

**LIBERTY CHIMES,  
PP. 14-148**

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**LADIES' ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY**

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## Liberty Chimes.

" Yet, freedom, yet, thy banner, torn, but flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind;  
Thy trumpet-voice, though broken now and dying,  
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind;  
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms; and the rind,  
Chopped by the ax, looks rough and little worth;  
But *the sap lasts*,—and still the seed we find  
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North;  
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth."—BYRON.

PROVIDENCE.  
LADIES' ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

1845.

they were born with us.—They were born with us,—or we with them—but we better not have any more born so.—We inherited fetters from our “fathers,”—but we better not transmit them.

The right of speech—it is the right of rights—the paramount and paragon attribute of our kind. It is glorious among the brutes, when it is free. The roar of the lion—it is majestic and sublime in his native desert.—Not so, when he *grunts* under the stir of the *poker*, in the menagerie. The scream of the eagle, in the sky—or on the crag, where he lives and has his home—how unlike his most base croak, when they withhold his allowance in the cage that you may hear him make a noise. The one is free speech, in “free meeting.” The other, speech-making, under chairs, boards and business committees.—How different the wild note of the life-bird, in the top of the high pine, when the setting sun awakens her throat after the shower,—how different, from the chitter of the poor caged canary, in the pent up street of the city. But illustration fails.—The glory and beauty of freedom cannot be illustrated. It must be witnessed—experienced, and felt.

Speech is the only terror of tyrants. It is the thing they cannot control or encounter.—Brute force has no tendency to match it. “Four hostile presses,” said Bonaparte—the most formidable brute the modern world has seen—“are more to be dreaded, than a hundred thousand bayonets.” So, he might have said, is *one* hostile press—if it is free. And if it is free, it will be hostile to tyranny. It is as hostile to boards, as it is to bayonets, and as formidable. It is “the king of terrors” to both. The board has nothing to oppose to it, but the bayonet. The bayonet is the board’s argument,—and only argument. A board without a bayonet, is a hornet without a sting—or a toothless hound. But it will try to worry and bark down free speech if it cannot bite. And as the bayonet is the board’s only argument, so only boards ever wield that ugly and hateful implement. Individuality never can hold or maintain it.—The individual can resort only to the truth.

“Stop his mouth!” cries alarmed and exasperated tyranny. Stifle his outcry! mankind will hear

him! Shut him up, where he cannot be *heard!* Let his dungeon be deep and his walls thick,—not so much to keep him, as to keep him from being *heard!* I must not hear him myself. “It disturbs my tranquility.” Keep him *alone!*

It is the uttered word, that awakens the tread and that moves mankind. Words are the storm that “awakens its deep.” Words revolutionize society and nations, and change human condition. They bring those “changes,” the “fear” of which “perplexes monarchs.” Monarchy builds its bastiles to imprison them. It erects them amid the silence of the people, and it is only speech that can throw them down. The bastile of France, that fell at the outbreak of her dread revolution,—it was not artillery that prostrated its walls, but they were shaken down by the thunder and earthquake of the voice of the people, and had France known the power of that voice, she would have shaken down with it every throne in Europe. But she took the bayonet and it failed. It failed even in the hand of Bonaparte, the strongest hand that ever grasped it to conquer the world. It failed,



and France is again in chains. Kings build their bastiles again in her borders, for the imprisonment of the people, but they have to build them in a later style of architecture than the old Gothic, for fear the sight of that would awaken again the people's voice.

And Bonaparte himself, with a wall around him of half a million of bayonets, trembled at the slightest breath of free speech. The creature *sued* men for *libel* in the English Courts. At a time he was at war with her—when the proud island stood dismayed at his threatened descent upon her,—when he hovered with his dreadful marshals on the edge of the British Channel, the English Common Pleas was resounding with the call of the Crier, to “John Smith to come into Court and answer to the complaint of Napoleon Bonaparte, or his default would be recorded.”—The Emperor had no confidence at all in his terrible Marshals,—or the armies of Italy and of Egypt, so long as free speech could libel him with impunity in the coffee houses of London. And did it strike any body as ludicrous, that Bonaparte should be

scared at a *libel*? not at all. His folly was, that he sought to defeat it by a law-suit. Had he been a man, he would have sent an article against the libeler, to the British press. He did not dare to. He was a tyrant—the truth was against him,—free speech was uttering it.—It scared him, and he stupidly went to law. I forget whether he got the case!

To come nearer home, and to the fields of moral strife. Corporation is the same coward and tyrant-foe of free speech, in the chair—the board—the business committee, as in the camps and courts of kings: and free speech, the bane and terror of corporation in all its forms. Its motto and banner words,—No Committees—nor commitment. No Boards, on which to lay humanity out, for a living burial.—Association—but of associate individuals—whole individuals—unabated and undiluted. Concert of action—but of individual, personal action—where no combination can bring upon individual freedom, the wizard spell of the majority—where that monstrosity is not known—where unfelt and unacknowledged, is the influence

of numbers and the authority of names—where are no great men—no leaders ;—that sends out its great truths, backed up by no external or extrinsic force, to make their own way to the free and un-awed heart of the people.—This is the “ anti-slavery society.”—The New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society is such. The humblest and poorest of anti-slavery bodies.—Poor in every thing but its principles, its love of liberty, and its fidelity to the cause of Humanity. In these it is rich.—It proffers its hard right hand of working fellowship to the anti-slavery of the land, and especially to the field-tried and service-worn handful in little Rhode Island.—It is “ auxiliary ” to all anti-slavery society,—subsidiary to none, as indeed no real anti-slavery body would claim of it subordination or homage.

CONCORD, N. H.