

THE LIBERATOR.

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VOL. I.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND ISAAC KNAPP, PUBLISHERS.

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OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE MANKIND.

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THE LIBERATOR

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THE LIBERATOR.

THE SALUTATION.

To date my being from the opening year,
I came a stranger in this happy shore,
When soon I met my brethren, my nation and
What is my name?—my purpose, or my task?
My name is LIBERATOR! I propose
To hasten my steps from a doubtful land;
My task is hard—for I shall have to save
Aton from his brother—to redeem the slave!
Ye who may hear, and yet condemn my cause,
Say, shall the host of Nature's holy laws
Be trodden down? and shall her eyes
Flow but for moment in beholding a chain?
Art thou a parent? shall thy children be
Born from thy breast, his brethren from the tree
And down it to contribute, in his love,
On other shores, and then ask an atonement?
Then, in whose bosom glows the sacred flame
Of God love, say, if the tyrant cause,
To force thy parent shewing from thy sight,
We will thy life bleed—merely, only in white
Art thou a brother? shall thy sister's name
Her father's name be given to thee?
And thou not fill the bowl, or stir the bowl?
Art thou a man? shall he be seen
Art thou a sister? will she be seen
Art thou a clergy brother, while thou see
Behold the letters led on by the book
Resolved not to read, with thy lesson, and not

less, prejudice more stubborn, and spathy more
free, than among slave owners themselves.
Of course, there were individual exceptions to
the contrary. This state of things afflicted,
but did not dishearten me: I determined, at
every hazard, to lift up the standard of emancipation
in the eyes of the nation, with the light
of *Brother Hilliard* in the birth place of liberty.
I was sustained as never before; and long may
I be, without the epulations of time or the
mischiefs of *adversitate lae*—yes, till every
chain be broken, and every bondman set free!
Let southern oppressors tremble—let their
secret shames trouble—let their northern
apologists tremble—let all the enemies of the
persecuted black tremble.

I deem the publication of my original Prose-
putions unnecessary, as it has obtained wide
circulation. The principles therein inculcated
will be steadily pursued in this paper, except
that I shall not array myself as the political
partisan of any man. In denouncing the
great cause of human rights, I wish to derive
the assistance of all religions and all parties.

Assenting to the "severed and still maintained
in the American Declaration of Independence,
that all men are created equal, and endow-
ed by their Creator with certain inalienable
rights—among which are life, liberty and
the pursuit of happiness," I shall strenuously
contend for the immediate emancipation of
our slave population. In Parliament Church,
on the Fourth of July, 1824, in an address on
slavery, I unobscurely assented to the popular
but pernicious doctrine of gradual abolition.
I seize this opportunity to make a full
and unreserved retraction, and then publicly
to ask pardon of my God, of my country,
and of my brethren the poor slaves, for
giving a word a sentiment or full of timidity,
equivocal and about my ears, a sentence re-
fusing from my pen, as published in the 7th
of our annual Convention at Boston, on Sep-
tember, 1824. My conscience is now satisfied.

I wish now, that I could object to the servitude
of the impugner, but as he is not a cause for
me, I will not. I will not object to the servitude
of the impugner, but as he is not a cause for
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of the impugner, but as he is not a cause for
me, I will not.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

What do many of the professed enemies of
slavery mean, by heaping all their reproaches
upon the south, and asserting that the
crime of oppression is not national? What
power has Congress—and Congress by the
sanctity of the American people—has jurisdiction
over the District of Columbia? That
District is riven with the plague, and
stinks in the nostrils of the world. Though it
is the Seat of our National Government,—
open to the daily inspection of foreign ambas-
sadors,—and eminently exposed with the con-
spicuous wisdom, virtue and intelligence of the
land,—yet a fiercer spot scarcely exists on
earth. In it the worst features of slavery are
exhibited; and as a mart for slave traders, it is
unparalleled. These facts are well known to our
two or three hundred representatives, but in-
stead of being moved, they are known, if not
generally at least generally, to our whole
population,—but who calls for redress?

Hitherto, a few straggling petitions, relative
to this subject, have gone into Congress; but
they have been too few to draw much public
attention, or to command a respectful notice.
It is certainly true that a vigorous and sys-
tematic effort should be made, from one end
of the country to the other, to pull down that
unholy monument of oppression which towers up
in the District. We do hope that the "earth-
quake" which the people will this autumn
shake upon the black fabric to its foundation.

The following petition is now circulating in
this city, and has obtained several valuable
signatures. A copy may be found at the
Bookstore of LEWIS & CLARK, No. 29,
Washington-street, for a few days longer,
where all the friends of the cause are neces-
sarily invited to go and subscribe.

Petition to Congress for the Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia.

To the Honorable Senate and House of
Representatives of the United States of
America in Congress assembled, the petition
of the undersigned citizens of Boston in
Massachusetts and its vicinity respectfully

THE SLAVE TRADE IN THE CAPITAL.

"This is the case of John, a black man,
All hands of nature and all nature of the
And each night, with pain and sorrow,
A child is sold on the coast of death.
They have to leave, the far reaching shore,
But not the thoughts that they must meet on more."

It is well, perhaps, that the American people
should know, that while we reiterate our boasts
of liberty in the ears of the nations, and send
back across the Atlantic our shouts of joy at
the triumph of liberty in France, we ourselves
are busily engaged in the work of oppression.
Yes, let it be known to the citizens of America,
that at the very time when the procession which
contained the President of the United States
and his Cabinet was marching in triumph in
the Capitol, to celebrate the victory of the French
people over their oppressors, another kind
of procession was marching another way, and
that consisted of colored human beings, handcuffed
in pairs, and driven along by what had the
appearance of a man on a horse! A similar
scene was repeated on Saturday last; a drove
consisting of males and females chained in
complex, starting from Roby's Tavern on foot,
for Alexandria, where, with others, they are
to embark on board a slave-ship in waiting to
convey them to the South. While we are writ-
ing, a robust man enters our room, and begs
six to inform him if we can point out any person
who will redeem his friend now immured in
Alexandria jail, in a state of distress amounting
almost to contracture. He has been a faithful
servant of a revolutionary officer who
recently died—has been sold at auction—parted
from affectionate parents—and from decent
and assisting friends. Our own servant, with
others, of whom we can speak in confidence,
try to persuade him to go to Alexandria to bid his
friend well, but they were refused admittance
to his cell, as we said, "the sight of his friends
made him feel so." He bears the reputation of a
pious man. It is but a few weeks since we
saw a ship with her cargo of slaves in the port
of Norfolk, Va, just passing up the river, on
another ship of Alexandria, swarming with
the victims of human cupidity. Such are the
scenes enacted in the heart of the American
Union. Oh patriotism! where is thy indignation?
Oh pliancy! where is thy grief?
Oh shame, where is thy blush? Well
may the generous and noble-minded G. C. send
any of the American citizen, "I'll bid his is a
Liberator. Look at the stain in your eyes."