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WHOLE NUMBER DCCXLVIII
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THE LIBERATOR
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79
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[Chiefly copied from the New York Observer and Evangelist.]
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The services of the Twelfth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society (old organization) were held in the Tabernacle, in the presence of a large audience, on Tuesday morning. The meeting was called to order by Wm. LLOYD GARRISON, who said, 'That we may now proceed to record our testimony against the vilest oppression that the sun ever looked down upon, and in pursuance of our usual custom, to leave this meeting free to all who choose to offer prayer, an opportunity will now be given for vocal prayer by any one who may desire to offer it.'

Rev. HENRY GREW of Philadelphia offered prayer.

The Treasurer's Report was read by FRANCIS JACKSON, of Boston--
briefly as follows:
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TREASURER'S REPORT.

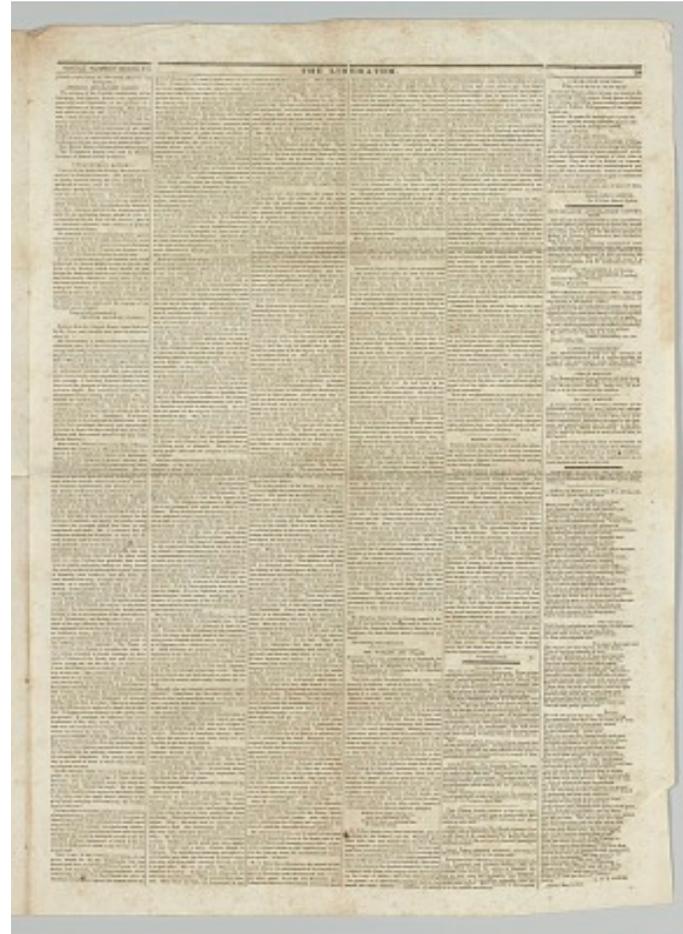
I herewith lay before the Society the annual statement of its financial concerns. The whole amount of money received during the year, was \$8556 52; \$2532 43 of which, were for subscriptions to the Standard; \$5863 52 were from donations, and \$160 57 were for the sale of tracts. The whole amount of money paid during the same period, was \$8445 66; \$4630 69 of which were for publishing the Standard, and office expenses; \$1142 12 for lecturing agents; \$442 69 for publishing tracts; \$2126 30 were for extinguishing the old debt of the Society; \$94 46 for incidental expenses; and a balance of \$120 86 remains in the Treasury.

No unsettled account or outstanding claim against the Society is known to exist, unless there be some small balances due for recent services to lecturing agents now in the field. It gives me pleasure to announce the fact that the Society is out of debt.

At the commencement of our financial year, I was authorized to borrow \$1200, in order to pay the old debts of the Society, which were almost all paid during the first month, and the rule of cash payments has been steadily adhered to since, which is by far the most economical and satisfactory mode of transacting the business. In consequence of the great amount of labor done for the Society without compensation, retrenchments in the number and amount of salaries have been made, and the expense of the Standard much reduced.

Respectfully submitted by
FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer*

Extracts from the Annual Report were then read by Mr. Gay, and a



motion was made for its acceptance, by

Mr. Sanderson, a young colored man from Massachusetts, who, in a few remarks characterized by energy and ability, expressed his encouragement and hope in the prospects of the anti-slavery cause. He said :--When I think that 12 years ago, there were not more than 20 persons who could be assembled at an anti-slavery meeting, and that now, when we meet, we see such a vast concourse, I thank God and take courage. I feel that, however cloudy it may have been, the prospect of the speedy advent of liberty is now bright. The anti-slavery enterprise does not propose merely freeing a few negroes. No. It aims for the establishing of those principles for which our fathers shed their blood. I come not here as a colored man--I know that slavery strikes at the root of the whole liberty tree. (Applause.) It is becoming creditable to be considered an abolitionist. I cannot but feel encouraged that every year opens brighter scenes to those who have pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors to this holy cause. (Great cheering.)

After which, WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., of Boston, addressed the audience, in offering a resolution, in a speech of some length, but replete with sentiments, which, however repugnant to general opinion, were expressed with a clear and lofty eloquence, and extraordinary felicity and beauty of illustration. His resolution was to the effect that, inasmuch as the only exodus of the slave from his house of bondage in our time, must be over the ruins of the present political and sectarian organizations, this Society rejoices in the history of the year past, in which we have seen, in the matter of Texas, the madness of Southern championship for slavery overleap itself, and sign for sooner or later the death-warrant of the Union; and the various religious sects, yielding, if not to the force of principle, at least to a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, and slowly but surely coming to sunder the covenant which they have so long maintained with death. Mr. P. remarked that his resolution included the principles on which the Society is based, and on which the anti-slavery movement proceeds; and as the Society has latterly taken the position that no consistent abolitionist can support the Constitution, the friend of the slave could have no other feeling than gratitude that events were so rapidly and surely tending to bring around the results in which he believed the highest interests of humanity were involved; and that before his *nunc demittis* was sung, he might witness the convulsion of a sundering Union and a dissolving church. It was grateful to know that the tendency of religious associations in this country is to dissever, divide, dissolve; and that that public contempt is felt, which the Church has excited by her failure to answer the just expectations of the world, which looking to her as an expression of the spirit and temper of Christianity, and finding that every movement of the age, affecting the interests of humanity, has originated *out* of the Church, begins to regard her as a stranded vessel, past which the glad waters of progress and reform sweep to the parched souls of the suffering and the oppressed. The Union, of which it was once treason to calculate the value, is now calmly estimated in its real bearings, by thousands of citizens of the North, and men are every where crying out, not the old cry of Liberty *and* Union, but Liberty with or without the Union--Liberty at any rate. The position of this Society, that there must be no union, either in Church or State, with slaveholders, is undoubtedly a startling one; but to him who looks at the state of things existing in this country, and notices the real obstacles which lie in the way of ultimate attainment of universal liberty, will see that it is just. Slavery is no slight evil, no trifling sin, no matter of a single day's duration. It began with our history--it has grown with our growth. It stretches its influence into every department of life, civil, social,

religious--so vast that none can overlook it--so fearful that no length of time can lessen its horrors. Such a system has grown from 700,000 to 3,000,000--making every day's page of its history bloodier than the preceding, while all the time our religious organizations have wielded an influence over the national character and councils unequalled elsewhere. The people have been clay in the hands of those to whom they looked up as religious teachers.

By the *character* which they have formed for this people, we have a right to judge of these national Churches. For two hundred years, this nation has been their pupil. Behold the result! Do we judge the teacher harshly when we say he has utterly failed in his duty--that his pupil knows nothing of the great beauty and glory of Christianity, the brotherhood of the race?

We have then a civil polity, and these representatives of religious feeling, in the midst of which the system of slavery has grown from a comparatively small beginning to its present colossal, overshadowing stature; and the unwelcome conviction is forced upon us, that the system can never be destroyed, except by the destruction of those institutions in which it has entrenched itself, and of which it has become a component part.

This, I say, is our reluctant conviction--it was never sought for by the abolitionists, but was forced upon them by the experience of years of difficulty, and reproach, and misrepresentation, while endeavoring to evoke from that Church the voice of Christian remonstrance against the system which the

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spirit of Christ and of humanity both united to condemn. It was only after having found out, by long and bitter experience, that the Church would not move, and that if ever an influence should be brought against slavery, it must not only originate without the Church, but be put forth in spite of the Church, that the conviction was adopted, that there was no hope for the slave but in the agitation and jostling of religious institutions. All other influences in this land are but the dust of the balance, compared with that which is exerted by the religious feeling of the country. We have no other source of power to which we can appeal. What in this country are the impulses of fashion, the power of literature, the influence of the press, the authority of select and powerful classes, to which resort might be so effectually had in other lands? They are all wanting here--they are chilled and blighted before the power of what, believer though I am, and adherent of the Calvinistic faith, I must call a superstitious reverence for the clergy. The eloquence of Webster or of Clay, albeit echoed from the Rocky Mountains to Greece, is but a whisper compared with the daily droppings of the New-England pulpit! Every seventh day, twenty thousand pulpits summon the people to prayer; and from the germ of infancy to the days of decrepitude and decay, in every season of trial or joy, in teaching, action, festivity or grief, at all seasons, and in all circumstances, the New-Englander turns first to his religious teacher. His voice directs the course of literature--gives tone and form to education; and it is his presence in every scene that makes it peculiarly New-England. The heart dares not beat, except its pulsations be directed according to the type of the religious feeling.

And this sentiment characterizes New-England's sons wherever they have wandered.

Now it is amidst such people, and in such times, that we find ourselves called upon to attack an overgrown, powerful system, which has imbedded itself in the very foundations of our social and political and religious life. And yet men find fault with us for dwelling so much on the church question! for busying ourselves so constantly with the religious aspects of our cause! for trying so earnestly to make the churches consistent with their professions! What else can we do but regard the religious feelings and arrangements of the people? Where can the foundation of any structure rest but on the firm granite of the religious element of the national character? That man does not know the strength of the element in which he lives, moves and has his being, who does not see that so long as the representatives of the religious feeling are arrayed against him, he can do nothing. And the dilemma in which the friend of the slave finds himself is, either to give over all hope of success, or else secure the direction of the overwhelming current of religious feeling towards the object he desires. To breast the wave is impossible; and therefore, so long as existing organizations, humanly constructed church systems, are so identified with slavery, and so ramified with its various interests as to stand its greatest bulwark, there is no hope that that system will be overthrown, until by convulsion and disruption and jostling, it becomes disentangled, and the religious sentiment of the country, free from sinister and sectarian control, can flow in the direction to which it naturally tends. To overlook the power of the religious sentiment would be the extremest folly. Why, that little knot of infidels who are now counselling in the obscure places of the city how to beat it out of the human soul, might as well consult how to strike the sun from the heavens. The glorious Creator of that beautiful mechanism, the human soul, placed it at the fountain head of everything noble or powerful. There never yet was a people who were not religious, in their sense of religion.

But that religious sentiment may be far other than Christian. In the East, it throws the parent into the Ganges, or holds up a withered arm for half a life; elsewhere it bows down to stones--all those are results of the *religious* sentiment, active, but ill-directed. It is so here. When the religious sentiment seeks its expression in actions which are *Christ-like*, then alone it deserves the name of Christianity. Religious as this nation is, it has hardly begun to be Christian. The religious movement of the present time is not animated by a spirit akin to that of the Master. When he descends and knocks at the door of his professed people, requiring them to go down to the depths of human misery, and offer one hand to the drunkard and the other to the slave; and when the response to that, is the voice of curses within, closed doors within, indifference within; when every movement at which the heart of humanity leaps up for joy, comes not from the church, but from without the church; whatever others may do, I will seek for my representations of Christianity in those meetings, or those men and women, from whom bubbles up the purest expression of that feeling which animated the Master in his career of mercy, and which most resembles those eternal principles of charity, of right and love, which find a response in the universal human heart. It is by these principles that the church must be judged. If it be deficient in these great characteristics, which mainly distinguish the Redeemer; if it be recreant to the work which it was the business of his life and death to promote, we must write Ichabod upon its gates.

But, though this is our great obstacle, it is not our only one. Anti-slavery

is not a single idea. It has the good sense to strike at whatever it finds in its way. Excuse me, Mr. President, for the illustration--but our cause sees sound sense in the Irishman's advice to his English friend, when introducing him to a Tipperary row--'Wherever you see a head, hit it.' Still, of course, we proportion our efforts to the importance of the obstacle to be overcome. We take less notice of the little entrenchments, behind which a cowering priesthood seeks to hide itself, (hissing,) than of the real strength which they wield. The objections which are put forth as only a cover, are less to us than the motive which really animates the attack.

Men ask, why not marshal yourselves into a political party? Apart from the fact that every officeholder in this land must first swear to support slavery,--we know well that radical reforms can never be carried on by political organizations.

The politician must conceal half his principles, to carry forward the other half--must regard, not rigid principle and strict right, but only such a degree of right as will allow him at the same time to secure *numbers*. His object is immediate success. When he alters his war-cry, he ever looks back over his shoulder to see how many follow.

To the reformer, all truths are equal in their sacredness: he feels no right to compromise one, in order to advance a more favored cause. His object is duty, not success. He can wait, no matter how many desert, how few remain; he can trust always that the whole of truth, however, unpopular, can never harm the whole of virtue.

Parties cannot bear rigid principle, whether on the wrong or right side.

There are two men in this country, rigidly consistent--JOHN C. CALHOUN and WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. No party could bear either. The whole land look upon them as crazy--as Coleridge's friends did him, when he came to their revelry, fresh from his books. Gifted as Calhoun is, his life has been a failure. Why? He won't bow to expediency, the politician's God. The Democratic party, much as they owe him, have just thrown him overboard.-- Why? He lessens *numbers* by his strict consistency in error. Neither a rigidly good man nor a rigidly bad man could lead a party. Parties delight in trimmers. The anti-slavery cause may be trusted in such hands, only after its *real* work is done--when men play with it at public meetings as a toy, or use it to gain office. But we are asked, Why not ally ourselves to a party? Sedgwick and others did it, and what was the result? They mistook their vocation. They voted for Polk, but determined to op-

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pose him on the Texas question. They should have seceded from their party, and then with waning numbers it would have trembled. Parties don't weigh truth, they count noses. Why not protest? Massachusetts protested. She exhausted the dictionary in protesting! She has wasted a great deal of 'excellent indignation,' and with what result? South Carolina allows that we have the best of the argument, but she keeps the best of the loaf. What cares the South for right, for principles, for the Constitution? She sees only \$1200,000,000 slave property.

We will yet array against her the religious sentiment of the land. Two of our great churches are breaking--the Methodist and the Baptist. Thank God! Mr. Clay thinks, and so does Calhoun, that the wind of the blow which divides them will break the Union. Again let us thank God. For when great evils have planted themselves in the very depths of the body politic, good can only come 'out of those hot and fiery contests which society makes,' when, in the magnificent imagery of Edward Irving, 'her ranks unmoored crash and jostle like mighty vessels in a storm.'

We can even now welcome the voices of the true-hearted from the other side of the ocean. While the old world echoes the voice of O'Connell--while England trembles before Cobden and the masses--the South feels that the spirit of the age is against her. They tell us that the earthquake of Lisbon sent thirty-six huge waves across the vast Atlantic, to break in thunder on the shores of Antigua--a type of the moral thunders, before which our Bastille shall yet go down.

Mr. Phillips proceeded at some considerable length to show the obstacles which the existing political organizations placed in the way of emancipation, by the terms of the compact between the North and the South, and the overpowering influence which slavery always has and must exert, so long as it forms an acknowledged element of the civil polity. The hopelessness of confining or destroying that power by means of party organizations, was also dwelt upon. We have not time for even a sketch of this portion of his speech, and we feel that we have done poor justice to the finely expressed and eloquent periods of that which we have attempted to present.

MISS HITCHCOCK next took the platform, and with great self-possession surveying the audience, she remarked that she always felt a delicacy in rising to speak when other and better speakers were present, and she had never felt so sensibly her weakness as at the present time. Yet there was no need of apology, and she would make none, for every one who had a voice, however feeble, should raise it in behalf of liberty; and she had no doubt that the speaker would be lost sight of in the dignity and importance of the subject before us. She proposed to discuss the Constitution of the United States, for it was a fact that some contend it is an anti-slavery and some a pro-slavery document. She would show that it was *pro*-slavery, so regarded by its framers, by our courts, by every officer of government, a compact formed to defend and propagate slavery. She would first cite the clause by which fugitive slaves are to be returned to their masters. God has said that you shall not send back a slave, but the North has agreed with the South that if the slave escapes to the free States, he shall be sent back to his slavery. The South says our slaves will all run away, and our plantations will be left desolate, unless the North will help us, and the North says we will take care of you and your slaves. The South says we cannot carry on our traffic in the bodies and souls of men; we can't tear out the hearts of our fellow-creatures, and imbrue our hands in their blood, unless the North will stand by us in this horrible cruelty, and the North agrees to it. The whole naval and military power of the nation is pledged to the protection of slavery with all its abominations. The North is the protection of slavery. The accursed institution could not stand a single day, were it not for the support it derives from those who call themselves citizens of the free States.

This is the position of the North, and have they not been taught that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God? We praise the Revolutionary spirit of our fathers, but we know if some Adams or Washington should

arise there at the South, he would be crushed by the armed force of the North. We, the people, have made the government, formed the army and navy, and *we* employ all these means to perpetuate slavery in the South. And if a man wants to rise in political power in this country, he must stand on human hearts, and be flooded along on a tide of human blood. He must rise to the very climax of villany, he must make the degraded slave a stepping stone to power. Why, the assassination of a tyrant by one who wants his place, is virtue compared with this refinement of diabolism! The memory of regicides will be cherished with reverence, compared with the infamy of the demagogues of the present day, who thus tread upon the flesh and bones of their fellow-men to get into office. I know there has been much said about the preamble to the Constitution. But what is that? It speaks of a more perfect Union, but what is that but a sham? These may be a union between thieves and robbers, between pirates and murderers; and that is the only union formed by this Constitution. Every man who stands by this Union is a slaveholder; that is, he occupies the place of a slaveholder, and must bear the responsibility. Miss H. then went on to speak of savages and cannibals as fit illustrations of the spirit of the men who formed a compact to protect slavery. They never intended to be just. They knew what was oppression; but they took from one sixth of the population, property, wife, children, body, and soul, and then say they mean to be just. Miss H. then depicted the horrors of slavery and the slave trade, and with great energy and some force of language painted the dreadful tortures of the middle passage, and said we must feel all these before we are fully prepared to understand what sense of liberty they must have had, who formed a compact that tolerated slavery, involving as it does the horrors of the slave trade. The framers of the Constitution were not friends of liberty. To call them such would be to mock the understanding of men. They were despots and tyrants, and there is no word in the English language to describe the demonism of their character, and the very coolness with which they made the bargain, serves but to aggravate the infamous wickedness of the deed. They hesitated, as criminals always do, as a thief or a murderer before he perpetrates the deed. Benjamin Franklin proposed prayer. But to who did they pray? Not to God, for he had no attribute to take side with the oppressor; but they prayed to Satan, to the father of lies, and quieted their consciences, and strengthened them to do the deed. *I* do not wish to say anything against these men; *but* they are worshipped as great and good men, and it is time their true character was exposed to the world. But I will not talk any more about this CONSTITUTION. It is only fit to be torn into pieces, and trampled under foot. And who is there here who will, at the next election, enter into this compact again? Not one, I hope.

Miss H. concluded, by reciting the admirable spirit and emphasis some indignant strains of poetry in which the words 'Down with the Union,' 'Down with the blood-stained banner,' were often heard amid a conflicting din of hisses and applause, at the close of which she descended from the platform.

Mr. Garrison then rose, and in behalf of the three millions of manacled slaves at the South, and of the friends of liberty and humanity every where, proffered the warmest thanks to the noble-hearted woman who had just sat down, for her faithful and impressive speech. (Cheers.)

W.C. BELL Esq. of Kentucky, the partner of Cassius M. Clay in the establishment of an Anti-Slavery paper in Kentucky, took the floor and said: 'I like that lady's spirit. It is the true Kentucky spirit. Perhaps she

has never been South and cannot speak
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from actual observation; but I can assure her and this assembly, that she don't begin to describe the misery and crime and cruelty of which the system of slavery is the cause. I have a claim on the sympathy if not the respect of this assembly, for I became a practical abolitionist 25 years ago. I had a colored woman suspected of having poisoned her children, and I sold her to a Methodist man who was in want of a servant, and could not get one. I did not like to sell her, but my wife insisted upon it, and as the slave was hers, I didn't like to interfere, and if I had, my wife has the true Kentucky spirit enough to resist. I have not come to solicit aid, but to lay our case before the people of the East. A majority of the people are in heart with you, and if you will approach them in a spirit of kindness and without denunciation, they will listen. I am opposed to denunciation, any where and on any subject. Mr. B. mentioned the names of men in Kentucky who are friendly to the agitation of the subject. The Frankfort Commonwealth and the Louisville Journal are open to its discussion. All we want is a press to concentrate public sentiment, and the work will go on. He was proud to be engaged in it, and with such a noble fellow as his partner, Cassius M. Clay. He said that the night before he left home, as he was sitting by his table mapping out his trip to the East, his little daughter standing at his elbow, said, 'Father, if I was a man, I'd glory in it.' And so I do. After a warm appeal in behalf of the Anti-Slavery cause, and seasonable counsel to be moderate in their expressions, he sat down.

Rev. HENRY GREW, of Philadelphia, next took the platform, and in a short but earnest speech bore his testimony against the American Church and the American Union as the bulwarks of slavery, from which the friends of God and man should withdraw themselves.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, a slave, was next introduced to the audience, and spoke for half an hour with much warmth and manly energy. He commenced with diffidence, observing that his early habits had done much to unfit him for public speaking; but before he sat down, he showed that he was not wanting in that experience which inspires genuine eloquence.--He had long cherished a wish to stand before an audience in the Tabernacle, and though he could not add anything to what had been said regarding the Constitution or Church, he could state something in regard to slavery. He said he ran away from the South about seven years ago, since which period he has resided in Massachusetts. He would unite with the gentleman from Kentucky in saying, that the picture which had been drawn of slavery came far short of the reality. He would tell what he had seen with his own eyes, felt upon his own person, and known to have occurred in his immediate neighborhood. He came not from those States in which the slaves are said to be in the most degraded condition; but from Maryland, where slavery is said to exist in its mildest form; yet he could relate atrocities which would make his blood boil. He had lived on the plantation of Col. Lloyd, in the eastern part of Maryland, an owner of a thousand slaves. He said he was still a slave, and could mention names in this public manner only at the hazard of being hurled back into interminable bondage; but for the sake of humanity he was willing to risk his own freedom. If he should fall into the hands of his master in the utterance of the truth, he had the gratification to know that every drop of blood which he should shed, every pain which should rack his frame, every sob in which he would indulge, would be the instrument, under God, of tearing down the bloody pillar of slavery, and of hastening the day of

deliverance for three millions of his brethren in bondage. The individuals of whom he should speak had dipped their hands in blood from necessity. It was impossible to hold the slave in bondage, without resorting to measures of violence. His overseer on the plantation was one Austin Gore, a proud, ambitious, cruel man, who was a terror to his slaves, and whose eye flashed confusion amongst them. He never spoke but to command, and never commanded but to be obeyed. The speaker had seen women stretched upon the limbs of trees, and their bare backs made bloody by the lash. One slave having committed some trifling offence, refused to be whipped, and ran into a creek near by, refusing to come out. Gore told him he would shoot him if he did not come out. Three calls were to be given him. He stood firmly. Gore, equally determined, raised his musket, and in an instant poor Denby was no more. He sank beneath the waves, and nought but the crimsoned waters marked the spot. Mr. Lloyd asked why such a deed had been resorted to, and on being told that it was necessary to enforce obedience in order to keep the slaves submissive, was fully satisfied. The murderer earned renown by the deed, and still lives in Maryland, as much respected as ever. Other circumstances could be adduced of a similar kind, if time would permit. In conclusion, he had a word to say to those friends at the North, who ask why the slaves do not rise and shake off their iron chains. Who are those that are asking for manhood in the slave? The very men who are ready by the Constitution to bring the strength of the nation to put them down. To such he would say, stand aloof. Leave us to take care of our masters, and we'll be free.

Mr. Douglass closed with a stirring appeal in behalf of his brethren in bondage, and in their name thanked the American Anti-Slavery Society, and its President, for their faithful labors in behalf of the slave.

The meeting then adjourned.

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DRS. WAYLAND AND FULLER

DOMESTIC SLAVERY, considered as a Scriptural Institution; in a correspondence between the Rev. Richard Fuller of Beaufort, S.C., and the Rev. Francis Wayland of Providence, R.I.--Revised and corrected by the authors.

This book, or Dr. Wayland's part of it, may very properly be called a 'mush of concession.' Having admitted, in the outset, that his slaveholding fellow-Baptist is a dear Christian brother, and that he 'heartily coincides' with him in ill opinion of the abolitionists, the way is open for the two to proceed harmoniously, side by side; and they do so proceed, to the end of the book, thanks to the frequent and liberal sops that Dr. Wayland throws to Cerberus, who must indeed be a most ravenous and insatiable beast, if he could demand more. Slavery indeed always cries, give, give, until all is surrendered; but so much concession as is here granted is quite sufficient to assure her that Dr. Wayland is not to be confounded with 'the abolitionists,' and to induce her to take him by the hand, allow him to be a dear Christian brother, and walk with him through every plantation of the South without a single hint of slow fire, hanging by the neck, penitentiary, or tar and feathers. She would also, no doubt, allow him to preach the gospel, (a gospel without 'liberty,' and therefore without 'the spirit of the Lord,') to slaves as

well as masters throughout her whole region; and together, with cheerful voices, clasped hands, and eyes turned up to the sky and away from the slave, might they uplift the psalm, after every 'season of communion' between slavery and apologist,

Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together, such as brethren are,
In unity to dwell.

Dr. Fuller, being a very *pious* man-stealer, goes to the Bible for his defence, and Dr. Wayland goes there with him, and admits - that the New Testament contains no precept prohibitory of slavery, and that God permitted and regulated slavery among the Jews; he admits also that a man cannot manumit his slaves if the law of his country forbids it; that those who hold slaves in the Southern States are not to be compared with those who engage in the slave trade on the coast of Africa; that if he were preaching 'the gospel' to a slaveholding heathen nation, he should not make abolition a condition of native

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church-membership; that to be the holder of slaves is not always and every where a sin; that simple slaveholding ought not to be ground for ecclesiastical excommunication; that he perceives but little to which he can object in the results to which his slavery-defending clerical brother is led; and finally that, knowing some Christian slaveholders who have voluntarily remained such through life, *he* knows not how they could have acted more worthily!

Keeping in mind the extensive ground covered by these concessions of Dr. Wayland, and the fact that Dr. Fuller is a hearty and thoroughgoing defender of slaveholding, it must be admitted that the title of the book in question, 'Domestic Slavery considered as a Scriptural Institution,' is singularly felicitous. The tenderness of charity with which they cover the man-stealing professor from denunciation, their steadfast defence of whatever amount of oppression Moses may have allowed to the Jews, the zeal with which they protest against an absolute separation of slaveholding from Christianity, and the reverend gravity with which each utters his professional incantation at the close of his work, well befit their position as pillars in the great 'bulwark of slavery.'

But the reader is not to suppose that Dr. Wayland's letters are wholly composed of such matter as I have cited. Oh, no! certainly not! They purport to be a reply to the argument of the dear Southern brother, and in fact for every stratum of concession from the author of the Limitations of Human Responsibility, there is a much thicker stratum of plausible looking anti-slavery matter from the author of the Moral Science; quite enough indeed to have banished the book from the Southern territory for fear of spontaneous combustion, but for the skilful intermixture of concession and fraternization, which, like layers of wet blankets, effectually check all inflammatory tendency. If these opposite portions of the book are brought into combination, they neutralize and destroy each other, like acid and alkali; but the slaveholder, looking only at the alkali, will praise the charity and liberality of dear brother Wayland, and many a Northern man who thinks himself an abolitionist, will look only at the acid, and rejoice that so much anti-slavery truth has gone to operate upon the consciences of slaveholders.

Compromise is the peculiar danger of the Anti-Slavery cause. As

Nehemiah was tempted by Sanballat, and Tobiah, and Geshem the Arabian, and the rest of his enemies, who sent to him five times, saying, 'Come, let us meet together, let us take counsel together,' so are abolitionists constantly besought in the most moving terms, only to recognize slaveholders as Christian brethren, only to admit them to fraternal church-communion; and as Nehemiah replied to those treacherous invitations, 'I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?' so should abolitionists declare, We cannot leave the high and impregnable foundation of principle on which we stand, to *come down to you;* we must continue to labor for the slave; and we will not yield a single iota of his rights, nor countenance a single iota of your oppression.

Well are we admonished by a prophet to 'love the truth and peace.' Truth stands first in importance. Truth is never to be sacrificed to appease the violence or the pertinacity of an opponent. We fight not with carnal weapons, but with sword of the spirit we are bound steadfastly to resist and destroy false principles, whether they come clad in the garb of an angel of light or of a Doctor of Divinity. C.K.W.

[[horizontal line separating articles]]

BAPTIST CONVENTION.

Francis Jackson has put into our hands the following letter, which has been sent to him by a generous and well-known friend of the anti-slavery cause, connected with the Baptist denomination, and residing in the vicinity of Boston :--

'Supposing that you might not have heard of the doings of the Baptist Convention, lately held in Providence, I herewith subjoin a statement. You may recollect that some months since, a formal demand was made, by Alabama Baptists, that slaveholders should be permitted to preach the gospel as missionaries. This demand was an infringement of a previous compromise--made, too, by the Southern portion of the church at the last Triennial Convention. And the object of the late Convention was to meet this demand, and to decide for war or peace.-- The attendance of Northern members was rather strong--say 400. The attendance from the South few, but their *best men.* The vote was overwhelming, and final in the premises, that no slaveholder should be permitted to preach Christ crucified to the heathen. The rending asunder of the Baptist Church is complete. The Northern part of it holding the charter, with the Board of Home and Foreign Missions, of course, to be somewhat remodelled.--They lose about \$12,000 per annum, which principally came from the States of Georgia and Virginia. The Southern part, embracing all the slaveholding States, have called a Convention, to meet in a few days at Augusta, Georgia, to organize separately for themselves. All the evil of these evil men will thus be brought together. May their faces gather blackness! May God turn wisdom into folly, and cause them to be followed with the bitterness that they would measure out to others! The revenue of the Northern Baptists will amount to about \$78,000. They will, consequently, have to recall missionaries, or receive more aid. They deserve credit, and perhaps will get their penny, although they have stood in the market-place until the eleventh hour. Better late than never! Brother Jackson, this is a big bomb that has burst, and I, for one, feel thankful that the destroyer is shattered.

Very truly yours, G.'

[[bold double-line separating articles]]

FROM THE JAMAICA TIMES.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT GUERRIER. From private intelligence transmitted through H.M.schr. Pickle, which arrived yesterday from Port au Prince, we learn that the President Guerrier had departed this life; and that General Pierot, a General of Division, and we believe, a relative of the late King Christophe, has been elected to the Presidential chair.

The new President of Hayti is a full black, over six feet high, erect in figure, and about seventy-two years old. He still rides well, is often on horseback, and for his age, is very active and vigorous. He has little or no education, but is said to be gifted with considerable natural shrewdness, and to be temperate in his habits; in the latter particular having greatly the advantage of his predecessor. His wife, from whom he has long been separated, has for some years past been residing in Sicily with her sister, the ex-Queen.

The schooner Dove, from Aux Cayes, reports that all was quiet at that place; two French vessels of war lying there; \$10,000 has been offered for the head of Herard, and three vessels sent out in search of him, but returned unsuccessful.

[[horizontal line separating articles]]

[[italics]]Late from Texas. [[/italics]]--The steamship New-York arrived here yesterday morning, from Galveston, whence she sailed on the 26th inst. The people of Texas are determined upon annexation. Through their public meetings and the press, they express themselves with an enthusiasm which cannot, we are persuaded, be borne down.

Public meetings were held all over the country, so far as heard from, to take the question into consideration.--[[italics]]N.O.Picayune, April 30th. [[/italics]]

[[horizontal line separating articles]]

Capt. Warren Gould, a native of Beverly, while, passing on board a vessel lying at Lewis wharf, Boston, recently, slipped and fell overboard, and when taken up was dead.

[[italics]]Disastrous Shipwreck [[/italics]]--The British schooner Tom Cringle, which sailed from this port on the 1st inst., for St. John, N.B., went ashore on Dipper Harbor Ledge in a thick fog, and out of [[italics]]fourteen [[/italics]] passengers only [[italics]]two [[/italics]] escaped.

James Eager, convicted of murder, was hung in New-York on Friday, in the prison-yard.

SWITZERLAND.--Blood has been spilt between the rival Protestant and Catholic factions. The free corps, which invaded the canton of Lucerne, like Falstaff's raw recruits, got pretty well 'peppered,' and as they were the aggressors, and conducted themselves so as to neutralize

sympathy, their fate excites little regret. More than 600 of them perished in the conflict and retreat.

[[end column 5]]

[[begin column 6]]

LIBERATED SLAVES!

[[italics]]EMPLOYMENT WANTED. [[/italics]]

Places are wanted either in town or country, for the following colored women, lately slaves in Louisiana; being a portion of those recently emancipated by John G. Palfrey, Esq. Secretary of the Commonwealth, viz:

BETSEY, 31 years old, having a son 5 years old.

MARIA, aged 23, having a daughter 3 years old.

MARGERIE, aged 21, having two infants.

ROSE, aged 13 years.

FRANKEY, [girl] aged 12 years.

The last named have some knowledge of housework. They are all believed to be strong and healthy, of correct deportment, and more capable and intelligent, than the average of persons of their class in Louisiana. They are now in Boston, on expense; and wages are not so much a consideration as procuring for them, immediately, homes in respectable families, where they may learn to gain a subsistence for themselves and their children.

Persons disposed to receive one or more of them, will please write by mail, to

ELLIS GRAY LORING
No. 27 State Street, Boston.

[[Bold horizontal double-line separating articles]]
NEW-ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The friends of impartial freedom and unconditional emancipation are summoned to attend the annual meeting of the New-England Anti-Slavery Convention, which will be held at the Marlboro' Chapel, in Boston on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, May 27th, 28th and 29th.

The Convention has annually increased in numbers, interest, and importance, since the commencement of the series, till it now takes the first rank among all the meetings held in this city during the anniversary week. The gathering this year, it is hoped and expected, will be multitudinous beyond all precedent.

in behalf of the Massachusetts A.S. Society,
FRANCIS JACKSON, [[italics]]President. [[/italics]]
EDMUND QUINCY, [[italics]]Secretary. [[/italics]]
Boston, May 2, 1845.

[[horizontal line separating articles]]
OHIO AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY

Will hold its next anniversary in New-Lisbon, on the 5th day of 6th month. (June.)

Arrangements are being made to secure the attendance of many of the prominent advocates of human rights in our own, and other States, of which, together with other particulars, timely notice will be given.

Let every man and woman who has a heart to feel for, and a soul to sympathise with suffering humanity, at once make up his or her mind to be present.

By order of Ex. Com. O.A.A.S.S.
JESSE HOLMES, *Cor. Sec.*
3d mo., 12th, 1845

[[horizontal line separating articles]]
CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

The Massachusetts Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment will hold a public meeting on Friday of the anniversary week, May 30th, in the 'Marlboro' Chapel. Let there be a full attendance.

[[horizontal line separating articles]]
PEACE SOCIETY.

The Massachusetts Peace Society will hold its anniversary in Boston, May 26, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P.M. in the Winter-street Church. Judge Jay, of New York, is to be the orator on the occasion.

[[horizontal line separating articles]]
PLACE WANTED.

A young colored man, recently a member of the Wilbraham Academy, of good habits and address, desires to obtain a situation in Boston or its vicinity, to serve in a private family, or on a farm, for a moderate remuneration. Reference in regard to his character and qualifications can be made to the Rev. Jehiel C. Beman, North Grove-street. Application can be made by any person in want of such help, to 25 Cornhill.

[[Image of hand with index finger pointing towards text]] [This young man has been so unfortunate as to lose all his clothing on his return from Wilbraham to this city, and is therefore in a destitute condition. We hope he will soon find the employment he so much desires and needs.]
-*Ed. Lib.*

[[bold double-line separating articles]]
MARRIED - In this city, 14th instant, at Zion Church, by Rev. Jehiel C. Beman, Mr. John J. Smith, formerly of Richmond, Va. to Miss Georgiana Smith, of this city.

[[horizontal line separating articles]]
DIED-- In Waltham, April 30th, Mrs. Elvira, wife of John M. Peck, aged 33 years.

She sleepeth, and is blest!
Morn cometh up over the distant hills,

And Nature wakes to life, and puts her robe
Of Gladness and of glorious beauty on,
As if no heart, 'neath heaven's bright canopy,
Throbb'd with unuttered anguish. Voices come
On every passing breeze, that whisper us
That Spring, with all her countless treasure-stores,
Is lavishing her untold wealth abroad;
But to *our* thoughts, that o'er departed ones
Linger so sad and mournfully, it seems
But weaving a bright glowing drapery
To garnish buried hopes. O'er the sweet streams,
That flow as tranquilly as if no breath,
Save that of summer, ever round them swept,
Floats the rich vernal melody, teeming
With all that makes the green earth ring.--
The song of birds and the low chime of waves;
But on *our* ears, tuned unto sorrowing music,
Peals a far deeper echo, telling us
Of death, of severance, and of stricken hearts.
Oh, it is sad to feel that when the earth
Doth seem to us the brightest--when our feet,
At ev'ry bound, press on some new-born verdure,
We must lay down, deep in its hidden cells,
Some priceless gem on which our fond hearts rest.
'Tis bitterness to know that they whose joy
Heightened the beauty of the summer hues,
Must, in the slumber of the silent grave,
Repose beneath the flowers.

But ever thus
Hath Death's relentless hand swept o'er our hopes;
And ever still will it sweep on, till he,
The last dark enemy, shall yield him up
To Him who conquers ever.

Yes, sister, thou hast trod
The way we yet must travel; but the heart,
With all its deep intensity of love,
Of hope, of gladness, or of woe, must shrink,
To feel the bright links broken, one by one,
That bind us tenderly to the sweet earth,
And hear that sad word spoken which we all
Must speak at last, that dying word, 'Farewell!'
Farewell, sweet sister! we shall look for thee
In many a group where thou wert wont to tread;
But we shall miss thee there, and in that home
Where thou, the wife and mother, wert the light
Of those who trusted thee; but a deep void,
Instead of thy loved face, will meet us *there*
And silence that doth fall so bitterly
On the lone heart, in place of that sweet tone
That oft hath gently greeted us.

But yet
We will not mourn for thee: Thou art among
The ransomed, who have done on earth their work
Of love and duty, and have gone, attired
In the pure drapery of innocence,
To the celestial city. Even now,
While on our ears the funeral knell doth peal,

Thy harp is tuned to heavenly anthems, where
No blight nor shadow can appal thee more.
But 'tis for those whom thou hast left to meet
The tempests of the heartless world alone,
Who now must struggle on without thy smile,
Thy counsel, or thy love. Oh! 'tis for *these*,
That we in Sorrow's garb would clothe ourselves;
And not for *thee*, the angel now in heaven.
Yes, who will now be near to them to soothe
With the sweet words of love, in this cold world,
That hath such need of love? Who will be near
To him, to whom with such devotedness
Thy heart, e'en in its earliest bloom, was given?
Oh! he will weep for thee, when round his hearth
He gathereth his little ones, and feels
How more than lonely is the widowed heart.
Gladness for him hath died with thee.
Earth's hues have changed from spring's first green,
To the deep pall of midnight; and the stars,
That once shone brightly o'er his path, have passed
And left no trace. But when upon him steals
The gushing sorrow, and the grief whose tide
Can never be controlled, may thy sweet voice
As from thine Eden-home, fall on his soul
And to the fountain leading him, at which
Thy spirit quenched with living drinking its thirst,
Work the sweet ministry of faith and hope.
And thus may'st thou be near him, pouring in,
From thy full flow of happiness, that peace
Which they alone can know, who, with their God,
And with his ransomed ones, hold blest communion.
And when upon death's dark'ning wave, he too
Shall launch his bark, may that high hope,
Which to thy spirit gave the triumph song,
Make bright the way before him, till the shores
Of thine own home shall burst upon his view,
And he shall raise the shout of 'victory!'

L.B.T. LEWIS

Waltham, May 2, 1845.

[[end page 6]]

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National Museum of African American History and Culture

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