

Will Elizabeth Chase accept this small
token of grateful remembrance from the author?
D. F.

Our Nation's Sins and the Christian's Duty.

A

FAST DAY DISCOURSE,

BY

DANIEL FOSTER,

MINISTER IN CHARGE OF THE

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF CONCORD, MASS.

DELIVERED

APRIL 10TH, 1851.

BOSTON:
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DISCOURSE.

WE HAVE met to-day in compliance with the invitation of our Governor, to keep the annual Fast, which was established by our fathers as a stated yearly service in the very infancy of New England. In the Proclamation, appointing this Fast Day, we are invited, among other things, "*to consider, in the spirit of Christianity, the private and public sins of this community.*" I propose to respond by a serious and earnest discussion to-day, of this subject,—*our Nation's sins and the Christian's duty.* You will find my text in the 64th chapter of Isaiah, a single clause of the 5th verse: "*We have sinned.*"

The Prophet speaks for Israel, for the *whole* nation in these words: And *now this day*, may the minister of Christ, as the representative of this whole nation, take up this language and say, we, the most highly favored of all the families of this earth, have greatly abused our high privileges, shamefully neglected our precious opportunities, and with stubborn will, "*have we sinned.*"

I ask your attention now to a brief statement of our National history:

Within the memory of some who are alive to-day, this country was subject to Great Britain, and numbered fewer inhabitants than are now held as slaves in the Southern States. But our fathers were oppressed in various ways by the government, which treated them as aliens and strangers, and they resolved, at length, that they could not submit longer to this oppression, without the entire loss of manhood and honor. And therefore they declared themselves independent of the government which oppressed them, and pledging fortune, life, and honor, in the great issues which they dared, they reared aloft the standard of Liberty, and gathered beneath its folds, entering upon a doubtful, protracted, and severe struggle for the precious right of self-government. On that glorious standard the wondering nations saw divine truth, even the very doctrines of the gospel of peace and good-will which God had given to

men. *We hold these truths to be self-evident, that ALL men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights. The right to Life, to Liberty, to the Pursuit of Happiness, each in his own chosen way, these are INALIENABLE rights.* Our fathers declared these truths to be *self-evident*, i. e. so plain that no argument or illustration can be needed to demonstrate them to the mind. Just as the fact that light emanates from the sun is *self-evident*, needing no effort of argument or illustration to make it obvious to our optic faculty, so are these truths declared to be *self-evident* that *all* men, Greek and Jew, Scythian and Roman, White and Black, without respect to place of abode or condition in social life—all are created equal and endowed by their Creator with certain rights which cannot justly be abridged or taken from them by their fellow men, except as a punishment for heinous crime. The right to Life, the right to personal Liberty, the right to individual choice in the profession or occupation to be followed in life, is each an *inalienable* right, which God has given to all his intelligent children. The only limitation to these rights is one that God has made in the command to do no evil, and in the sanction by which that command is enforced.

Avowing these principles to the world, our fathers engaged in the war of the Revolution, aided by the generous sympathy and unremitting efforts of such noble men from other lands as Lafayette, Pulaski, Steuben, Montgomery, and DeKalb, men who were attracted to their cause by the glory of their published principles, by their own love of Liberty, by their hatred of oppression, by the humanity and nobility of unperverted hearts. In this momentous struggle our fathers were successful and their national independence was, at length, acknowledged by the whole Commonwealth of nations. Then follow the efforts of those brave men to form a government. The same men who put forth the great Declaration, were engaged in the formation of our national Constitution. The objects avowed in the preamble of this Instrument are worthy to be ranked with the noble principles of the old Declaration.

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

Under the Constitution ordained and established by the people of this country, for the noble ends above enumerated, the Federal Government commenced its existence sixty-two years ago. During these sixty-two years the States of our Union have increased from thirteen to thirty-one, the population from three to twenty-three millions, the resources of our country—its houses, and shops, and stores—its acres of cultivated soil—its internal and external commerce—its churches and its schools—its towns and villages and cities, have all multiplied in this time in the same wonderful ratio, *except where the institution of Slavery has been maintained to retard our growth and blight our prosperity.* The increase of slavery, the increasing might and arrogance of the slave-

power, in these years of our nation's first expansion and growth, are facts of startling import, of saddest augury. There are more slaves in this Republic to-day than the entire population of this country when our fathers began to agitate the question of independence. More of God's children, of Christ's redeemed ones, now held in hopeless bondage, by degenerate sons of nobler sires, than the entire free population of the old thirteen, sixty-two years ago.

I come now to the consideration of my main topic in this discourse—*The Nation's sin and the Christian's duty*. And I ask you to look at this sin first in the light of our departure from the noble principles of our fathers. It is true they permitted slavery to continue in the land. And when the Constitution was formed, they gave up the control of this institution to the States in which it was then to be found. We mourn that our fathers were so unwise and wicked as to compromise at all with slavery. We would make no attempt to shield them from the censure which they deserve, for suffering slavery to live a day after the adoption of the glorious Declaration. Sadly do we acknowledge that slaveholding was a dark stain in the character of Washington, Jefferson, Henry, Madison, and other venerated and great men of that era.

Yet we are doing simple justice only by saying that they desired and looked for the speedy extinction of slavery. Openly did they avow the doctrine, now so widely and fiercely denounced, that slavery is wrong. Wrong, both as respects God's arrangements and as respects man's rights. Washington made no secret of his hope and expectation that Virginia, his native State, and then the first State in influence in the Union, would devise means for the removal of slavery from her midst, for its entire abolition at no distant day. Washington openly declared that his influence and vote should at all times be ready for the removal of this wrong by legislative action in his own State.

Jefferson denounced American slavery as the worst form of oppression the world had ever seen. He declared one hour's endurance thereof worse than the oppression which drove our fathers into the Revolution. He well said that he trembled for his country, when he thought that a just God ruled over the nations of the earth, to whom the sufferings and wrongs of the slave would call for vengeance. The man who spoke these noble words was the author of the Declaration of Independence, and as an honest man could do no less than denounce and oppose American slavery, which subverts every one of the self-evident truths of that sublime production.

Lafayette generously aided our fathers in their darkest hour. His memory is cherished by Americans next to that of Washington. His visits to this land, after our Union was formed, were like the triumphal return from distant and dangerous enterprises of the distinguished old Roman Commanders, to the proud Mistress of the world. His words therefore have weight and interest to us on this subject. Well this is what Lafayette said on his last visit to this country, at a public dinner given him in Salem, at which Judge Story presided. When the old French Democrat was called upon to make a speech in answer to a toast pro-

posed in honor of the great services which he had rendered, he said most distinctly *that he never would have spent a dollar nor struck a blow for American Independence, had he not been well assured, that we honestly meant to secure the freedom of the slave, by gaining our own.*

Madison was unwilling to introduce the word *slave* or *slavery* into the Constitution. Luther Martin and other Southern men of note at that day denounced slavery with unsparing bitterness and in the most public manner. "When the Constitution was formed, slavery was *permitted* to exist for a little period, that it might prepare itself to die. Whoever studies the sentiment of that day, will see that men no more intended the perpetuation of slavery in this republic, than again to place the yoke which they had broken upon their own necks. Mark the contrast. One of the first acts of legislation *then*, was to prohibit slavery in all that territory which had not been formed into States. *In a later time*, we admit States that prohibit the abolition of slavery for ever. *Then*, all the territories belonging to the country were declared to be free. *Now*, we receive new regions, far wider than mighty empires, in which we sanction human bondage. Then, slavery, as upon its bended knees, pleaded for a brief delay in the execution of the sentence of death which seemed to be issued against it, in the fundamental principles of the republic, and the living spirit of the nation. *In a later generation*, slavery has assumed the dominion, and Liberty herself has been dumb in its presence." Were Washington and Jefferson now living at the South, they could not now speak of slavery, as they were accustomed to do sixty years ago, without endangering their lives!

How different now the sentiments entertained by leading men at the South! And how great, how startling the departure of *our* Statesmen and rulers from these *honest* Democrats of the Revolution!

The doctrine is now openly defended in our National Council halls, *that slavery is a divine institution, a perpetual ordinance of God, the proper relation between the laborer and his employer, the corner stone of this great Federal Republic.*

This dark creed is devoutly professed by the politicians of the South of all parties, and is preached from almost every pulpit there, and it is practically the faith on which our leading Statesmen of the North in their apostasy act. *By their deeds shall ye know them.* We judge them by this rule and say of Webster and Cass, of Winthrop and Dickinson, of Douglass and Fillmore, they are among the oppressors of the suffering sons and daughters of Toil.

In our fathers' days the *ministry* preached against slavery, were known as abolitionists, and their influence was potent in the speedy removal of this curse from New England and from New York. Jonathan Edwards, his brethren in the ministry, and their descendants of the same faith and order were earnest abolitionists. They preached against slavery and the slave-trade, then in full operation around them, often to the periling of their support, till the public conscience was aroused and slavery abolished. The noble Channing, who exerted a

greater influence against the slave power than any other minister of his day, was the pupil of the celebrated Dr. Hopkins, a noted leader of the Orthodox Church, and only carried out in his sphere the instruction of his earnest and pure-hearted teacher, who was himself a thorough and powerful opponent of American slavery and the slave trade. The minister on whom fell the mantle of Roger Williams could be no less than a thorough abolitionist. The same is true, also, of the minister who truly followed John Wesley, who was an uncompromising enemy to American slavery.

How sad the change in the religion of this land in these dark years! Sad, at least, so far as the course of the *popular* ministry is a true index of the sentiment of the people. The *rulers* of our nation and all our *partizans* stand ready now to brand with the name of infidels and traitors, the minister who imitates the example of the Apostles, obeying God rather than man, and declaring the whole counsel of God whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. Now Doctors of Divinity, Theological Professors, and Ministers of large and wealthy churches, join hands with our wicked Rulers, and in the name of God bid us obey, without hesitation, a law of utter and unparalleled wickedness! Yea, they bid us go if our country should call us, to the battle-field in support of this law, and in God's name take the life of its opposers!

This counsel is given by the well-known Mr. Rogers of the Winter Street Church, in a sermon inculcating obedience to this law, and published in the Boston papers, as the voice of the good Father of all!

We had a *Judiciary* once, that sought Justice and Truth, Judgment and Mercy; but now our Judges, Marshals, and Commissioners are the pliant tools of the slave-power. Kain, Curtis, Judson, Ingraham, Hallett and others, who know beyond doubt the atrocity of their conduct, for some paltry consideration are hastening to prostitute the judicial power invested in their hands, to meet the base demands of the slave-power. Our supreme court is intensely pro-slavery. This decides all Constitutional appeals, and *so the last legal resort for the attainment of justice is in the hands of the slave power.*

Our fathers passed the ordinance of '87, by which they consecrated a vast empire to freedom. We know full well that they intended by that decree to localize, limit and discourage slavery. Their degenerate sons, having secured a place in Congress by solemn pledges to maintain this ordinance in the organization of the new territories, violate their word, barter their birth-right, for the false smile of slavery, and betray their sacred trust. They vote down the proviso of freedom and open vast empires for the extension and perpetuation of human bondage. The arch-traitor who secured this disastrous result, offers in excuse, the plea that to pass this proviso is re-enacting the laws of God, by which without our aid, slavery is surely excluded. *He knew and the world knows to-day the utter falseness of this base plea.* Slave-holding judges are appointed and other territorial officers, whose policy is well known to be favorable to slavery, to rule over these territories and mold their

institutions and laws and customs. Hugh N. Smith, nominated by the President as Secretary of New Mexico, has just been rejected by the Senate of the United States, because he is known to be in favor of the Declaration of Independence, which declares all men created with the inalienable right to be free. In the meanwhile slavery *is* established in the territories of New Mexico and Utah, as all supposed it would be, when the vote of Congress, repudiating the great Proviso, was secured by the South through the aid of traitors from the free States. Slavery exists in these territories to-day, and soon we may be called on to admit them to our Union as slave States.

Our Constitution was adopted "*by the people*" "in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity." Mr. Rantoul in a recent public speech at Lynn says, "I value the Union and the Constitution because of their great purpose;—so long as they accomplish *that* purpose, so long are they the highest political blessings. And if they ever *cease* in the Providence of God, to accomplish that great purpose, *they become worthless, they may become even a curse.*" As our Constitution is now expounded and applied, and as this Union is now cemented by the woes of millions of slaves, I ask you, have they not "*become a curse?*" Our government is administered now by a terrible perversion of this Constitution, in the hands of renegades and traitors, *in order to establish injustice, to stir up sectional hate, to promote the selfish aggrandisement of an intolerant class, the merest minority of the people, at the sacrifice of the GENERAL welfare, and to take from the toiling, defenceless poor and from their children after them, the "blessings of Liberty."* I challenge the scholar to point out a chapter in the history of nations, so dark in the degeneracy which it portrays, as the story of this nation's action on the subject of slavery for the last sixty years.

We sometimes see the same thing exemplified in the downward career of an individual, who starts from a high point of light and truth and noble aims, but through a sad infirmity of moral purpose, led on by a wicked ambition, and lured by unholy pleasures, goes down the steep path of sinful indulgence, into the infamy and woe of a self-sought and hopeless ruin. There is a life yet to be written, which will illustrate with a painful interest and power the apostasy of this nation. I refer to one gifted by his heavenly father with transcendent abilities,—born and nurtured through all his early years among the institutions of New England, who went forth into the strife of a stirring life with deep religious convictions, with noble aims in view. On Plymouth Rock, on Bunker Hill, on all the fields made rich and sacred by patriot blood of Revolutionary sires, *there* poured forth—an offering to Liberty—*his* voice has been recognized giving utterance to some of the noblest sentiments, and most sweetly spoken ever heard on earth. The Old Commonwealth has lavished her honors upon him, her adopted and best beloved son. But he has fallen and is now a wretched, ruined old

man. He went aside from the straight path of rectitude, led on by ambition, lured by impure passions, from one degree of baseness to another and deeper, till, on the seventh of March, 1850, he stood up in his place in the Senate of the United States, and publicly disowned the noble principles of his early and innocent days, and offered his own shameless service to the cruel slave-power. Now you may see that proud intellect darkened and debased, *and the beloved champion, the very Samson of New England, the pensioned agent of oppression, grinding in the prison-house of the Philistines!*

So it is with our National Government. The slave-power is potent, not only to debase and ruin those who are guilty of holding slaves, not only blinds those criminals to the truth and right, and arrays them on the side of falsehood and wrong, but it corrupts also our statesmen, our law-makers, our judges, our preachers, our public men of all classes, so that now on whatever side the poor dependent sons and daughters of toil turn for protection from the dangers which menace them, through the remorseless and oppressive slave-power, they find themselves betrayed.

The mighty, the gifted, the great, the leaders among the people are false to their trust. Degenerate sons of worthy sires, they are striving, with parricidal hands, to overthrow the institution of Liberty, which their fathers toiled and bled, and died to found and establish—a lasting inheritance of good to their children. On the ruins of freedom's sacred home, would these parricides now build up the temple of slavery. *Who can see the contrast between the principles of our fathers and of their sons at this day, as we have now but feebly set it forth, and not instantly shrink back in alarm from the fearful degeneracy which this dark contrast marks?*

And yet there is a bright aspect, to which I now most gladly turn, for a brief moment. Our Statesmen are corrupt, bought up and used for unholy purposes by the slave-power. But there is a remnant found faithful even here. We have our trusted and our *trustworthy* Palfrey, on whom the mantle of the departing sage of Quincy seemed to fall. *We have sent him to Congress and mean to keep him there to battle in our legislative halls for truth and justice and right.* We have our own true-hearted Mann, whose inspired words, like the prophet Call, of olden time, win the people back to the allegiance of their fathers. And there is our beloved Sumner, whose vast stores of learning, whose unequalled eloquence, whose highest hopes and efforts are all consecrated to Liberty, Peace and Brotherhood. *Not always shall treachery and fraud shut him out from the post to which the people call him to regain the honor lost by another fallen Senator.* We have our Phillips, too, whom the people justly love and trust, who left his party and sacrificed his prospects on the altar of duty, when that party went to Mexico, and took from the bloody fields of that land the hero of a pro-slavery war as its candidate for the Presidency.

Many of our popular ministers go hand in hand with our corrupt Statesmen in the unholy strife against humanity, and counsel, as God's

will, obedience to a wicked law. Still more, perhaps, influenced by a craven fear of losing support, refuse to "cry aloud and spare not," in pleading for God's truth,—the cause of the suffering brotherhood, which is now nailed to the cross. But there are noble men "faithful among the faithless found,"—true ministers of God, whose words glow with the love of Jesus, and are alive with his humanity. May God grant us more such true Gospel ministers as Beecher and Parker to scatter the seed which shall spring up into wide spread and endless blessedness.

Our lawyers are generally, I suppose, with Choate and Hallett, the shameless and pliant tools of the slave-power. But not all. There is Phillips, the Cicero of this day, the able jurist, the finished scholar, the radical reformer; there is Seward, the profound and philosophic advocate; there is Allen, the fearless, efficient and beloved leader of the sound old heart of the Commonwealth; there are Rantoul and Sewall and Loring, who are using finished powers of minds rarely skilled in law, with a deep and noble earnestness to rescue, if possible, the unfortunate captive now in the hands of the slave-catching police and watch-force of Boston. These and more like unto them, talented and powerful pleaders, are consecrated to freedom's cause.

Our editors of religious and secular papers, are generally on the wrong side of this present vital issue, or feebly, inefficiently enlisted and engaged on the side of truth and right. But here, in this all important post, we see some of the truest men the world ever knew, men filled with the blessed spirit of Jesus. There is Garrison, who has blown a blast on the trumpet of truth, which has at length aroused a nation's slumbering conscience; there is Burritt, whose sparks from the anvil of truth and love have gone through the heart of the Commonwealth, kindling there such a fire, that the faithless servant of that District is consumed, and the slave power can find no refuge from its searching potency. The Lord grant that our editors may shake off party trammels and cast away selfish views, and be like these noble men, independent and earnest in carrying forward the reforms which truth demands, and which the suffering brotherhood needs. Then should daily and weekly messengers fly over our land to each home therein, bearing on their willing wings life and joy to all.

The laborers of this nation, far too generally, are blind to their own interests, and elevate to posts of honor and emolument those who despise and depress honest toil. But among our farmers, our artizans, our mechanics, our sewers and knitters, and factory hands, there is a deepening, a spreading anti-slavery zeal. Of all classes in the community, we most desire to see the laboring class informed upon this subject, and enlisted in this cause. For when they understand their duty, and enter upon its performance, the day of our redemption draws near.

Too many of the women of this day oppose the noblest and most needed of all reforms, with the successful issue of which, is intimately joined her own emancipation from the injustice under which she is

called to suffer. But here too we find some of the ablest and purest apostles of truth. There is Lucretia Mott, one of the most eloquent preachers of our day, and Abby Kelley Foster, whose influence is widely felt through this guilty nation, and many others, whom we might mention, did time admit, who are toiling devotedly and successfully in the anti-slavery reform. May God speed them on and raise up many more noble, talented women, like unto them, to preach the gospel to the poor, and to bring deliverance to the captives.

Our poets are nearly all on the side of freedom. True poetry, indeed is divine, and ever opposed, as the Divinity itself, to oppression. All the noble men and women whom God has endowed with the poetic power, so long as they are true, must war against wrong. Whittier and Lowell, Bryant and Emerson, who tune angelic lyres, and send forth heavenly harmonies,—are not only our greatest poets, but also leading men in the anti-slavery reform.

Thus do we descry hope shining out in the dark night of our struggle, as we see a noble band of patriotic christian men and women, who are engaged in the grand effort to consummate the good work, so well begun by our Pilgrim and Revolutionary fathers. And it is well for us to turn from the dark picture, which the degeneracy of some and the apostacy of others presents to the bright view, so full of hope, which this other noble band holds out. As the sailor in a dangerous sea, beholding the scattered wrecks on either side, would be appalled by the difficulties which encompass him, and so unfitted for the effort necessary to carry him safely through the dangerous passage, did he not cast his eye on to the stately vessels securely moored in port, and from their success in the journey through the hazards of his way, educe a hopeful augury for his own arduous effort: So we must turn at times from these drifting wrecks of the fond hopes and high promise of other days, to those who have sailed securely by the rocks and whirlpools of the slave-power, or we shall lose heart and go down into the deep waters of despair.

I now invite your attention to the hypocrisy of this nation as seen in the professions and conduct of our leading men.

The history of the world cannot show a greater discrepancy between *profession* and *practice*, than is seen in our land at this time. Our noble Declaration announces principles which would at once free every slave, if these principles could be applied. Our Constitution contains provisions which concern the highest welfare of the people, and which can never be executed till slavery is abolished. Professing to be Republicans, our Statesmen are now leagued in unholy union to suppress freedom of speech, to put down, in the free states, the discussion of those rights which our Declaration affirms to be inalienable, and in defence of which our fathers staked fortune, life, and honor. *In fifteen of the States it is more dangerous to speak the truth than it is in any other part of the heathen world.* The New Orleans True American says: "We can assure the Bostonians, one and all who have embarked in the nefarious scheme of abolishing slavery at the South, that lashes

will hereafter be spared the backs of their emissaries. Let them send out their men to Louisiana,—*they will never return to tell their sufferings, but they shall expiate the crime of interfering in our domestic institutions, by being BURNED AT THE STAKE.*”

Says the Augusta (Georgia) Chronicle: “The cry of the whole South should be *death—INSTANT DEATH to the Abolitionist, wherever he is caught.*”

Says the Columbia (South Carolina) Telescope: “Let us declare, through the public journals of our country, *that the question of slavery is not and shall not be open for discussion; that the system is too deep-rooted among us, and must remain forever; that the very moment any private individual attempts to lecture us upon its evils and immoralities, and the necessity of putting means in operation to secure ourselves from them, IN THE SAME MOMENT HIS TONGUE SHALL BE CUT OUT AND CAST UPON THE DUNGHILL.*”

So speaks the slave-power. *Its actions come up to the full atrocity of its denunciations.*

Hangman Foote, of Mississippi, a senator in Congress, deliberately and openly declared, in the Senate Chamber, that he and his neighbors would hang up by the neck, on some tall tree, a brother senator from New Hampshire, if he would only afford them the pleasant opportunity by coming among them, and giving utterance to his convictions of the evil and crime of slavery. There is no doubt it would be done with bonfires and public rejoicings, by the slave-holders of that State. *John P. Hale would be murdered in open day, if he should visit Mississippi, and talk there as he does at home.*

South Carolina takes the free citizens of Massachusetts from our vessels, when they arrive in her ports, and confines them in her pestilential jails, for no crime but the color of their skin! Our Commonwealth sends one of her most venerable men to try the constitutionality of the law which authorizes these outrages. The slave-power fears the light of free discussion, and so Samuel Hoar is ignominiously *driven* from the South, and the will of a sister State, as well as the rights of Humanity, are trampled in the dust by the inexorable slave-power!

Barrett, a citizen of Ohio, passing through South Carolina, is arrested on the bare suspicion of being an abolitionist, and of being engaged in circulating a pamphlet through that State, in which is exposed the unjust representative system, fixed upon the State by the slave-power.

“Within a few weeks past,—the accounts having but just now reached us,—an aged and most respectable individual of the name of Harris, a citizen of New Hampshire, has been tried by a mob in South Carolina, and tarred and feathered, because he happened to have *in his trunk*, a sermon which had been sent to him by one of his acquaintances, a clergyman at the North; though he had never showed the sermon to a single individual, nor whispered a word of its contents.” Another man, a Dr. Coles, belonging to Boston, who had been lecturing on the subject of Physiology, was, within a few days, seized and

carried before a magistrate, in the same State, his trunks rifled, the private letters sent to him by his wife and family publicly read, with the most indecent comments, and all without any shadow of reasonable suspicion against him.

These things were done, not by the savages of the wilderness, nor by the ignorant Pagans of the distant isles of the ocean, but by our Southern countrymen, who boast of their chivalry and honor, who profess to be Christians, and to love liberty and justice!

Within the past few months the sanctity of law and the necessity of unconditional obedience to the enactments of our government have furnished a constant theme of discourse to our President in his proclamations, to our Secretary of State in his countless letters to Union Committees, to our Governors in their annual messages, to our judges in their charges to juries, to our ambitious demagogues in their lectures, and to our politic, time-serving ministers, in their discourses. One would think, to hear these men talk, that they are really law-loving and law-abiding citizens. But it is easy to show that this is all hypocrisy of the most arrant kind. These very men who make the welkin ring with their Ephesus-like cry, "great is this Union, and sacred this fugitive slave bill," every mother's son of them, from the chief magistrate down to the lowest of these Union men, is openly and knowingly violating laws of vital importance.

The ministers who preach that we ought to obey, or ought not to disobey this infernal fugitive slave bill, because it has passed both houses of Congress, and received the sanction of the President, and thus become the constitutionally recognized law of the land, in so doing, cast off their allegiance to God, and for some paltry present consideration, sell to his cruel foe, the Redeemer of this lost world. This is strong language, I am aware, *but the truth is stronger*. Daniel disobeyed the Persian law, was cast into the midst of the ravenous lions for his disobedience, and God delivered him. That law only required of him to refrain for thirty days from public prayer. This law requires you to seize, and render back to the hell of American slavery, the brother who seeks shelter and safety in your home. *If the prophet Daniel now lived would he obey this infamous statute?* The three Hebrew children refused to obey a law less atrocious than this, and God sustained them in doing it. The Apostles were law-breakers, and when called to account for their treason, this was their excuse—"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." Peter and the other Apostles answered and said—"We ought to obey God rather than man." "And when they had called the Apostles and beaten them, they *commanded that they should not speak in the name of Jesus*, and let them go. And they departed from the presence of the council, rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name. And daily in the temple and in every house, *they ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ.*" Plainer cases could not be found of open disobedience to wicked law. And the history of the early Christians abounds with such cases. Now

remember these ministers know these things. They have the Bible in their hands, and *they* cannot plead *ignorance* to justify their course. I said they were doing this for some paltry consideration of present interest. Dr. Dewey, who affirmed his readiness to surrender child or mother if necessary to preserve this Union, has obtained his reward. He is appointed Chaplain in the Navy, and will stand a very fine chance to be chosen Chaplain of the Senate of this great Union. *I distinctly impeach these men of treason against Christ.* And mark you this prediction, the revelation of Eternity will sustain this fearful charge. *Those ministers who take the Bible in their hands and preach the duty of obedience to this bill of abominations are traitors before God and hypocrites before men.*

The capitalists who calls so loudly upon us to obey this law, and the politicians, who join with them in the cry, are themselves the violators of our Temperance and Usury laws. For the sake of Southern trade they go in for this wicked law, and for the sake of profit or appetite, they go in for a systematic violation of the just and necessary laws on Temperance and Usury. They seem to act on this principle, viz: if a law is just and its execution is necessary to secure the public good, then we will disobey it and set its enactment at defiance. But if our Government enacts injustice into law and requires us to disobey God, then we will obey *this* law ourselves, and denounce and brand and persecute to the last extremity, the man who takes his stand on the old apostolic platform, and disobeys a wicked law that he may obey God.

An honest industrious citizen of Boston was seized by the kidnapper, but was rescued from the wicked hands of the myrmidons of an atrocious law, by a few of his friends. It was done suddenly, and without violence, to save a brother from a fate enough to appal the stoutest heart, from which there was no escape, except by this "summary process." Well who can withhold honor from the noble band which accomplished the deliverance of this brother? It was as worthy a deed as the attempted rescue of Lafayette from the dungeons at Olmutz; it was as noble a deed as that which has consecrated Bunker Hill, Lexington, Concord, Yorktown, the holy spots of earth. *Would to God that Long might have been rescued in the same way from the merciless clutches of the Union Committee of New York.* How joyfully would we rescue Sims from the hands of his cruel captors and so demonstrate to the world the glorious fact that no slave can be found on Massachusetts soil, that in the noble State which led the way in the struggle of the Revolution, freedom and right are loved more than the Union or the Constitution. But this noble act calls forth a proclamation from the President, in which all concerned in the rescue are sternly rebuked, and the military power of the United States is pledged to insure the successful execution of this tyrannical law in Boston. Does any one imagine this comes of a reverence for the Constitution and an honest purpose to execute the requirements thereof? It is hardly possible to be so deceived. Just look at the well known facts. The President is bound by his oath to observe in all his official conduct the provisions of the Constitution, and to en-

force the same through the land. Does any one suppose that Mr. Fillmore was ignorant of the fact that this fugitive slave bill is utterly repugnant to the spirit and the letter of the Constitution? He owns that he feared it struck down one of the old bulwarks of personal freedom, viz: the writ of habeas corpus and so he addressed Mr. Attorney General Crittenden to show that this was not done. And in answer Mr. C. states that this great right is not touched by the provisions of the bill. Well now I undertake to say that every person in the country, of common intelligence, on reading that bill, could but see the base falsehood of Mr. Crittenden's *professional* opinion. *The President knew that this right was destroyed by that bill and we all knew it.* And so now we see Judge Shaw refusing this writ of personal replevir in the case of a brother in Boston, seized as an alleged fugitive, but claiming to be free by the law of Georgia as well as by the law of Massachusetts. *Oh, it is infinite baseness for the renegade Fillmore to profess to reverence the Constitution while signing this bill, which he knew to be as unconstitutional as it is infernal.*

Again the provisions of the Constitution are violated in the oppressive regulations of the slave states, in numberless and aggravated instances. Our citizens charged with no crime, are imprisoned and sometimes sold into hopeless servitude. Our venerable men are driven away with contumely from the prosecution of duties assigned them by the state. Others are treated with a cruelty unparalleled in the atrocities of the heathen world. I ask no apology for giving you the following lengthy statement, in the words of the sufferer himself, an agent of the Baptist Church, sent to labor in Kentucky, to show to the people the evil and sin of slavery. *Remember, while you listen to his story, that the President issued a proclamation, when Shadrach was peaceably rescued from the infamous men who had seized him: and then tell me, if you can, why no proclamation is directed to this outrage.*

[From the American Baptist.]

THE LYNCHING IN KENTUCKY.

"We pass over for the present, Nos. 7, 8 and 9 of Brother Mathews' Letters from Kentucky, that our readers may have at the earliest moment, his account of the barbarous treatment inflicted upon him by the lynchers. He visited the village of Richmond, Madison county, with a view to lecture on the moral and religious condition of the slaves; but failed, after applying to three or four different churches, of obtaining a house for that purpose. On Sunday evening, Feb. 16, he preached by invitation to the colored congregation; after which he was assailed by a mob, and, with some personal indignities, but no serious injury, driven from the town. Proceeding to the residence of Cassius M. Clay, at Whitehall, he prepared for the Chronicle, a newspaper published at Richmond, a statement in relation to the doings of

the mob, with which he left for Foxtown on the morning of the 18th, as stated in the beginning of the letter below.

“BRYANTSVILLE, Feb. 20, 1851.

“DEAR BR. WALKER:—My communication to the Chronicle, of Richmond, was placed in an envelope by Cassius M. Clay, together with a letter written by himself to the Editor. On arriving at Foxtown, I found that I was a minute too late for the stage. As it was only six miles to Richmond, and as I was anxious that the communication should appear in the next number, I concluded to walk to Richmond. Arrived there, I called at the Chronicle office, handed to the Editor *pro tem.* the communications, requested him to send his next number to the American Baptist, passed down the street, and that my stay might be as brief as possible, called into a store, and obtained a few apples as a substitute for a dinner. I now pursued my way to the Big Hill, thinking that the information I had gained previously, (that the public feeling had not sustained the mob,) was correct. Reflecting on these things, I concluded that my passing through the village would prove salutary rather than otherwise.

“When nearly a mile from town, I was overtaken by four men riding on horses,—one, the bar-tender at Webster’s hotel; another, Mr. Turner, who was dressed in a drab coat; another, a slim-built man, who wore a round-topped hat, and a long coat; the other was of my own height, dressed respectably, and wore whiskers.

“They enquired of me, ‘Where now?’ I replied, that, having an appointment at Big Hill, I was going to fulfill it. They placed their hands within their vests, and said, ‘If you make the least outcry or resistance, you shall *die instantly.* You must go with us; we will put you in the road to Lancaster.’ ‘Now,’ said they, ‘did you not agree not to come back to Richmond?’ I told them that I made no such agreement; if they supposed so, they must entirely have misunderstood me; and that now I had simply passed through the village, on the way to my appointment. We passed one house, but knowing it was useless to attempt to run into it, I proceeded with them. We turned from the main road through a gate, crossed a field, entered a lane, and went down it some distance, turned to the right through another gate, and finally descended into a valley through which runs a very small creek, and where we were in sight of an out-house, which I understood them to say belonged to Mr. Bronston. They then hitched their horses to the fence, and the bar-tender of Webster’s Hotel, seizing my arms, brought them behind me, and bound them with a horse bridle. They arranged themselves in front of me, and enquired, ‘Are you an abolitionist?’ I stated that I did not believe that the slaves ought to rise and resist their masters, but that I believed in emancipating them, and that I was laboring to bring the moral power of the church to bear against slavery. They took a handkerchief, folded it, and bandaged my eyes. Supposing I was about to die, I began to pray aloud; but this drew from them oaths and threats. They then seemed

to be waiting for some one to bring some tar and feathers; but the person they expected not coming, they consulted what should be done with me. One thought he could obtain some tar and feathers by being absent a little while. They asked me if I had not said, in Richmond, that it was right for slaves to run away, and that I would help them. I told them I had not. 'Did you not,' said they, 'tell the Methodist minister that slaves could not get to heaven if they did not run away from slavery?' I told them I did not. After further questions, they consulted whether I should be whipped, tarred and feathered, ducked or hanged. At last they decided to duck me. We had to go some distance to a pond. The bandage from my eyes was taken off, but my hands were still bound. Having to go over some fences, it afforded them sport to see me go over them bound. In some cases they would take off a rail or two, and in one case assisted me. Arrived at the pond, Mr. Turner, the owner of the farm, came up. 'Here,' said they, 'we found this man stealing your hogs.' He seemed to understand their object. I now asked that I might be allowed to take off my two coats, and place my bible, watch and pocket-book in the pocket of my overcoat. To this they consented. They then asked me if I could swim. I told them I could, but did not know that I could with my clothes on. One of them said a stone ought to be tied to me, that I might sink to the bottom. They brought me to the edge of the water. The bar-tender on my left, and Mr. Turner on my right, seized and flung me as far as they could into the pond. Before rising to the surface, I swallowed considerable water, and nearly lost my breath. When I approached the shore, as near as where the water was waist high, I paused to gain breath. They commanded me to come to the shore instantly. I implored them to allow me to gain my breath. But they reiterated, 'Come out instantly.'

"As soon as I reached the shore, they took me and threw me in again head first. On my regaining the shore they threw me in the third time. On coming out they required me to promise never to come to Richmond, or into Madison county any more. I declined promising, and they threw me in the fourth time. I then made the promise. They next required me to leave Kentucky and never return to it. I refused, and they threw me in the fifth time. On coming to the shore, they again required me to make the promise; I refused, and they determined to whip me. They led me to a tree, and tied up my arms as they tie up slaves when they flog them. They tied a bandage round my eyes, so tight as to pain them exceedingly. But finally they concluded to duck me again. They led me along, when, putting up my hand, I pulled off the bandage, and found Turner leading me to the pond. He blamed me for pulling off the bandage. They threw me (as before) into the pond the sixth time. I still refused to promise. Another set of hands took hold, and they threw me in the seventh time. I refused to promise. They threw me in the eighth time. I refused to promise. They threw me in the ninth time. I refused to promise.

They threw me in the tenth time, and I refused to promise. They now resolved to whip me. As I approached the shore, I found all the powers of nature giving way. I thought of my intention, in coming into Kentucky, to leave if they would not hear me lecture. I thought also of the vast amount of work yet to be done in the free States; and that, if I lived, I could tell the free States of this treatment; and I believed that it would do good to make it known. So, halting in the pond, what of life there was in me promised to leave Kentucky, and never return. The bar-tender said, 'Do you swear, so help you God, you will leave Kentucky, and never return?' I replied, I solemnly affirm I will leave and not return. They then assured me that I should have men to watch me to the borders of the State; that if I attempted to go to Cassius M. Clay's or on the Richmond pike to Lexington, I should be killed,—spies would be out to watch; that I must go by Lancaster, and there take the stage for Lexington, and if I ever returned to the State, they would hang me wherever they could find me, or even if I told how I had been treated before leaving the State;—that I must take the Lancaster stage the next morning for Lexington. I can add no more now."

MADISON, *Ind. Feb. 22, 1851.*

"I resume the subject of my treatment by the lynchers. After exacting the promise to leave the State by way of Lancaster, they told me I might change my dress. I made an effort to unlock my carpet-bag, but shook so much with the cold that I was unable to do so, and one of the lynchers opened it for me. They seemed to regard my articles in the carpet-bag as quite as much under their control as their own property, stating that they wanted my anti-slavery tracts, papers, &c. I put on dry socks, drawers, flannel and cotton shirt. During this time, it being in the open air, and the 18th of February, I was very cold, and felt cramping pains in my legs. Having no change of pantaloons, I had to put on the wet ones which I had just taken off. My vest I placed in a handkerchief together with the remainder of my wet clothes. They now required the anti-slavery books. I handed out a bundle of 'Politics and the Pulpit,' 'Wesley's Thoughts on Slavery,' 'Lewis Tappan on the Unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Bill,' and the 'Liberty Minstrel.' One of them opened the latter, and began to read,

'Gone, gone, sold and gone,
To the rice-swamps, dank and lone.'

As I thought that stealing a few books could add but little to the blackness of their guilt, I told them they might have the books—I would give them to them. They thought the Liberty Minstrel, being nicely bound, ought to be paid for. I told them I wanted nothing for it,—they might keep it. Finding that they determined to pay for it, and fearing it might add to my sufferings if I made the issue that I would not receive the money, I received fifty cents for it, simply as the safest course for myself under the circumstances. One of them called it a fair trade. Ah, thought I, if it facilitates my escape from your

hands. They enquired if it was a cold day when I was baptized, and whether I ever had such a baptizing before,—and many other things in ridicule of my religious faith.

“ They enquired what was thought by different persons of the treatment I received on Sunday night. ‘Now,’ said they, ‘had you come to Richmond, and pursued the same course as other ministers, you would have been treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality.’ I told them that the manner in which I had been treated that day would add no sorrow to my dying hour. I had not expressed my views in Richmond, in regard to the right of slaves to run away. I had, however, last year, in the State of New York, reported a speech made by Bro. Glen, in which he showed that as persons could serve God better in freedom than in slavery, every slave was morally bound to run away. I had stated that the argument was conclusive. This was published in the American Baptist, and had been seen by the Richmond Methodist minister. Hence they charged me with saying to him, that slaves could not get to heaven, unless they should run away. I found that they had received a communication from Mayslick, saying I had been threatened with lynching there. The bar-tender now took out a pair of scissors and cut off a lock of my hair to send to the editor of the American Baptist. We now repaired to the Lancaster road, and the lynchers, on horseback, rode to Richmond, while I, on foot, carrying my wet clothes and car-pet bag, started for Lancaster,—a dirt road of twenty-two miles, muddy, and crossed by creeks. I now had fellowship with the slaves in their sufferings more closely than ever before. The lynchers had forbidden me to have a night’s rest before reaching Lancaster. I walked about five miles over a muddy road. I was now weary, faint, hungry, and part of my clothes wet. Besides, the road forked, and it was too dark for me to read the direction. To lie down in the fields would probably ruin my health. To ask protection of slaveholders was, from my situation, to become the object of suspicion. But it was the best alternative. I approached a house, and asked if I could obtain a supper. This was cordially granted. I then stated my case and treatment. The slaveholder, Mr. M., said, ‘If I thought you had come to steal one of my niggers, I should immediately shoot you.’

“ He then dwelt on the benefits of Colonization, while I dried my pantaloons at his fire. I told him my future health would depend on my having the privilege of staying all night, and inquired if I might do so. He consented to it. That kind act of his, in all probability, prevented me from taking a cold from which I could never have recovered. A fire was lighted in my bed-room, and I sat up till midnight with his son, drying my clothes. The latter sympathized with me in my trial. I lay down, but that night slept not a minute. The next morning I started at five o’clock. I was as unsuccessful as on the previous evening in hiring a horse. I walked four miles, crossing a creek by moonlight, on a dam which was somewhat dangerous. I breakfasted at a tavern, walked two miles farther, and for \$1.50, hired a horse and boy to go to Lancaster. We arrived safely. I had now travelled twenty-two

miles, and was ten miles farther from Lexington than when at Richmond. I was still in danger, for I had told of the treatment I had received before leaving the State. I now hired another horse, and the tavern-keeper sent his slave on another, to take the horse back from Bryantsville. I began now to feel somewhat secure. But the mail-carriers came, inquired me out, and made it known that I had been lynched. I was again the object of suspicion. The tavern-keeper at Bryantsville was a Baptist slaveholder, and I told him I thought I would go on toward Lexington. His son persuaded me to stay. The next morning the stage came. The passengers were all duly informed. The inside was filled. I took my seat on the outside, the rain falling in torrents. The company cracked their jokes upon me, singing hymns, swore, drank, and denounced the Emancipationist. Arrived at Lexington, I found that some of my Richmond enemies were looking out for me. I walked down to the railroad office, dried my clothes, and that evening reached Frankfort. I found I was still watched. The next day I came on to Madison, and felt how good it was to land in a free State. Last Sunday, February 23, preached three times to the colored Baptist church in this place.

Yours for the Slave,

EDWARD MATHEWS."

The American Baptist, in commenting at some length on this revolting and cruel infliction of Lynch law, justly says:

"Br. Mathews' case is emphatically one of deliberate 'persecution for righteousness sake,'—better entitled to be so called than anything that has occurred, so far as we now recollect, in the experience of modern missionaries in heathen lands. Judson was imprisoned at Ava, not as a Christian, but as a foreigner, and a supposed enemy,—just as an English or American Infidel would have been imprisoned in like circumstances. Two missionaries were killed and eaten by cannibals some years since, not as Christians, but as strangers, just as a Mahometan stranger would have been killed and eaten, had he landed on the same inhospitable coast. So of other similar cases. But Mathews was persecuted for his fidelity as a minister of Christ. By the testimony of his persecutors themselves, 'had he pursued the same course that *other* ministers pursue' in Kentucky,—had he, in other words, proved himself a miserable, truckling time-server, closing his eyes to the gigantic and overshadowing abomination of slavery, and trimming his sails to the popular breeze, instead of faithfully discharging his trust as a messenger of Him who was anointed 'to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound,'—he 'would have been treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality.' But, like his Master, he pursued a course which was felt by the oppressors around him as a rebuke; and hence, like his Master, he was violently seized, bound, and led away, stripped, blindfolded, insulted, and reviled. He was not scourged, indeed; but another species of torture scarcely less severe was inflicted. Ten times in succession was he subjected to the

ordeal by water, struggling forth from the strangling element only to be brutally hurled back into the wintry flood. And finally, as the only alternative of a violent death, he was compelled to submit to an extrajudicial sentence of banishment from the State.

“We invite attention to this instance of the persecution in our own country of a Christian missionary, for no other cause than that, as a Christian missionary, he was found faithful,—as one of startling significance. It would seem that the preaching, without reserve, of the true Christian doctrine, is actually attended with more peril in the Southern States of this confederacy, than in Constantinople, Ava, or Canton.”

Against such high-handed atrocities as this case presents, by which the Constitution which the President has sworn to support, is openly violated and annulled in half the States of this Union, we hear not a word from our chief Magistrate, who sends out on the wings of the lightning a proclamation of terrors against the peaceable rescuers of a brother from the open jaws of the slave power. I impeach our President and his chief adviser, and charge upon them the crime of treason and hypocrisy. They are traitors before God and hypocrites before the world.

In considering the criminality of this Nation, we must take note of the wrongs inflicted on the slave.

I shall have time to give this topic only the briefest discussion. Look at the sad, the heart-rending fact: there are more than three millions of our countrymen and countrywomen, with their children, to-day held in slavery—the most cruel and hopeless, the most debasing and accursed tyranny this world ever saw. There are more than half a million of our fellow beings in this land crushed under the mountain weight of American prejudice and pride against color. A larger number the victims of a horrible oppression, that ends only in the narrow house of the dead, where the weary are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling, than the whole American people sixty years ago! Jefferson, who knew by observation some of the milder horrors of slavery, declared that they were *insufferable*. So atrocious did he regard the system of slavery, that he affirmed, in a supposed rising of the slaves for liberty, that every attribute of the Almighty Father *must* take sides with the slave and against his oppressor. This is important testimony. But feebly however does it express the awful crime of the slaveholder and his abettor. There is a fact, which declares more forcibly than any words we can use, the depth of this sin, i. e. the efforts which the slave makes and the hazard which he incurs to escape from his bondage. By his irrepressible longings for liberty, and by his inappeasable hatred of slavery, is he urged on to these great efforts and perils. The privations of a long, lonely and toilsome journey, through an unknown land teeming with a hostile population, cannot deter him from the effort. Skulking in swamps and woods by day, fixing his eye at night on the star of liberty, he patiently pushes his way on to the land of the free, where he may regain his manhood, and where the slave-hunter can no more molest his victim. He makes this great effort with

a full knowledge of the terrible consequences which will result therefrom if he is recaptured. Thousands succeed, but thousands more are retaken and sold to the extreme South, and life with them soon flees away under the grinding rigor of their fate. Now the slave consents to be fastened up in a coffin-like box, to incur the tremendous hazard of such a mode of transportation to a free land, where he can be a *man*. Again, he hides in the dark hold of a ship, and spends the weary days of his voyage thus shut out from the light and joy of earth, nerved to endure the horrors of such a passage by the hope of recovering his liberty and his manhood when he touches a free port. Many a slave has thus escaped from his bondage, and some are *this day* seeking a *free* home, amid perils which *we cannot understand*. Oh, how powerful, how melting the appeal which these heroic efforts and fearful darings of the fugitive slave bring home to our hearts for sympathy and aid, and for that faithful and oft-repeated testimony of our indignation against the oppressor, which the Almighty and good Father commands us to feel and express, in the duty enjoined upon us to do to these victims of cruelty, as we in their circumstances would ask to be treated!

The slave is at the mercy of wicked men: for surely none but a *wicked* man would reduce or hold a brother in bondage. The husband cannot protect his wife; he has no security that she will be left to bless his humble home a single day. He may be snatched away from her side and from his poor cabin home, or she may be torn from his arms, and they who love with fondest affection are parted by cruel rapacity, to meet no more in life. *Could* you hold your sacred rights of love in your husband or wife by such a tenure? At the mercy of another? *Without hope of release the poor slave endures this inconceivable wrong, this unutterable woe*. It would be no worse for *you* or for *me*, no greater crime to reduce *you* or *me* to that miserable state, than it is to reduce our *black brother* to bondage. I will give you now a word of the testimony of a fugitive slave, respecting this suffering from the disruption of family ties. *They who suffer these wrongs can better describe them than we who know not by experience their woe*. Take first an extract from the thrilling story of Henry Box Brown.

“Henry was a slave in Virginia. He had a wife and three children for whom he was paying one hundred and twenty dollars a year. One morning he went to work as usual, but on returning at noon, found that his wife and children had been seized and sold upon the auction-block to the slave-traders, and were to be transported out of the State the next day in a slave-gang, which had just been filled by the purchase of his wife and children. Henry says: ‘The next day I stationed myself by the side of the road, over which the slaves, three hundred and fifty-three, were to pass. There was a large company of us waiting to take a last farewell of the dear ones of our homes. A moan of sorrow could be heard on all sides as we waited for the sad procession. Soon five wagons came along, loaded with the children too small to walk. My little girl saw me, and pointing to me with her hand out of the wagon, cried out, ‘There’s my father; I knew he

would come to say good-bye.' I was choked with sorrow, and could not reply a word. When the slave-gang came up, I got hold of the hand of my wife, and walked weeping by her side for several miles. We could not talk; our sorrow was too great; and we parted without speaking the word, farewell.'

"Henry remarked, with the deepest pathos, that after his wife and children were stolen, his heart was broken. He had learned to sing, to lighten the tedium of his labor, and for the gratification of his fellow-captives, but now he could not sing. His thoughts were far away in the rice-swamps of Carolina. His wife was not and his children were not, and he refused to be comforted. When the master, noticing his despondency, told him he could get another wife (Southern morality), Brown shook his head,—the wife of his affections and the children of his love, or none at all."

Take another extract from the story of Rev. Thomas H. Jones, a fugitive slave, who has been preaching to the Wesleyan Church in Salem, for the last year. See how he describes his feelings when the wife of his bosom and the mother of his children was taken from him by her cruel mistress:

"About this time I began to feel very lonely. I wanted a friend to whom I could tell my story of sorrows, of unsatisfied longing, of new and fondly cherished plans. I wanted a companion whom I could love with all my warm affections, who should love me in return with a true and fervent heart, of whom I might think when toiling for a selfish, unfeeling master, who should dwell fondly on my memory when we were separated during the severe labors of the day, and with whom I might enjoy the blessed happiness of social endearments after the work of each day was over. My heart yearned to have a home, if it was only the wretched home of the unprotected slave, to have a wife to love me and to love. It seems to me that no one can have such fondness of love, and such intensity of desire for *home* and home affections, as the poor slave. Despised and trampled on by cruel, unfeeling men, the bondman must die in the prime of his wretched life, if he finds no refuge in a dear home, where love and sympathy shall meet him from hearts made sacred to him by his own irrepressible affection and tenderness for them. And so I sought to love and to win a true heart in return. I did this, too, with a full knowledge of the desperate agony that the slave husband and father is exposed to. Had I not seen this in the anguish of my own parents? Yea, I saw it in every public auction, where men and women and children were brought upon the block, examined, and bought. I saw it on such occasions, in the hopeless agony depicted in the countenance of the husband and wife, there separated to meet no more in this cruel world; and in the screams of wild despair and useless entreaty which the mother, then deprived of her darling child, sent forth. I heard the doom which stares every slave parent in the face each waking and sleeping hour of an unhappy life. And yet I sought to become a husband and a father, because I felt that I could live no longer unloved and unloving.

I was married to Lucilla Smith, the slave of Mrs. Moore. *We called it and we considered it a true marriage*, although we knew well that marriage was not permitted to the slaves, as a sacred right of the loving heart. Lucilla was seventeen years old when we were married. I loved her with all my heart, and she gave me a return for my affection, with which I was contented. Oh, God of Love, thou knowest what happy hours we have passed in each other's society in our poor cabin. When we knelt in prayer, we never forgot to ask God to save us from the misery of cruel separation, while life and love were our portion. Oh, how we have talked of this dreaded fate, and wept in mingling sorrow, as we thought of our desolation, if we should be parted and doomed to live on weary years away from each other's dear presence. We had three dear little babes. Our fondness for our precious children increased the feeling of love for each other, which filled our hearts. They were bright, precious things, those little babes; at least, so they seemed to us. Lucilla and I were never tired of planning to improve their condition, as far as might be done for slaves. We prayed with new fervency to our Father in heaven, to protect our precious babes. Lucilla was very proud of me, because I could read and write, and she often spoke of my teaching our dear little ones, and then she would say with tears, "Who knows, Thomas, but *they* may yet be *free and happy*?" Lucilla was a valuable slave to her mistress. She was a seamstress, and very expert at her needle. I had a constant dread that Mrs. Moore, her mistress, would be in want of money, and sell my dear wife. We constantly dreaded a final separation. Our affection for each other was very strong, and this made us always apprehensive of a cruel parting. These fears were well-founded, as our sorrowing hearts too soon learned. A few years of very pure and constant happiness, for slaves, passed away, and we were parted to meet but once again till we meet in Eternity. Mrs. Moore left Wilmington, and moved to Newburn. She carried with her my beloved Lucilla, and my three children, Anne, four years old; Lizzie, two and a half years: and our sweet little babe, Charlie. She remained there eighteen months. And Oh, how lonely and dreary and desponding were those months to my crushed heart! My dear wife and my precious children were seventy-four miles distant from me, carried away in utter scorn of my beseeching words. I was tempted to put an end to my wretched life. I thought of my dear family by day and by night. A deep despair was in my heart, such as no one is called to bear in such cruel, crushing power, as the poor slave, severed forever from the objects of his love, by the rapacity of his brother.

But that dark time of despair passed away, and I saw once more my wife and children. Mrs. Moore left Newburn for Tuscaloosa, Ala., and, passing through Wilmington, on her journey, she spent one night in her old home. That night I passed with my wife and children. Lucilla had pined away under the agony of our separation, even more than I had done. That night she wept on my bosom, and we mingled bitter tears together. Our dear children were baptized in the tears of agony that

were wrung from our breaking hearts. The just God remember that night in the last award that we and our oppressors are to receive.

The next morning Mrs. Moore embarked on board the packet. I followed my wife and children to the boat, and parted from them without a word of farewell. Our sobs and tears were our only adieu. Our hearts were too full of anguish for any other expression of our hopeless woe. I have never seen that dear family since, nor have I heard from them since I parted from them there. God only knows the bitterness of my agony, experienced in the separation of my wife and children from me. The memory of that great woe will find a fresh impression on my heart while that heart shall beat. How will the gifted and the great meet the charge against them at the great day, as the Judge shall say to them, in stern displeasure, 'I was sick, destitute, imprisoned, helpless, and ye ministered not unto me, for when ye slighted and despised these wretched, pleading slaves, ye did these acts of scorn against me. Depart, ye workers of iniquity.'"

The slave father and the slave mother love their dear children as fondly as we love the precious ones whom God has committed to our care. There is no joy so great to your heart as that which results from the happiness and prosperity of your children.

God has invested *this* relation with the most sacred sanctions, promising to bless, in all cases, the faithful training of the child, and connecting with obedience, reverence and love to the parent, the future welfare of the child. God gives the control of the child to the parents as a most precious and sacred trust. But the slaveholder robs the parent of this right, and takes the control of the slave's children into his own hands, dooms them to ignorance, degrades them, and, so far as he can, obliterates from their soul the image of their Heavenly Father, and reduces them to a level with the brute.

A slave mother in Kentucky, was to be taken to the distant South the next day, separated from her beloved child, with no hope of ever meeting the dear one of her love again. She was in jail awaiting her removal. She asked the jailor to allow her to have her child with her this last night of her sad sojourn in the land of her birth. Her request was granted, and in the morning she and her child were found dead, *destroyed by the frantic mother, as the only possible release from the horrors impending in their separation.* Could you endure the intolerable woe of seeing your dear children thus degraded and ruined by the hand of remorseless tyranny? Will you bear in mind that God commands you to do unto and for those poor, suffering slaves, husbands and wives, parents and children, as you would wish to be holpen if in their wretched condition? *This duty your Judge enjoins, and you neglect it at the peril of your soul.*

If I had time I should be glad to dwell on other aspects of the great wrongs endured by the slave—the enforced ignorance and immorality which is made to rest like the pall of death on these millions of our suffering brothers—the cruel extinction, by the relentless slave code, of the honorable and earnest desires of the heart for betterment in the

condition of life—the moral apathy which is purposely cast upon the feelings of the slave—these and other topics, pregnant with great truths, I would dwell upon, but I have not time now. You have seen enough, however, to lead you to cry out in the language of John Wesley—“*American slavery is the sum of all villainies!!!*” You have seen enough to show you that the wrongs endured by the slave in these United States, are unequalled in atrocity and unparalleled in the extent and infamy of their criminality in any other land of this earth. I will dismiss this topic by quoting the language of one who lives in the midst of slavery, the truth of whose testimony no one will be disposed to call in question.

The Rev. R. J. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, thus speaks on this point, of the family and home relations of the slave. He characterized it as “the most atrocious of all human institutions,” as a system “which denies to a whole class of human beings the sacredness of marriage and of home, compelling them to live in a state of concubinage, for, in the eye of the law, no colored slave-man is the husband of any wife in particular, nor any slave-woman the wife of any husband in particular, and no slave-child is the child of any parent in particular.”

But we must not pass by the *Fugitive Slave Bill* in the exposition of the Nation’s sin.

It would be difficult to find, in the legislation of the world, a case of such *deliberate* and *damning* villany as the consummation of this measure in the thirty-first Congress of these States presents. The manner in which it was driven through at the very last moment of the session is thus stated by Mr. Mann, in his recent admirable speech on this bill. He says:—

“When several of these measures were passed, and particularly when one of the most obnoxious and criminal of them all was passed,—I mean the *Fugitive Slave Bill*,—this House was not a deliberative body. Deliberation was silenced. Those who knew they could not meet our arguments, choked their utterance. The previous question, which was originally devised to curb the abuse of too much debate, was perverted to stop all debate. The floor was assigned to a known friend of the bill, who after a brief speech in palliation of its enormities, moved the previous question; and thus we were silenced by force, instead of being overcome by argument. For, sir, I aver, without fear of contradiction, that the bill never could have become a law, had its opponents been allowed to debate it, or to propose amendments to it. For the honor of the country, therefore, at the present time, and for the cause of truth hereafter, it is important that the hideous features of that bill, which were then masked, should be now unmasked. The arguments which I then desired and designed to offer against it, I mean to offer now. Those arguments have lost nothing of their weight by this enforced delay, and I have lost nothing of my right to present them.”

I have never been disposed to stop to ask the question whether this pretended law be constitutional or unconstitutional, as a question to be

settled before I should decide whether duty bade me to obey or disobey the infamous statute. It is clearly proved, however, by argument and logic which cannot be answered, and which no man will ever attempt to answer, that this law is entirely unconstitutional. It subverts the Constitution, and severs the bond of Union, just as much as it contravenes the eternal constitution of Right which God has enacted. *But I am prepared to say, that I will disobey that law, by aiding the fugitive slave, and by active obstructions in the way of the abominable kidnapper, although the Constitution of my country should sanction the law in all the length and breadth of its immeasurable infamy.* I am devoutly thankful that this law is as unconstitutional as it is bad, but we must remember this rule, which is binding upon men always and everywhere, a rule higher in authority and more ancient than any human law or Constitution, *obey God rather than man,—disobedience to a wicked law is loyalty to God,—deliberate obedience to a wicked statute like this bill of utter abominations is blank Atheism, and those who counsel it are sheer Atheists.* And in this matter the old doctrine of the Protestants is true, each one must examine and decide according to the convictions of *his own conscience*. As each one will go to the judgment alone, and answer for *himself* and for *no other*, according to that which *he* hath done, so must each one, by *his own* private individual conscience, decide for *his own soul*, and thus forever bear the result of that decision, what duty demands of *him*.

The process which is instituted by this act for the rendition of the fugitive to bondage as you all know, is to be a "*summary process.*" *Provision is made for the swift and sure accomplishment of injustice.* Now look at one example of this *summary* injustice:—A colored woman and her daughter, claimed as fugitive slaves, while the husband and father was absent from his home, were seized near Philadelphia and brought before Judge Kane for trial under the summary provision of this law. David Paul Brown, Esq., the generous and steadfast friend of the colored people, volunteered to act as her counsel. He asked delay for a few days that he might procure important testimony from a distance, which would show that this woman was free. But the trial must be summary, *and the petition for time to prove her right to freedom was cruelly denied the poor woman.* A physician then came forward and testified under oath that the unhappy prisoner was on the eve of her confinement, and could not with safety be removed to the distant place where her professed owner lived. This was urged upon the judge as a reason for a postponement of the trial, but in vain. A final appeal was then made for a short delay, that, at least, the freedom of the child might be secured by its birth on the free soil of Pennsylvania. But the Judge was inexorable, the summary proceedings of the court were not to be stayed one hour, not even to give freedom to an immortal being just entering the world. *The despairing mother was hurried to the land of chains, that her child, thus unborn, might be doomed to the life of a slave.* It is difficult to speak of such things—the infernal law, and its legitimate results—with words that shall answer the burning indig-

nation of every true heart. *We have in this law the abomination of utter injustice and wrong, unlighted by a spark of goodness or truth.*

The trembling fugitives have sent out an appeal to the clergy of this State, which is so expressive and true, that I offer no apology for giving it in this place, and then I close this topic by an extract from the noble speech of Mr. Mann, on this law.

ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY OF MASSACHUSETTS.

“WE, the trembling, proscribed and hunted fugitives from chattel slavery, now scattered through the various towns and villages of Massachusetts, and momentarily liable to be seized by the strong arm of government, and hurried back to stripes, tortures and a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which your fathers rose in rebellion to oppose—most humbly, importunately, and by the mercies of Christ, implore you to lift up your voices, like a trumpet, against the Fugitive Slave Bill recently adopted by Congress, and designed for our sure and immediate re-enslavement.

You claim, in an especial sense, to be witnesses for God — the ambassadors of Him who came to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. As you would be clear of the blood of all men, it is for you to give to the down-trodden and the oppressed your deepest sympathies, and to hold up to reprobation those who frame mischief by a law. It is for you to declare the supremacy of the eternal law of God over all human enactments, whether men will hear or forbear.

After years of unrequited labor; of enforced degradation; of inconceivable misery—we have succeeded in making our escape from the southern house of bondage, and are now attempting to lead quiet and peaceable lives in this Commonwealth, and by expanding our faculties, and cultivating our moral nature, to glorify God in our bodies and spirits, which are his. By the recent law of Congress it is made a highly criminal act to shelter us from the slave-hunter, or to refuse to participate in our capture, at the command of the appointed commissioners.

Now, therefore, by the solemn injunction of a Christian apostle, Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them, we implore you, from your pulpits to denounce that iniquitous law!

By the command of Christ, Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them, denounce the law!

“By all the horrors compressed into that system of slavery, which Wesley has justly styled the sum of all villainies, denounce the law!

By the cherished memories of Pilgrim fathers and Revolutionary sires, denounce the law!

By your warm approval of your country's Declaration of Independence, denounce the law!

By your belief in the scriptural affirmation, that by one God we are

all created, and that he hath made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth, denounce the law !

By all the woes and warnings pronounced by the prophets against those who refuse to hide the outcast, and bewray him that wandereth—who decree unrighteous decrees, and write grievousness which they have prescribed, to turn aside the needy from judgment—denounce the law !

Thus will you exalt the Christian religion ; oppose the mightiest obstacle that stands in the way of human redemption ; exert such a moral influence as shall break the rod of the oppressor ; secure for yourselves the blessings of those who are ready to perish ; and hear the thrilling declaration in the great day of judgment, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me."

Mr. Mann says : " In the name of my constituents, and by the memory of that ' old man eloquent,' in whose place it is my fortune to stand, I demand its repeal. I demand it,—

Because it is a law which wars against the fundamental principles of human liberty.

Because it is a law which conflicts with the Constitution of the country, and with all the judicial interpretations of that Constitution, wherever they have been applied to the white race.

Because it is a law which introduces a fatal principle into the code of evidence, and into judicial practice,—a principle before which no man's liberties and no man's rights of any kind can stand.

Because it is a law which is abhorrent to the moral and religious sentiments of a vast majority of the community that is called upon to enforce it.

Because the life and character of so many of its apologists and supporters are themselves potent arguments against it.

Because it is a law which, if executed in the free States, divests them of the character of free States, and makes them voluntary participators in the guilt of slave-holding.

Because it is a law which disgraces our country in the eyes of the whole civilized world, and gives plausible occasion to the votaries of despotic power to decry republican institutions.

Because it is a law which forbids us to do unto others as we would have them do to us, and which makes it a crime to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to visit and succor the sick and the imprisoned.

Because it is a law which renders the precepts of the Gospel and the teachings of Jesus Christ seditious ; and, were the Saviour and his band of disciples now upon earth, there is but one of them who would escape its penalties by pretending " to conquer his prejudices." And, finally,

Because the advocates and defenders of this law have been compelled to place its defence upon the express ground that the commandments of men are of higher authority than the ordinances of God."

And now I ask in conclusion, *what is the Christian's duty ?*

No one who has followed me through this discourse with attention

and candor, can deny that the Christian has a most important duty now on his hands in the removal of American Slavery. Do you not see in the condition of this nation the *pressing* nature of this duty? Do you not hear the voice of the Almighty Father, in the words spoken in olden times to the Prophet of God, *now* calling upon every minister of the truth, "*Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgressions?*" First of all, then, the Anti-Slavery work is a *religious* duty. It is not by the observance of *orthodox* or other forms and ceremonies, that the national sin is to be purged away, and our nation's destiny made glorious and happy. *We cannot* be as strict in these things as were the Jewish people, even when filling up the measure of their iniquity by the crucifixion of the Heavenly Redeemer. Our duty consists not in the belief or rejection of any abstract doctrine, so much as it does in the daily application of the example and precepts of Christ to every situation and act of life. And we must not only act against the wicked Slave-power, but we must earnestly, habitually and constantly seek the guidance and blessing of God in our efforts to remove Slavery from our land. The most difficult and arduous work is that which the *true* Christian Reformer is *now* seeking to advance. He needs the wisdom of God, the whole *panoply* of truth to arm him for the tremendous struggle which God's children are now waging against Wrong. The praying spirit which our Lord manifested in his arduous work, his spirit of heavenly meekness, of condescending humility, of entire devotedness to truth, of all-pervading love, of sweet resignation to the Divine will, of self-sacrifice, of unshaken faith in God, of fearless faithfulness in the discharge of duty, that noble spirit which shed such a light from the bloody cross, that the Centurion, upon whose heart it shone, cried out, "Truly this was the Son of God,"—must guide and fill the Reformer in this work, or he will fail. But if he wait on the Lord, he shall mount up on wings, run the race and not weary, walk the path of duty on to its joyous end, and not faint by the way. Brothers and Sisters of all names and parties, who are engaged in this heavenly Anti-Slavery work, I entreat you, pray for Divine wisdom, for brotherly harmony and union among all the friends of truth and freedom, and for speedy success in this great work of God.

Another duty which now lays its irresistible claim upon every Christian man, woman and child of the land, is to seek for and to disseminate all possible information on this subject. There is a wide spread, and most criminal ignorance about this stupendous system of oppression. There are many professed abolitionists who fail to exert a decided influence for good in this momentous struggle for want of that definite and well digested knowledge of slavery which they might have gained by hearing the lecturer—by reading anti-slavery papers and documents, and by protracted and earnest reflection. And what follows from this culpable negligence? When such an unfurnished and unfinished abolitionist encounters the cavalier, the answer of truth is not ready, and falsehood triumphs. When he meets the honest seeker for truth, a golden opportunity is lost for baptizing an earnest heart into the love

and practice of the Christian spirit of reform. And, worst of all, when the faithful servant of God comes before the people with the *truth*, and declares, in all faithfulness the *whole* counsel of God, he is offended, and not knowing what he does, cries out in harmony with a wicked world, "*crucify him, crucify him.*" This thorough knowledge of the evils and enormities of slavery is of the last importance, and compared with its worth, can be obtained at a very trifling expense. Only a week ago to-day there was made, in this place, the ablest and best exposition of the evils of the Fugitive Slave Bill that has yet been given in the town of Concord, by Wendell Phillips, of Boston. No one who loves truth and justice could have heard that masterly expose of wrong without delight and profit. And yet but a portion of the professed abolition people were present; and, no doubt, some of them deprived themselves of a rich treasure of important knowledge through mere prejudice of mind. Is this magnanimous or right? Again, I ask how many of the professed friends of liberty take and read an anti-slavery paper? Not one-third of them I presume. I submit to your own candid judgment that you ought to seek, *by all means*, to inform yourselves on this great question. Every family in Concord ought to be visited by a weekly paper true to the demands of humanity. Every voter in the State ought to read the able and glowing speech of Horace Mann on the Fugitive Slave Bill, just published by the enterprising and earnest Commonwealth. Every man who takes the miserable, love-sick Olive Branch, Flag of our Union, "*et id omne genus*," or the dishonest political papers like the Advertiser and Post, or the pro-slavery papers, falsely called *religious*, like the Christian Register, and the New York Observer, ought to change them for the papers devoted to the good, the welfare of mankind.

We ought also to inform others, our friends and our neighbors, to urge upon their notice with persistent kindness, the facts fitted to arouse every conscience to instant, earnest and continued action for God and humanity against the slave-power. Every document, every speech, and every sermon, which brings the light and power of truth with honesty and ability against the dark atrocities of slavery, should be freely given up to the cause, and efficient measures adopted by the friends of truth to scatter these olive leaves of love over the land. You may be assured, my friends, that now is the most favorable moment yet seen under this government to scatter the good seeds in the hearts of the people. Men will now pause from party strife, and from the hurry of business, and read an able article on this important subject. There are ten ready this day to read where there was one a few years since. Let us not permit the golden opportunity to pass unimproved, but while the fallow ground is broken in the hearts of an outraged people by the plow-share of this fugitive slave bill, let us cast the seeds of truth into the rich furrows, and depend upon it God will give us a glorious harvest.

It is our duty again to reform ourselves wherein we are wrong.

There is a fearful wickedness in the prejudice of the American heart

against the negro. How often do we hear men say of this oppressed class, "Oh, but the negro is a different race from the Saxon, and *must*, by a law of our nature, ever be an inferior while he lives here with us. He never can be a *man* in this land, but let him go to Liberia, and there he may rise to the dignity of *manhood*." All I can say in reply to this statement of prejudice and pride is this: If so indeed it be, then Christ died in vain, and the sooner this crazy, selfish, cruel world is burned up, the better for the Universe. But there is no semblance of truth in this infernal American creed. It is sheer prejudice and cruel pride. Douglass, Crafts, Ward, Pennington, Remond, Smith, Jones, Bibb, and others too numerous to mention, members of the despised African race, in spite of difficulties which we are unable to appreciate, stand forth among our ablest and best men. The Christian among us, who is the ablest and most interesting in our prayer meetings of all who come thither, is brother Garrison, a negro. And now bear this in mind, all of you, the negro has the same inherent and inalienable right to a home in this land, with all the comforts and privileges thereof, that you or I have. This is his *native* land, and he is our brother. If he falls in this strife, we fall likewise. We rise in prosperity and joy, or sink in ruin together. Every privilege which we claim in the State, in Society, in the bosom of the church, is *his* right as well as *ours*. If we cavil at this or deny to him these rights, then it is a just retribution upon us when we are deprived of our own. I do not say that *you* are guilty of harboring in *your* hearts this cruel prejudice; but I do unhesitatingly affirm that nothing is more unchristian, nothing more opposed to the precepts of the Gospel, than this remorseless prejudice which so many cherish in their hearts against the negro race.

Again we are in duty bound to refuse all fellowship to the slaveholder and to his abettor.

I could not in conscience, and I would not for my life, by any act of mine, acknowledge the minister, who assumes such a wicked attitude in regard to this fugitive slave bill, as Dewey and Rogers have done, to be a minister of Christ. I believe that such men are undisguisedly and only ministers of unrighteousness.

"Depend upon it," says a correspondent of the Free Presbyterian, "that when we are dead and gone, the historian of the Church will mark the year 1850 as an era when blank, unvarnished infidelity was taught in Christian pulpits—when the Government commanded the citizen to trample humanity and the law of God in the dust, and the Clergy stood by consenting and co-operating."

I submit to the conscience of each one who hears me, that it is your duty to refuse Christian fellowship to the slave-holder and his abettor. And that you are sacredly bound to vote for no man to be a ruler in the land, who holds slaves or supports slavery.

But there is still another and most important duty which the Christian is bound to perform. *Union with all honest and pure men and women who will come together on the great platform of humanity, for the overthrow of slavery.*

The South presents an undivided front on this question. Southern men cast to the winds all minor considerations when the question of slavery comes up for discussion or for action. In this way for sixty years have they been victorious over the divided and betrayed people of the Northern States. But the forces of Liberty are divided. Their disjointed and ill-directed efforts result in no permanent overthrow of the slave-power. I am told on the one hand and in this State, beware of Garrison and his friends, for they are infidels, bad men and women, disturbers of the church, and rebels against the government. But what is the simple truth? Why Garrison and his friends have done more to arouse this nation to an abiding sense of the great peril impending over our precious fabric of freedom, from the slave-power than all other classes of men. You say they denounce the church. Well this is their justification for so doing. The popular church of the land has stood and now stubbornly stands in the way of freedom, and Christ's ministers cannot declare the whole counsel of God without a stern exposition of the character of a faithless ministry and a false church. I know these devoted men and women and have watched their course for years, and I do know that they are not open to the charge of infidelity. By the rule our Savior himself gives us, I measure them and find that they are Christians. "*By their fruits shall ye know them.*"

Nor in saying this, do I endorse all their theological views, nor agree entirely with them in regard to the measures proposed. But I see them in the field, yea the pioneers there, striking stout blows for freedom, and carrying confusion into the ranks of the enemy. With the generous ardor of a brother in the noble cause of humanity, I rush to their side, and join in their warfare.

On the other hand, and in another State I am told, beware of Gerrit Smith and his chosen friends in the Anti-Slavery cause, for they are radicals and fanatics, and you can never be popular if you act with them. Be it so, if you please, in this present hour, but remember it is far better to be right, than to be popular, and remember, too, there comes a time whose dawning light may guide our footsteps, when the right will be popular, and wrong will hide its hideous head from the scornful gaze of the world. In this proscribed band of Reformers, I see some of the noblest and truest men and women that live, and principles bright with the truth and love of Christ, for which they earnestly contend, and I am ever happy to strive with them for the redemption of this world from all oppression, and for the establishment of the one universal loving brotherhood in Jesus Christ.

In taking leave of this topic, I wish to impress upon your minds this manifest truth. *Union among all honest and pure men and women of all denominations and shades of opinion, founded on a full renunciation of the sectarian spirit, and on a cordial adoption of the spirit of Universal Brotherhood, is the one ever essential condition of success in the great struggle to free the slave.*

There is no service you can render to God so acceptable as this, to

succor and relieve his oppressed, his suffering child. So highly does God regard this service, that he records it in the Book of Life, and in the great Day rewards the doer for these acts of Love and Kindness, on the ground that they were rendered to *Himself*. But so sternly does God abhor contempt of man in his suffering need, that to him who has been guilty of slighting and despising the needy and the oppressed, He will say at that time of final award, "Inasmuch as ye refused to minister to these suffering children of oppression, ye despised and hated me; depart, ye workers of iniquity."

"Who shall avenge the slave? I stood and cried:
 The earth, the earth, the echoing sea replied.
 I turned me to the ocean, but each wave
 Declined to be the avenger of the slave.
 Who *shall* avenge the slave? My specie cried:
 The winds, the flood, the lightning of the sky.
 I turned to these, from them one echo ran,
 The right avenger of the slave is man.
 Man was my fellow: In *his* sight I stood,
 Wept and besought him by the voice of blood,
 Sternly he looked, as proud on earth he trod,
 Then said, the avenger of the slave is God.
 I looked in prayer toward heaven, awhile 't was still,
 And then, methought, God's voice replied, I WILL.