

[Rev. J. W. Loguen spoke at the Plymouth Church, last evening according to previous notice. The occasion of the meeting, as the readers of the *Chronicle* will remember was the fact that Wm. E. Abbot, of this city, recently received a letter from the neighborhood of Mr. Loguen's old master, stating that it was the intention of those who claim the right of property in his soul and body, to come after him, and advising that he fly for safety.

The Church as crowded to its utmost capacity—the aisles and doorways were thronged, and numbers went away unable to obtain a place to sit or stand. Though the air in the room was very bad, and the position of the hearers necessarily uncomfortable, Mr. L. retained the full and undivided attention of his audience through a speech near two hours long. We took a full report of his speech, which will probably come before the public in some form, in due time. We shall now only sketch very briefly some of the leading features of his remarks.] He felt embarrassed by the large and unexpected numbers before him. He had met men who were ready to crush him into the earth, and he knew how to meet them; but such an unexpected demonstration of friendship and sympathy took hold upon his heart, and he hardly knew how to meet it. The audience were aware of the circumstances which had brought them together. He wanted no undue

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hardly knew how to meet it. The audience were aware of the circumstances which had brought them together. He wanted no undue

excitement in relation to the matter. He understood the power with which he had to deal. Slavery makes many threats, and often expects to end there. When he left the South he sat down and counted the cost—he fully and deliberately made up his mind that whatever the consequences to himself, he would never wear the chains of slavery. It was his right, derived from God, to live where he pleased; he believed it his duty to stay in Syracuse, and he should stay here till he believed it his duty to go elsewhere. It was not for himself alone that he would thus maintain his manhood and his rights; he remembered that three and a half millions of his oppressed and outraged people were groaning beneath the heavy yoke of bondage. He owed a duty to them. The great aim of the slaveholders has been to impress upon the North and upon the slave, the idea that he is not a man, and cannot take care of himself.—To carry out this atrocious policy, the free colored people of the South are degraded in every possible way, and treated in the most inhuman manner. Any drunken vagabond may pounce upon them, and kicking and cuffing them, turn to the slave and say, “there! that is the way you would fare if you were free.” The slaveholders want the North to degrade and oppress the free colored people, as they do.—They do not want us to be men. They had

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rather we would be drunkards, and liars, and thieves! Is it not our duty, then, to maintain our rights, and endeavor to be true men? He rejoiced that Slavery was beginning to show its true character. They who had understood the system had long known that it respected not the rights of the white man, any more than those of the black man; but to this fact the people of the North, have been blind. But the Fugitive Slave Laws and Kansas-Nebraska Bills are beginning to open their eyes.

The personal experience of Mr. Loguen as a slave, was every affecting, and related in such a manner as to make a deep impression upon the audience. "I stand here to-night," said he, "and if I have a mother living she is a slave! If I have five brothers and sisters living, they are toiling in hopeless slavery! All my kindred, save my own children, are dragging out a wretched existence, amid the tortures and cruelties of a system whose wickedness is unparalleled by any other on earth!" He told us how the lash was buried deep in his mother's quivering flesh, because, true to the emotions of her bursting heart, she clung to her child—how she heeded not the heavy blows, and how ruffian hands tore her away; how he saw a sister sold from her three children—how she screamed for her babe—how strong hands brutally thrust her into a wagon and bore her forever away!

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