

the root of the tree, are also conservative. They have been seeking to preserve in the life of our nation, those principles without which a State rests on a sandy foundation. You will commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of your organization surrounded by the cheering signs that this fact is being recognized.

Men are coming to perceive, also, the righteousness of abolitionism. The black man is getting to be recognized as a man.

For all this, let us thank God and take courage, and continue to work and to pray until we have a State founded on the principles of Christian Democracy.

Yours most cordially for the rights of man,
A. BATTLES.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1863

THIRD DECADE OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

[Photographically Reported by HENRY M. PARKHURST.]

SPEECH OF J. MILLER MCKIM.

I comply cheerfully with your request, Mr. Chairman, though the task it assigns me is not in all respects an easy one. To look back upon the origin of this Society, and run the eye down its course to the present time, and then submit the reminiscences suggested; and to do it all in the space of a single short speech, is a task requiring powers of condensation beyond my pretensions.

There is another difficulty about it. To give an account of a movement with which one's own personal history—at least in his own mind—is inseparably identified, without violating one of the first rules of good taste in a speaker, demands a degree of philosophical skill which but few possess. The word I is perhaps the ugliest as well as the shortest in the English language. It is a word which careful parents teach their children never to use—either in the nominative, possessive or objective case—except on compulsion. And yet it is a word without which I cannot possibly get on in the duty you have assigned me.

But having accepted my part, I accept also its conditions. And this I do all the more readily from certain advantages likely to accrue from it. "From one learn all," the adage says. The history of one Abolitionist, however humble, even though it be for a day, is the history, to that extent, of every other Abolitionist—and of the cause. There are people here, doubtless, who are ignorant of the character of Abolitionism and Abolitionists. Let us for once, Mr. Chairman, give them an inside view. Let us lay aside reserve, and speak with a freedom which in other circumstances would hardly be justifiable.

Thirty-one years ago, this witness was a student at Andover Theological Seminary. While there, a desire, which, for more than a year, had consumed him, culminated into a purpose. In the depths of his soul and before God he consecrated himself to the work of a missionary among the heathen. What his precise motives were, it is not necessary here to inquire. That they were of a mixed character, partaking not a little of the ardor and romance of youth, subsequent reflection has left no room to doubt.

There was another student at the Seminary, whose views and feelings were in harmony with my own, and who joined in this vow of self-consecration. His name was Daniel E. Jewett. I mention him for reasons which will presently be obvious.

I had been at Andover but a short time—less than two months—when a severe domestic affliction—the death of my eldest brother—called me away; and I returned to my home in Carlisle, in this State, where I had been born and bred.

For two or three years previous to the period now referred to, the country—a very considerable portion of it—had been in a state of high religious excitement. Everywhere people's attention was directed with unusual earnestness to the subject of personal religion. Since the days of Whitfield, it was said, there had been no excitement equal to it in depth and intensity, but toward the latter part of 1833 this excitement began to subside. The "revivals," as they were called, which followed this period, and which were got up by the machinery of "protracted meetings" and other appliances, were, for the most part, mere imitations—simulations; without depth and without earnestness.

With the subsidence of this religious excitement in the country, the feelings of the sincere and enlightened who had shared in it began to take a new turn. Their attention was called away from themselves to the condition of others. They had made sufficient progress in the divine life to understand that cardinal injunction: "Let no man seek his own, but every one his neighbor's well."

About this time I happened one day, in a barber-shop, to pick up a newspaper, the columns of which I found filled with discussions of the subject of slavery. It was a question to which my attention had never before been directed. The paper interested me exceedingly. Its vigor of style and the boldness of its argument were striking. It was *The Liberator*. I took it home with me, read it carefully, and came back the next day to talk about it. An argument arose between me and the barber, in which that gentleman had greatly the advantage. He gave me a book to take home with me; it was a thick pamphlet, of about the size and appearance of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and was entitled "Thoughts on Colonization." Its author was Wm. Lloyd Garrison. I read it at one sitting. The scales fell from my eyes. The whole truth was revealed to me. The evil of slavery, the vulgar cruelty of prejudice against color, the duty of the country and of every man in it toward the black man, were as plain as if they had been written out before me in letters of fire. From that time to this, I have been an Abolitionist. From that time to this, I have regarded my friend John Peck, the colored barber, as one of my best benefactors.

In the latter part of 1838, I learned that there was to be a Convention in Philadelphia, for the purpose of forming a National Anti-Slavery Society. This information I derived from my Andover friend, Daniel E. Jewett. He wrote to me, begging that I would come to the meeting. He dwelt feelingly upon the condition of the two and a quarter million (that was the figure then) of our unoffending fellow-men held in bondage, and urged me not to be insensible to their claims. "How do you know, my brother," he said, "that this may not be the work to which you have, unconsciously, dedicated yourself? How do you know that this is not the very field which your yearnings have been foreshadowing?"

I laid what he said to heart, and determined to attend the Convention. The little band of pronounced Abolitionists in Carlisle—all of whom were black, except myself—appointed me a delegate, and I set off for the city. It was in the day of stage-coaches, before the new era of railroads, and I was two days in coming. I stopped at the "Indian Queen," in 4th street, then considered one of our best hotels. The style of caravansera known as the "first class hotel" was not then known—out of Boston. Your "Tremont House," I believe, was at that time in the full tide of successful experiment. I lost no time the next morning after my arrival in presenting myself, according to directions, at the house of Friend Edwin Lewis in 5th street, above Cherry. Mr. Lewis was editor of a Quaker anti-slavery journal called *The Advocate of Truth*. He was a faithful friend of the cause, as well as one of the most prominent at that time in Philadelphia. With friend Lewis I went to the Convention. It met at the Adelphi Building in 5th street, below Walnut. Its proceedings were not secret, though they were, nevertheless, not thrown open by advertisement to the public. There were some sixty or seventy delegates present, and a few spectators, who had been especially invited. A small number, it will be said, for a National Convention. But at that time it must be re-

membered the movement was in its incipency. The cloud of abolitionism was not even so big as a man's hand. Now it covers the heavens!

When I entered the hall—which was on the morning of the second day—the proceedings had begun; though, as I soon learned, there was no specific business before the meeting. A Committee had been appointed the day before, consisting of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Samuel J. May, Edwin P. Atlee and others, to draw up a Declaration of Sentiments; and the Convention was now expecting their report. While waiting, Dr. Abraham L. Cox read a poem addressed to Garrison, written by John G. Whittier, at that time a young author, comparatively unknown to fame. You remember the piece:

"Champion of those who groan beneath
Oppression's iron hand,
In view of penury, hate and death,
I see thee fearless stand."
"I love thee with a brother's love;
I feel my pulses thrill
To mark thy spirit soar above
The cloud of human ill."

After the poem, Lewis Tappan arose and delivered a glowing eulogy upon Mr. Garrison. He related two very striking anecdotes, which, though I remember them distinctly, I shall not, in this presence, repeat. He concluded by saying that it had not been his purpose to eulogize Mr. Garrison; that what he said was said in no spirit of panegyric, but as a matter of fidelity to truth and to the cause. Mr. Garrison had been struck at as a representative of the cause. It was our duty, he said, to repel these assaults; to vindicate our faithful pioneer from the calumnies and misrepresentations of the enemy, and to stand by him "through evil report and through good report."

This was the first specimen I had had of what has since been called "mutual admiration." And here let me say that the charge implied in the use made of this phrase is without justification. When Abolitionists praise their representative men, it is for the reason suggested by Mr. Tappan. It is to defend them against the shafts of pro-slavery malice and calumny. It is from a sacred regard to truth and the interests and honor of the cause; and in no spirit of adulation, "mutual" or otherwise.

And—if you will allow me still further to digress—I will add that the charge against us of using needlessly hard and denunciatory language is equally without foundation. Why, sir, last night, while Mr. Garrison was speaking, several gentlemen—new converts to the cause—left the house because the speaker was too tame! Their hate of slavery and slaveholders, and all that belongs to the system, is so intense, that Mr. Garrison's terms of condemnation were not strong enough to relieve their minds. They are of a class whom the speaker sometimes meets, one of whom on a certain occasion represented himself as belonging to the "Five Nations." He was a gentlemanly, mild looking person—anything but a savage in appearance—and being asked what he meant by so styling himself, he explained by saying, he was for giving the rebel slaveholders "confiscation, emancipation, ruination, extirpation and damnation."

Parson Brownlow, also a new convert to the cause—the same that once persecuted the saints—is of this class. He is represented as saying that he is "for giving the slaveholding rebels 'Greek fire' in this world, and hell fire in the next."

Now, Mr. Chairman, this is not the language nor is it the spirit of the old Abolitionists. The charge of using hard and acrimonious language lies not properly at our door.

But to return from my digression: Mr. Tappan's speech was interrupted by the announcement that Mr. Garrison and the rest of the Committee were coming in with their report. They had prepared a draft of a Declaration, and it devolved upon Dr. Edwin P. Atlee to read it. After the reading, followed criticism of its contents; or rather criticism of some of its phrases; for, as a whole, the paper commended itself at once to all who heard it. Thomas Shipley, that good man and faithful friend of the slave, objected to the word "man-stealer" as applied indiscriminately to the slaveholders. To this it was replied that the term was an eminently proper one; that it described the exact relation between the master and the slave. It was urged that things should be called by their right names; that Luther had said he would "call a hoe a hoe, and a spade a spade." Besides, it was added, it was a scriptural phrase, and the chapter and verse were quoted in which it was used. This mollified friend Shipley, though it did not set his mind entirely at rest. At length, some one suggested that the term should be retained, but that it should be preceded by the words, "according to Scripture." This met the difficulty, and the paper was amended so as to read: "Every American citizen who holds a human being in involuntary bondage as his property, is, according to Scripture, (Exodus 21: 16,) a man-stealer."

Among the speakers, while the Declaration was under discussion, were two who interested me particularly. One was a countryman dressed in the plainest garb, and in appearance otherwise not particularly calculated to excite expectation. His manner was angular, and his rhetoric not what would be called graceful. But his matter was solid, and as clear as a bell. It had the ring of the genuine metal, and was, moreover, pat to the point in question. When he sat down—which he did after a very brief speech—the question was asked: "Who is that?" and the answer came: "Thomas Whitson of Lancaster County, in this State."

The other speaker was a woman. I had never before heard a woman speak at a public meeting. She said but a few words, but these were spoken so modestly, in such sweet tones, and yet withal so decisively, that no one could fail to be pleased. And no one did fail to be pleased. She apologized for what might be regarded as an intrusion; but she was assured by the Chairman and others that what she had said was very acceptable. The Chairman added his hope that "the lady" would not hesitate to give expression to anything that might occur to her during the course of the proceedings.

This debate on the Declaration took place in Committee of the Whole. After one or two slight verbal changes, the Committee arose and reported the document to the Convention. It was adopted unanimously, and ordered to be engrossed. The next morning, being the last session of the Convention, it was brought in engrossed and ready for signature. Before the work of signing began, it was agreed that it should be read once more. The task was assigned to our friend, Samuel J. May, who performed it with much feeling. At times his emotion was such as to prevent him from awhile from proceeding. The same feeling pervaded the audience. Then followed informally the ceremony of signing. Each one, as he came up to put his name to the instrument, showed by his manner, and, in some instances, by his words, that he was doing a very solemn thing.

By this time I had come to be tolerably well acquainted with the Convention, both as a whole and in its individual members. My part in the proceedings had been, and was to the end, a silent one. The only distinction I enjoyed was that of being the youngest member of the body.

Looking back upon this interesting occasion, the whole thing comes up before me with the distinctness of a picture. I see the Convention just as it sat in that little hall of the Adelphi Building. I see the President, Beriah Green, of Oneida Institute, sitting on an eminence in the west end of the hall; at either side of him the two Secretaries, Lewis Tappan and John G. Whittier.

Mr. Green, though as it proved one of the best men that could have been had for the office, was not the person originally contemplated for Chairman. The Abolitionists at that time, like other people, had an idea that a Convention would not be a Convention without a man with a great name to serve as Chairman. Therefore when the delegates came to Philadelphia, the first thing they did was to cast about for some man of distinction to preside. They called on Thomas Wistar, a venerable and wealthy member of the Society of Friends; but he declined. They then waited

upon Mr. Roberts Vaux, an aged and highly respected citizen, whose social position and reputation as a philanthropist indicated him as a proper person to preside over the meeting. He received the Committee politely, and listened to them courteously. He sympathized with them in their general object; he was opposed to slavery, and would be glad to see it abolished; but—and then followed the usual objections; and in short, while grateful for the honor rendered him, Mr. Vaux begged leave respectfully to decline.

Discouraged in their attempts to find a great man for Chairman, the delegation concluded to select for this purpose one of their own number; and the choice fell upon Beriah Green. A better man could not have been selected. Though of plain exterior and unimposing presence, Mr. Green was a man of learning and superior ability; in every way above the average of so-called men of eminence.

Mr. Tappan, who sat at his right, was a jaunty, man-of-the-world looking person; well dressed and handsome; with a fine voice and taking appearance. Whittier, who sat at his left, was quite as fine looking, though in a different way. He wore a dark frock coat with standing collar, which, with his thin hair, dark and sometimes flashing eyes, and black whiskers—not large, but noticeable in those unbruted days—gave him, to my then unpracticed eye, quite as much of a military as a Quaker aspect. His broad, square forehead, and well cut features, aided by his incipient reputation as a poet, made him quite a noticeable figure in the Convention.

These were the officers of the meeting; the rest were all upon a dead level of equality. There were no distinctions tolerated among the members. At an early stage of the proceedings, it was determined that no titles should be given or received; no Honorables, Doctors, or Esquires. Men were to be recognized as men, and all factitious distinctions discarded. It was a leveling Convention, in the best sense of that word. It is impossible, Mr. Chairman, to look back upon those days without noticing that Time, with his remorseless scythe, has been at his inevitable work. Death has thinned our numbers. Some of the best members of that Convention have gone to their rest. Among these was good Thomas Shipley, whose departure Whittier has so beautifully commemorated:

"Gone to thy Heavenly Father's rest,
The flowers of Eden round thee blowing,
And on thine ear the murmurs blest
Of Siloa's waters gently flowing."
"O, loved of thousands! to thy grave,
Sorrowing of heart, thy broken bore thee;
The poor man and the rescued slave
Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee."

Evam Lewis, another of the Philadelphia delegates, took his departure soon after the holding of the Convention. He was an able and faithful friend of the cause, and performed his part well. Though dead, he yet speaks. She who was the partner of his toils while he lived, remains to finish the task which they had jointly undertaken; and the mantle of the father has in a good measure fallen upon the shoulders of his children.

Dr. Edwin Atlee, the younger, another Philadelphia member of the Convention, passed early from the scene of conflict. Faithful and true to the cause while he lived, he left, in his good name, an inheritance of which his children may well be proud, and which should ever be a stimulus to them in works of well-doing.

Of the members of the Convention who remain, I shall not speak. Quite a number are here to speak for themselves. Among them I may be excused for mentioning the three who are respectively the President and Vice-Presidents of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society; James Mott, Robert Purvis, and Thomas Whitson.

Mr. Mott, when I saw him at the Adelphi building thirty years ago, was in the prime of manhood. He was tall, and as straight as an arrow; his sandy hair untouched by the frosts of time. Thomas Whitson was also in the prime of life; tall, hearty and progressive. His full shock of stubborn brown hair showed that he had not yet reached the climax of his vigor. He was stalwart in body and robust in mind, and ready for a tussle with any opponent. Mr. Purvis was in the full bloom of opening manhood; ardent, impetuous, and overflowing with enthusiasm. You will remember the speech he made, Mr. Chairman—so exactly like himself. Impassioned, full of invective, bristling with epithets, denouncing "that diabolical and fiendish system of atrocity, American slavery, and that equally rapacious, and, if possible, still more detestable scheme, the infamous Colonization Society."

At that Convention there were no adjournments for dinner. We sat daily from ten o'clock A. M. till dark, without recess. We had meat to eat which those who have never been "caught up into the third heaven of first principles" wot not of. The last hours of the Convention were especially impressive. I had never before, nor have I ever since, witnessed anything fully equal to it. The deep religious spirit which had pervaded the meeting from the beginning became still deeper. The evidence of the Divine presence and the Divine approval were palpable. Had we heard a voice saying, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground," our convictions could scarcely have been clearer.

Those who were there will never forget the address with which President Green closed the Convention. The concluding part of that address was somewhat as follows:

"Brethren, it has been good to be here. In this hallowed atmosphere, I have been revived and refreshed. This brief interview has more than repaid me for all that I have ever suffered. I have here met congenial minds; I have rejoiced in sympathies delightful to the soul. Here, has been responsive to heart, and the holy work of seeking to benefit the outraged and despised has proved the most blessed employment."

"But now we must retire from these balmy influences, and breathe another atmosphere. The chill hour frost will be upon us. The storm and tempest will rise, and the waves of persecution will dash against our souls. Let us be prepared for the worst. Let us fasten ourselves to the throne of God as with hooks of steel. If we cling not to Him, our names to that document will be as dust."

"Let us court no applause; indulge in no spirit of vain boasting. Let us be assured that our only hope in grappling with the bony monster is in an Arm that is stronger than ours. Let us fix our gaze on God, and walk in the light of His countenance. If our cause be just—and we know it is—His omnipotence is pledged to its triumph. Let this cause be entwined around the very fibres of our hearts. Let our hearts grow to it, so that nothing but death can sunder the bond."

As Mr. Green finished, he lifted up his voice in prayer; and such a prayer is rarely heard. Its fervency and faith seemed to illustrate what the speaker had said about "taking hold of the throne as with hooks of steel," and "gazing upon the very face of God."

But, Mr. Chairman, I have been speaking for three quarters of an hour, and have as yet scarcely touched the threshold of my subject. Reminiscences! They come upon me so thick and fast that the whole time of this Convention would not suffice to give them expression. Here I have been lingering over a few of the incidents of the first three days of the great anti-slavery epoch; what shall I say of the whole thirty years which have followed, every day of which has been freighted with an event; every hour with some striking incident!

I must now stop, and give place to others. I have already consumed more than my fair share of the time. We have more than a score of able speakers here, every one of whom has a prescriptive right to be heard. So, without further words, I abruptly close.

At the request of Mr. Garrison, the signers of the Declaration of Sentiments arose, and the following were found to be present: Isaac Winslow, Orson S. Murray, William Lloyd Garrison, Samuel Joseph May, Robert Purvis, Bartholomew Fussell, Enoch Mack, James Miller McKim, Thomas Whitson, James Mott, James McKim.

SAMUEL J. MAY.—There were others who were members of the Convention, whose names were not signed to the Declaration; and I look back with a feeling of shame to the fact that there were four or five women—Lucretia Mott, Esther Moore, Lydia White, Sidney Ann Lewis—who did us good service who spoke, and spoke always to the purpose; and I remember that in one or two instances they relieved us from difficulties into which we had got ourselves in the discussion. Perfectly well I remember them. Why were their names not signed to the Declaration? It shows that we were in the dark on the subject. But their names should always go down to posterity as active members of the Convention; and I desire that they should be remembered as having taken an active and important part with us.

MARY GREW.—Why were their names not signed? Mr. MAY.—Because we had no conception of the rights of women. Because it would then have been thought an impropriety, a thought at which we all laugh now.

MR. GARRISON.—To show the spirit which prevailed in that Convention, of unusual liberality certainly for those times, let me read two resolutions therein adopted:

Resolved, That the cause of Abolition eminently deserves the countenance and support of American women, inasmuch as one million of their colored sisters are pining in abject servitude—as their example and influence operate measurably as laws to society—and as the exertions of the females of Great Britain have been signally instrumental in liberating eight hundred thousand slaves in the Colonies.

Resolved, That we hail the establishment of Ladies' Anti-Slavery Societies as the harbinger of a brighter day, and that we feel great confidence in the efficiency of their exertions; and that those ladies who have promptly come forth in this great work are deserving the thanks of those who are ready to perish.

You remember that in 1840, our friend, then Miss Abby Kelley, was placed on our Business Committee, and the American Anti-Slavery Society was broken asunder, and almost entirely shipwrecked. But we have got bravely over it; and now there is no question in any part of our country that is free, in regard to the right of woman to speak as freely as man speaks, and to be as freely heard.

MR. GARRISON.—I deem it but just to state, that although we were not recognized as a part of the Convention by signing the document, yet every courtesy was shown to us, every encouragement to speak, or to make any suggestions of alterations in the document, or any others. I do not think it occurred to any one of us at that time, that there would be a propriety in our signing the document. In the evening, at our house, I remember a conversation with our friend Samuel J. May, in the course of which I remarked, that we could not expect that women should be fully recognized in such assemblies as that, while the monopoly of the pulpit existed. It was with difficulty, I acknowledge, that I ventured to express what had been near to my heart for so many years, for I knew that we were there by sufferance. It was after the Convention had gathered on the second day, that the invitation was sent out. Thomas Whitson came to our house with an invitation to women to come there as spectators or as listeners. I felt such a desire that others than those assembled at our own house should hear, that I wanted to go here and there, and notify persons to go; but I was asked, for we must try and be there ourselves. When I rose to speak, with the knowledge that we were there by sufferance, and it would be only a liberty granted that I should attempt to express myself, such was the readiness with which that freedom was granted, that it inspired me with a little more boldness to speak on other subjects.

When this Declaration, that has been read to us here to-day, and that we have so often delighted to hear, was under consideration, and we were considering our principles and our intended measures of action; when our friends felt that they were planting themselves on the truths of Divine Revelation, and on the Declaration of our Independence, as an Everlasting Rock, it seemed to me, as I heard it read, that the climax would be better to transpose the sentence, and place the Declaration of Independence first, and the truths of Divine Revelation last, as the Everlasting Rock; and I proposed it. I remember one of the younger members, Daniel E. Jewett, turning to see what woman there was there, who knew what the word "transpose" meant. (Laughter.)

It has been honestly confessed that there was not at that time a conception of the rights of woman. Indeed, woman little knew their influence, or the proper exercise of their own rights. I remember that it was urged upon us, immediately after that Convention, to form a Female Anti-Slavery Society; and at that time I had no idea of the meaning of preambles and resolutions and votings. Women had never been in any assemblies of the kind. I had only attended one Convention—a Convention of colored people in this State—before that; and that was the first time in my life I had ever heard a vote taken, being accustomed to our Quaker way of getting the prevailing sentiment of the meeting. When, a short time after, we came together to form the Female Anti-Slavery Society, which I am rejoiced to say is still extant, still flourishing, there was not a woman capable of taking the chair, and organizing that meeting in due order; and we had to call on James McCrumbell, a colored man, to give us aid in the work. You know that at that time, and even to the present day, negroes, idiots and women were in legal documents classed together; so that we were very glad to get one of our own class (laughter) to come and aid us in forming that Society.

SPEECH OF REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY said.—I have also been asked for reminiscences. May I be permitted to commence a little further back than the formation of this Society? The greatest event in my moral or spiritual life occurred on the evening when I first heard our friend William Lloyd Garrison, in Boston, in the Fall of 1830. I was so impressed by his words, that a resolution was formed in my soul from that moment to dedicate myself to the cause of the slave. I was called on to preach in the city of Boston on the following Sunday. I am ashamed to say that I had nothing at all, in any of the sermons I had taken with me, bearing in the least on this great subject. But, fortunately, I had a sermon on Prejudice. So I appended to that hastily, in pencil, an application of the doctrine of the sermon to the condition of the colored people in our country. I delivered the sermon. I will not stop now to describe to you the effect that it had upon the audience. The reminiscence is called to my mind merely by what has been said this afternoon respecting the early influence of woman. The excitement was very great. The minister of the Church was exceedingly angry, and spoke to me in terms of stern reproof, and said I should never enter his pulpit again. As I passed out of the house, I saw on all hands that an unusual emotion had been awakened throughout the congregation. When I arrived at the vestibule of the church, I found it well-filled with persons talking busily together about the strange utterance to which they had listened. A woman, pressing through the crowd, stepped up to me, her countenance suffused with emotion, the tears trickling down her cheeks, and had the courage to stretch forth her hand to me, and say, "Mr. May, I thank you. What a shame it is that I, who have now been for nearly forty years attending meeting in what are called Christian churches, have never before heard an earnest appeal on behalf of the wronged and outraged colored people of our country." I shall never forget that woman. It was an event that sent deep into my soul that reverence which I now feel for woman. (Applause.)

The first letter that you read this morning brought to my mind another reminiscence which antedates the meeting which formed this Society. Early in the spring of that year, a noble woman, Prudence Crandall, in the town of Canterbury, Conn., in the simplest and most unostentatious manner, led to by an event which she neither courted nor sought to avoid, professed her school, which had attained some reputation, to the children of colored persons, and such others as pleased to send their children with them. The excitement can better be imagined than described. The people rose almost in a body, and the poor woman was overwhelmed with expressions of abhorrence and determined opposition. Of course, I went to her, and proffered her such aid as I could give. Without entering into the narrative at all, I will merely say, that in a day or two I found myself solemnly pledged to test the question of that woman's right under the law to open a school for colored persons—a right which they called in question. I had pledged myself to Andrew T. Judson, afterwards one of the Judges of the Court of the United States, who was her principal persecutor, to try that question from the lowest Court in Canterbury, to the highest Court in the United States. He said tauntingly to me, "Ho! ho! Do you know what you undertake?" "Perhaps I don't," was my reply. "It will cost you money—a vast deal of money." "It may," said I. I had not consulted an individual, excepting only my friend, that most excellent man, George Benson, the father of Mrs. Garrison. Said I, "So sure am I that the aim of this movement will be justly appreciated by philanthropists throughout our country, that I shall have all the money I want." I confess, however, to a little trembling after a time, when not an individual offered me a dollar to sustain me in that trial.

A few days brought me a letter from Arthur Tappan. The story had got into the newspapers, and was noised abroad. Arthur Tappan I had known in my childhood, but had not seen him for many years. He had then become a very wealthy man, wielding, it was said, something like \$1,700,000. It was a very cordial letter, saying in substance, "I have a very high opinion of what you have undertaken; I heartily approve of it. If I am not mistaken, you have not the means to spare to carry on the trial that you have invoked. I therefore beg you to consider me as your banker, who will honor all your drafts." (Applause.) I confess, Mr. President, I could hardly keep on my feet, walking with \$1,700,000 in my bank. But I will not go on with the story, it is very long. I will merely say that after two years of controversy that cost over \$600, which was readily paid by Mr. Tappan, the result of that controversy was in favor of Miss Crandall. (Applause.)

MR. GARRISON.—I happen to have here a volume from which I will read a paragraph—

"THE BLACK LAW OF CONNECTICUT. We neglected, in our last, to mention that Miss Crandall, for a violation of the notorious statute of Connecticut, in continuing to instruct colored children, had been arrested and carried before a Justice of the Peace, by whom she was committed to jail to take her trial at the ensuing court. She was confined in the same room which was occupied by the murderer Watkins during the last days of his life."

MR. MAY.—I must confess to a little management about that. Of course, if any one of us had come forward and given bonds for Miss Crandall, she would not have been incarcerated. But I went, assisted by my friend Mr. George Benson, diligently around among my friends, and instructed them that no one should give bonds. The law was an *ex post facto* one. It was enacted by the Legislature of Connecticut after the school was commenced. Nevertheless, they prosecuted her under that law, and I received due information that the trial was to take place. I said, "Very well, you can let it go on if you will." Presently came a messenger, informing me that the Judge had found her guilty, and that they wanted some one to give bonds. "Very well, you can give bonds; there are enough of you in Canterbury to do it." Then they wanted to know if I would not. "Certainly not," said I; "I have something else to do besides giving bonds." Miss Crandall understood what was to be done. I wanted to let the people know how odious the law was; and if her bonds had been put a cent, I should not have given them. They came to me a second time; but I said, "It is useless; I shall give no bonds." Presently the report came that the sheriff was approaching the town where the jail was, with Miss Crandall. Meanwhile I had had the cell, where Watkins had been lately confined, nicely cleaned and whitewashed, and had a comfortable bed put in it, and one of Mrs. Garrison's sisters, Miss Anne Benson, consented to go and spend the night with Miss Crandall. So the Sheriff brought up Miss Crandall, and I found opportunity to whisper to her, "Are you afraid?" "No," said she, "I am trembling lest they should not put me in." (Applause.) Then they came to me again, and said, "It is only five miles; if you will get some one to give bonds, I will go and get the Judge." "My dear friend," said I, "if the Judge was here, and the bonds were a cent, I should not give them, nor would anybody else if I could prevent it. If you want to avert the imprisonment, you have only to give bonds yourselves. Let A. T. Judson, or somebody else, give bonds for her." But they were too stuffy for that, and foolishly said, "Puther in!" She was put in; and when the key was turned, and taken out of the lock, the game was in my hands. Of course, it was announced in all the papers that, for keeping a school for colored girls in the State of Connecticut, that boasted itself more than all the States of its large appropriations for the universal education of the people, a noble young woman had been incarcerated in the cell of a murderer. You manage a newspaper, brother, and you know how such things sound. The tale went the country over.

The next day we let Miss Crandall out; and I took my horse and chaise, and my wife and children, and went off and refreshed myself with a little journey, knowing that the matter would work exactly as I intended it should.

That is a reminiscence. I am thirty years older than I was thirty years ago, and getting a little into that third year of life when we are apt to become garrulous; so you must stop me if I say too much. But I wished to do this justice to Arthur Tappan. I do not know that the part he took in it was ever announced before. Think of it! He sent me word to employ the best counsel; and so I did. William W. Ellsworth, afterwards Governor of the State, was one of my counsel; and Calvin Goddard, formerly one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, was another. They were among the most distinguished lawyers of the State. They were very generous. They did not charge me what they might have done. Nevertheless, the expenses on the whole amounted to over \$600, all of which were paid by Mr. Tappan.

Nor is that all. The papers of the county all refused, although filled with the most egregious misrepresentations of Miss Crandall, of the purposes of her school, and of the intentions of her patrons and friends, to allow me a line for explanation. Even one of the papers whose editor I had assisted in getting up his paper, told me that he could not; that it would be the destruction of his paper to admit anything upon the subject excepting what our opponents might send. Of course, I was somewhat disturbed at this. I wrote a letter to Mr. Tappan, saying that I would see him if I could escape from my engagements long enough, but the pressure on me was very heavy. Two days after, who should enter my study but Arthur Tappan, leaving his immense business, his large monetary concerns in New York, to come and see me because I could not go to see him! After I had laid the matter before him, he said to me, "Start another paper." It so happened that there were types and an unused press in town; and I went as soon as he had left, and engaged it for a year, and started my paper, called *The Unionist*.

And here comes another reminiscence. I had been so happy as once to hear our friend Charles C. Burleigh speak in a public meeting, and to hear him once was enough to know there was something in him. I was not only then in charge of a parish which required the full exercise of the little ability that I had, but I was also conducting a religious paper, in which, unfortunately, in the prospectus, not foreseeing what would occur, I had pledged myself that there should be nothing of personal or local controversy admitted. So that, although I was editing a paper, I could not defend myself in it against these assaults of my enemies, consistently with my prospectus. There-

fore Mr. Tappan told me to start another paper. But I could not carry on two papers. So I bethought me of this young man, Charles C. Burleigh, and harnessed my horse and went after him. It was on Friday, in the midst of haying time. A very busy week he had had of it, and although he then believed in shaving, he had not shaved himself since the haying season commenced. I went to the house of his excellent father, and inquired for Charles. "He is in the hay-field, as busy as he can be." Nevertheless, I must see him; and I sent for him, and up he came, and I am sure he looked as much like the son of Jesse when he came to Samuel of old to be anointed, as David did himself. Nevertheless, I saw that it was Charles Burleigh, and I told him what I wanted. He engaged to be with me the next Monday morning, and he was; he did good service in the cause. He wrote himself into a reputation that has been, I believe, increasing ever since, as a writer and as a speaker.

You see, Mr. President, you tapped rather a full cask. That is a reminiscence I had no thought of bringing up. But now, to come back to the Convention, where you wanted me to begin. I said to my brother Johnson, while brother McKim was speaking, that I thought his introduction was a little too long; mine has been longer, so he must forgive me. And now I will give you a reminiscence about him. He came all the way from Andover to the Convention—

MR. MCKIM.—No, I came from Carlisle; I was only six weeks at Andover.

MR. MAY.—At any rate, he was a simon pure, blue Presbyterian, I suppose. But his heart was moved in the cause of humanity, and that turned the source of his dogmas to sweet. After we had been in session two days together, and were coming out of the Convention in the evening, I felt a grip on my arm, and heard brother McKim ask—"Brother May, are you a Unitarian?" "Yes," said I, "I am as much of a Unitarian as I am an Abolitionist." "Well, I never expected to feel towards a Unitarian as I do towards you"

to all men. And this reminds me of one more reminiscence, with which I will close.

For several years after I became acquainted with those "pestilent men" who have turned the world upside down, so that it now stands right side up, I devoted the greater part of my time to lecturing; and I have a fact I should like to have you all remember, to show you how naughty we were in the outset of our movement. More than a dozen times, as I approached a village to lecture, I would meet some prominent man, or after I got there he would call upon me at the hotel and say: "Mr. May, you have come to give a lecture on slavery in our village?" "Yes, sir, I propose to do so." "Do you know that this question of slavery was considered by the framers of the Constitution of our country, and that they adjusted it?" "Sir, I replied, "did you ever read the Constitution of the United States?" "You don't pretend to deny, Mr. May—" "Did you ever read the Constitution of the United States?" "Why, sir, every body—" "Did you ever read the Constitution of the United States?" And certainly more than a dozen times I found men, holding high positions in society, who acknowledged that they had never read the Constitution. I reported it to the managers of our Society, in Boston, and one of the naughty things that we did at that time was to publish a cheap edition of the Constitution of the United States, and circulate it as one of our anti-slavery tracts. Do we not deserve all the harsh epithets with which we have been visited? (Laughter and applause.)

The Society adjourned, to meet the next day, at 10 A. M.

SPEECH OF HON. HENRY WILSON, Delivered in Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the Thirtieth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, Friday Evening, December 4, 1863.

MR. PRESIDENT:—I came here to look into the faces and to hear the voices of the honored men, thirty years ago, laid the foundations of the anti-slavery movement in America, upon the rights of human nature, and the laws of the living God. Passing on to the post of duty assigned me in the councils of the Republic, I gladly pause to-day to pay the tribute of my sincere respect, gratitude, and admiration, to the men, and the women too, of the American Anti-Slavery Society, who, for a generation, have vindicated the proscribed cause of the bondman of Christian America. (Applause.) I came here too, sir, to catch something of that spirit of self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of liberty and humanity that has animated you and the devoted friends who have gathered around you in the struggles of these thirty years. The President of the United States, as he stood the other day among the graves of the fallen brave on the immortal field of Gettysburg, said that the lesson there taught should be an inspiration to greater efforts in the future, in the cause of our periled country. This anniversary festival, sacred to the memories of past struggles, is to us an inspiration and a hope. I leave you to-night to go to the theatre of public duty, where anti-slavery men are to be tried as perhaps they were never tried before, inspired with the determination to do all that I can to break the last fetter of the last slave in the United States. (Long continued applause.)

You, Mr. President, were kind enough to say that, in political life, I did not wait for public opinion before committing myself to the sacred cause of equal and impartial liberty. On this occasion, when we may recur to the recollections and reminiscences of the past, I may be pardoned in saying that I was an anti-slavery man years before I entertained any political aspirations, or formed any political associations. In the spring of 1836, I visited the Capital of my country. Passing in the cars from Baltimore to Washington, I saw several slave women toiling in the fields. Turning to a gentleman sitting by me, I expressed an opinion that slavery was an evil and a dishonor, and was told rather sharply, that I "could not be permitted to express such an opinion in the State of Maryland." That was, perhaps, my first utterance against slavery, and the first rebuke I ever received for such an utterance. I went on to the Capital of my country. I saw slavery beneath the shadow of the flag that waved over the Capitol. I saw the slave-pen, and men and women, and children herded for the market of the far South; and at the table at which sat Senator Morris, of Ohio, then the only avowed champion of freedom in the Senate of the United States, I expressed my abhorrence of slavery and the slave traffic in the Capital of this democratic and Christian Republic. I was promptly told that "Senator Morris might be protected in speaking against slavery in the Senate, but I would not be protected in uttering such sentiments." I left the Capital of my country with the unalterable resolution to give all that I had, and all that I hoped to have of power, to the cause of emancipation in America, and I have tried to make that resolution a living faith from that day to this. (Applause.) My political associations, from that hour to the present, have always been guided by my opposition to slavery, in every form, and they always will be so guided: In twenty years of public life, I may have committed errors of judgment, but I have ever striven "to write my name," in the words of William Leggett, "in ineffaceable letters on the Abolition record." Standing here, to-night, in the presence of veteran anti-slavery men, I can say, in all the sincerity of conviction, that I would rather have it written upon the humble stone that shall mark the spot where I shall repose when life's labors are done, "He did what he could to break the fetters of the slave," than to have it recorded that he filled the highest stations of honor in the gift of his countrymen. (Loud applause.)

As I have listened, Mr. President, here to-day to the reminiscences of the past, I have endeavored to realize the condition of the anti-slavery cause in America, when you, sir, and your associates, thirty years ago, founded here, in this city of Philadelphia, the American Anti-Slavery Society. When our fathers came out of the fiery trials of the Revolution, they believed that slavery would pass away under our republican institutions and Christian civilization; but the spirit of the revolutionary era passed away as its champions passed from earth. When the American Anti-Slavery Society was formed in 1833, the conquest and subjugation of the country by the slave-masters who had forgotten the teachings of the fathers was complete. Institutions of learning, of benevolence and religion, political organizations, and public men, all bowed in unresisting submission to the iron will of the slave-masters who ruled the governments of the slaveholding States, and shaped the policy of the Republic. When you, sir, and your comrades organized the American Anti-Slavery Society, and proclaimed immediate emancipation to be the duty of the master and the right of the slave, you believed, in the bright ardor of that moment, that Christian America would respond to your noble appeals, would soon break every yoke, under the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free. But the sentinels of the slave-masters sounded the alarm. They demanded that institutions of learning and religion, public men and the public press, should disown the heresy of immediate emancipation, and mark and brand its advocates. They demanded the suppression of the freedom of discussion and the liberty of the press. Timid, nervous conservatism covered before the imperious demands of Southern slave-masters. The reign of terror was inaugurated, law was prostrated in the dust, and the friends of the slave held property, liberty, and life itself, at the mercy of lawless mobs who set at defiance the laws of God, and the decencies of civilization.

But, amid scenes of lawlessness, violence, social proscription, and official rebuke, the heroic men who inaugurated the anti-slavery movement did not quail or shrink from fearful conflicts from which the timid instinctively recoiled. Their spirits rose and mantled as the storm of denunciation beat upon their devoted heads. They looked danger in the eye—they hurled defiance at arbitrary power. They saw with clear vision that the conflict was not a war of men, but of ideas and institutions. Like John Adams, they saw

"through the gloom of the present the rays of ravishing light and glory." They echoed the hopeful words of one of freedom's poets—

"The few shall not forever stay,
The many toil in sorrow,
The powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow."

Confident of the future, sir, they reached your defiant words: "We are in earnest; we will not equivocate; we will not excuse; we will not retreat a single inch; and we will be heard!" (Applause.) Few in numbers, strong only in their principles and the potency of their measures, they began that conflict with the advancing hosts of the legions of slavery, which has stirred the country to its profoundest depths for thirty years. Honored then, forever honored, be the men who, in the days of periled liberty, when the shadows of slavery were darkening all the land, "cast an arch," in the words of Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, "upon the horizon like a semi-circle of polar lights, and upon it bent the motto, 'Immediate Emancipation! glorious as the rainbow.'" (Applause.)

Great movements, affecting the relations of the people and of the nations, cannot be measured by the hours. By years, by epochs alone, can we measure the progressive advancement of a movement so grand and comprehensive as the anti-slavery movement in America. What mighty changes have been wrought in the condition of the anti-slavery cause in the United States since the American Anti-Slavery Society was organized by representatives of ten States in 1833! Then a few unknown and nameless men were its apostles; now the most accomplished intellects in America are its champions. Then a few proscribed and hunted followers rallied around its banners; now it has laid its grasp upon the conscience of the nation, and millions rally around the folds of its flag. Then not a statesman in America accepted its doctrines or advocated its measures; now it controls more than twenty States; has a majority in both houses of Congress, and the Chief Magistrate of the republic decrees the emancipation of three millions of men. (Applause.) Then every free State was against it; now Western Virginia, Delaware, Maryland and Missouri pronounce for the emancipation of their bondmen. Then the public press covered it with ridicule and contempt—now the most powerful journals in America are its organs, scattering its truths broadcast over all the land. Then the religious, benevolent and literary institutions of the land rebuked its doctrines and proscribed its advocates—now it shapes, moulds and fashions them at its pleasure. Then political organizations trampled disdainfully upon it—now it looks down in the pride of conscious power upon the wrecked political fragments that float at its feet. Then it was impotent and powerless—now it holds public men and political organizations in the hollow of its hand. (Applause.) Then the public voice sneered at and defied it—now it is master of America, and has only to be true to itself to bury slavery so deep that the hand of no returning despotism can reach it. (Great applause.)

Mr. President, you and some others who founded the Society whose thirtieth anniversary you this day celebrate, have lived to see the sentiments embodied in your declaration of principles disseminated all over the land, and accepted by the American people. A few months ago, this beautiful city of Philadelphia was believed to be one of the most pro-slavery of the cities of the loyal States; now, Philadelphia is the most loyal, the most anti-slavery city of the free States. But a few years ago, an anti-slavery man could hardly utter an anti-slavery sentiment in a political canvass without harm to his political friends. In the last canvass in this Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in every portion of the State, the champions of the Government clearly and distinctly denounced slavery, and sustained the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, emancipating more than three millions of men. (Applause.) Sir, it has been my fortune, during the last three months, to address my fellow-citizens in several of the States, and I am proud to say to you that the supporters of the government have spoken as distinctly and clearly in favor of the extinction of slavery in America as do the men who surround me upon this platform. The people see with clear vision that slavery is the rebellion; that slavery has dug more than a hundred thousand graves of loyal men; that slavery hates the country and its republican institutions, and that mercy to slavery is a crime against our country. (Great applause.)

I am, Mr. President, filled with hope and confidence in the future of my country. I belong not to that class of men who are wont to claim a victory before they have won it. I believe that victory is never sure, so long as there is anything left undone to win it; and I say to the anti-slavery men, and women too, that while you have a clear right to be hopeful and confident of the future, you have a duty to perform that will test all your devotion, all your firmness, all your wisdom. We are to be tried—the Government is to be tried. It was suggested to-day that, should the rebels surrender, they would continue to hold their slaves as bondmen. I do not believe it—for I have faith in the American people, and I know they will never permit it. (Great enthusiasm.) But should Jeff. Davis and his co-conspirators in treason lay down their arms, you would see the Peace Democracy that, during the last thirty years, has committed every crime slavery could devise to commit—you would see that Democracy whose life is bound up in the existence of slavery, every where demand that slavery should live, and the slave-masters come back again to govern the Republic. And we should see timid men with us, but hardly of us, cowardly shrinking back, consenting to make an inglorious peace, and leave slavery to fester, in another age, as it has in this, the fields of America with the blood of patriotism. Yet, while we are to be tried, I believe we shall remain firm, true, and faithful, and that we shall triumph. The way to triumph is to assume that the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, emancipating three millions three hundred thousand slaves in the ten rebel States, is the irrepealable law of this land; that this Christian nation is pledged to every slave, to the country, to the world, and to Almighty God, to see that every one of these bondmen is free forever and forevermore. (Great applause.) Let the loyal men of America assume, as the external law of the land, that slavery does not now exist in the disloyal States; that every black man there is free; that the President of the United States has pledged the physical power of all America to enforce the Proclamation of Freedom; that seven hundred thousand loyal bayonets bear that proclamation upon their glittering points. (Applause.)

When the people of the United States, in November, 1860, thronged to the ballot-boxes, and in spite of the menaces of the slave-masters, made Abraham Lincoln President of the United States, slavery cast the shadows of its power over the land. That towering fabric of strength and power is now shivered to atoms. Two questions only were settled by the election of 1860. The people pronounced against the spread of slavery into the territories of the United States, and against the longer continuance of the rule of the slave power. Of slavery in the States we distinctly avowed we had no constitutional power to touch it. We said, "Slavery is the creature of local law; we are opposed to it; we will use our moral influence against it; it shall not be extended; we will not be ruled by it; we will destroy its political power, and we believe that in one or two generations it will gradually pass away." The election of 1860 did not directly affect the existence of slavery in the States, where it stood in all its strength protected by local legislation. But the slave-masters leaped into the rebellion to perpetuate slavery forever, and to continue the rule of slave-masters, and the fires of the revolution they inaugurated are melting the chains of the bondman. I can never forget the dark days that followed the election of Abraham Lincoln. There was Buchanan, a poor, weak, imbecile man, with Floyd stealing the public arms; with old man, with Cobb breaking down the public credit; with Toney Cobb breaking down the public credit; with Thompson tripping to dismember the country; with Democratic leaders all over the North expressing sympathy with the rebel chiefs, assuring traitors that if the contest

came to blows, the battle would be fought on Northern soil with doubtful results. Timid, nervous conservatism implored us to accept that wicked proposition—aye, sir, the most wicked proposition ever made in the Congress of the United States—the Crittenden compromise. But amid these scenes of treason we calmly sat in the Congress of the United States, and hid our time. The President stole into Washington to escape the steel of the assassin. We took possession of the Government. Slavery, in the pride of its power, opened its batteries upon Sumter, brought down the old flag, ran up the banner of rebellion, and proclaimed the dismemberment of the Republic. Two and a half years have passed away, and there stands a proclamation—never to be recalled or modified—making 3,300,000 men in the rebel States free forevermore—(applause)—there stands an act forever prohibiting slavery in the vast territories of the United States—(applause)—there stands an act abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and I thank God that he gave me the privilege of introducing the bill that abolished the cleaving curse in the capital of my country. (Three cheers for Henry Wilson were proposed by Fred. Douglass, and given by the audience.) There stands an act annulling the slave codes and black laws of the District of Columbia, making the black man amenable to the same laws, to be tried in the same manner, and to be subjected to the same punishment as white men, and I am thankful that it was my privilege to introduce that measure of justice and humanity. (Applause.) There, too, stands an act, clothed with the President with authority to place the sword, the rifle, the bayonet, and the flag, in the hands of black men to fight the battles of the Republic. There is the recognition of the black Republic of Hayti and Liberia—the treaty for the suppression of the African slave trade—the opinion of the Attorney-General that the black man is a citizen of the United States—and the passport of the Secretary of State, the evidence to the nations of the citizenship of men of the African race. (Applause.) Western Virginia has already pronounced the doom of her slavery. Little Delaware sends an Emancipationist to the House of Representatives. Maryland, under the lead of Henry Winter Davis—honored be his name—(cheers)—in utterances as clear and distinct as were ever pronounced, speaks for emancipation. Missouri, in spite of malign counsels, votes for immediate emancipation, (applause), and Tennessee, under the lead of Andrew Johnson, is preparing to take her place in the lists of free Commonwealths. Kentucky, alone, bears the banner of slavery proudly and defiantly; her leading influences are against emancipation, but the people are fast ripening for it. They need only bold, earnest and determined leaders and organs to place her by the side of Pennsylvania, New York, and New England, ere another year shall pass away.

The armies of the Republic have in the recent elections proclaimed their undying love of freedom, and their utter detestation of copperhead democracy. The armies are the most potent emancipation societies in America. Our soldiers, in face of rebel leaders, are fighting for liberty, speaking for liberty, and voting for liberty. The Government of the United States is indebted to our soldiers in the field for the recent victories of the ballot-box, which have fallen with crushing weight upon the rebellion, and its sympathizing friends in the loyal States. Sir, I saw the other day a letter from General Grant, who has fought so many battles for the Republic, and won them all, (enthusiastic applause)—the hero who hurled his legions up the mountains before Chattanooga, and fought a battle for the Union above the clouds. (Applause.) The hero of Vicksburg says:—"I have never been an anti-slavery man, but I try to judge justly of what I see. I made up my mind when this war commenced that the North and South could only live together in peace as one nation, and they could only do so by being a free nation. (Applause.) Slavery, the cornerstone of the so-called confederacy, is knocked out, and it will take more men to keep black men slaves, than to put down the rebellion. Much as I desire peace, I am opposed to any peace until this question of slavery is forever settled." That is the position of the leading general of our armies. The votes of our soldiers, in the States permitting them to vote, are more than nine to one for the prosecution of the war, and the enforcement of the emancipation proclamation of Abraham Lincoln.

I say to you, sir, and to the anti-slavery men of the United States, who have rejected the subtle policy of concession and compromise, who have repudiated the guilty delusion that the sin of slavery belongs to past generations and repentance to posterity, you who have perpetually sounded into the ear of the nation the sin of oppression and the duty of repentance, go home with the conviction that your work is done, but go home cheered by the assurance that the battle is going on for you; that you have stormed battery after battery, carried position after position; that you have only to be as true in the future as you have been in the past, to secure a permanent and enduring triumph. If the nation had accepted your doctrine of peaceful, legal, Christian action, this bloody war would never have come upon us. (Applause.) The crimes of two centuries have brought this terrible war upon us; but if this generation, upon whom God has laid His chastisements, will yet be true to liberty and humanity, peace will return again to bless this land now rent and torn by civil strife. Then we shall heal the wounds of war, enlighten the dark intellect of the emancipated bondman, and make our country the model Republic which the Christian world shall turn with respect and admiration.

The speaker retired amid the deafening plaudits of the audience.

COTTON NOT KING.

LONDON, Dec. 4, 1863.

MY DEAR GARRISON—I have made several speeches lately for the purpose of showing how completely the sceptre has departed from King Cotton.

Great Britain is at this moment absolutely independent of the Southern States for the supply of the raw material of her cotton manufacture. The rebels may burn their cotton, or export it, as they please, for it is not necessary to the present or future prosperity of our cotton trade that we should receive another bale of their produce; not only so, but it would be greatly to the advantage of our distant dependencies and of the world at large that we should not.

The effect of the stoppage of our supply from America has been to impart a mighty stimulus to the exertions of the inhabitants of other parts of the world, the climate and soils of which are adapted to the cultivation of the cotton plant. I have given much attention to this subject recently; and upon the most authentic and trustworthy data—much of it official—I am able to state with confidence, that our imports of cotton for the coming year (1864) will be at the rate of at least 45,000 bales per week, and will be more than sufficient to give employment to all the hands then available.

From India we shall receive about 1,600,000 bales; from Turkey, about 375,000 bales; from China and Japan, 250,000 bales; from Turkey and Greece, 220,000 bales; from South America, 200,000 bales; from Southern Italy, Sicily and the Mediterranean, 50,000 bales; from the West Indies, Cuba, Africa, Australia and other sources, 70,000 bales; add to all this the stock on hand on the 1st of January—say 250,000 bales—and we shall have more than 3,000,000 bales of cotton; and from which, deduct 600,000 bales for exportation, and we have still the promise of an amount, which, if not adequate to the full and constant employment of all our machinery, will be as much, and more than as much, as we shall be able to find hands to work up, and as much as can be brought into consumption.

The countries which have evinced the greatest eagerness to meet our demand for cotton have been Egypt, Turkey and Italy. The governments in these countries have in every possible way encouraged the cultivation of the plant, and have shown an

energy and steadfastness of purpose altogether unlike their former apathetic modes of administration in matters relating to commerce.

The countries I have named possess peculiar advantages—of soil, of climate, of supply of labor, and of facility of access to our market. They are also able to compete with the Southern States, not only in quality, but in cost of production. I do not think I am over-sanguine when I express my belief, as well as my hope, that in a few years our supply of cotton from the shores of the Mediterranean alone will be equal to two millions of bales of cotton a year.

During the last six years, a body of gentlemen in Manchester, acting under the name of "The Cotton Supply Association," have been directing their attention to the acquisition of information, from all parts of the world, on the subject of an increased supply of cotton for the English market. During the same period, they have sent to a great number of places assortments of the best descriptions of seed, together with machines for cleaning the cotton. The result of their labors has been, that they have not only obtained a large amount of most valuable information, and formed a cotton museum filled with specimens of cotton from all cotton-growing countries, but have received cotton in various quantities from fifty new places, and have been able, through their committees and correspondents abroad, to render great service during the late crisis. It was fortunate that such a Society was in existence and in efficient operation when that crisis came upon us.

True it is that our operatives in the North have been called to pass through a season of deep distress, in consequence of the closing of the mills, and the stagnation of all branches of the cotton manufacture. But this distress has been greatly alleviated by the spontaneous benevolence of all classes of the community; also, by the parochial rates, which, although they have fallen very heavily upon the rate-payers, have been borne uncomplainingly; also, by a Parliamentary appropriation of £1,500,000 sterling, for the employment of the able-bodied men in works of public and permanent utility.

Though, doubtless, our working classes have suffered great privations, (which they have borne with heroic fortitude and resignation,) there has been no increase of mortality in the distressed districts, and even less disease than in other parts of the country.

To give you some idea of the diminution in the distress prevailing in the cotton districts, I may refer to the last report on the subject. The number receiving parochial aid, in the shape of out-door relief, was, in the third week of November, 1862, 249,386, while in the corresponding week of 1863, it was 111,298; being a diminution of 138,088. The money paid in the former week was £17,778, while in the latter week it was £8,216; being a decrease of £9,562. To meet the distress of the approaching winter months, there is remaining of the fund in the hands of the Central Relief Committee about £250,000; of another fund, called the Bridgewater House Fund, £80,000; of the Liverpool Fund, £60,000; and in the hands of the Parochial Boards £100,000—total, £490,000, to which add £1,500,000 for employment on public works, and you will see that, exclusive of the ordinary parochial rates, we have nearly £2,000,000 to be applied to the relief of distress, pending the arrival of our expected supplies of cotton, and the resumption of our work at our mills.

The value of the works which are being carried on in the various townships most severely visited by the distress, will far exceed the amount in money expended upon them. The result in the improvement of both of the public property and the public health will be immense. Miles upon miles of streets will be sewered and paved; parks for the people will be laid out and planted; waste lands will be drained and brought into cultivation; and all who are employed on these and similar undertakings, having their physical wants provided for while so engaged, will be more likely to enjoy robust health than they would be if immured within the heated rooms of a cotton factory.

After a sober and thoughtful review of our domestic condition during the last three years, and an equally deliberate estimate of our prospects for the future, I have arrived at the conclusion that the failure of our supply of cotton from the Southern States has done us no serious injury, and that in its results to us it will be one of the most fortunate events that could have occurred. The spell by which we were once bound is broken—the enchantment is dissolved. England no longer bows her neck to the yoke of slavery. Her cotton is no longer stained with blood.

Previous to the breaking out of that wicked rebellion, which at this moment is alike convulsing and regenerating our country, so prolific were the plantations of the South, so excellent was the quality of the fibre grown, so comparatively near was the field of production, and so established were the trade exchanges and correspondence between England and America, that eighty-five per cent. of all the cotton we consumed came from your slave-cursed shores. While this was the state of things, there was not the slightest possible encouragement to other countries to grow cotton in competition with the produce of the Southern States. Hence our bondage to the slaveholders seemed complete and inexorable. By their own act we have been emancipated, and shall never again be entralled. The cunning have been taken in their own craftiness. Vaulting ambition hath o'erleaped itself.

How marvellously have events, evil in themselves, worked towards the furtherance of ends beneficent and good! From England I turn to America. Instead of peace, industry and union, the dogs of war have been let loose, and twice five hundred thousand men have been summoned to the battle-field. War has brought with it its invariable incidents—derangement of trade, the substitution of destructive for peaceful and productive arts, waste of money, time and energy, excesses, crimes and blood, bereavement, mourning and desolation. Through these things I look to the results. A renovated North. The press, the pulpit and the mart delivered from the pollution and chains thrown around them by the South. The Slave Power—blasted with success, arrogant, ambitious, insolent, intolerant, grasping—filled with dreams of universal dominion—assuming to give laws to the world—confident of the recognition and cooperation of the countries it had bound in coils of cotton; this haughty tyrant is to-day prostrate. He may still possess strength, and hope, and malice, and an unsubdued spirit, but he is powerless for further mischief—the monster has been brought low. And what of slavery, the minister to his wealth, the nursery of his lusts, the foundation of his empire? By the act that has given independence to us, he has given death to the creature of his idolatry. I could almost thank God for the rebellion. What I have never dared to hope to see has come to pass—freedom to the slaves of the cotton plantations of the South. The slave of yesterday the freeman of to-day—a man, a citizen, a patriot soldier!

How have I longed to see the day when free labor cotton from other countries would take the place upon our wharves, and in our mills, and upon our counters, of the cotton raised by the forced labor of American slaves! I see it now. It is already here, and the cry is, "Still it comes!" It is coming in millions of bales from India, in hundreds of thousands from Egypt, and Turkey, and South America; in tens of thousands from the emancipated islands of the West Indies; from Southern, Northern and Western Africa; from Austral-Asia, and the South Sea Islands; it is blessing him that grows it, and it will bless the thousands that will manufacture and consume it.

I have ever regarded our vast manufacturing power—our ability to produce in the shape of textile fabrics, what the inhabitants of the whole earth require—and our corresponding demand for a raw material, which every section of the globe can furnish, as a means of conferring boundless blessings upon the

varied tribes of mankind, as well as of enriching ourselves.

Hitherto, however, the money we have paid for the staple of our great manufactures has gone almost exclusively to a class of men who were the enemies and oppressors of the human race, and to whom our money was a premium on the maintenance and extension of their infernal system. This will be so no longer. Our money will go to pay the cultivator of the soil, and will furnish a legitimate profit to the honest employer.

These are cheering facts, and may lead the friends of humanity on both sides of the water to rejoice that COTTON IS NO LONGER KING. Ever steadfastly yours in the cause of the enslaved, W. L. GARRISON.

This letter of Mr. Thompson is full of interest and importance, and gives strong additional evidence that the death-warrant of American slavery is irrevocably sealed.

In a private note, dated Dec. 4th, Mr. Thompson says—"In a month from the present time, I hope to be on my way to Boston"—so that it is probable he may arrive in season for the Anti-Slavery Festival, and the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, to be held in this city the last week in January.

It will be seen by our "Refuge" department, that the contemplated visit of this eloquent advocate of freedom, and devoted friend of republican institutions, to this country, is already eliciting the venomous hissings of the copperhead spirit; an additional stimulus being given in consequence of the hearty and efficient support given in England, by Mr. Thompson, to the side of the Federal Government, and in determined opposition to Southern treason and rebellion. But this is impotent malice as well as dirty blackguardism; and the source from which it emanates is in the highest degree complimentary alike to the patriotism and the philanthropy of Mr. Thompson.

We have copied the scurrilous article from the *Bloomsburg Democrat*, with all its bad spelling, grammatical blunders, &c. Thus—"George Thompson"—"Fannel Hall"—"his bold treason and sedition was too outrageous"—"the aspect of affairs have indeed been terrible"—"the terrible effects of the carnage of war has been felt"—&c., &c. This scribbler should go to a primary school. His democracy smells of the grog-shop and the gutter. When he says that he has no expectation that Mr. Thompson will have "the brazen hardihood to again dishonor the British crown [I] by his presence on our soil," he is evidently "half seas over."

GEORGE THOMPSON COMING. It is announced that George Thompson, the eminent English statesman, the life-long champion of Freedom, and the true friend of our Government and Country in the pending struggle with Slavery, is about to visit America once more. Let him come. He will receive a glad and cordial welcome from all loyal men. He will not be mobbed in Concord, we opine.—*Concord (N. H.) Democrat*.

Some copperheads have gone crazy over the announcement that George Thompson is coming to this country. They fear that he will say something that may tend to hurt the feelings of those charming creatures, "our Southern brethren," who strive so hard to cause us, but haven't been able to do it as yet.—*Boston Traveller*.

The proceedings of the highly interesting Decade Celebration at Philadelphia unavoidably exclude much other matter which we should like to lay before our readers; and will continue to do so for two more numbers of the *Liberator*. But we are sure they will be perused with high satisfaction by our readers. Correspondents must exercise the grace of patience; their favors are on file for the earliest insertion practicable.

EMANCIPATION DAY.—Rev. L. A. Grimes, Wm. F. Butler, G. A. Rue, E. Grison, and H. H. White, called a public meeting of the citizens of Boston, which assembled in the 12th Baptist Church, South street, on the 20th inst., which call was responded to, by a large number of the citizens. The object was to make proper arrangements for a grand celebration of the President's Proclamation of Emancipation. The houses were decorated with flags. The meeting was opened, first, by singing; and second, prayer by Rev. E. Grison; after which it was voted unanimously that we celebrate the first day of January, 1864, in Tremont Temple, and that we hold three sessions, morning, afternoon and evening. It was voted, that Rev. L. A. Grimes be the President for the day, and the following named gentlemen invited as speakers:—His Excellency, John A. Andrew, Frederick Douglass, W. L. Garrison, C. L. Remond, Rev. E. N. Kirk, D. D., Rev. H. H. White, Wendell Phillips, Esq., John S. Rock, Esq., Rev. Wm. Hage, D. D., Robert Morris, Esq., Rev. A. L. Stone, D. D., Rev. G. Haven, Edward Walker, Esq., J. M. Stanton, Rev. W. F. Butler, C. W. Waterston, J. M. Manning, A. A. Miner, D. D., and E. T. Boas.

For Vice Presidents—Thomas Dalton, John C. Coburn, William Logan, Rev. G. A. Rue, Rev. E. Grison, Lewis Hayden, John B. Smith, Robert Johnson, J. T. Sydney, Eldred Thompson, Rev. P. Randolph, and John J. Smith. For Secretaries—Edward N. Bannister, Frederick Johnson, Frederick T. Boas, Lewis Douglas, F. Lewis, and G. H. W. Steward.

Finance Committee—Philip Leo, William Johnson, Thos. S. Stephenson, and C. Pitts. A collection, afternoon and evening, to defray expenses; the surplus goes to the benefit of the freed people South. The Sabbath Schools will conduct the singing in the afternoon. It was also voted to invite "The Hutchinson family" to sing in the evening; after which, the meeting adjourned.

Revs. L. A. GRIMES, WM. F. BUTLER, G. A. RUE, ELIJAH GRISON, H. H. WHITE, for the citizens.

OLD COLONY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A Special Meeting of the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society will be held at PLYMOUTH, on FRIDAY, January 1st, 1864, which all friends of the Society and all friends of Freedom and of the Country are requested to attend.

To commemorate the first anniversary of the President's Proclamation of Freedom to Three Millions of Slaves—to give new vigor to the purpose, and help make it an unmistakably National purpose, to root out Slavery from our soil, and forever banish its hateful presence from our counsels and our country—are the leading objects of this meeting, which we trust will be a memorable one to all who shall attend it.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDWARD QUINCY PARKER PILLSBURY, SAMUEL MAY, JR., and other advocates of Complete Emancipation, are expected to be present.

Particulars of place and hours of meeting in next paper. For the Old Colony Anti-Slavery Society, BOURNE SPOONER, President. SAMUEL DYER, Secretary.

UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.—NEW HAMPSHIRE CAMPAIGN.—SIRWEN S. FOSTER will lecture in
Contoscookville, Monday, Dec. 28.
Hemlock, Tuesday, " 29.
Hillsboro', Wednesday, " 30.
Austria, Thursday, " 31.
Warner, Friday, Jan. 1.
Bradford, Sat. and Sun. " 2-3.
Sutton, Monday, " 4.
New London, Tuesday, " 5.
Also as above; A. T. Foss and W. A. JACKSON, (Jeff. Davis's coachman,) will lecture in
Fishersville, Tuesday, Dec. 29.
Bosworth, Wednesday, " 30.
Salisbury, Thursday, " 31.
Franklin, Friday, Jan. 1.
Andover, Saturday and Sun. " 2 and 3.
Wilnot Flat, Monday, " 4.
Danbury, Tuesday, " 5.
Springfield, Wednesday, " 6.
Croyden, Thursday, " 7.
And in that vicinity, until Tuesday, " 12.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY.—There will be a meeting of the Middlesex Co. A. S. Society in Lowell, on Sunday, Dec. 27, to commence at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and continue through the day and evening. Rev. W. H. Heywood, (late of Hopedale,) PARKER PILLSBURY and E. H. HEYWOOD will address the Convention.

SAMUEL BARRETT, President Middlesex Co. A. S. Society.

A GENERAL EMANCIPATION ACT.—AARON M. POWELL and WENDELL P. GARRISON will speak at
Philmont, N. Y., Tuesday, Dec. 29.
Martindale, " Wednesday, " 30.
Canaan, " Sunday, Jan. 3.
W. Winfield, " Wednesday, " 6.
Bridgewater, " Thursday, " 7.
Rome, " Friday, " 8.

PARKER FRATERNITY LECTURE.—The ninth Lecture in the Fraternity Course will be delivered Tuesday evening, Dec. 29, at Tremont Temple, by Mrs. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, of New York. Subject, "The Future of the Republic."

CAPE COD.—There will be a Convention in Exchange Hall, at Harwich, on Sunday, Jan. 3, commencing at 10 o'clock, and continuing through the day and evening. E. H. HEYWOOD and PARKER PILLSBURY are engaged as a portion of the speakers. The people of the Cape never need urging to attend this annual meeting.

ANTI-SLAVERY TRACTS.—The invaluable Tract, by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, entitled "The Right Way to the Safe Way," can be had at the *Liberator* office, wholesale or retail. Price—\$6 per hundred; ten cents, single. The name of the writer is a sufficient guaranty of the book, both as to style and argument.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

HEAD-QUARTERS, BOSTON, December 8, 1863. GENERAL ORDER, No. 42.

In reply to many inquiries, the following Order is promulgated, being condensed from previous Proclamations and Orders:— I. Veteran soldiers (that is, discharged soldiers who have served at least nine months) will receive from the United States Government the veteran bounty of \$402, whether they call for new regiments, or in the field, or now being raised, or of the following organizations; viz.—24 Regt. of Heavy Artillery, Colonel Franklin; the 56th Regt. of Infantry, (1st Veterans,) Colonel Griswold; the 57th, (2d Veterans,) Colonel Bartlett; the 58th, (3d Veterans,) Colonel Richmond; the 59th, (4th Veterans,) Colonel Gould; or in the new Battalion of Cavalry now forming at Readville, to be attached to the 1st Regiment of Mass. Cavalry Volunteers, Colonel Sargent; or in the new Cavalry Battalion now recruiting at Readville, to form part of the 4th Mass. Cavalry Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Arnold A. Rand. Such veterans will receive the bounty of \$402 from the United States, and the full State bounty of Massachusetts, in the manner set forth in the Proclamation of the Governor, of November 18th ult.

II. All raw recruits (i. e. those not veterans) will receive the full State bounty who enlist in either of the organizations, new or old, in the field, or now being raised. Such new recruits will not receive \$302 from the United States, but instead thereof, \$100 only from the United States. If they join one of the old regiments or companies now in the field, or in the Cavalry Battalion now recruiting at Readville, to form part of the 4th Mass. Cavalry Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel Arnold A. Rand. Such veterans will receive the bounty of \$402 from the United States, and the full State bounty of Massachusetts, in the manner set forth in the Proclamation of the Governor, of November 18th ult.

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