

Ohio Fugitive Slave Case.

ELOQUENT SPEECH FROM LUCY STONE—THE DUTY OF A MOTHER TO PROTECT HER CHILDREN FROM SLAVERY WITH THE KNIFE.

In the course of the trial of the slave Margaret on the 13th inst., Col. Chambers, counsel for the slave owners, said, among other things:—

“The gentlemen on the defence say that they never saw her (Margaret) before the deed was done, and I suppose they did not; but I have had, this morning, a matter presented to me, to which I now call the attention of the Court, that it may protect her life and the lives of her children. A lady in this court last evening, wanted one of the officers to permit her to give Margaret Garner, the author of the death of one of her children, a knife, *that she might kill the rest of her little ones, and then put an end to her own life!* The lady was Lucy Stone Blackwell, the officer was Deputy Marshal Brown.”

After the adjournment of the court, the members and audience resolved themselves into a public assembly, says the Cincinnati Columbian, with Mr. R. Pullen as chairman, and the lady mounted the judge's desk. She was dressed in a black silk gown, had a brown merino mantle over her shoulders, a bonnet of the same material on her head, and a green veil. She spoke in an easy, assured manner, without excitement or violence, never so much as raising her voice beyond the low, penetrating tones peculiar to her. She said:—

LUCY STONE'S SPEECH.

I have been informed that Mr. Chambers the spoken this morning of my having offered to has poor woman now under examination a knife. I wish to explain in the right place, where the matter has been spoken of, what I said, and the motives that led me to say what I did.

I did not ask of Deputy Marshal Brown the privilege of giving a knife. If Mr. Brown were here, he would acknowledge as much. I have been out of town ever since the commencement of this examination, until yesterday, or I should have been here every day, doing what I could to show my sympathy with my afflicted sister.

As I spoke to her of liberty, her eye beamed with the dull light of despair, the tear of anguish trickled down her cheek, her lip quivered in silent agony as I took her hand and expressed my sympathy. I thought as I looked upon her unexpressed grief, that if ever there was a time when it was a good deed to give a weapon to those who fought the battle of liberty on Bunker's Hill—if those patriots had the right to use the arms supplied to them—she who had said: “Let us go to God rather than go back to Slavery,” had the same right. Impelled by my feelings, I turned to Mr. Brown and expressed my wish that she could have a knife to deliver herself, dreading as she did Slavery to such an extent, that she had taken the life of her dear child rather than return to it.

Who that knows the depth of a mother's love does not estimate the sacrifice she has made? If she had a right to deliver her child, she had a right to deliver herself. So help me heaven! I would tear from myself my life with my teeth before I would be a slave!

I asked no privilege of the Marshal—I beg my rights of none. I had a right to put a dagger in the woman's hand—the same right that those had who seized their weapons to fight about a paltry tax on tea!

I hoped to see her liberty rendered her—I hope it still. I do not know the commissioner of this court, but I doubt not he is accessible to the cry of the oppressed. He should act true to his conscience, true to right, true to Heaven, and deliver this victim from the hands of oppression.

I make no apology to this court, or to any one, for wishing to give this woman a dagger. I apologise to nobody; I exercised the same right as those who distributed weapons to the combatants on Bunker's Hill.

God gave this woman a love of liberty and she has a soul worthy of the gift; if she prefers liberty with God, to oppression with man, if she desires for her children the guardianship of angels rather than the scorn and lash of slavery, let her have them, and find in immortality a refuge from wrong and insult.

I told him who claims her; I do not say her owner, for God has made no man the owner of another; I told him that this was a historic period; that the deeds now doing would employ the pen of genius, and be handed down to future generations; that his name would be connected with the events now occurring, with execration, if he continued to enslave one capable of such deeds as this woman, but with honor, if he gave her the freedom that was her right.

As I looked into his kindly face, his mildly beaming eye, I thought he had a generous heart, and so it proved. He kindly said, when he had her back in Kentucky under his own care, he would render her liberty. I hope he will fulfil his promise.

I give all notice here, and say it in the hearing of my sisters who are present, that whenever and wherever I have an opportunity of offering opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, and thwarting its operation, whatever may be the consequence, *I will do it!*

MR. CHAMBERS.

Mr. Chambers desired to say, on behalf of Mr. Gaines, that he had made no such promise as had been spoken of; that he had agreed to consider what the lady said, when he returned to Kentucky.

Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell said:—“He promised me he would make her free.”

Mr. Chambers.—I do not care how it is; I speak to a point of law to prevent a claim.

As the lady concluded her address, which was listened to in uninterrupted silence, there was considerable applause, mingled with hisses, the applause predominating.