

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.

"Well, chillen, whar dar's so much racket dar must be som'ting out o' kilter. I tink dat, 'twixt the de niggers of de South and de women at de Norf, all a-talking 'bout rights, de white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But what's all this hero talking 'bout? Dat man ober dar say dat woman needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have de best place oberywher. Nobody eber helps me into carriages, or ober mud-puddles, or gives me any best place;' and, raising herself to her full height, and her voice to a pitch like rolling thunder, she asked, 'And ar'n't I a woman? Look at me. Look at my arm,' and she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing its tremendous muscular power. 'I have ploughed and planted and gathered into barns, and no man could head me—and ar'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 ar'n't I a woman? I have borne thirteen chillen, and seen 'em mos' all sold off into slavery, and when I cried out with a mother's grief, none but Jesus heard—and ar'n't I a woman? Den dey talk '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 with woman's rights or nigger's rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yourn holds a quart, wouldn't ye be mean not to let me 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 woman can't have as much right as man, 'cause Christ wa'n't a woman. Whar did your Christ come from?'

"Rolling thunder could not have stilled that crowd as did those deep, wonderful tones, as she stood there with outstretched arms and eye of fire. Raising her voice still louder, she repeated,

"Whar did your Christ come from? From God and a woman. Man had noting to do with him.' O! what a rebuke she gave the little man. Turning again to another objector, she took up the defense of Mother Eve. I cannot follow her through it all. It was pointed and witty and solemn, eliciting at almost every sentence deafening applause; and she ended by asserting 'that if the fust woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down all her one lone, all dese togeder,' and she glanced her eye over us, 'ought to be able to turn it back and git it right side up again, and now dey is asking to, de men better let 'em. (Long continued cheering.) 'Bleeged to ye for hearin' on me, and now old Sojourner ha'n't got nothin' more to say.'

"Amid roars of applause she turned to her corner, leaving more than one of us with streaming eyes, and hearts beating with gratitude. She had taken us up in her great, strong arms, and carried us safely over the slough of difficulty, turning the whole tide in our favor.

"I have given but a faint sketch of her speech. I have never in my life seen anything like the magical influence that subdued the mobbish spirit of the day, and turned the jibes and sneers of an excited crowd into notes of respect and admiration. Hundreds rushed up to shake hands and congratulate the glorious old mother, and bid her 'God-speed' on her mission of 'testifyin' agin concernin' the wickedness of this here people.'

"Sojourner Truth is not dead, but old and feeble; she rests from her labors near Battle Creek, Michigan."

Ladies.

SOJOURNER TRUTH ON WOMEN.

Mrs. F. D. Gage writes to the *Independent* a graphic description of a speech made at a convention held at Ackron, Ohio, in 1850, by that remarkable negro woman, Sojourner Truth. We quote a passage:

"The next day the work waxed warm. Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Universalist ministers came in to hear and discuss the resolutions brought forth. One claimed superior rights and privileges for man because 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 awful sin of our first mother. There were few women in those days that dared to 'speak in meeting,' and the august teachers of the people, with long-winded bombast, were seeming to get the better of us, while the boys in the galleries and sneerers among the pews were enjoying hugely the discomfiture, as they supposed, of the strong-minded. Some of the tender-skinned friends were growing indignant and on the point of losing dignity, and the atmosphere of the convention betokened a storm.

"Slowly from her seat in the corner rose Sojourner Truth, who, till now, had hardly lifted her head. 'Don't let her speak,' gasped a half-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 eye piercing the upper air like one in a dream. At her