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POETRY.

For the Liberator.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S VIEW OF SLAVERY.

White women of the Southern States, from lethargy awake!
Awake! arouse your energies, for womanhood's dear sake!
Oh, women of the Southern States, while slavery survives,
You're your lords' harem mistresses; you are not Christian wives.
White matrons of the Southern States, who tremble at your frown?
Your husbands' darker concubines! Is this your marriage crown?
To live among such wretched ones, of sanctity deprives
The tie that binds in wedlock Southern husbands and their wives.
White mothers of the Southern States, till slavery's chains ye break,
Do not your sons, your hope and pride, their fathers' guilt partake?
Does not that careless mother, who at slavery connives,
Rear her daughters but for harem-chiefs, not pure and holy wives?
White maidens of the Southern States, who grow up loved and free,
Torn from their father-master's house, your darker sisters see!
Oh, share not in the villain-gold that buys those sisters' lives,
Making degraded concubines those God-meant sacred wives.
White women of the Southern States, for womanhood's dear sake,
Bid slavery cease from your fair land; from lethargy awake!
'Tis yours to set th' oppresed free--and that glad time arrives,
When only hold ties surround your sanctity as wives
Kent, (Eng.) Oct. 1855 JANE AVERY.

For the Liberator.

BROTHERS, AWAKE!

Wake, brothers, wake! for the foemen are coming,
Their shouts of defiance are borne from afar!
From the green sunny plains of ill-fated Kansas,
Oh, wake, brothers, wake! and prepare for the war!

From the South-land they're coming, those proud tones of triumph,
Defiant and bold they're born on the gale:
Shall the sons of the North calmly list to such challenge? --
Shall slavery 'gainst Freedom and Honor prevail?

They have raised the black banner of blood-stained Oppression,
And thousands are gathered beneath its dark folds;
And Northward its shadows are steadily creeping,--
Crushed hearts, blighted homes, are the trophies it holds!

Shall it move o'er our hearthstones, this ensign of darkness?
Shall the foul Demon wave round our altars his chains?
Shall the snows of our mountains be crimsoned by bloodhounds,
And the slave-mart pollute with its presence our plains?

Shall our rivers, that waft the rich treasures of commerce,
As proudly they roll on their course to the sea,
Ever bear on their waters that vile thing, a slave-ship,
To hold men in bondage whom God has made free?

And our green hills where peace, love and virtue are dwelling,
And Labor with plenty the toiler hath crowned,
Where 'Harvest Home' anthems are making glad echoes,
Shall they e'er to the wail of the bondman resound?



Ah! say not that we, in our homes of New England,
Are safe from the tyrant, are free from his power!
E'en now he is coiling his chains close around us--
Shall we stand up like freemen, or dastard-like, cower?

Shall Liberty's birthright, bequeathed by our fathers,
For Cotton and Union be recklessly sold?
Shall the banner of freedom, to slavery given,
Bear its impress accursed on each silken fold?

Oh, brothers, awake! and, with manly endeavor,
Stem the tide that so swiftly is bearing you on;
Gird on Truth's bright armor, and dream not of resting
Till Right, over Might, has the victory won!

God speed you, my brothers! and bless each brave freeman,
Who manfully strives 'gainst the legions of Wrong;
The blessings of millions shall be his bright guerdon,
Though now he may walk with the pale martyrthrong.
Barre, Mass, Oct., 1855. CARRIE

For the Liberator.
OUR NATIONAL CRIMES.
Raise ye the sparkling wine-cup high,
And place it to your neighbor's lip;
Ay, bid him drink it to the dregs;
Strengthen hell's claim at every sip!

Place ye the cup in children's hands,
But tell them it is not a sin
To look upon the wine when red,
Or that a serpent lurks therein.

Fill high the bowl, and let it pass
To brother, sister, lover;
And drink ye long, and drink ye deep,--
Hell's fiends around you hover!

How long, O God! shall we behold
This demon reign within our land?
How long shall Might o'errule the Right,
And Policy command?

Our'scutcheon's stained--our honor's gone--
God's image can be bought and sold--
Our boasted freedom's but a name--
Our principles are bought with gold!

A wail comes up from Southern climes,
From woman in her deepest woe;
God hears, and speaks in thunder-tones--
'Will ye not let my people go!'

Our flag floats over Southern seas,
Goes bounding o'er Atlantic's waves,
Proclaiming Liberty to man:--
Comes home--floats o'er a race of slaves!

Tear down your emblem of the free,(?)
Pluck every feather from his wing;
His flight is clogged by whips and chains!
O'ne'er again of Freedom Sing!
Reading, Mass., 1855. S.M. SMITH

NOVEMBER.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile, through the soft, vapory air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in the ray;
The piercing winter's frosts and winds, and darkened air.
BRYANT.

OLIVER, THE STAMP COMMISSIONER OF 1765, AND LORING, THE
SLAVE COMMISSIONER OF 1855.

November 8, 1855.

Dear Garrison:

The following items illustrate the character of the people of Boston and Massachusetts in 1765 and in 1855. How fallen! It seems incredible that in ninety years, a change so entire and so sad should have come over a whole city and State under circumstances so favorable to progress; especially when it is considered that, during the entire period, one constant shout of praise to liberty for all mankind has ascended to heaven from these very people, and that shout has been loud and vehement in proportion as they sank lower and lower into the grovelling victims and tools of slavery.

THE STAMP ACT--The first Act of tyranny that ended in the Revolution, received the signature of the King, and became a law, March 22 1765. A copy was received in Boston May 26, 1765, and it was to go into effect Nov. 1, 1765.

The following is the substance of that Act:--Governmental stamps were required to be affixed to all writs and processes of courts, to all entries and clearance of vessels, to all collegiate diplomas, marriage certificates, cards, newspapers, almanacks, wills, deeds, mortgages, and to all documents to which it was necessary to give legal value. No paper was good before the law without a stamp. Mark! the aggression related mainly to property, and was entirely negative in its bearings. Special persons were to be appointed, by the king, in different cities of the colonies, as Commissioners to sell these stamps (ranging in value from a penny to a pound) to all who wished to purchase. ANDREW OLIVER, then acting as Secretary of the Colony, was appointed as Stamp Commissioner for Boston.

How did the people of Boston and Massachusetts feel and act under

this oppression of the King and Parliament? Though bound to their fatherland and its government and people by every tie of kindred and affection, and living with them in closest bonds of union and intimacy, they, at once, planted themselves on the principle of ABOLITION or DISSOLUTION--a bloody revolution, rather than submission to such an Act.

The Act reached Boston May 26th. May 30th, the Legislature met, and on the 8th of June, passed a resolution, proposing to call a Congress of Deputies from all the Colonies, to meet in New York the first Tuesday in October, about one month before the Act was to take effect, to form a plan of general resistance to its execution. Thus the whole State and country, from Maine to Georgia, was to be aroused and placed in an attitude of defiance and open resistance to a law deemed so unjust and odious.

Oliver, meantime, had erected a building on Kilby street, as a stamp office. The people of Boston, in their proud and determined hostility to oppression, brought the matter, at once, to an open issue. August 14th, in open day, they hung Oliver in effigy, on Liberty tree, then standing on the corner of Essex and Washington streets, and would not allow the minions of the tyrant to take it down. On the evening of the same day, they demolished the Stamp office, just erected by Oliver, each bearing a piece of it to Fort Hill, where they made a bonfire of them.

In September, a large quantity of stamps arrived in Boston. Governor Bernard, finding that Oliver could not safely meddle with them, applied to the General Court to know what to do with them. The Court promptly refused to give any advice or assistance in the matter. So the Governor had to stow them away, and guard them as he best could--none being found base and bold enough to aid in the execution of the hateful law. Through the pulpit, the press, the public assembly, and at every corner and every shop and house, all were assured what would be the doom of him who should accept and execute the odious of Stamp Commissioner!

The time had come (Nov. 1st) to execute the law. Not one dared attempt it. In December, the people were notified that there was some probability that Oliver would accept the office and attempt to execute the law, though he had previously publicly resigned his commission at the bidding of his fellow-citizens. He was called on publicly to give a decided answer whether 'it was so or not.' By the favor of the printer, he was permitted to reply in the same Gazette. This was not satisfactory to the people of Boston, and a note was sent to him, desiring him to appear under Liberty tree, on December 16th, at 2 o'clock, P.M., to make a 'public resignation,' and this, in presence of the people to purge himself of all just grounds of suspicion.

'Accordingly, the Selectmen, with the merchants, and the principal inhabitants of Boston to the amount of two thousand, assembled at the tree at the time appointed. Mr. Oliver sent a note, with compliments to the gentlemen assembled, containing a proposition to have the ceremony performed in the town-house; but that not being agreeable, he came up to the tree, and declared as follows:--

'Whereas, a declaration was yesterday inserted, in my name, and at my desire, in some of the Boston newspapers, that I would not act as distributor of the stamps within the Province, which declaration, I am informed, is not satisfactory;

'I do hereby, in the most explicit manner, declare that I have never taken any measures, in consequence of my deputation for that purpose, to act in the office, and that I never will, directly or indirectly, by myself or any under me, make use of the said deputation, or take any measures for enforcing the Stamp Act in America, which is so grievous to the people.

Boston, 17th December, 1765.

ANDREW OLIVER.'

'SUFFOLK, ss. Boston, Dec. 17, 1765.

The Honorable Andrew Oliver, Esq., subscriber to the above writing,
made oath to the same.

(Signed.)

R. DANA, Justice of the Peace.'

Still more fully to assure the people of Boston, then assembled under Liberty Tree, that he had not been, and never would be, guilty of an act so mean, so wicked, and so false to liberty as that of aiding to execute a law so unjust and tyrannical as the Stamp Act, Mr. Oliver made a speech to them, and said:

'He had an utter detestation of the Stamp Act, and would do all that lay in his power to serve this town or province, and desired that they would no longer look upon him as an enemy, but as another man.'

The above is taken from the 'History of Boston,' and it is added, 'Mr. Oliver was highly respected for his piety, integrity, and knowledge of the affairs of the Province.'

Such were Boston and Massachusetts in 1765. They would not allow a law imposing on them, without their consent, a tax of a penny stamp, to be executed on their soil. They resisted it unto death. Nor would they allow a man to live in their midst who was suspected of being willing to execute it. He who would be willing to aid in executing the Stamp Act, was accounted a criminal so base, unprincipled and dangerous, as to be unfit to live in their midst; and he caused the Stamp Commissioner to appear before all the people under LIBERTY TREE, and there resign his commission, and assure them with an oath that he would not, directly nor indirectly, aid in a deed so base as the DISTRIBUTION OF STAMPS. Resistance to such tyrants they deemed obedience to God. They were noble men; their object was worthy any sacrifice; and with a noble daring they pursued it, though poverty, prisons and death were before them.

Ninety years after that glorious deed, in 1855, what do we now see in Boston and Massachusetts? A SLAVE COMMISSIONER!--E. G. Loring--a man volunteering his services to execute the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850--a law which renders any man, woman or child of Boston and Massachusetts liable, at any moment, to be seized, and tried without a jury, on the issue, is he a freeman, a slave--a man, or a chattel?--and to be dragged into slavery 'one hour of which is more intolerable than ages of that which our fathers (of 1765) rose in rebellion to oppose'--is allowed to live in Boston, to execute that infernal law, and actually to seize and consign the citizens of Boston and the State to the hell of slavery. That Slave Commissioner--that tool of kidnappers--that base, unprincipled slave-hunter, lives in all honor in the midst of the people of Boston and Massachusetts, and is allowed, as Judge of Probate, to have the care of their widows and orphans, the children of those who would not allow a Stamp Commissioner to live in their midst. They have fallen so low as to allow a Slave Commissioner to dwell among them and to hold the office of Judge! And now, they have just elected the man to be their Governor, who alone, is responsible for the presence of that slave-hunting Judge on the soil of Massachusetts. No matter what may have been their wish or act last winter as to the removal of that bloodhound of the Slave Power, every man who voted for Gardner at the recent election, endorsed his act in refusing to remove Loring, and every one of them is responsible for the presence of the kidnapper of Anthony Burns on the bench of the Judiciary of Massachusetts.

Where were the Rev. Doctors Sharp, Rogers, Gannett, Dewey and Spring, of 1765, to pray and preach the people into submission to the Stamp Act? Not one was found. Not one was found to counsel forbearance toward the Stamp Office, or the Stamp Commissioner. Now, how changed! Slave Commissioners, kidnappers, are members of churches--are recognized as honest men and good Christians, and our Doctors of Divinity are their apologists and the firmest supporters of the

Fugitive Slave Law!

What have the Union and the Churches and Government, the ministers and politicians done for Massachusetts and Boston? In ninety years, they have dragged down the people from that high and noble position in which they would not submit to a Stamp Act, to a position in which they can tamely and basely submit to a Fugitive Slave Law; they have so bewildered and benumbed the moral sense and spirit of freedom, that where, in 1765, a pedler of stamps could not endure, in 1855, slave-hunters and slave-catchers are tolerated and honored!

How inconceivably insignificant are politicians and priests, churches and governments, as means of the elevation and happiness of human beings! On the contrary, how potential they are to undermine the morals, the noble daring and heroism of a people, and render them, like our Loring's, our Curtises, our Spragues, our Websters, our Kanes and McLeans, the willing allies and cringing tools of woman-whippers and cradle plunderers!

When will the people of Boston meet in Faneuil Hall, the Liberty Tree of 1855, and their compels Loring, Sprague, Curtis and Hallett to appear before them, and there, under the sanction of an oath, pledge themselves never more to aid in executing the Fugitive Slave Law? Never, while the present Union exists--never, while they basely prostrate their poor souls before a slaveholding government, and a slaveholding God.

But one alternative is before Massachusetts; i.e., she must say--No officer of a slaveholding, slave-hunting government shall execute his office on her soil--or, she must consent to have her citizens bought, and sold, and held as slaves in her midst. A SLAVE-AUCTION in STATE STREET--OR, 'NO UNION WITH SLAVE HOLDERS!'

People of Massachusetts! Are you prepared for the issue? Trust not your politicians nor your priests. They have always betrayed you--they always will; the former, to save the Union; the latter, to save the Church. Now, slavery and liberty are recognized as having an equal claim to the protection of your politics and your religion, your government and your God. Hitherto, in every department of life involving liberty and slavery, you have recognized the justice of this fatal claim, and accorded to kidnapers the same consideration which you have to true and honest men. But one step is before you--NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS; or, AN ABSOLUTE ONENESS WITH THEM;--an eternal DIVORCE; or, and indissoluble MARRIAGE between Liberty and Slavery--between yourselves and the earth's most unscrupulous, malignant oppressors. Will you not revive the long-forgotten and unheeded battle-cry of 1765--'Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God'?
HENRY C. WRIGHT.

'HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.'

Mr. Editor:

In looking over the Report of the Commission on Lunacy, of 1854, on p.52, I find the following:--

'Nature of Poverty. In this connection, it is worth while to look somewhat at the nature of poverty, its origin, and its relation to man and to society. It is usually considered as a single outward circumstance--the absence of worldly goods; but this want is a mere incident in this condition--only one of its main manifestations. Poverty is an inward principle, enrooted deeply within the man, and running through all his elements; it reaches his body, his health, his intellect, and his moral powers as well as his estate. In one or other of these elements it may predominate, and in that lone he may seem poor;; but it usually involves more than one of the elements, often the whole, Hence we find that, among those whom the world calls poor, there is less vital force, a lower

tone of life, more ill health, more weakness, more early death, a diminished longevity. There are also less self-respect, ambition, and hope, more idiocy and insanity, and more crime than among the independent.'

Now, Mr. Editor, among a people whom 'the world' is so fully agreed in pronouncing poor and shiftless as the free colored population of Massachusetts and the North, we should expect to find a very large proportion of insane and idiotic persons. How stands the fact?

On page 114, we find the following:--

'There is, then, one lunatic among every four hundred and twenty-seven, and one idiot among every one thousand and thirty-four, and one of either of these classes among every three hundred and two of the people of Massachusetts.

Regarding the nativity of the people and the patients,--among the natives, the lunatics were one in four hundred forty-six, and the idiots one in eight hundred and eighty-nine, and one of both in two hundred and ninety-five of the Americans. Among the foreigners, the lunatics were one in three hundred and eighty-four, and the idiots one in seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-one, and one of both in three hundred and sixty-seven of the strangers. Among the colored population, the lunatics were one in ONE THOUSAND and TWENTY-FIVE, the idiots were one in ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY-FIVE, the idiots one in NINE HUNDRED and TWENTY-TWO, and both classes one in FOUR HUNDRED and EIGHTY-FIVE of this race.'

It would seem, then, from these statements of the commission, that the colored population of Massachusetts is not so innately poor and egraded as 'the world' has so unanimously voted them. A word to the wise is sufficient.

D.S.W.

NARRATIVE OF JOHN HOLMES.

Extracted from the new and highly interesting work just published by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston, entitled 'THE REFUGEE: or, the Narratives of Fugitive Slaves in Canada--related by themselves. By BENJAMIN DREW:--

My name in slavery was John Clopton. I belonged originally in Hanover Co., Va. My treatment was so bad, I hate to say anything about it. Slaves were not allowed to open a book where I came from: they were allowed to go to meeting, if the master gave them a pass--some have that privilege, and some do not. My owners never gave me a hat in the world, nor hardly any clothes.-- When I got big enough, I worked nights to get me a hat and some clothes. There was one physician there, who I know as well as I know myself, who flogged one woman till the skin was off her back, and then whipped the skin off her feet. One neighbor of ours was worse than the evil one wanted him to be. He used to make a married man get out of his bed in the morning, and he would go and get into it. What I have seen, I seldom say anything about, because people would not believe it,--they would not believe that people could be so hard-hearted. They whipped so much, I couldn't tell any particular reason for it.

The horn would sound at the time the cocks crowed. Then they all got up. When it blew the second time, all had to start to the field: if any remained after this, the overseer would go in and whip them. Daylight never caught us in the house. Then the overseer would get on his horse, and ride to the field; and if any one came in after him, he would apply the lash--perhaps fifty, perhaps a hundred. I have seen the women jump for the field with their shoes and stockings in their hands, and a petticoat wrapped over their shoulders, to dress in the field the best way they could. The head magistrate of that county (L_____J_____) was about

the hardest of any of them. When I came away, one of his men had maggots in his back. His brother E_____ was not so hard,--he was killed in a duel. Another brother was very hard toward his wife, his slaves, and everybody else. His name was B_____J_____. He was so bad he couldn't live any longer--he killed himself by drinking a quart of brandy from a case-bottle--a case-bottle full. Next morning he was dead. This was before I came away, and I left in 1825. I don't know my age. They don't tell the slaves anything about their age. There were but two that I know of, who used their people any way decent.

There was young T_____P_____ who had overseers who would kill his people with no more conscience than one would kill a snake. T_____P_____ was so bad, he wouldn't give his people Sunday. He had two or three farms. On a Saturday night his people would pack up, and travel Sunday to another farm, so as to be ready for work Monday morning. He had one overseer named L_____, who called himself a 'bull dog,' and said he could manage any nigger. They allow eight ears of corn for a horse at noon. A young man was about feeding a horse: L_____ says, 'How many ears have you got?' 'I didn't count them.' L_____ counted,--there were ten ears. Just for that, L_____ seized a flail, and struck the young man, breaking two of his ribs--he hit him with the flail until he found the young man was dying--then he sent for the doctor. The doctor said, 'Why did you kill this man, and then send for me for?' I knew the young man and knew the overseer.

The first time I was shot, my young master, Dr._____ (who had married one of the girls) and I got into a skirmish. I was in the kitchen before anybody was up. He came in and wanted to know what I was doing in the house? Why I didn't go to work? He says, 'If you don't go out and go to work, I'll give you and hundred lashes. Go, get your hoe, and come up to the house--I'll show you where you can hill up a potato patch.' I went, got my hoe, and came back. Then he had been to the stable, and got leading lines, a whip, and his gun. He knew I would not let him whip me, because I had always fought like a tiger when they undertook it. The gun was to scare me, so as to make me take off my jacket. He left the whip and gun inside the door, and said, 'Come in here.' I had not seen then the lines, whip, or gun. He took up the lines and came by me as if he was going out--when he got hear the whip and gun, he turned--'Take off your shirt, I'll hit you a hundred lashes this morning.' It was because I had not gone to work--that was all the quarrel we had that morning. I turned round and faced him. 'Pull off your shirt, you d--d rascal.' I said, 'Not to-day.' The minute I said so, he snatched up his gun, pointed at my breast and said, 'I'll shoot you.' I went towards him, opened my breast and said, 'Shoot away.' My temper was raised--I meant that if he did not kill me, that I would kill him. It seemed to daunt him. He said, 'Stand your ground.' I was approaching him.--Said I, 'I've got no ground to stand on.' I was very near him,--he seized the whip, and struck at me, but I was near enough to prevent him from hitting. As he made a lick at me, I sprung for the door. He thought I was going to seize him, and dodged out of the way. I went out, took my hoe, and was walking away. I had got mad, and couldn't run. He called, 'Stop, you d--d rascal.' I told him I would go away, and not come back while wind blew or water run. I had not got far, and looked around, when I saw him have the gun; I saw the flash, and was peppered all over with shot. I went off into the woods.

The shot did not bother e much except one in the ball of my thumb, which I got our some four or five years after. I stayed in the woods all summer. They used to hunt for me. I've seen them after me with dogs--dogs couldn't catch me. I used to watch when they started, and follow behind them. I used something on my feet to keep dogs from taking the scent. At last, they told all of the neighbors if I would come home, they wouldn't whip me. I was a great hand to work, and made a great deal of money for our folks. I used to tell them, if they whipped me, I wouldn't work. The only fault they could find with me was, I would not be

whipped. The young master--this one I ran from--used to say, 'A man must be whipped, else he wouldn't know he was a nigger.' I finally went back.

I had a great many such scrapes with the overseers--two or three with the masters. At last they said, 'Better let him alone, he is a good hand to work.' I would not be whipped. One day an overseer, who thought he was a better man than any of the others, came to me--I was a leader, and was pulling corn. He took me by the collar, and said I did not go fast enough--he would 'tie me up to the persimmon tree, and hit me a hundred lashes;' he meant to do it, because the others had not made out to. I told him, 'not to-day'--that's what I always used to tell them. He called two dogs, and they bit me in a great many places,--the marks of their teeth are all about my knees,--then he called several of the hands, but only one came up before I got away from overseer, dogs and all. I had to fling off the overseer, E____E____; he went to the ground. I took to the woods: I don't now ;how long I stayed out that time, but I have stayed in the woods all winter.

My young master had a bloodhound, very large and savage. He would let no one come near him. At night this dog was turned loose, and no negro could come round the house, no along the road. He would not touch white people, he was brought up so. At one time they were repairing a chimney,--several loose bricks were about the yard. the dog was chained, and was enraged, because he could not get at us: the master was standing in the yard. One of the women and myself were sent through the yard. The dog broke his collar: I saw him coming, and took up a half brick. I knew the dog would spring for my throat, and I took a position as for wrestling. When the dog sprung, I threw up my left arm: the dog just got hold, and I struck him on the side of the head with the brick--he fell stunned, but I did not kill him. Young master was laughing when he saw the dog springing about, and when he saw him coming; but when he saw the dog fall, he ran out and struck at me with his fist. I fended off, as I had pretty good use of my limbs then. He then tried to kick me, but I caught his foot every time. I told him, 'You sha'n't strike e, and your dog sha'n't bit me, ne'er a one.' He then ran for his gun, so ambitious that his mother went to look to see what he was going to shoot at. She got to the door as quick as he did: the gun was then pointed at me, but she seized it, and pulled it out of his hands and told me to be off quick. He was not of age when I came away. I never saw such a set of fellows as our folks were: one of them shot a dog because he would not come when he called him. This one was accidentally killed one Sunday morning, by a gun in the hands of the overseer. They were playing, and the gun went off at half cock, and blew his brains out.

A____A____ was a great overseer, who never went on any plantation but what he whipped every man on it. He bragged of it and was called a great negro-manager. There were two men and a woman, named Betty, on the place, who, like me, would not be whipped. They employed him to come on for overseer, because he could make a great crop any how, by managing the hands.--When the new overseer comes, all hands are called up, and given over to him. I would not go up at such times--once only I went into the yard.

A____ ordered all to meet him at the barn next morning, to get orders where to go. Everything went on well till the middle of February, when we make plant-patches to put tobacco in. We would go to a wood and get brush, and burn it on the soil till bloodwarm, then plant it. All the women were raking dry leaves to put on the brush to make it burn. The overseer first fell in with Betty--his word was, if any one did not work fast enough--'Go to work! go to work!' He said this to Betty. Said she, 'Where must I go?' 'Go to work.' 'I am working.' He struck her with the stick he had in his hand--she struck him with the rake. They struck several blows. She got the stick and broke the rake; they fought then like two dogs. She was better with her fists, and beat him; but he was better at

wrestling, and threw her down. He then called the men to help him, but all hid from him in the brush where we were working. We could see him, but he could not see us,--he was too busily engaged. They fought till they got out of breath, and then he started with her to go to the mistress; they never broke their hold. He got her over two or three fences; then came the doctor who had shot me, and J____ T____, my mistress's son, and they took her to the barn, and whipped her almost to death: but she behaved worse afterwards.

The the calculation was to whip us every one, because we did not help the overseer. He told us, the same afternoon, to go to the barn and thresh oats; but the oldest son, who had the management of the whole estate, was not at home, whijch save us at that time; but it was to be done next day. While they were plotting it in the evening, one of house girls overhead it. That might every one of us went away into the woods. (Among those woods I have seen, where there are large trees, the old corn hills and tobacco hills, where it used to be planted. At one time I was hoeing in a field which we had just cleared of big pine-trees, and I found there were two iron wedges and a hoe in the ground.) We stayed until they could not pitch a crop of corn. The head plougher and all,--all of 'em went away; they had only women and old men, and one young man who stayed behind, who was foolish. The overseer came to make a greater crop than they ever had, and he did not make any. They sent off the overseer to get us home. We went back, but after a while he came back too, and stayed the year out. He whipped the women, but he did not whip the men, for fear they would run away. He has cut many hickories and got chains made to put on me; but I was always looking out for him.

When I was young, before I got so watchful, I had blows and knocks. One morning I was sick; the rule was to tell the overseer. I said I wasn't going all over the farm to look him up. First thing I knew, he was in with some switches, cowhide, and a rope with a running noose. He put the noose over my head as I say,--I cleared it, and he struck me with a knife which hit a button. I knocked the knife out of his hand,--we had a fight and I whipped him. I knew if I stayed, he would whip me. I ran for a swamp, and he after me; but I got there first, and went through the mud and water,--he stopped at that. I always started in time,--before the lash came, I was off.

One overseer we had was named E____ T____; a stout, big, young man, who worked the people hard, night and day; all the time at our heels, 'Rush! make haste!' The weaker ones were called the 'drop-short gang;' these were taking the lash all the time: he was always after them. He wanted I should blow the horn, but I wouldn't undertake it. The old head man used to blow it. He used to hide the horn sometimes, so that we need not get it to throw it away. One time I found it, and threw it in the river. The overseer wanted to know why the horn did not blow. The old man told him 'somebody done hide it.' The overseer threatened us with a hundred lashes, unless we would find it, but we told him we had nothing to do with it. T____ got another horn; I don't believe he blew it three times before it was in the river. One of the women saw where the old man hid it, and when he went for it, it was gone,--it was in the river. We got up afterward without a horn. Several times horns were got for the farm, but they could not keep them.

The overseer was very mistrustful and watchful, but he would get come up with sometimes. At threshing time, he accused me of stealing the wheat. At one time, he came down there, when he was sick, to watch us. He had been taking medicine; he laid down on some straw,--it was damp, and he got worse. He called to me to take him up. I told him, 'All I'll do for you will be, if you die, I'll close your eyes and lay you out.' Two others, a man and a woman, went to him. I said, 'If you take him up, he'll get well, and you'll be the first ones he'll whip.' They took him to the house; he was very sick there, crying, 'Let me pray! let me pray!' I could

hear him at the barn. When he got out to the field again, I did not know he was there, till I heard the switch. I looked to see whom he was whipping. It was the very two who had carried him to the house. I said to them, 'Don't you remember what I told you? If you had let him stay there and die, you wouldn't have got that.' It struck him so he flung his switches down, and sat on the fence; he looked pale; he went back to the house, and we did not see him again for three days.

One morning I had a great scrape with him. He swore he would whip me at the risk of his life. That morning I did not get into the field until sunrise. All were at work but me; I had something to attend to, and would not go. He said I should not strike a lick there, till he had whipped me. I told him, 'You sha'n't whip me, mistress sha'n't whip me, you sha'n't whip me, nobody sha'n't whip me.' He said, 'I'll make all the hands catch you, and I'll whip you.' He then said, 'You ought to consider your mistress' interests.' I told him, 'Let mistress consider her own interests, and let me consider mine,--let everybody consider their own interest.' I was fixing then to come away, but he did not know it. 'I will whip you any how. If you'll take off your shirt, I'll only give you a few licks,--I have sworn that I would whip you, and want to make my words good. I answered, 'I have said, you should not whip me, and that's as good as if I had sworn to it.' We were some five or ten yards apart. He said I should not work until I was whipped. I told him I was not doing myself any good,--that I wasn't working for myself anyhow, and didn't care whether I worked or not. I then turned for the woods--when almost there, he called me back--not one of the hands would have dared to touch me. I always carried an open knife,--they never could catch me unprepared. I went back; said he, 'I'll excuse you this time, but you mustn't do so any more.' I answered, 'I don't know what I am going to do.'

The last year we had to work backwards and forwards, from one farm to another--from my mistress' farm to her son's: two overseers--we worked so till harvest time, when I came away. My master was mad with me all the time about the overseers. I was the leader on our farm--on the other farm, I followed their leader. There were fifteen cutting wheat in cradles, some were raking, some binding--master followed the cradles. The other leader and I cradled so fast, we kept ahead of the rest--so we would have time to stop a little. He was mad because he could not see us cut wheat--he said we did nothing, and were playing all the harvest. One forenoon a shower came up--all were busy to get the wheat out of the shower; master, to get occasion to whip me, came to me and said, 'You shall run too.' I did run; but that did not suit him; he came up and struck me three or four times. He then went and cut three or four long poles; he shook them at me, and said he would whip me a hundred lashes for the new and the old. All hands were sent to the barn to shell corn--that was where they were going to catch me. I took my cradle and jacket; I spoke to Tom, and asked him if he was to have one hundred lashes? He said, 'Yes.' 'Are you going to the barn?' 'Yes, are you going?' 'No; I'm going to the woods.' 'But you cannot stay in the woods always.' Said I, 'If you will go with me, I'll carry you into a free country.' 'Oh, you can't.' I said, 'I'll go, or die in the attempt a trying.' Tom said, 'I reckon you haven't sense enough to get away.' I told him, 'I'll walk as long as there's land, and if I come to the sea, I'll swim till I get drowned.' I bade all the hands good-bye--'I never expect you'll see me again; if they try to take me, I'll fight till I die; but if it so happens that they master me, I'll never tell them where I came from.' Then I went into the woods. I had some good clothes, and went round through the woods and got them. I waited till night to see what they would do. I saw them going to the house where I had been for my clothes I could hear them talking, telling the owner of the place, a poor white man, to catch me if I came there. I laid about the woods ten days, waiting for another man who had promised to come with me. I saw him, but he was afraid to come. I

started without him. At sixty miles from home, I got work, and stayed until I got some clothes and a little money. Then I left for the North. I have two children in slavery. They were carried away from me when they were a few months old.

I have lived in Canada twenty-four years, and have made out pretty fair since I have been here. I came here expecting to work, but have not had to work so hard here as I did at the South. I know all the old settlers, but a great many have come lately, with whom I am not acquainted. Those that will work, do well--those that will not--not; it is the same here as everywhere. It is the best poor man's country that I know of--if a man comes without a shilling, he can get along well. There is no more idleness among colored than other people--there are idlers among all nations. I came here with money enough to buy a hundred acres of land. My money was stolen, but I did not get discouraged. I now own this house and land--ten acres here, and twelve in another place. I had a house and land which the railroad took, and I got a good price.

If I had any knowledge how to calculate and scheme, as I should if I had learning, I should be worth ten thousand dollars. London has grown up since I came here. I had an opportunity to buy land in the heart of the city, but did not bother about it. Many of our people remain poor for want of education. It cannot be expected that men who have just got away from slavery should look far ahead; they are only looking for to-day and to-morrow. The colored people are mostly given to hard work; for the time we have been here, we have made great progress in this country. They have many good farms about Wilberforce. There is some prejudice, but not so much as there used to be. There is no separate school here. There are a Baptist and Methodist church, exclusively for colored people. Whether this is best, I cannot say. I used to persuade the colored people to go into the white folks' churches. They came near making me say I would never go to church any more; on coming out, the colored people were insulted; things were said then that would not be said now. Colored people attend at every church in London.

THANKSGIVING---GOV. GARDNER.

In many respects, Thanksgiving is a very pleasant festival. It is the occasion of bringing together the scattered members of many a household, and this of itself is a great recommendation in its favor. As a day of amusement, too, it is very well, for our holidays are not very numerous. Nor is it any great objection to Thanksgiving, that certain people wish to make it a religious affair. Let every one use it as he likes--go a visiting, playing, or praying. But for the Governor to issue a long and pious proclamation upon the occasion, as if he would make it a public religious day if he could, is about as unnecessary for him as a theologian as it is anti-republican in him as a Chief Magistrate. If people are desirous of attending the churches, they can do so without being reminded of it by the Governor. It is therefore entirely superfluous, on his part, to issue a holy summons to this effect. But there is another feature in these proclamations, so called, which is far more objectionable, and which ought, before this time, to have caused their discontinuance. It is, that to a certain extent, they united the State with the Church. The answer to this will be, that the Governor only recommends the religious observance of the day. True; but even this in a Government where we have no established religion is out of character or inconsistent. The Governor strictly speaking has no business to appoint religious ceremony of any kind. He was not elected for this purpose, nor does it come within the duties of his office.

His sphere of action is entirely political, or it should be; and consequently the appointing of all religious observances, being properly nothing but private or individual affairs, should be left to the churches, or

to those citizens who may desire them. A private matter, like religion, is in no way legitimately connected with the public duties of a Governor, because the theory of our Government, in regard to religion, is, that it has no alliance with the civil power. 'But what harm is there in the Governor's issuing a proclamation for Thanksgiving?' inquires a Christian. The harm lies in this - that in so far as he connects religion with any of his official acts, he adopts a precedent which is dangerous in a community like ours, where the ecclesiastical power cannot be too widely separated from the civil rule. If Governors may properly appoint Thanksgiving and Fast Days, they may go further, and appoint many other religious observances, until the State becomes, as it were, the mere mouthpiece of the church. Therefore, the wisest and the only safe course in this matter is, to leave religion entirely to individuals, and keep it eternally disconnected with Government. Had this republican and just policy always been pursued in Massachusetts, its annals would not now be disgraced by long and melancholy chapters reciting the barbarous persecutions inflicted upon the Quakers and Baptists for their religious opinions.

But Gov. Gardner, like a great many other Governors in their 'proclamations,' appears to be very favourably disposed towards the religion which has produced so much persecution. Accordingly, we find him saying, in his "Thanksgiving" ordinance:

' And let us also pray, that the holy religion of our fathers may not be sapped by the infidelities and rationalism, born of this too material and philosophic age.'

And God help us (we were going to say) if 'the holy religion of our fathers' was not 'sapped,' and almost rooted out too, by 'the infidelities and rationalism, born of this material and philosophic age!' Their 'holy religion' persecuted even unto death the Quakers; banished the Baptists, and, in short, despised and trampled upon the rights of conscience. Gov. Gardner cannot deny these plain facts of history - unless he is a Know Nothing in that respect as well as in politics, which perhaps is not the case. He is aware of the stern and unrelenting bigotry of 'our fathers,' and he knows full well, without our telling him, that no other causes but 'infidelities and rationalism' have removed that merciless bigotry, and given to the State the degree of liberality and toleration it now enjoys. Even he himself, though eulogizing the 'fathers,' would have received no particular mercy at their hands, if he had lived in their day with his present views of religion, for we understand that he is not a very pious man - except in 'proclamations.' But he must follow the fashion of other Governors; assume great reverence for the church; pander to the prejudices of the religious; and hold up, as models worthy of all praise and imitation, a class of men whose policy, if now carried out, would destroy the very principles on which Republicanism is founded - the liberty of conscience, the right of private judgment, and the freedom of speech and of the press. -Boston Investigator.

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