

The leaders of the movement trembled on seeing a tall, gaunt black woman in a gray dress and white turban, surmounted with an uncouth sun-bonnet, march deliberately into the church, walk with the air of a queen up the aisle, and take her seat upon the pulpit steps. A buzz of disapprobation was heard all over the house, and there fell on the listening ear, "An abolition affair!" "Woman's rights and niggers!" "I told you so!" "Go it, darkey!"

I chanced on that occasion to wear my first laurels in public life as president of the meeting. At my request order was restored, and the business of the Convention went on. Morning, afternoon, and evening exercises came and went. Through all these sessions old Sojourner, quiet and reticent as the "Lybian Statue," sat crowded against the wall on the corner of the pulpit stairs, her sun-bonnet shading her eyes, her elbows on her knees, her chin resting upon her broad, hard palms. At intermission she was busy selling the "Life of Sojourner Truth," a narrative of her own strange and adventurous life. Again and again, timorous and trembling ones came to me and said, with earnestness, "Don't let her speak, Mrs. Gage, it will ruin us. Every newspaper in the land will have our cause mixed up with abolition and niggers, and we shall be utterly denounced." My only answer was, "We shall see when the time comes."

The second day the work waxed warm. Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Universalist ministers came in to hear and discuss the resolutions presented. One claimed superior rights and privileges for man, on the ground of "superior intellect"; another, because of the "manhood of Christ, if God had desired the equality of woman, He would have given some token of His will through the birth, life, and death of the Saviour." Another gave us a theological view of the "sin of our first mother."

There were very few women in those days who dared to "speak in meeting"; and the august teachers of the people were seemingly getting the better of us, while the boys in the galleries, and the sneers among the pews, were hugely enjoying the discomfiture, as they supposed, of the "strong-minded." Some of the tender-skinned friends were on the point of losing dignity, and the atmosphere betokened a storm. When, slowly from her seat in the corner rose Sojourner Truth, who, till now, had scarcely lifted her head. "Don't let her speak!" gasped half a dozen in my ear. She moved slowly and solemnly to the front, laid her old bonnet at her feet, and turned her great speaking eyes to me. There was a hissing sound of disapprobation above and below. I rose and announced "Sojourner Truth," and begged the audience to keep silence for a few moments.

The tumult subsided at once, and every eye was fixed on this almost Amazon form, which stood nearly six feet high, head erect, and eyes piercing the upper air like one in a dream. At her first word there was a profound hush. She spoke in deep tones, which, though not loud, reached every ear in the house, and away through the throng at the doors and windows.

"Wall, chilren, whar dar is so much racket dar must be somethin' out o' kilter. I tink dat 'twixt de niggers of de Souf and de womin at de Norf, all talkin' 'bout rights, de white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But what's all dis here talkin' 'bout?"

"Dat man ober dar say dat womin needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted ober ditches, and to hab de best place everywhar. Nobody eber helps me into carriages, or ober mud-puddles, or gibs me any best place! And raising herself to her full height, and her voice to a pitch like rolling thunder, she asked, "And n't I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm!" (she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing her tremendous muscular power). I have ploughed, and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! And n't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and bear de lash as well! And n't, I a woman? I have borne thirteen chilren, and seen 'em mos' all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And n't I a woman?"

"Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head; what dis dey call it?" "Intellect," whispered some one near. "Dat's it, honey. What's dat got to do wid womin's rights or nigger's rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yourn holds a quart, wouldn't ye be men dey talk to have my little half-measure full?" And she pointed her significant finger, and sent a keen glance at the minister who had made the argument. The cheering was long and loud.

"Den dat little man in black dar, he say women can't have as much rights as men, 'cause Christ want a woman! Whar did your Christ come from?" Rolling thunder couldn't have stilled that crowd, as did those deep, wonderful tones, as she stood there with outstretched arms and eyes of fire. Raising her voice still louder, she repeated, "Whar did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothin' to do wid Him." Oh, what a rebuke that was to that little man.

Turning again to another objector, she took up the defense of Mother Eve. I can not follow her through it all. It was pointed, and witty, and solemn; eliciting at almost every sentence deafening applause; and she ended by asserting: "If de fust woman God ever made was strong enough to turn de world upside down all alone, dese women togedder (and she glanced her eye over the platform) ought to be able to turn it back, and get it right side up again! And now dey is asking to do it, de men better let 'em." Long-continued cheering greeted this. "Bleeged to ye for hearin' on me, and now ole Sojourner han't got nothin' more to say."

Amid roars of applause, she returned to her corner, leaving more than one of us with streaming eyes, and hearts beating with gratitude. She had taken us up in her strong arms and carried us safely over the slough of difficulty turning the whole tide in our favor. I have never in my life seen anything like the magical influence that subdued the mobbish spirit of the day, and turned the sneers and jeers of an excited crowd into notes of respect and admiration. Hundreds rushed up to shake hands with her, and congratulate the glorious old mother, and bid her God-speed on her mission of "testifyin' agin concerning the wickedness of this 'ere people."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS MEETING IN A BARN—"JOHN'S CONVENTION."

From History of Woman Suffrage, Volume I, page 116 (1881)

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THE BUGLE.

The New Continent.

We are compelled to believe, that for one nation, it is about to do a sensible thing. We have a silent, but deeply interested spectator of the progress of the proposed change in Female Dress. We have been silent, because the work has been assumed by those and those only capable of its accomplishment. Had reformers commenced its advocacy on the ground of physiological and moral necessity, years could not have passed the cooperation of the press, as works have done under the influence that are now bearing toward this reform. The wealth and fashion of the country have commenced the work. We presume that the desired perfection of costume is not yet attained, either in regard to convenience—comfort or elegance. But from the depths of fashion the mantle has been issued for change—and the intelligence and good sense that now pervades the community—But now points woman to a broader sphere and a nobler destiny than any to which her sex has before aspired—will perfect the work. Woman in assuming, as she is now about to do, her individuality and responsibility in all the organizations of society, will naturally and of necessity drop the badge and drop appropriate to her past dependent position.—That our readers may know what is doing and the valid reason for change, we copy the following article. The first is from a southern correspondent of the Home Journal the organ and vehicle of New York fashion.

GENTLEMEN—You have so kindly interested yourselves in our fashions, and are encouraging in your able manner, that distinguished change in ladies' dresses, that I must thank you. I am interested in the subject, too. I adhere to the trousers. I am so anxious to do my toilet and trousers, though rather afraid yet, that I must beg you to throw all your fashioning, elegance, refinement, and taste on our side. Will you? We Southerners have such pretty feet—you know our feet are elevated—that I really think, if there is any justice in Fashion, our time is coming. I should cry out, Liberty! If I were free of my fashions, embracing always-in-the-way skirts. You can easily imagine their inconveniences. Just fancy your feet finally enveloped in costly, voluminous folds from

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Women's Rights Convention.

Sojourner Truth.

One of the most unique and interesting speeches of the Convention was made by Sojourner Truth, an emancipated slave. It is impossible to transfer it to paper, or convey any adequate idea of the effect it produced upon the audience. Those only can appreciate it who saw her powerful form, her whole-voiced earnestness, and listened to her strong and truthful words. She came forward to the platform and addressing the President said with great simplicity:

May I say a few words? Receiving an affirmative answer, she proceeded: I want to say a few words about this matter. I am a woman's rights. I have as much muscle as any man, and can do as much work as any man. I have plowed and reaped and broken and chopped and mowed, and can say as much more than that I have heard much about the sexes being equal; I am every so much as any man, and can eat as much too, if I can get it. I am as strong as any man that is now. As for intellect, all I can say is, if women have just as much a "quart" as men have, here has little girl said: You need not be afraid to give us our rights for fear we will take too much—for we can't take more than our part! Well, the poor men seem to be all in confusion, and don't know what to do. Why children, if you have woman's rights give it to her and you will feel better. The men have said that we should be set right side up again. I want, but I can bear. I have heard the bible and have learned that Eve caused man to sin. Well, would women say that, do give her a chance to set it right side up again. The Lady has spoken about Jesus, how he never opened woman from him, and she was right. When Lazarus died, Mary and Martha came to him with faith and love and brought him to raise their brother. And Jesus went—and Lazarus came forth. And how can Jesus live in the world? Through God who created him and the woman who bore him. Man, where is your part? But the women are coming up blessed be God and a few of them are coming up with them. But man is in a tight place, the poor slave is on his, woman is coming on him, and he is surely between a hawk and a buzzard.

Now now the wretched mother's cry Upon the air is passing by; O! all ye sad and broken hearts! O! all ye souls of the departed! O! lighted, wronged and trodden down— Hear ye your wrongs here to day, To God we make our stern appeal Against oppression's boundless sway And Mammon's hoard of steel! Yet George! thought mid shadows going The world moves darkly on its way, O! for his hills a light is glowing Bright herald of a better day. We trust in Truth, and yet shall see Fossil Wrong into Oblivion hurled, The human race shall all be free, War's bloody banner shall be faded, Where sorrow dwells there shall be light The Earth his harvest shall know no night And God shall rule the world!

From The New York Independent. Case of the People vs. Saul.

BY REV. GEO. R. CHESTER.

One of the most instructive and interesting discourses to the human mind and intelligence has to be found in the case of the People vs. Saul, in behalf of Jonathan. The proper application of this case, simply by mental power, and the powerful victory of equity over unrighteous law, are recorded in the 14th chapter of the 1st book of Samuel. The monarch had commanded that through-out the day of battle, no food should be eaten till the evening. Jonathan heard not when his father charged the people with this oath, and when they encountered a quantity of honey in their march, he put forth his hand and eat of it; and when the people inferred him of the crime, then said Jonathan, My father hath tricked the Lord. Nevertheless, thus far, though the execution was severe and injurious, the people obeyed, with one public outcry exalting for himself the personal inconvenience.

But when it came to an immaterial requirement of an act of injustice and cruelty against an innocent person, they disobeyed, and resolutely refused obedience. When an injustice was held to be the pre-emptive of the day, then the King gave a great oath, that in whom-ever the sin had been found that day, though it were in Jonathan himself, he should meet

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K. O. THOMAS.

MARLBOROUGH, May 5, 1851.

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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig).
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