













POETRY.

From the British Friend. THE OY OF THE AMERICAN SLAVE. There's promise of freedom For me and for mine; I hear the glad tidings, I see the light shine; But it shinneth afar yet, The hills-top are bright, While the vale where the slave lies Is gloomy as night; And the voice of deliv'rance Sounds faint, where the cries And the groans of the scourged And the fettered arise. Press on, my white brothers! The tyrants are strong, Ye have giants to cope with— Oppression and Wrong: Be brave, my white brothers! Your work is of love; All good men pray for you, And God is above; And the poor slave he crieth Unto ye for aid— O, be not discouraged! O, be not afraid! From the cotton plantation, The rice-swamp, the mill, The cane-field, the work-shop, The cry cometh still— O! save us, and shield us, We groan and we faint; No words can our sorrows, Our miseries paint; Our souls are our masters', They sport with our lives, They torture and scourge us With whips and with gyres. We see scowling faces On every hand; We bear on our persons The marks of the brand; We're fed, and we're cared for, Like horses and hogs; We're cut and we're shot at, And hunted with dogs; Like goods we are bartered, And given and sold; And the rights of our race There are none to uphold— Save ye, noble workers In Freedom's great cause; Save ye, loud proclaimers Of God's righteous laws, Who call us your brothers, Though black be our skin, And own we have hearts These dark bosoms within— Like feelings, emotions, And passions, with those Who spurn us, and scorn us, And scoff at our woe. O! press on, and hasten The good coming time, When the hue of the skin Shall no more be a crime; When a man, though a Negro, May fearless give birth To his thoughts, and his hopes, With the proudest on earth; When no master shall own him, Nor near him apart From the wife of his bosom, The child of his heart. I know the time's coming, I'm sure 't will be here, For the voice of a prophet Hath rung in mine ear— Make ready the way For the advent of Him, In whose presence the splendour Of earth shall grow dim; All pride shall be humbled, Oppression shall cease, And men, like true brethren, Shall sojourn in peace. I see the faint glimmer Of light,—shall these eyes Behold the bright sun In its glory arise? Shall these hands grasp the freedom For which I and mine, In the depths of our misery, Languish and pine? Life waneeth apace— I am feeble and cold— O, hasten to snatch me From Slavery's hold! H. G. A.

THE LIBERATOR.

POLITICAL RIGHTS OF WOMAN. WORCESTER, March 4, 1855. MR. GARRISON: Perhaps an apology is due for sending you the enclosed petition at this late hour for publication. It was never intended for public perusal, having obtained the end sought, viz., a reading before the Legislature; but finding it generally produced the impression that it was merely a formal petition in so many words, I have been impelled to this course. It might have been more appropriately sent to the *Una*, but it is already entirely out of season, (nearly two months having elapsed since it was presented,) and it may be some two or three weeks before another number of that paper will be issued. It is a fact worthy of notice, that after it was referred to the Judiciary Committee, that Committee decided to make a report on the subject, but finding that whole question had been duly considered by the late Constitutional Convention, they deemed it inexpedient to renew the agitation of it so soon. This furnishes the rare instance of a Legislature being ahead of the people; for that the people do not yet demand it may be inferred from the fact, that no concerted action has been made by the State to press the subject upon their consideration. The benefit of petitions arises not so much, perhaps, from their direct effect upon the Legislature, as in forcing questions upon the attention of the public, which might otherwise never challenge their investigation; and if we take care of the people, Legislatures will take care of themselves. I am told that there is no law at present existing in Massachusetts whereby a man can claim his wife's earnings. A word in reference to the poll-tax, whose only claim to notice is that of being continually brought forward by the opponents of the cause as the strongest argument they can produce, relative to taxation. Grant it to be the real basis of representation, is it in the heart of any man to suppose, that woman is yet so degenerated, or so blind to her own interests, as to barter away her dearest rights for the trifling sum of ten shillings, whereby she might possess the power to protect herself and property, while she quietly submits to a taxation of ten dollars for the protection of her property alone, and that only on certain conditions? No one will pretend that it was merely the tax on tea that impelled Hancock and Adams to a contest which involved Massachusetts in a struggle which cost her her dearest blood and treasures to maintain. It was because it deprived them of their independence, their sense of conscious manhood, a divine right which no individual or nation can surrender without proving recreant to the high purpose assigned to each. So woman can be true to herself only when she recovers the custody of her own soul, so that she may not be dependent on her husband for advice in signing a petition, or contributing to an Anti-Slavery Fair. S. E. W.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of Massachusetts: Your petitioner respectfully desires that you will adopt some form of action which shall secure to women the right of suffrage. In presenting this request, your petitioner is fully aware of the extent of that prejudice which ever attaches to an unpopular cause, and the apparent inability of individual effort to secure the end in view; but she is also aware, that it is by continued protest and remonstrance against wrong, that Justice and Right ultimately triumph. If, according to the Declaration of Independence, taxation without representation is unjust, to tax woman while she is refused the elective franchise is a usurpation of power not granted therein, and to deny her the elective franchise, while she is held amenable to the law, and must suffer its penalties, is in direct opposition to the republican theory, that all true consent must derive its just powers from the consent of the governed. It is argued by many, with a great show of plausibility to those who take only a superficial view of the subject, that woman should consider it a privilege to enjoy the protection of law, while she is relieved of the cares and responsibilities of legislation. It would be no light thing to be considered, to see all this machinery of government going smoothly on, while we could sit quietly under our own vine and fig-tree, sharing its advantages and reaping its benefits. But, unfortunately for this conclusion, we have not only a powerful array of facts against it, but, also, the evidence of history to prove, that wherever the rights and privileges of one class or race of people have been entrusted solely to the keeping of another, a one-sided legislation has invariably been the result. Precisely this is the case with woman. In the eye of the law, she is an inferior being, incapable of governing herself, with limited wants and capacities; and, in accordance with these opinions, laws are made which often bear most heavily upon her, socially, mentally, and morally. The fact that she is an immortal and responsible being, with thoughts, feelings and aspirations which are the common heritage of every soul into which the Creator of the Universe has breathed a spark of his own divine life, is entirely lost sight of by merging her individuality in the person of her husband, if married; if unmarried, by constituting her the mere appendage of society, required to bear its equal's expense of government, with no voice in its acts. It would be needless, here, to meet the various objections to the admission of woman to public life, on the ground of incapacity, impropriety, &c.; they are the same time-worn arguments in favor of every species of oppression which has ever existed. It would be idle to argue her capacity to exercise the right of suffrage, when 'male' is the only qualification requisite. It would be no less so to argue the propriety, when she needs only to step on the stage or the platform, to play the actor, read Shakespeare, and wait the soul to heaven on a wing of music, to win the attention and applause of the very elite of the city. But let her ascend the pulpit to pour forth the burning thoughts of her own soul, for the redemption of a fallen race, or plead the cause of the wronged and oppressed, with a power and eloquence which many a statesman may well envy; she is instantly met with the cry, from the votaries of that shadowy monarch, the tyrant Custom, that she is stepping out of her sphere. She is taxed for the support of intemperance, shown by our police reports to be the fruitful source of at least three-fourths of the crimes which are committed; and yet no protection is granted her in consideration of the tremendous obstacles in the way of its suppression, while she is, in one sense, the greatest sufferer thereby. Day after day, year after year, she is condemned to see that husband and father sinking to the drunkard's grave, her children turned out as beggars or paupers, herself the victim of blighted affections and heart-crushing degradation, with no power to free herself from her sad fate. Vainly she implores the rum-seller to spare at least her husband; with a malicious smile and a sneer, he turns her from his door; in vain she appeals to the legislator; he tells her, woman knows nothing about making laws. She suffers on; the poison does its deadly work, reason leaves its throne, and the stamp of manhood his brow; she flees for her life; but, like a bird upon the mountains, he may pursue her, to grasp the last penny of her earnings, while the law says— Amen. The rum-seller is protected in his traffic; lolls in his easy-chair, trends on soft carpets, and receives the homage of the community for his wealth and standing; his victim clanks his chains in yonder cell, awaiting the terrible doom decreed by law for the expiation of his crimes; or rends the air with her piercing shrieks, a raving maniac, in yonder asylum. She is taxed for the support of laws and institutions which may be most repugnant to her moral sense; while her hand and voice are paralyzed whenever she would lift them against the monstrous wrong. What think-

ing and intelligent woman could stand in your streets, and witness the tragedy there enacted on the second of June last, without feeling the blush of indignation rising to her cheek, when she saw the officers of the public will, entrusted with her own interests as well as those of the State, acting the part of Judas; herself compelled by one hand to be their unwilling accomplice and silent endorser, and by the other prevented from expressing her dissent from that heaven-defying deed. A man may disfranchise himself for conscience sake, but he is not thereby deprived of legal rights and moral political power. He can gather around him, at any time, and in any place, an intelligent audience, to hear his reasons and discuss his arguments; and when he shall have succeeded in correcting the public mind of what he deems its errors, the ballot is open to him. Woman is morally disfranchised; she can have no influence with her own sex, for they are equally powerless with herself; she can have none with the other sex, for it is they who sit in judgment on her capacities, pronouncing her appeal the result of feminine weakness, her protestation the effect of morbid sensitiveness. When South Carolina demanded of Massachusetts the right of property representation, in defiance of the principles on which this republic was established, and every sentiment of justice and honesty, the request was granted, reluctantly it is true, but it was granted. Will she turn a deaf ear to the earnest appeal of her own citizens for representation for themselves; not like South Carolina, that they may forge fetters for human limbs, and padlocks for their lips, but that they may help free yourselves from the chain she is drawing closer and closer around the neck of Massachusetts? Admitting the objection that women, as a class, are indifferent to this movement, it proves nothing, save that a false education has been true to itself, teaching her, from earliest childhood, to mould her character to the Procrustean bedstead of the popular will. It is not to be expected that those who suffer most directly, engaged by their own miseries, will lend a thought for any thing beyond present relief; while another class are prevented from acting out their own best convictions, by the omnipotent strength of a public opinion they have not the courage to brave. It is not a question of sex, but of humanity, affecting equally the interest of man; not confined to the present, but extending its influence through all coming ages. In the name, therefore, of our common humanity, in the name of those sacred and mutual interests so closely interwoven with every thread of our existence, in the name of that individual responsibility which gives elevation to thought and freedom to conscience, in the name of that impartial justice, alike precious to every living soul, we entreat your earnest consideration of this subject, reposing faith in those simple but significant words of New England's noble statesman, that 'a single, solitary sigh has power to move a world.' SARAH E. WALL, A Tax-Payer of the City of Worcester.

LETTER TO LOUIS KOSSUTH. TO LOUIS KOSSUTH, 71 ALFRA ROAD, LONDON. Your reply to the Christian appeal of the 'Society of Friends' of England, upon the subject of war, has been copied into the newspapers of this country, and has been extensively read. Had such a document proceeded from a person of ordinary fame or ordinary genius, it would scarcely have deserved notice. But coming from one who is regarded by the chivalry of Christendom as a martyr of liberty and the representative of human rights, and who, moreover, professes his faith in the Christian Revelation, and appeals to it as his authority, it certainly requires some consideration. As you lay down no rule by which men are to know when it is right to make war or when it is wrong, how much they should suffer or where they should forbear to suffer, but content yourself with a general defence of war, upon the authority of the Christian Scriptures, permit me to show you that your reading of them is limited, and that your logic in relation to them to other matter connected with your subject is defective. You quote— 'When ye shall hear of wars and commotions, be not terrified; for these things must first come to pass, but the end is not by and by.' Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom.' You say, 'Thus saith the Lord,—"submit to his decree." But does a prediction prove the thing predicted to be right, and does this one prove war to be so? It does not, the Scriptures being witness—"It must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh."—They will deliver you up to their councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues.'—The brother shall deliver up the brother to death, and the father the child, and children shall rise up against their parents, and cause them to be put to death. And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake, but he that endureth to the end shall be saved.'—They shall put you out of the synagogues; yes, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service.' If a prediction proves the thing predicted to be right, then are hate, persecution and murder right. 'Think you that I am come to send peace upon the earth? I come not to send peace, but a sword.' You say, 'Thus saith the Lord, whom ye call the Prince of Peace.' But what word does he send? Is it the sword of aggression or of defence, or is it the sword of persecution? 'In this world, ye shall have tribulation; but he of good cheer, I have overcome the world.' How did he overcome it? Did Jesus overcome the world as a military leader? Was it by aggression, or even by resistance, that he overcame, or was it by suffering? Why, then, do you call yourself 'by his name,' if ye will not suffer? 'We have a Father in heaven: that is a word of immense meaning, and full of love. A father cannot have doomed his children to thralldom, oppression and perdition.' True. We see, nevertheless, mankind—the nations, enthralled and oppressed. God cannot be the author of it. It is war that oppresses them. And you think that the demon of war will cast out itself. Will Satan cast out Satan? 'Know ye of a single people delivered from thralldom by some other means than the sword? There is none, and never has been.' I answer, there is none delivered by the sword, and never has been any. Show me a free nation; I know of none. 'Europe is oppressed,' and oppression reigns in this land, although delivered by the sword, to an extent not felt in Europe. Races and nations by war may change masters, or become masters themselves,—oppressors of other races; but they are not delivered from it. Oppressors are no more free from oppression than are their victims. They are themselves the slaves of oppression. 'To allow iniquity to bear sway, when the sword would have averted it,—to rivet the chains of oppression over nations by treaties, when the sword could have severed the chain,—is a work of iniquity, and not of peace.' But prove that the sword can avert it, and you will have gained a point. Iniquity is like heresy, it never thrives so well as when attacked by the sword. You once tried to sever the chain that bound a nation, by the sword, and you failed. But you wanted help, by the sword, he tells her, woman knows nothing about making laws. She suffers on; the poison does its deadly work, reason leaves its throne, and the stamp of manhood his brow; she flees for her life; but, like a bird upon the mountains, he may pursue her, to grasp the last penny of her earnings, while the law says— Amen. The rum-seller is protected in his traffic; lolls in his easy-chair, trends on soft carpets, and receives the homage of the community for his wealth and standing; his victim clanks his chains in yonder cell, awaiting the terrible doom decreed by law for the expiation of his crimes; or rends the air with her piercing shrieks, a raving maniac, in yonder asylum. She is taxed for the support of laws and institutions which may be most repugnant to her moral sense; while her hand and voice are paralyzed whenever she would lift them against the monstrous wrong. What think-

ings may appeal against the crowned robbers of their peace and happiness? But why do you and the nations complain? The sword is a tribunal of your own making. You appeal to it, yet it oppresses you. The crowned robbers are in full blast and the nations are oppressed, notwithstanding that it has been appealed to for ages. 'Ye will not come to me that ye might have life,' was the language of the Savior. Ye will not choose peace, that you might be delivered from oppression. 'For yourselves (the Friends) who, thanks to Cromwell's sword, have no oppression to suffer, it is very well to say, Don't war—let us have peace.' Here you are historically at fault. It is not to Cromwell's sword they owe whatever of liberty they possess, for all that was gained by it was lost after the Restoration. He was himself a persecutor of the Friends and of others, and they held their testimony as firmly then as they do to-day. All that the revolution accomplished by the sword was, that the instruments of torture changed hands, and persecution and oppression found new subjects upon whom to wreak their vengeance. Such are all military revolutions. You say, 'We to whom we make a difference between private and public charity, who restrict their love to their next neighbor, and remain indifferent to the public sufferings of their neighbors, the nations.' But can you show that there is any charity in instigating, privately, your next neighbor to shed blood, or in instigating publicly the nations to war, to redress their wrongs, when war has hitherto failed, and is itself the cause and means of their oppression? True charity says, let the nations learn peace, let them cease from being nations of warriors, and oppression is at an end; for they will no longer be the instruments of their own torture. What is Nicholas or Francis Joseph, Victoria or Louis Napoleon, without armies? The last, a poor fugitive like yourself, but taking advantage of the military spirit of France, became a tyrant. 'Patriotism,' you say, 'is the noblest source of civil virtue.' But what is patriotism, as understood and practised by military nations? It is a virtue which never extends beyond the boundary line, except to do mischief. It has one code for those on this side, and another for those on that. It is partial. It is only another name for national selfishness. It forms no part of Christian charity, where 'there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free.' Christian charity regards men, not on account of their country, but because they are men. Christian charity breaks down the middle wall of partition that divides nations; patriotism builds it up. You are a patriot—you were here; and in view of three and a half millions of men and women enslaved—bought and sold as cattle are bought and sold in Europe, without any rights, civil, political, or religious, subject to wrongs which the people of Europe know nothing of—YOU WERE SILENT! You sought sympathy and aid from Americans, for the oppressed of Hungary; but you had none to give for the oppressed of this land. You invoked their charity, but you had no charity to give in return. Does a charity that is circumscribed by national selfishness deserve the name of virtue? You want to involve Europe in war. This will be done without your aid. But is it in the nature of war to make men more peaceful, humane and just? Will the nations come out of the furnace purified, or made wiser? Supposing that you should succeed in delivering your beloved Father-land from the oppressor's grasp, what guarantee can you give to humanity, that you, or those who should succeed you, would not become traitors to the cause of freedom, placed at the head of a warlike nation, with arms in their hands? Supposing that military revolution should succeed in delivering the oppressed nations from their tyrants, would there be any better materials out of which to constitute new kingdoms, or new republics, than those which made up the old? This you are bound to show; and all history is against you. The history of military nations is the history of the rise and fall of military despotism, less or more powerful. There is no hope for oppressed nations but in peace. ROBERT JOHNSTON. New York, Feb. 27, 1855.

'PREACHING TO THE TIMES.' The following extracts are from an article by Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. The (Boston) Puritan Recorder has an article with this caption, from which we make the following extracts: 'The original article we have not seen, but only so much of it; and this in the Boston Telegraph: "It is said that if they (the clergy) will keep their hold of the people, they must follow the people's mode of thinking and feeling—must leave the trite themes of the Gospel, and find subjects of discourse, more than they do, among passing events—must observe the currents of the popular mind touching the agitating questions of the day, and not scruple to discourse upon whatever attracts public attention; whether it be matters of social reform, politics, accidents, by flood and field, commercial pressures, new developments in literature, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Barnum's Autobiography," or "Jenny Lind's Imitations of the Angels." It seems to be thought that the simple truths of the Gospel will not answer for this enlightened age. We must study the tastes of the times, and leave the old ways of sermonizing followed by Baxter, Whitefield, Davies and Griffin, and make our preaching more dramatic, poetic, or sentimental. As the Leviticus lectures, the political sermon oration, and the drama, attract so many, we must note what it is in these things which is so attractive, and adopt it. It is a pity, it is sometimes said, to let the devil appropriate all that is popular and effective. As the Uncle Tom's Cabin literature has struck the fancy of the million with such power, it must be just the thing to give attraction to the pulpit. As story telling takes with the children, we should put in a liberal sprinkling of that. As the age boasts of its arts and sciences, the pulpit must advance with the age in all these matters, and deal largely in the profound and unattainable. If these conceptions could be embodied in the work of all preachers, many would seem to expect that the millennium would come in with a rush." If this is what is fairly meant by persons who suggest a greater breadth of pulpit discourse, no sober-minded person can fail to perceive its folly. But is it fair? Did any one in his senses ever denounce such pulpit ministrations, let him examine the simple, unadorned brutality of the above advertisement. John Long, as above named, advertises in a Democratic paper—professedly so on its title-page—namely, not an easy-going Democratic journal, but a Democratic advocate—that is, taking Democracy as the text of its intellectual being, and infusing it into its current discussions, great and little. Next, John Long advertises in a paper whose editor has pitched his typographical tent in Lexington—a name utterly sacred to liberty—its place as dear to the memory of America as Marathon was to Greece—an appellation which the hunters of Kentucky seized upon for their settlement of enterprises and heroism, as the noblest in our history up to 1775. Vainly would the pen describe the mendacity which so defiles the name of Democracy and Lexington as to duplicate them in the title of a newspaper whose support comes from such advertisements as the above blood-hound horrors. For five dollars a day, Long John will travel any distance, and his dogs. He wants to see the simple, unadorned brutality of the above advertisement. 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