

# THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.

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## THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.

From the Glasgow Argus.

### Glasgow Emancipation Society.

The annual meeting of this Society was held in the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw's church on Thursday evening, the 1st of August, being the anniversary of the Abolition of Slavery in the British Colonies. To give readers at a distance an idea of the nature of this Society, we present the following statement of its objects, as laid down in the advertisement calling the meeting:—"The Glasgow Emancipation Society has for its object the Universal Abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade—the Protecting of the Rights of the newly Emancipated and Aboriginal Classes in the British Colonies—and the Improving of the Condition of our Fellow-Subjects, the Natives of British India; objects alike worthy of the support of the Christian, the Patriot, and the Philanthropist."

We observed on the platform around the Chair, which was occupied by Dr. Wardlaw, Major General Briggs, Geo. Thompson, Esq. Rev. Dr. Heugh, Rev. Messrs. Anderson, Baird (of Paisley), Harvey, and M'Tear; Thomas Graham, W. P. Patton, J. MacLead, one of the Magistrates of Gorbals, D. Macintyre, G. Watson, H. Langlands, J. Murray, W. Smeal, A. McKeand, J. Reid, J. Bell, J. S. Blyth, W. Ferguson, and G. Thorburn, Esqs. Drs. Maxwell and Wien, and other friends of the Anti-Slavery cause.

[After remarks by Dr. Wardlaw, the report for the year, together with the letter of Mr. Garrison to Wendell Phillips; (see Liberator of June 14) were read by J. Murray, Esq. Addresses were then made by the Rev. Dr. Heugh, the Rev. Mr. Harvey, and Major General Briggs; after which,] GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq. rose amidst loud cheering and said:

Sir, I congratulate you and this great meeting upon the arrival of the first anniversary of the day which witnessed the bestowal of entire freedom upon the colored population of the West India Colonies. I congratulate you upon the admirable and irreproachable conduct of those upon whom this right was conferred by the virtue of the British nation—they were unrevenged while they were slaves, and they have been equally grateful and tractable as freemen. (Cheers.) Their conduct has been marked by prudence, firmness, reasonableness, and industry. (Cheers.) While they have not pliantly and submissively bent to the will of the planter, neither have they been unkind of the interests and righteous claims of those above them. (Loud and continued cheering.) I congratulate you upon the freedom granted to the apprenticed bondsmen of Mauritius, on the 31st of March last. I congratulate you upon the progress of the cause of human rights in the United States, as depicted in the burning words of my unflinching and well-beloved friend, William Lloyd Garrison. (Cheers.) Finally, I congratulate you upon the prospect of a Convention of the friends of the slave from different parts of the world, to be held during the ensuing year, to consider the plans which remain to be adopted for the entire and universal overthrow of slavery and the slave trade. And now permit me to leave the language of congratulation, and, by an abrupt transition, to strike for a moment a mournful chord. I cannot resist a spontaneous impulse to embrace this, the first public opportunity of expressing my deep sympathy with those around me, in the loss which this society, this city, and the general interests of humanity, have sustained, in the removal, by the hand of death, of one whom I loved as a friend, admired as a citizen, and venerated as a man of God,—one who was amongst the earliest, the warmest, and the steadiest friends of this society—need I pronounce the name of Patrick Letham? We cherish his memory, we hallow his dust—may we catch his glorious spirit, and follow out his noble purposes! I shall take the liberty, sir, of adding what I think will be deemed valuable to the information already given respecting the state of the Anti-Slavery cause in the United States. It has been my privilege to receive very recently a number of letters from distinguished abolitionists in America, and having several of their communications on my person at present, I will lay an extract or two before this meeting. My friend J. G. Whittier, the well known Quaker bard of America, thus writes:—"The struggle still goes on. Discussion, every where—in the churches, the parlor, the workshop, the stage, the steamboat, and the railroad car." [I heard this evening some honest friend exclaim, 'We have white slaves at home.' If such there be, behold the way to set them free. Let there be no unlawful outbreaks, but calm, rational, open discussion—discussion every where. The grievance then will soon become apparent, the remedy too, and the ends of justice will be satisfied.] My friend continues—"Discussion goes on in the State Legislatures, and in the Halls of Congress. Discussion literally shakes the nation. We are struggling apparently against fearful odds—but our confidence is strong. The strength of God is pledged on the side of humanity. Some of us, who have been striving from the outset, occasionally grow weary—the harness of our warfare, worn day and night, sometimes galls with its links of iron, and we long for peace and quiet, but the cry of our brother in bonds is in our ear, and we cannot yield to this weakness of the flesh. We must fight on." My next extract is from the pen of H. B. Stanton, corresponding Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. He says:—"The great cause is onward in the United States. Our committee will make unprecedented exertions during the present year, to press our principles on the public consideration."—"We are to hold a National Anti-Slavery Convention on the 31st of July. On the 1st of August we shall celebrate the glorious Anniversary of West India Emancipation." (Cheers.) I have now great pleasure in laying before this meeting a letter from a highly respectable and noble minded American citizen, now in this country—Wendell Phillips, Esq. of Boston. This accomplished scholar and warm hearted abolitionist, who has for a time relinquished the pursuit of an honorable profession that he may devote himself to the cause of his enslaved countrymen, has done me the honor to address to me the letter which I hold in my hand, and which I shall submit entire, as a document well entitled to your consideration,

not less on account of the importance of the topics which it discusses, than for the elegance and force of the language which it employs. I am particularly struck with the just and statesmanlike views which Mr. Phillips has adopted, in reference to the recent attempt to bring the subject of India before this country, by means of a British India Society. This letter will bring me by a natural process to the subject upon which I am peculiarly anxious to address you to-night, and upon which I shall dwell for a few moments, if you do not see cause to dismiss me. (Cheers.)

The following is the letter:—

"My dear Thompson—I am very sorry to say no to your pressing request, but I cannot come to Glasgow, duty takes me elsewhere: my heart will be with you though, on the 1st of August; and I need not say how much pleasure it would give me to meet, on that day especially, the men to whom my country owes so much, and on the spot dear to every American abolitionist, as the scene of your triumphant refutation and stern rebuke of Breckenridge. I do not think any of you can conceive the feelings with which an American treads such scenes. You cannot realize the debt of gratitude he feels to be due, and is eager to pay, to those who have spoken in behalf of humanity, and whose voices have come to him across the water. The vale of Leven, Exeter Hall, Glasgow, and Birmingham, are consecrated spots—the land of Scoble and Sturge, of Wardlaw and Buxton, of Clarkson and O'Connell, is 'hallowed ground' to us. Would I could be with you, to thank the English abolitionists, in the slave's name, for the great experiment they have tried in behalf of humanity—for proving, in the face of the world, the safety and expediency of immediate emancipation—for writing out the demonstration of the problem, as if with letters of light on the blue vault of Heaven—to thank them, too, for the fidelity with which they have rebuked the apathy, and denounced the guilt of the American church, in standing aloof from this great struggle for freedom in modern times. The appeals and exhortations which have, from time to time, gone out from among you may seem to have fallen to the ground in vain; but far from it: they have awakened, in some degree at least, a slumbering Church to a great national sin, and they have strengthened greatly hands which were almost ready to faint in the struggle with a giant evil. We need them still—spare us not a moment from your Christian rebukes—give us line upon line, and precept upon precept. Our enterprise is eminently a religious one, dependent for success entirely on the sentiment of the people. It is on hearts that wait not for the results of West India experiments—that look to duty, and not to consequences—that disdain to make the fears of one class of men the measure of the rights of another—that fear no evil in the doing of God's commands—it is on such that the weight of our cause mainly rests, and on the conversion of those, whose characters will make them such, that its future progress must depend. It is upon just such minds that your appeals have most effect. I hardly exaggerate when I say that the sympathy and brotherly appeals of British Christians are the sheet-anchor of our cause. Did they realize, that slavery is most frequently defended now in America from the Bible, that when Abolitionists rebuke the church for upholding it, they are charged with hostility to Christianity itself, they would feel this. If we construe a text in favor of liberty, it is set down to partiality and prejudice. A European construction is decisive. Our rebukes lose much of their force, when they are represented, though falsely, to spring from personal hostility—from a zeal which undue attention to a single subject has made to outrun discretion. Your appeals sink deep—they can neither be avoided nor blunted by any such pretence, and their first result must be conviction. Distance lends them something of the awful weight of the verdict of posterity. May they never cease. Let the light of your example shine constantly upon us, till our Church, beneath its rays, like Egypt's statue, shall break forth into the music of consistent action."

England, too, is the fountain-head of our literature. The slightest censure, every argument, every rebuke on the pages of your Reviews, strikes on the ear of the remotest dweller in our country. Thank God that in this the sceptre has not yet departed from Judah—that it dwells still in the land of Vane and Milton, of Pym and Hampden, of Sharp, and Cowper, and Wilberforce—

"The dead, but sceptred sovereigns,  
Who still rule our spirits from their urns."

May those upon whom rests their mantle be true to the realms they sway. You have influence where we are not even heard. The prejudice which trends under foot the vulgar abolitionist dares not proscribe the literature of the world. In the name of the slave, I beseech you let literature speak out, in deep, stern, and indignant tones, for the press,

"Like the air,  
Is seldom heard but when it speaks in thunder."

"I am rejoiced to hear of your new movement in regard to India. It seals the fate of the slave system in America. The industry of the Pagan shall yet wring from Christian hands the prey they would not yield to the commands of conscience, or the claims of religion. Hasten the day, for it lies with you, when the prophecy of our Randolph (himself a slaveholder) shall be fulfilled—that the time would come when masters would fly their slaves instead of slaves their masters, so valueless would be a slave's labor in comparison with his support. To you—to the sunny plains of Hindostan we shall owe it—that our beautiful prairies are unpolled by the footstep of a slaveholder—that the march of civilization westward will be changed from the progress of the manacled slave coffe, at the bidding of the lash, to the quiet step of families carrying peace, intelligence, and religion, as their household gods. Mr. Clay has coolly calculated the value of sinews and muscles—of the bodies and souls of men—and then asked us whether we could reasonably expect the south to surrender 1,200,000,000 of dollars at the bidding of abstract principles? Be just to India—waken that industry along her coast, which oppression has kept padlocked and idle—break the spell which binds the genius of her fertile plains, and we shall see this property in man become like

the gold in India's fairy tales—dust in the slaveholders grasp. You cannot imagine, my dear brother, the impulse this new development of England's power will give the Anti-Slavery cause in America. It is just what we need to touch a class of men who seem almost out of the pale of religious influence. Much as our efforts have been blessed—much as they have accomplished—the truth has often floated further on the shouts of a mob, than our feeble voices could have carried it; still, our progress has served but to show us more clearly the Alps which lie beyond. The evil is so deep-rooted, the weight of interest and prejudice enlisted on its side so vast—ambition clinging to political power, wealth to the means of further gain—that we have sometimes feared they would be able to put off emancipation till the charter of the slave's freedom would be sealed with blood—that our day of freedom would be like Egypt's, when 'God came forth from his place, his right hand clothed in thunder,' and the jubilee of Israel was echoed by Egypt's wailing for her first-born. It is not the thoughtful, the sober-minded, the conscientious, for whom we fear. With them truth will finally prevail. It is not that we want eloquence or Christian zeal enough to sustain the conflict with such—and with your aid to come off conquerors. We know, as your Whately says of Galileo, that if Garrison could have been answered, he had never been mobbed—that May's Christian firmness—Smith's world-wide philanthropy—Chapman's daring energy—and Weld's soul of fire—can never be quelled, and will finally kindle a public feeling, before which opposition must melt away. But how hard to reach the callous heart of selfishness—the blinded conscience, over which a corrupt church has thrown its shield, lest any ray of truth pierce its dark chambers! How shall we address that large class of men with whom dollars are always a weightier consideration than duties—prices current stronger argument than proof of holy writ? But India can speak in tones which will command a hearing. Our appeal has been entreaty—for the times in America are those 'party times,' when

"Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg—  
Yea curb and woo for leave to do them good."

But from India a voice comes clothed with the omnipotence of self-interest, and the wisdom which might have been slighted from the pulpit, will be to such men oracular from the marketplace. Gladly will we make a pilgrimage and bow with more than eastern devotion on the banks of the Ganges, if his holy waters shall be able to wear away the fetters of the slave. God speed the progress of your society; may it soon find in its ranks the whole phalanx of sacred and veteran abolitionists. No single divided effort, but a united one to grapple with the wealth, influence, and power, embattled against you. Is it not Schiller who says:—"Divide the thunder into single notes and it becomes a lullaby for children—but pour it forth in one quick peal, and the royal sound shall shake the heavens;" so may it be with you—and God grant that without waiting for the 'United States to be consistent' before our ears are dust, the jubilee of emancipated millions may reach us from Mexico to the Potomac, and from the Atlantic to the rocky mountains.

Yours truly, and most affectionately,  
WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Sir, I should now sit down, no one here would venture to say I had not made an eloquent speech. (Cheers.) I said the letter of Mr. Phillips would bring me naturally to the subject of India: you perceive it has done so. Mr. Phillips attaches great, but not undeserved, importance to the question which, during the last twelve months, I have more than once had the honor of bringing before you. You are told that the successful prosecution of certain plans to raise and regenerate India, seals the fate of the slave system of America. This is just—this is true. But do these projects respecting India admit of success—are they such as recommend themselves to reasonable and practical men? They are. First, we point to the continents and islands of America. We say, see there, nearly six millions of human beings in slavery, under a torturing lash and a vertical sun. Look next to Africa—hourly rent by wars, and plundered of her children—look at the irrefragable figures of Mr. Buxton, which have demonstrated the soul-harrowing truth that a thousand human beings are, during every four-and-twenty hours, butchered with steel, or bartered for gold, that the slave systems of Christian countries may continue. (Hear.) You ask, why this bloody and inhuman sacrifice of helpless beings—why this infernal machinery of whips and chains, and stocks & collars? I answer, that you may clothe yourselves in cotton—that you may drink coffee, and sweeten your draught with sugar—that you may dine on rice, or regale yourselves with tobacco. (Cheers.) Sir, were a man to drop from the clouds, and to be told these things, he would naturally infer that these articles were indispensable—that they could be grown only in America—that they could be produced only by slave labor—that from Africa alone could slaves be procured, and that they could only be kept at work by the means now employed. (Cheers.) What would he think—what would he say, if he were told that these articles might be raised in the country from which the slaves had been dragged—that an honorable and extensive commerce might be carried on without the necessity of wars, and without the horrors of slavery? (Cheers.) What would he think if told, that the people who are the chief consumers, and, therefore, the principal supporters of American slavery, have an empire of their own—whose beauty cannot be exaggerated—whose extent is limitless—whose soil is exhaustless rich, and whose population is reckoned by scores of millions—from which they might obtain—without coercion—unburdened with taxes, unstained by blood—all that the wants and luxurious appetites of European—aye, and American nations could possibly require. (Loud cheering.) What, I ask would be the opinion of a visitant from another sphere, if told these things? How do these things come to pass? Do the Americans, Brazilians, and French and Spanish Colonists, instinctively delight in inflicting tortures? Is the love of chains and slavery their ruling passion? No. They love money—they see that we are an enterprising, ingenious

and fabricating nation—that there is a market for their produce—that we ask no questions when we buy—that the price we give will support them in administering a system of forced labor, and they therefore adopt and follow the trade of planters of cotton, and brokers in blood. (Cheers.) Scourges and fetters, and bolts and thumb-screws, men-stealers and drivers, are but the instruments they use to accomplish a grand end, which is the reaping of gain by the supply of our unceasing demands. And yet we are an anti-slavery nation—and yet we paid twenty millions to get rid of the abomination of negro bondage in our own colonies—and yet we have societies for the conversion of other nations to abolition principles! Is there no inconsistency here! Are not our professions justly liable to reproach, and to be branded as insincere and hypocritical? While we are assembled here, to point our appeals across the Atlantic, that they may reach, if possible, the conscience of the American, might not a voice of thunder speak from every ware-house in this city, gorged with the produce of the slave—from every spinning jenny and loom employed in the service of slavery—'Woe unto you, Scribes, Pharisees and Hypocrites,' for you send memorials, and Missionaries and remonstrances, over sea and land, to denounce the crime of holding men in bondage, while you yourselves stay at home to raise the wages of unrighteousness—the price of blood—and feed to fattness the cupidity of those who are willing to sell themselves to you in the service of sin. All this we should desire if India were not ours—or if the country were blotted from the map of the world. How much more, while India is in existence—while India is an integral portion of our own dominions? Why prefer New Orleans to Calcutta—Mobile to Bombay—Cuba to Madras? Why leave freemen famishing by millions on the banks of the Ganges and Jumna, that you may steal men from the banks of the Gambia and the St. Mary's, and lash them to their hated task on the banks of the Mississippi and the Potomac? (Great cheering.) But enough; you see, you feel the crime of despising that splendid country and that interesting race, on whose behalf so eloquent an appeal has been made, in the honest, fearless, admirable speech of my gallant friend Major-General Briggs. (Cheers.) You are not called upon to cease your remonstrances against slavery; you are not required to forego any of the comforts or luxuries of life, or to circumscribe your trading operations, or to go to war with piratical nations, to levy discriminating duties, or to enforce forgotten treaties, or to call together congresses of nations; but quietly, consistently, and energetically, to improve your own territory—to employ your own husbandmen—to reap your own soil—in a word, to put into operation a principle of political economy, which would as surely work the destruction of slavery and the slave trade as the produce of the labor of fifty millions of freemen, procured at the rate of twopence per day for each man, must drive out of every market, where fair competition is permitted, the produce of six millions of slaves, whose support averages from eighteen to thirty pence per day. (Cheers.) How truly unexceptionable, how simple, how patriotic, how certain is the course thus pointed out.

Let me, Sir, specify, in the fewest possible words, the principal grounds on which I deem it the duty of this nation, and of such a meeting as this in particular, to take up the cause of India. India, in itself considered, is worthy of our regard. It is the largest, richest, and most available portion of our territory. The people, eighty or a hundred million in number, are civilized, ingenious, docile, acute and industrious—they are besides, in need of an interposition to save them from an oppressive system which is breeding discontent, and occasional disease, and famine, and death. Their intellectual condition requires our consideration and aid. Various kinds of slavery exist which have to be inquired into and abolished, if within the legitimate sphere of our authority in that country. The inhabitants of India, if raised from their present state of poverty, would become the best and largest consumers of the surplus manufactures of our own country. The political condition of India must be affected beneficially by every philanthropic effort, inasmuch as our tenure of dominion is the attachment of the people to our sway. Look then at India by itself. Half a million of square miles of territory. Ought not its resources to be explored? One hundred millions of inhabitants. Ought not their wants to be considered? They are poor, they must be fed—they are naked, they must be clothed—they are diseased, they must be conciliated—they are industrious, they must be employed. Our humanity, our patriotism, our justice, are appealed to in behalf of British India. But my next ground is the anti-slavery aspect of the question. I see the battle of freedom for the degraded slave must be fought on the plains India. I see that we every moment are guilty of great inconsistency, if not crime, while we neglect India, and support the slave systems of America. I see that, in the circumstances of India, we have inexhaustible materials for anti-slavery appeals to this country;—appeals to every class of motives by which men are moved to pity or impelled to action. I see that we possess, as a nation, the power of immediately diminishing, and ultimately destroying the slave-trade and slavery, by improving the condition of the natives, and developing the physical resources of India. I see that we are placed in circumstances of fearful responsibility, and that we cannot justify our profession before men, or clear our consciences before God, unless we use the means that are placed in our hands. I see, finally, that by calling attention to India, and exhibiting our pacific, yet powerful principles of action, we secure the attention and support of thoughtful, practical, and reasoning men—men who would turn from us if we professed to rely solely upon moral machinery against slavery, while our capital and trade were sustaining it, but are ready to join us when our precepts and our practices correspond, & the truth of our doctrines is recommended by the performance of our duties. I have no time to dwell as I intended, upon the openings for commerce, & the acquisition of worth which India presents—nor to trace, which I might have done most clearly, the extraordinary progress which has been made in the growth and exportation of every arti-

cle which has received the least encouragement—such as indigo, linseed, &c. The elucidation of these and other topics, must be deferred to another opportunity. I must, however, go back to the points mentioned by our distinguished visitor, Gen. Briggs. It must not be disguised that there is a great work to be done before India can reward the industry, or obtain the benefit of the capital and enterprise of this country, and it is to this work that I want you and the country at large to gird yourselves. I remember the admonition given me by a friend to-day, who said,—"Pray do not deal in the stale vague talk about 'good government,' which means any thing or nothing, as folks please to interpret it, but tell us what India wants, and how we are to get it." I say then, that that Government of India, which shall deserve the name of good, will reduce and forever fix the land-tax, which is now the curse of the country—blighting its produce—spreading sterility over the soil, and reducing the cultivator to the state of a beggar. When India is blessed with good government, her ancient institutions will be respected, her municipal machinery will be employed, her native teachers will be sent to their appropriate occupation, her rivers will be rendered navigable, roads and connecting canals will be made, and the produce of the land will be admitted to these ports upon the principle of reciprocal duties. You will ask—how are these things to be obtained? I answer, by agitation, by discussion, by petition. India, it is true has a Board of Control, but India wants another Board. The board of control she wants is a board consisting of the whole British people—alive to the claims of misery—awake to their own interests—sensible of their responsibility, and determined to do their duty. Let these things be brought to pass, and the spell which has bound India shall be broken—a voice shall be heard crying, from the banks of the Indus and the Ganges to the myriad population of our Eastern empire, 'Arise, shine, for your light is come'—the Hindoo shall raise his head and smile—the earth shall yield her increase—the riches of the East, not 'barbaric gold and pearl alone,' but the bountiful crop of the industrious cultivator shall find their way to these islands, and all who have labored to succor and illuminate India shall rejoice in the reflex influence of their benevolence. Sir, I will conclude. I rejoice in the prospects which are opening for India. I exult in the results which will, through India, be wrought out for the rest of the world. I call upon the slave in America and the children in Africa to rejoice—but especially do I call upon my country to awake to a sense of her dread accountability to God, for the use of the mighty power by which she can control the fortunes and the fate of a large proportion of the whole human race. (Loud cheers.)

Britain! thy voice can bid the dawn ascend,  
On thee alone the eyes of Asia bend.  
High Arbitress! to thee her hopes are given,  
Sole pledge of bliss, and delegate of Heaven;  
In thy dread mantle all her fates repose,  
Or big with blessings or o'ercast with woes;  
And future ages shall thy mandate keep,  
Smile at thy touch, or at thy bidding weep.  
Oh! to thy god-like destiny arise!  
Awake and meet the purpose of the skies!  
Wide as she sweeps waves, let India learn,  
What virtues round the shrine of empire burn.

(Mr. Thompson sat down amid long continued cheering.)

From the Pittsburgh Christian Witness.  
Letter from the Editor.

ERIC, SEPT. 6, 1839.  
After a fatiguing ride of two days and one night, I find myself upon the border of that great inland sea which forms a portion of the northern boundary of Pennsylvania. Here are its blue waters stretching far away before my eye, washing the shores of two Empires as distinct in their theories of government as they are in their practice. The United States, the home of democratic principles and despotic practices—Canada, giving in its adhesion to "the Divine right of Kings," and yet the asylum of the oppressed!—that that our own land should be the oppressor!—that that foul part of slavery's foot should be left upon the soil of the free!—Surely patriotism, not less than philanthropy and religion, demands of every true-hearted friend of this Republic, the most earnest and unremitting exertions for the overthrow of this bane to our prosperity—for the wiping off of this foulest blot upon our national reputation.  
For the first half of my journey from Pittsburgh, I was so fortunate as to have agreeable and intelligent travelling companions, though I can say but little in commendation of the roads, the coaches, or the drivers. The first and second of these were in a condition that called emphatically for repair; and the last were in greater need of reformation than either of the former. A bad road and a leaky coach in a rainy day are mere accidents which a little philosophy will enable one patiently to endure, but when we have added to these a swearing, roistering, drinking driver who feels himself compelled at every grogery on the road to "keep his spirits up by pouring spirits down," the traveler has need either of an extra share of patience or of stupidity, if he would ride without injury to his good nature, or apprehension for his safety. For my own part I make no pretensions to either of these virtues; but however much I might have been disposed to heat, there was a sufficiency of rain that found its way through the roof of the coach to keep me abundantly cool, while the animated conversation of my companions in tribulation did not permit my thoughts to dwell too exclusively upon the discomforts of the way.  
A remark was made by one of our company, upon the general good appearance of the colored people of Pittsburgh, which led to a discussion of the character of that portion of our population, and of the subjects of slavery and emancipation generally. "I am no abolitionist," said one gentleman, "but I occasionally help three or four poor negroes to Canada, without asking any impertinent questions." His allusion was to fugitives from slavery, and I was glad to see that this announcement of his sympathy with the hunted fugitive fleeing for his life from the prison house of American bondage, was received with evident satisfaction by all in the coach. The man had entertained erroneous views of the abolitionists and exhibited in his conversation a deplorable ignorance of the subject of slavery and its appropriate remedy;