

Rev. Theodore S. Wright, a colored Presbyterian clergyman from the city of New York, spoke at some length. His remarks were eloquent and full of gratitude towards his abolition friends. — Slavery he said must perish. It stood before the car of the Millennium, and it must be swept away. A jubilee for his oppressed brethren was drawing near — with the eye of faith he could see it — the degraded and imbruted, were to be raised ere long to the dignity of men. He knew the struggle would be a fearful one—he knew how much the friends of the black man were called upon to suffer. Like the primitive christians they had been tried in the fire of persecution. Their property had been destroyed — their names cast out as evil — their very lives put in peril. But life had not been taken. Glory to God in the highest, the friends of the slave yet lived to accomplish their work. And, though the craftsmen of Diana rage — though Paul be beaten with rods — though ‘the city be in an uproar,’ yet he believed that the cause of Emancipation would go on until the two millions and a half of American Slaves with whom he was in some measure identified, should enjoy the liberty which God had intended for all His children.

The Aristocracy who last fall failed to defeat the meeting of thirty or forty ladies, did not venture to assail an assembly of *five hundred* delegates from the interior of New England — assembled in the Puritan city, and in the vicinity of Liberty’s cradle — to maintain the republican principles of their fathers—principles which foreign

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Liberator

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