited by Robert C. Wet-

more. Cherish the name, my friend, for we must expect great things of a man who could, in this country, be his own judge of right—and resist the sway of his party. We see in this fact a heroism sufficient for all things. I am happy to add two other names to the above—those of Richard D. Davis, and John P. Hale, the only democratic members of Congress who went against Annexation, at the final vote, in 1845 ! These names are embalmed forever by their true love of liberty.

I will now give thee some good sound Northern reasons why Texas should *not* be annexed, beginning with the lowest, or those of a purely economical character. First, then, the United States must liquidate, or assume, the vast national debt of Texas—a debt of \$10,000,000. In addition to this, she must become responsible for the payment of the Mexican land claims. Thou wilt remember that previous to the revolution, Mexico had nearly covered the entire soil of Texas with grants. These grants she will be obliged to make good, although the soil has been covered, again and again, by the forged scrip, which has been

hawked through this country. To a nation nearly or quite bankrupt this is surely no trifle ; especially when we take into the account all the incalculable expenses of war, and standing armies for the protection of a wide and weak frontier. This vast amount must be liquidated by taxes drawn mainly from the northern laborer, who is to gain nothing by the accession ; but, on the contrary, is actually in danger of losing his own liberty, and of being reduced to the condition of a serf, or bondman. Are the free laborers of the North prepared for this ? Do they know that the necessity of such a relation as that of master and slave, has been boldly advocated by Calhoun, by M'Duffie, and by Lamar, the late Governor of Texas ? These men surely do not want the will to make the white laborers slaves ; and when they have made forty-three new slave states as large as that of Massachusetts, who will become guarantie for their want of power ? Then let Northern men remember that in their blind, or guilty acquiescence in a base party measure, they may have sealed their own doom ! Shame on the leaders, who have so

abused their generous confidence—who have so blinded, misled, and corrupted them !

Again, it would increase the elements of internal disorder and jealousy, and sow the seeds of final disunion. The opposing interests, habits, and principles of the North and South, cannot be long reconciled to each other, or stand in juxtaposition without conflict. When the electioneering excitement shall have produced its reaction, the dupes of political sophistry will begin to be indignant at the cheat ; and they will come out against it—unless the North is wholly subdued, and made really an appendage and organ of the South—which cannot be done in one day ; for the North is, in the main, true and staunch. The only difficulty is, that it is kept in such strong armor of dollars and cents, there is no such thing as getting into it. But, in the event alluded to, public virtue would be undermined, free labor would be degraded, the standard of national morality would be immensely lowered, corruption would lead to weakness—and weakness would soon find the downward steps to final ruin. This is no idle

speculation. There is nothing can long sustain a people, however rich, or powerful, or enlightened they may be, if the principle of honor, of integrity, of high heroic virtue be wholly wanting. All history—all experience—shows that when the public heart has become corrupt, the nation has begun to decay. I believe not that nations, like individuals, must have their limited period of growth, decay, and dissolution. If I could believe such a doctrine at all, I should see in this nation fearful signs of approaching fate ; but such an idea is contrary to the great law which is interwoven in the destiny of man, and which binds him to the necessity of infinite progress. True, some fearful mistakes have been made ; and Nations have been immolated on the funeral pile of their accumulated sins ; but the present, and the future, must learn the lessons of the past. Let the nation cherish Purity and Justice, and Truth, and it shall live ; for these are eternal.

Again, it will be made the avenue to future conquest and aggression. A Nation that has forfeited her good faith can have no character to lose, and

piracy on the high seas, may consummate her course of domestic, social and international piracy. The subjugation of Mexico, is, even now, openly talked of ; and the rich temples, and golden images of that country, are pointed out by the leaders as stimulants to the cupidity of lawless adventurers,

Is this Republic, then, to be not only a nation of slave-breeders, but must it also become a nursery of robbers and pirates?—for what better is he than a robber and a pirate, who goes forth to spoil his neighbor, with no higher motive than the love of gain? Is the public virtue to be increased in this way, or the great heart of the nation to be strengthened? Are the scenes of feudal times to be brought up anew, and re-enacted in the heart of this republic, and in the middle of the nineteenth century?

Again; it will involve the country in war; and war has, even now, been declared by Mexico. Sneer not, proud American, but rather remember the Seminole war, where, in spite of your bloodhounds, millions of money, and thousands of human lives, were wasted, to subjugate a handful of

Indians—who have never been subdued, even yet! But will the powers of Europe look on quietly, and see the dismemberment of a Republic? for not only is Texas dismembered, but two other states, which American rapacity is grasping. But a war with Mexico will be no contemptible affair; for she will be in the right, her enemies in the wrong. How will these Republicans do battle in behalf of Slavery? They should have faces cold and stony as the Sphynx, lest the blood which has flowed in direct currents from the Pilgrim fountains, should force itself upward, and mantle their cheeks with the burning blush of shame; until, looking upon each other, their knees would smite together in mortal agony, at the speaking evidence of their guilt. Then shall come forth the Champions of Right, with their smooth pebbles from the brook; and the boasting Goliaths shall be laid low; for God is *not* on their side.

The true policy of this country is peace. In peace her resources are to be developed, her character elevated, the basis of her institutions established, and her duties to mankind fulfilled.

Could she but perceive the true end of her being, she would read therein a mission to the Ages, and the Nations—she would see herself destined to be the great exponent of human liberty, shewing the absolute value of man, as man—demonstrating that the hand-laborer and the king, are intrinsically equal—both standing on the same great level platform of Humanity. This is her peculiar mission ; and for this the Declaration of Independence is her diploma. But if she is false to her trust—if she becomes corrupt, and wantonly presses downward to the gulf of irretrievable ruin, how will the less-favored Nations taunt her with bitter mockery ; “ Art thou also become weak as we ? art thou become like unto us ! How art thou fallen from heaven, Oh Lucifer, star of the morning !”

Again ; it would give a fatal preponderance to the slave-power, which has long governed this country.

Let it be remembered that the South, though far in the minority, has held the reins of the government, and swayed the destiny of the nation almost the entire period of fifty years. One word will

explain to thee how this is effected. By a law of the Nation, Slave property is represented in the national councils—that is, five slaves rank equal to three free men of the North—so that a planter having one hundred slaves, would be entitled to as much weight in the Senate as 60 free men of the north. Now when 43 new slave states as large as that of Massachusetts shall have been erected, and there shall be a representation of five or six millions of Slaves, there will be no longer need of all the bullying, which has disgraced the Capitol for years past—there will no longer be an enemy to contend with ; for the North must either sink down into a state of degrading vassalage, or seek for Freedom in disunion.

Again ; it will indefinitely enlarge the boundaries of slavery, and tend to make the institution perpetual. This has, indeed, been **THE GREAT PRINCIPLE** which has lain at the base of all southern action on the subject—the grand lever which has moved all southern influence. This policy has been openly avowed by nearly all the great Leaders of the enterprise ; and yet, with the fact

of their assertions staring them full in the face, Northern men affect to disbelieve. Do they think these men are fools, that they should struggle, and bully, and wrangle for years, with a concentration of zeal which has swallowed up all other interests, unless they well knew why? General Lamar, late President of Texas, has given us some light on this subject, which we should do well to profit by. He says that, in cases of non-annexation, from the proximity of Mexico, the insecurity of negro property would be infinitely increased; and, consequently, the tide of emigration from the southern states would be arrested; and, at the same time, the influx of emigrants from Europe, which has been continuous and great, would vastly increase—and in proportion the anti-slavery spirit would extend itself—until it should become paramount, and then an emancipation act might safely and peaceably be established through the ballot box. This he thinks more than probable, and he further says that if Texas should abolish slavery, the institution could not be sustained in *the old and worn out states of the South for fifty*

years! Are Antislavery men deaf to these assertions, made by one who knew all the facts in the case—who was acquainted, not only with the localities, but the spirit of the people? The General proceeds to urge Annexation, because it “would give stability to their domestic institutions, and thereby save them FOREVER, from the unparalleled calamities of abolition.” I know that it is said by some persons, with Messrs. Jay and Walker at their head, that there will not be a single slave the more, for all this accession of slave territory, but there will, on the contrary, be a gradual tendency towards manumission. Are these persons aware of the absurdity they are rushing into?—When did the increased demand ever tend to lessen the supply? Do they not know that, so far from this, in all commercial relations, the demand always regulates the supply? A regular trade has long been kept up with Cuba, in slaves, which had been imported from Africa; and when this great market is fairly open, and the strength of the South is superadded to their own, will this trade diminish; will there not, on the contrary, be a fearful increase?

And shall not this country be mainly accountable for all these evils?—for the desolating wars of conquest which scourge Africa—for the wasting flesh and whitening bones which mark the path of the coffin over the desert, and which we have seen together, and lamented over, O, my friend, without ever dreaming that the ultimate destination of the wretched survivors, was this promised land of Liberty!—will she not be accountable for all the increasing horrors of the middle passage, and for the robbery of uncounted souls of all right in themselves, or in their own bodies? The destiny of millions is now committed to her hands. If she is false, she plunges the suicidal knife into her own heart!

Can it be too late to act even now? Can it ever be too late, while aught remains to do? Were this my country I would go abroad into the streets and highways, through wood, prairie, and wilderness, and cry aloud, without ceasing. I would call upon every man who loves liberty—upon every man who loves right—to come out and help me!—Are there not *twelve* righteous men to save this na-

tion? Nay, if there be but one Lot, in God's name, let him COME OUT.

I must close this hastily, begging forgiveness for its great length ; yet knowing that no question touching Human Rights, can be indifferent to thee—and so I throw it and myself into the arms of thy love.

Salem-alik. Thine ever,

AHMED EL KORAH.

THE GOLDEN BALL,

A TALE OF FAERIE.

*Written in the Album of a young friend.**

BY SARAH H. WHITMAN.

Chaunted to the cradle slumbers
Of thy childhood, Eleanore,
Often hast thou heard the numbers
Of the ancient faerie-lore—

Listened to the mythic stories
Taught when fancy's charm-ed sway
Filled with visionary glories
All thy childhood's golden day.

In the dull and drear December,
Sitting by the hearth-light's gleam,

* I have sought in vain, dear Eleanore, for this story, among the most approved collections of authentic fairy legends. I fear it will be considered apocryphal by the "New Generation," since I must confess it rests on no better authority than the traditional lore of the Cabeiri, or the Talmudic legends of the Kabbala. Yet I can vouch for its authenticity, having heard it in my childhood, from an aged relative, to whose maternal ancestors it was related by a lineal descendant of Juliet's Nurse, well known to have been connected by marriage with a half sister of Mother Bunch. You will not, therefore, accuse me of staining your fair pages with unadvised or trivial fables; but treasure the mythic verse in your young heart, and ponder its hidden wisdom.

Often do I still remember
Tales that haunt me like a dream.

Often I recall the story
Of the outcast child forlorn,
Doomed to rove in forest hoary,
From the step-dame's cruel scorn,

Long she wandered, sad and lonely,
'Till the daylight's dying gloom
Left one silver planet only,
Trembling through the twilight gloom.

Still she wandered, faint and weary,
Through the forest wild and wide,
Till her thoughts grew dark and dreary,
And her heart with terror died.

Orphaned in this world of sorrow,
Chased by savage beasts of prey—
Doomed from frantic fears to borrow
Strength to bear her on her way.

'Till a gracious fairy, wandering
Forth to greet the evening star,
Found her near a torrent, pondering
How to pass its watery bar.

Then, with dulcet voice, the stranger
Freed her soul from terror's thrall;
While, to guide her feet from danger,
Down she flung a Golden Ball.

Shrined within its charm-ed hollow,
Many a mystic virtue lay;
Safely might her footsteps follow
Wheresoe'er it led the way.

Hast not heard, with heart of wonder,
How this magic globe of gold,
Onward through the rushing thunder
Of the stormy torrent rolled?

On where boundless forests burning,
Scorched the air and scathed the sight,
From earth's ghastly features turning
Back the dunnest pall of night.

Still, on golden axis turning,
Onward, onward, still it sped—
Still the maid, her terrors spurning,
Fleetly following as it fled.

While the raging waters bore her
Safely o'er their hollow way;
And the flame-lights, flashing o'er her,
Paled like stars at break of day.

Paled before her virgin honor—
Paled before her love and truth—
Savage natures, gazing on her,
Turned to pity and to ruth.

So she passed the burning forest,
Passed the grinding* iron gate,

* This gate crushed those who lingered and hesitated; while the courageous passed safely through.

And when danger threatened sorest,
Calmly trod the path of fate.

'Till the night that seemed so dreary,
Grew more beautiful than day;
And her little feet so weary,
Glided gently on their way—

Glided o'er the grassy meadows
Steeped in perfume—starred with dew—
Glided 'neath the forest shadows,
Till the moonlight, slanting through,

Gleamed athwart a fountain, sleeping
Calmly in its hollow cells,
Where were little fishes leaping
All about the lily bells.

Soon the lilies seemed to shiver,
And a tremor shook the air,
Curdled all the sleeping river,
Woke the thunder in its lair.

Lo! a fish from out the water
Rising, ope'd its rosy gills—
('Twas the gracious fairy's daughter;)
And the air with music thrills,

As her finny life, ignoring,*
Thus she spoke, in gurgling tones,
Sweet as summer waters, pouring
O'er a bed of pebble-stones.

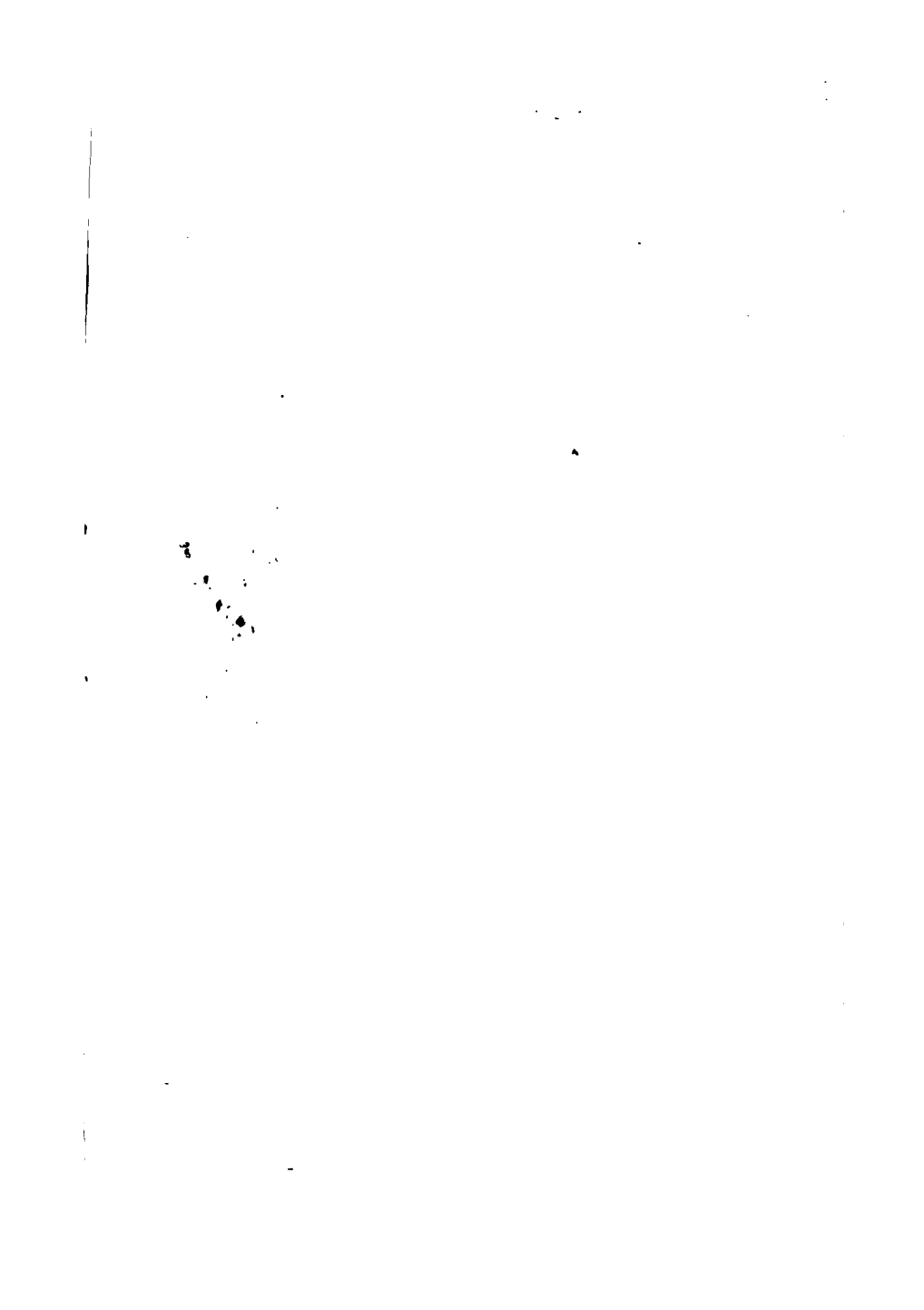
* This term has come much into use of late, but lest any should be unacquainted with its meaning, I would say that it is used in the sense of abandoning, or forgetting.

“Thou hast conquered, little stranger,
All thy bitter trials past;
Days of toil, and nights of danger,
Thou hast won the goal at last.

“Lift me from the running water,
Lay me on the grass to dry,
For I am a fairy’s daughter,
Doomed within the wave to lie,

“’Till a mortal maid should take me
From the liquid element—
Henceforth will I ne’er forsake thee,
And my name is—TRUE CONTENT.

“Thus, though step-dame NATURE chide thee,
And oppress with cruel thrall,
Unto true content shall guide thee,
FAITH’S unerring GOLDEN BALL.”

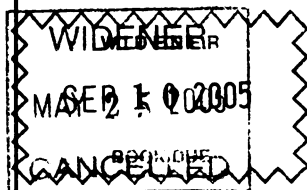


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