

be 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 phrasological skill which but few possess. The word *Lib* 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 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 regarded my friend John Peck, the colored barber, as one of my best benefactors.

In the latter part of 1833, 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 Evan 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 just foundation. 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 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 unbrute days—gave him, to my then unpractised 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 feature 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 robed thee blowing,
And on thine ear the murmurs blest
Of Silo'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."

Evan 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 like light 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 hoar 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 Russell, Enoch Mack, James Miller McKim, Thomas Whitson, James Mott, James McCrumbell.

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.

LUCRETIA MOTT.—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 diffidence, 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 suffrage. 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 to use the whole morning in notifying others, for we must try and be there ourselves. When I rose to speak, with the knowledge that we were there by suffrage, 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 transpire 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 "transpire" 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 it by an event which she neither courted nor sought to avoid, proffered 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 all 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 heard 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 period 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

order of His Excellency, JOHN A. ANDREW, Governor
and Commander-in-Chief.
WILLIAM SCHOULER, *Adjutant-General.*

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