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G25

Address delivered in Boston, New York and Philadelphia before the Free people of Color, in April, 1833, by  
William Lloyd Garrison.





Class E453

Book G25

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IN APRIL, 1833.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

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## ADDRESS.

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BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—

MY pleasure, in meeting you on this occasion, would be perfect, were it not dashed with the knowledge that I am soon to be separated from you, in a distant country. Probably you are all aware that, in a few days, I propose to sail from New-York for England, on a high and important mission.

When I reflect that this may be the last time I shall behold you together on earth; the last time I shall be permitted to administer advice and consolation to your minds; the last time I shall have an opportunity to pour out my gratitude before you, for the numerous manifestations of your confidence, and appreciation of my humble services in your cause—I cannot but feel a strong depression of my mind. The separation of friends—especially if it is to be a long and hazardous one, is sure to excite conflicting emotions of anxiety, regret and sorrow. Their attachment then seems to acquire new strength—they never could have deemed it so painful a thing to part—reluctantly is given the pressure of the hand, and tremulously uttered the word—“Farewell!” But a separation, like this, is to me, and I believe to yourselves, one of no ordinary occurrence. Your condition, as a people, has long attracted my attention, secured my efforts, and awakened in my breast a flame of sympathy, which neither the winds nor waves of opposition can ever extinguish. It is the lowness of your estate, in the estimation of the world, which exalts you in my eyes. It is the distance that separates you from the blessings and privileges of society, which brings you so closely to my affections. It is the unmerited scorn, reproach and persecution of your persons, by those whose complexion is colored like my own, which command for you my sympathy

and respect. It is the fewness of your friends—the great multitude of your enemies—that induces me to stand forth in your defence.

On your part, do I not know how deep and intense is your affection towards myself? Have you not, as individuals and societies, multiplied your expressions and tokens of regard, until my obligations assume a mountainous height? Have I more steadfast and grateful friends, in this hostile world, than yourselves? Not that I really deserve so much at your hands—not that the value of my labors bears any proportion to the rich recompense of your unbounded confidence and love—not that I am qualified in all things to instruct you; yet you have shown, in a thousand ways, that the course I have pursued has secured your cordial approbation—that the language I have spoken has been the language of your own hearts—that the advice I have given has been treasured up in your memories, like good seed sown in good ground, and is now producing fruit, ten, thirty, sixty, and even a hundred fold.

Feeling, then, my dear brethren, how painful to me is the prospect of our immediate separation, and knowing your own emotions in view of it, I may well term it something beyond the usual parting of friends.

But let not this be an occasion of sadness. I will make it rather an occasion of joy. Why should it not be so? Is not the heaven over your heads, which has so long been clothed in sackcloth, beginning to disclose its starry principalities and illumine your path-way? Do you not see the pitiless storm, which has so long been pouring its rage upon you, breaking away, and a bow of promise, as glorious as that which succeeded the ancient deluge, spanning the sky—a token that, to the end of time, the billows of prejudice and oppression shall no more cover the earth, to the destruction of your race; but seed-time and harvest shall never fail, and the laborer shall eat the fruit of his hands? Is not your cause ripening like the spring? Yours has been a long and rigorous winter. The chill of contempt, the frost of adversity, the blast of persecution, the storm of oppression—all have been yours. There was no sustenance to be found—no prospect to delight the eye or inspire the drooping heart—no golden ray to dissipate the



gloom. The waves of derision were stayed by no barrier, but made a clear breach over you. But now—thanks be to God! that dreary winter is rapidly hastening away. The sun of humanity is going steadily up, from the horizon to its zenith, growing larger and brighter, and melting the frozen earth beneath its powerful rays. The genial showers of repentance are softly falling upon the barren plain; the wilderness is budding like the rose; the voice of joy succeeds the notes of wo; and hope, like the lark, is soaring upwards, and warbling hymns at the gate of heaven.

And this, dear brethren, is but the outbursting of spring. What, think you, shall be the summer and autumn?

“Then shall the trembling mourner come,  
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home;  
The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing,  
And heaven with hallelujahs ring!”

This is but “the twilight, the dim dawn” of day. What, then, shall be the brightness of the day itself? These are but a few drops of mercy. What shall be the full shower—the rolling tide? These are but crumbs of comfort, to prevent you wholly from perishing. What shall be the bountiful table? Who can adopt the words of the sweet singer in Israel more truly than yourselves? “If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us: then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us: then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our souls: blessed is the Lord who hath not given us as a prey to their teeth: our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped: our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.”

Why should this not be an occasion of joy, instead of sorrow? Listen to those trumpet tones which come swelling on the winds of the Atlantic, and which shall bring an echo from every harp in heaven! If there is joy in that blissful abode over one sinner that repenteth, how mighty and thrilling must it be over a repentant nation! And Great Britain is that nation. Her people are humbling themselves before God, and before those whom they have so long held in bondage. Their

voices are breaking, in peals of thunder, upon the ear of Parliament, demanding the immediate and utter overthrow of slavery in all the colonies ; and in obedience to their will, the mandate is about being issued by Parliament, which shall sever at a blow the chains of eight hundred thousand slaves ! What heart can conceive—what pen or tongue describe, the happiness which must flow from the consummation of this act ? That cruel lash, which has torn so many tender bodies, and is reeking with innocent blood ; that lash, which has driven so many human victims, like beasts, to their unrequited toil—that lash, whose sounds are heard from the rising of the sun to its decline, mingled with the shrieks of bleeding sufferers—that lash is soon to be cast away, never again to wound the flesh, or degrade those who are made in the image of God. And those fetters of iron, which have bound so many in ignominious servitude, and wasted their bodies, and borne them down to an untimely grave—shall be shivered in pieces, as the lightning rends the pine, and the victims of tyranny shall leap forth, “redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation.” And that darkness which has for so many generations shrouded the minds of the slaves—making them like the brutes that perish—shall give way to the light of freedom and religion. O, how transforming the change ! In contemplating it, my imagination overpowers the serenity of my soul, and makes language seem poor and despicable.

In those colonies where freedom is soon to be proclaimed, it appears, by returns made to the British Parliament, that the decrease in the slave population, during the last eleven years, by the cruelty of the planters, has been fifty-two thousand, eight hundred and eighty-seven—that is to say, nearly five thousand slaves are whipped and driven to death—murdered in the most horrible manner, every year in the cultivation of the sugar-cane alone. Stating the whole slave population in the colonies to be, in round numbers, eight hundred thousand, their annual increase, according to the rates which freedom produces, would be at least twenty-five thousand ; add to this number the five thousand decrease, and the sum total of lives prevented or destroyed every year is thirty thousand ; or,

in eleven years, three hundred and thirty-three thousand. Horrible butchery—beyond the ferocity of canibals !

Shall we not exult, then, at the prospect of the speedy termination of this most bloody system ? I make no estimate of the amount of suffering endured—I count not the number of stripes received—I measure not the tears of anguish shed by the miserable slaves. One view of the picture is enough to fill my cup of joy to overflowing : it is to know that liberty is soon to rescue, from martyrdom and death, thirty thousand of my fellow-creatures, annually. It is to know that the traffic in slaves and souls of men is about to cease. It is to know that the husband shall be a protector of his wife and children, instead of being torn from their arms and sold into exile ; that woman shall no more be driven into the field by a brutal overseer, or subjected to infamy—that the child, instead of being regarded as a piece of property, shall be cherished and loved as a bud of immortal promise.

Cheers for Great Britain ! cheers for her noble men and women ! cheers for the bright example which they are setting to the world ! cheers for their generous sympathy in the cause of the oppressed in our own country !

Why should we not rejoice this evening, brethren ? Find we nothing at home to raise our drooping spirits, to invigorate our hopes, and to engage our efforts ? Have we made no progress for the last two years, either in self-improvement, or in the cause of bleeding humanity ? Are there no cheering signs of the times, in our moral sky, upon which we may fix our joyful gaze ?

Look, in the first place, at the abolition standard—more gorgeous and spirit-stirring than the star-spangled banner—floating high in the air ! Fresh is the breeze that meets it ! bright are the sunny rays which adorn it ! Around it, thousands are gathering with high and holy courage, to contend not with carnal but spiritual weapons against the powers of darkness. O, the loftiness of that spirit which animates them ! It towers above the Alps—it pierces beyond the clouds. O, the intensity of that flame of brotherly love which burns within their breasts ! It never can burn out—nor can many waters extinguish it. O, the stability of that faith which



sustains them under all their toils and trials! It is firmer than the foundations of the earth—it is strong as the throne of God. O, the generous daring of that moral principle which inspires their hearts and governs their actions! Neither reproach nor persecution—neither wealth nor power—neither bolts nor bars—neither the gibbet nor the stake, shall be able to subdue it. Yes, my colored countrymen, these are the men—ay, and the women, too, who have espoused your cause. And they will stand by it, until life be extinct. They will not fail in strength, or faith, or courage, or zeal, or action. Loud as the tempest of opposition may rage around them, above it shall their rallying cry be heard in the thunder-tone of heaven. Dark as their path-way may be, it shall blaze with the light of truth in their possession. Numberless as may be the enemies who surround them, they will not retreat from the field; for He who is mightier than legions of men and devils is the captain of their salvation, and will give them the victory. I know your advocates well—I know the spirit which actuates them. Whether they reside in the East, or West, or North, they have but one object—their hearts are stirred with the same pulsation—their eye is single—their motives are pure. Tell me not of the bravery and devotedness of those whose life-blood reddened the plains of Marathon, poured out in defence of liberty. Tell me not of the Spartan band, with Leonidas at their head, who defended the pass of Thermopylae against a Persian host. I award to them the meed of animal courage; but the heroism of blood and carnage is as much below the patient endurance of wrong, and the cheerful forgiveness of injury, as the earth is below the sky. It is as often displayed by brute-animals, as by men. With infinitely higher satisfaction, with a warmer glow of emulation, with more intense admiration, do I contemplate the abolition phalanx in the United States, who are maintaining your cause, unflinchingly, through evil report—for the good report is yet to come—and at the imminent peril of their lives; and, what is dearer than life, the sacrifice of their reputation. If ever there was a cause which established the disinterestedness and integrity of its supporters, yours is that cause. They who are contending for the immediate abolition of slavery—

the destruction of its ally, the American Colonization Society—and the bestowal of equal rights and privileges upon the whole colored population—well knew what would be the consequences of their advocacy to themselves. They knew that slander would blacken their characters with infamy—that their pleadings would be received with ridicule and reproach—that persecution would assail them on the right hand and on the left—that the dungeon would yawn for their bodies—that the dagger of the assassin would gleam behind them—that the arm of power would be raised to crush them to the earth—that they would be branded as disturbers of the peace, as fanatics, madmen, and incendiaries—that the heel of friendship would be lifted against them, and love be turned into hatred, and confidence into suspicion, and respect into derision—that their worldly interests would be jeoparded, and the honor and emoluments of office be withheld from their enjoyment. Knowing all this, still they dared all things, in order to save their country, and abolish the bloody system of slavery. Will the base and the servile accuse them of being actuated by a hope of reward? Reward! It is the reward which calumny gives to virtue—the reward which selfishness bestows upon benevolence; but nothing of worldly applause, or fame, or promotion. Yet they have a reward—and who will blame them for coveting it? It is the gratitude of the suffering and the oppressed—the approbation of a good conscience—the blessing of the Most High.

“Tempt them with bribes, you tempt in vain.  
Try them with fire, you’ll find them true.”

To deter such souls from their purposes, or vanquish them in combat, is as impossible as to stop the rush of the ocean when the spirit of the storm rides upon its mountain billows. They are hourly increasing in number and strength, and going on from conquering to conquer. Convert after convert, press after press, pulpit after pulpit, is subdued, and enlisted on the side of justice and of freedom.

In the second place, we perceive for our encouragement, brethren, that the attention of the nation is now fixed upon the subject of slavery with an interest altogether unprece-

dented. No longer will sleep be given to the eyes of the people, until the last chain is broken in our land. What has created the mighty discussion which has taken, or is taking place in almost every debating Society or Lyceum throughout the Union, and which cannot cease till the cause of it, **SLAVERY**, is overthrown? To what is to be attributed the change, the great, the surprising change which is now going on in public sentiment, favorable to your rights as freemen, and to the emancipation of your enslaved brethren? To the truth, sanctified and made powerful and efficacious; truth, spoken plainly, fearlessly, constantly; truth, pressed urgently upon the consciences of the American people, so that they cannot rest. May I not say that the *Liberator* has been a prominent medium through which this truth has obtained circulation? Slave holders and their apologists writhe under its strong denunciation, and severe though merited rebuke. Mighty have been their efforts to crush it, but in vain. It lives, and is flourishing in more than pristine vigor. Still may it live, "the terror of evil doers, and a praise to them that do well"—live, till our land be freed from the curse which is desolating her plains—live till the trump of jubilee be blown throughout the world, giving freedom to every bondsman of whatever name, or color, or country. If tens of thousands of dollars could bribe or suppress it, that sum might easily be obtained at the south. Its overthrow would elicit a loud and frantic yell of triumph from the enemies of the colored race. No—come what may, the *Liberator* must not, shall not go down—not as long as this body of mine can endure fatigue, or these fingers wield a pen, or my intellect remains sound. I should as soon think of cutting off my arms, as abandoning that paper. Its arrows never fail to do execution. Bitter enemies and luke-warm friends represent it as an incendiary publication. Well, I am willing to admit the propriety of the designation. It is, unquestionably, kindling a great fire; but it is the fire of sympathy and holy indignation, against the most atrocious system on earth, and will burn up nothing but the chaff. It is spreading from house to house, from city to city, from village to village, ay, and from state to state. The east is glowing, as if a new sun had risen in splendid radiance; and the west

has caught its beams, and is kindling with new intensity. Even the dark Atlantic, as far as the shores of old England, shows a luminous path of light, and the philanthropists of that country are rejoicing as they gaze upon it. Like a vestal fire, may this never cease to burn. Let those throw water upon it, who will—love to God and man shall feed it, and prevent its extinguishment.

But the Liberator is said to be destructive in its character and tendency. That charge, also, I admit is true. It is putting whole magazines of truth under the slave system, and I trust in God will blow it into countless fragments, so that not the remnant of a whip or chain can be found in all the south, and so that upon its ruins may be erected the beautiful temple of freedom. I will not waste my strength in foolishly endeavoring to beat down this great Bastile with a feather. I will not commence at the roof, and throw off its tiles by piece-meal. I am for adopting a more summary method of demolishing it. I am for digging under its foundations, and springing a mine that shall not leave one stone upon another. I leave colonizationists to pick up the leaves which are annually shed by the Bohon Upas of our land, with the vain hope of exterminating it ; but as for myself, I choose rather to assail its trunk with the axe of justice, and strike with all my nerve such blows as shall cause “ this great poison-tree of lust and blood, and of all abominable and heartless iniquity, to fall before it ; and law and love, and God and man, to shout victory over its ruin.”

But the Liberator uses very hard language, and calls a great many bad names, and is very harsh and abusive. Precious cant, indeed ! And what has been so efficacious as this hard language ? Now, I am satisfied that its strength of denunciation bears no proportion to the enormous guilt of the slave system. The English language is lamentably weak and deficient, in regard to this matter. I wish its epithets were heavier—I wish it would not break so easily—I wish I could denounce slavery, and all its abettors, in terms equal to their infamy. But, shame to tell ! I can apply to him who steals the liberties of hundreds of his fellow creatures, and lacerates their bodies, and plunders them of all their hard



earnings, only the same epithet that is applied by all to a man who steals a shilling in this community. I call the slaveholder a thief, because he steals human beings, and reduces them to the condition of brutes ; and I am thought to be very abusive ! I call the man a thief who takes my handkerchief from my pocket, and all the people shout, “ right ! right ! so he is ! ” and the court seizes him, and throws him into prison. Wonderful consistency !

I am anxious to please the people ; but if, in order to do so, I must violate the plainest precepts of the gospel, and disregard the most solemn obligations ; will the people see that my name is written in the Book of Life, and that my sins are blotted out of the Book of Remembrance ? If I put out my eyes, and stop my ears, and petrify my heart, and become insensible as a marble statue, to please the community, will the community rescue me from the charge of inhumanity, selfishness and cowardice, which will be preferred against me at the bar of God ? If they cannot, I must boldly declare the truth, “ whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear.”

A man who should be seen whipping a post in the street, would doubtless excite the mirth of the passing throng. For them to be indignant at such treatment, would be a perversion of sympathy, and clearly ridiculous. But if it was a dog or a horse, instead of a senseless post, which the man was beating so unmercifully, their feelings ought to be, and would be, far different. They would fearlessly denounce such conduct as inhuman, and exhibit much vehemence in their rebukes. But if it was a man, or woman, or child, instead of a dog or horse, thus suffering under the lash, how the spectators would flame ! how their indignation would kindle ! how strong would be their denunciations ! how liberally would they apply the ungracious epithet—“ a brute ! a wretch ! a monster ! ”

How, then, ought I to feel, and speak, and write, in view of a system which is red with innocent blood, drawn from the bodies of millions of my countrymen by the scourge of brutal drivers ;—which is full of all uncleanness and licentiousness ; which destroys the “ life of the soul ; ”—and which is too horrible for the mind to imagine, or the pen to declare ? How ought I to feel and speak ? As a man ! as a patriot ! as a



philanthropist ! as a christian ! My soul should be, as it is, on fire. I should thunder—I should lighten. I should blow the trumpet of alarm, long and loud. I should use just such language as is most descriptive of the crime. I should imitate the example of Christ, who, when he had to do with people of like manners, called them sharply by their proper names—such as, an adulterous and perverse generation, a brood of vipers, hypocrites, children of the devil who could not escape the damnation of hell. Moderation, under such circumstances, is deliberate barbarity, both to the oppressor and the oppressed—calmness is marble indifference.

“ On such a theme, ’twere impious to be calm—

“ Passion is reason, transport temper here.”

No ! no ! I never will dilute or modify my language against slavery—against the plunderers of my fellow men—against American kidnappers. They shall have my honest opinions of their conduct.

But a graver charge is brought against me, brethren, and now I want your verdict. It is said that I am exciting your rage against the whites, and filling your minds with revengeful feelings ? Is this true ? Have not all my addresses and appeals to you had a contrary effect upon your minds ? Have they not been calculated to make you bear all your trials and difficulties in the spirit of christian resignation, and to induce you to return good for evil ? Where is the calumniator who dares to affirm that you have been turbulent and quarrelsome since I began my labors in your behalf ? Where is the man who is so ignorant as not to know or perceive that, as a people, you are constantly improving in knowledge and virtue ? Do you not all congratulate yourselves that you are so united ? if not united to the full extent which is desirable, still, united far more generally than in former years, and for the best of purposes. Is not the spirit of virtuous emulation so great among you, as to pervade all classes, from the gray head to the youth ? Where is there an association among white lads, like the Colored Juvenile Society of Boston ? Your female societies may proudly compare with any among the whites, for general worth and true respectability ; and if they do not

receive as much applause as their white sisters, it is not because they do not deserve it. It is impossible for me to do them justice. To them do I owe more than I can ever repay. But I will not be profuse in my acknowledgment; for I am admonished that

“ The thankless oft are noisiest in their thanks ;  
As, on the unfruitful pavement, every drop  
That falls from the kind sky is told aloud :  
But in the grateful heart a blessing sinks,  
Like the same shower upon a sunny field,  
That drinks it silently, and shows its thanks  
By smiles and glad increase.”

It is female influence which governs this nation, and to it I look for an entire change in the present aspect of Society.

The men, too, have their societies, whose objects are praiseworthy and noble; and I should be as unjust to my own feelings, as to them, if I did not cheer them onward to the accomplishment of their purposes.

No, brethren; you will bear me a unanimous testimony that I have not implanted in your minds any malice toward your persecutors, but, on the contrary, forgiveness of injuries. And I can as truly aver that, in all my intercourse with you as a people, I have not seen or heard any thing of a malignant or revengeful spirit. No: yours has been eminently a spirit of resignation and faith, under the most aggravating circumstances. You rely on no weapons of war, but on those alone which are mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strong holds.

But not only have you, in this city, been steadily rising in the estimation of the wise and good by your laudable efforts for self-improvement, but a regenerative impulse has been felt by your brethren and sisters in many other places. Every where associations are multiplying among your people, for the promotion of temperance,\* virtue and knowledge. Every

\*With honest pride—with heart-felt satisfaction would I mention the fact, as highly creditable to the people of color in Boston, that, at the close of my farewell address to them, at my recommendation to form a Temperance Society among themselves, *one hundred and fourteen* individuals, males and females, immediately subscribed their names as members of such a society; and when I left the city, about *one hundred and fifty* had agreed to touch not, taste not, handle not ardent spirits as a drink any more. Such acts as these, brethren, give me strength and boldness in your cause.

where, in the free States, the gospel is preached, converts are increasing, churches arising, and streams of salvation flowing in your midst. Every where industry is banishing your poverty,—economy is regulating your means,—enterprise is enlarging the sphere of your business,—and intelligence is raising you up to the true dignity of man. Every where you are triumphantly refuting the base, and cruel, and inexpressibly malignant aspersions of the Colonization Society, both in relation to your situation and conduct. If there be present, on this occasion, any well-meaning or vindictive supporter of that corrupt and heathenish combination of men-stealers and their wretched dupes, let him cast his eye over this large and respectable assembly, and mark its general aspect of cheerfulness, comfort, decorum and moral excellence, and then remember the lying accusations which are brought against the free people of color, and published in every section of our country, with all the boldness of infallible truth, by the Colonization Society—such as, “freedom confers no privilege on them but the privilege of being more vicious and miserable than slaves can be,”—“their freedom is licentiousness,”—“they are the most corrupt, depraved and abandoned of the human race,”—“they are scarcely reached in their debasement by the heavenly light”—and a volume of other equally heinous and impudent calumnies.

I will notice but one other charge which the enemies of our cause has brought against me. It is, that I am unduly exciting your hopes, and holding out to your view prospects of future happiness and respectability which can never be realised in this country. Pitiful complaint! Because I have planted a solitary rose, as it were, in the wilderness of suffering in which your race has so long wandered, to cheer your drooping hearts, I am sharply reprov'd for giving even this little token of good things to come—by those, too, who make loud professions of friendship for you, that is, if you will go to Liberia, but who are constantly strewing in your path briars and thorns, and digging pits into which you may stumble to rise no more. These querulous complainants, who begrudge every drop of comfort which falls upon your thirsty lips, as a miser mourns the loss of a penny, seem to forget or discard



the promise of Jehovah, that "the wilderness shall bud and blossom as the rose." I have faith to believe that this promise will ultimately be fulfilled, even in this land of republicanism and christianity. Surely I may be pardoned, when so many are endeavoring to break down all your towering hopes and noble aspirations, if I urge you not to despair, for the day of redemption will assuredly come. Nay, I may still be forgiven, if I transcend the limits of probability, and suffer my imagination to paint in too glowing colors the recompense which is to be yours; since, strive as I may, I can scarcely hope to equalize the heart-crushing discouragements and assaults made by your enemies.

Why, once more let me ask, should we be sad on this occasion? Is not the great Babel of our country, the American Colonization Society, tottering to its fall? Already the lightning of truth has smitten it from the top-stone to its foundation. At its last annual meeting, the principles of freedom and slavery met in open contest, and a division was made that can never be healed. Wherever we turn our eyes, we see good men abandoning it in haste, and coming over in crowds to our standard; and striving, too, by superior exertions to make up for past error and lost time. Truly, it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Three years ago, the American Colonization Society was a haughty and powerful combination: now it is greatly shorn of its strength—and in three years more, there will be "none so poor to do it reverence," except southern kidnappers and their incorrigible abettors.

I can concede to that Society, neither benevolence of purpose, nor wisdom of action; neither clearness of moral vision, nor innocency of character. In the light of revelation—that cheering light which illumines the strait and narrow path to heaven, and which concentrates its effulgence upon our beloved though guilty land—I say in the light of revelation, to me the principles of the Colonization Society appear blacker than the skin of its victims—black as perdition. Language becomes brittle and powerless under the weight of my abhorrence of them. I execrate the origin, the designs, and the movements of this great red dragon, red with the blood of the poor inno-

cents, whose tail has drawn a third part of the stars of heaven, and who stands ready to devour the child of the slave mother as soon as it is born. All the land have long been wondering after the beast; but, thanks be to God, he is about to be cast out, and his angels with him; and a voice is heard in our land, swelling louder and louder upon the ear, saying,—“Now is come salvation and strength . . . for **THE ACCUSER OF OUR BRETHREN** is cast down . . . Therefore rejoice, ye heavens, and ye that dwell in them.”

Although you are perfectly familiar with the atrocious doctrines of the Colonization Society, and have sorely felt its oppressive operations, yet there are three aspects presented by it which I beg you particularly to contemplate. The first is, wherein the Society avows, in relation to the God-robbers and men-stealers of the south. “We hold *their* slaves, *as we hold their other property*, **SACRED.**” Thus they place more than two millions of their fellow creatures on a level with houses, lands and cattle; and this is the reason why they regard slavery with so much complacency. They rank the slaves among beasts, but beasts exceedingly fierce and horrible, whose expulsion by a gradual process, until they are too few to be dangerous, is deemed by them a consummation most devoutly to be wished. They hold that the slaves are *sacred* property; consequently, that their restoration to freedom ought to depend as exclusively and completely upon the will of their masters, as the giving up by them of goods and chattles for charitable purposes. Here, then, is a treacherous abandonment of the claims of justice and humanity, and as complete a participation in all the crimes and abominations of the south—as bloody a conspiracy against the bodies and souls of men—as cordial a co-operation with kidnappers, as was ever entered into between the enemies of the human race. O, cursed alliance! The Lord shall break it in pieces, as a potter’s vessel is broken. O, fatal snare! They who spread it shall be taken therein, and receive their merited doom. O, whited sepulchre! The bones of its victims, and its pestilential rottenness, are becoming visible to every eye.

Let us hear the Society once more—“We hold *their* slaves, *as we hold their other property*, **SACRED.**” Sacred villainy!



honest robbery ! immaculate corruption ! benevolent barbarity ! I hold their slaves, as I hold other men, as “endowed with certain *inalienable* RIGHTS, among which are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness”—as justly possessing dominion over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air—as created a little lower than the angels, for high and sublime purposes—as capable of loving and serving the Most High God, and destined to live forever beyond the grave;—and I hold all those who claim to be their masters and owners, from the President of the United States down to the meanest “broker in the trade of blood,” as the enemies of their species, and as guilty as any of the wretches who infest the African coast for the purpose of kidnapping the natives.

Another aspect of the Colonization Society is,—“*It condemns no man because he is a slaveholder*”—or, in other words, it condemns no man because he usurps the prerogative of God, claims unlimited dominion over his sable brother, plunders him of the fruits of his toil, and ranks him as an implement of husbandry ! Surely, then, neither philanthropists, patriots, nor christians can support the Society. I repeat the declaration which I have made before publicly. For myself, I hold no fellowship with slave owners. I will not make a truce with them, even for an hour. I blush for them as countrymen—I cannot recognise them as christians. The higher they raise their professions of patriotism or piety, the stronger is my detestation of their hypocrisy. They are dishonest and cruel ; and God, and the angels, and the devils, and the universe, *know that they are without excuse.*

A third aspect presented by this anti-republican and anti-christian combination is,—“The Society maintains that no slave ought to receive his liberty, except on condition of being excluded, not merely from the State which sets him loose, BUT FROM THE WHOLE COUNTRY ; that is, *of being Colonized.*” A baser or more ferocious alternative was never given to helpless, suffering man. Look at it ! There are upwards of two millions of human beings in this land, who have been robbed of their freedom, trafficked like beasts, and reduced to the lowest state of degradation, ever since they were born. What is the duty of their tyrants ? Why, to obey God, by

instantly undoing every burden, breaking every yoke, and letting their victims go free. But the colonization dragon full of lying wonders, audaciously lifts up his crest, and maintains, against the command of Jehovah, that, unless these two millions can be banished from their native land—a land of civilization and light—to a foreign land, a land of barbarism, and cast in all their helplessness, ignorance and depravity, like bales of goods, upon the shores of Africa, *it is right* that they and their posterity should remain among us in servitude and chains!—Down, down with the monster! Let us drive him back to his own place—the bottomless pit of darkness.

It is proper, my dear friends, that you should understand the objects of my mission to England. At the unanimous request of the Managers of the New-England Anti-Slavery society,—and satisfied in my own mind, after great consideration, that the finger of Providence points out the way,—I have concluded to visit that noble country where so much has been done, and is now doing, to promote the freedom and welfare of the colored race. Of the nature of my reception among her philanthropists, I cannot doubt. My spirit will be elevated and cheered in the presence of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, Brougham, O'Connell, Stuart, Cropper, and other champions of freedom. I long to be in a land where I can breathe freely on the subject of oppression. Although this is styled “the land of the free and the home of the brave,”—a land of pure democracy,—a christian land; and although the people thereof have met together in a national capacity, for the fifty-sixth time, solemnly to declare that all men are created free and equal—sternly to denounce tyranny, and, in imitation of their fathers, to pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, that they will perish sooner than submit to the yoke of bondage;—notwithstanding all this, there are **MILLIONS OF SLAVES** in the United States, and it is deemed a criminal act to plead for their deliverance—as the reward of **FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS** which has been offered by the Legislature of Georgia for the delivery of my body to her authorities, and the numerous threats to slay me which are made, sufficiently prove. For a short space, then, I propose to leave this free republican, christian country, and go to one in which there is a king and

a proud nobility; but where my denunciations against the persecution and oppression of your color will be received, not as in this country with astonishment, and rage, and scorn, but with loud cheers—with thunders of applause! There, I cannot speak too plainly, nor betray too much zeal, nor be too uncompromising in my demands.

We are now endeavoring to establish a National Manual Labor School for the education of colored youth. To this institution the child of the poorest parents may be sent, free of expense. The scholars will happily combine labor and study together, and thus be healthy in body as well as intelligent in mind. They will be instructed in the various branches of mechanics and agriculture, as well as of literature and science. In order to make this school of extensive usefulness and of national magnitude, it is proposed to raise, by subscription and donations, at home and abroad, the sum of at least fifty thousand dollars. My principal object, therefore, in visiting England at this time, is, to invoke the aid of her rich and liberal philanthropists in establishing this school for the benefit of your children. They will, I am confident, shower their charities upon the enterprise, and enable us to carry it into successful operation. Their hearts are warm—their means ample—their disposition generous. Can I but succeed?

Another object of my mission—one scarcely less important than the first—is, to counteract the pernicious efforts and expose the base impositions of an Agent of the American Colonization Society, who has long been in that country, and who has succeeded in duping the British people out of large sums of money to promote the objects of the brazen hand-maid of slavery. We are grieved in watching his deceitful career—in seeing generosity so abused, and confidence so misled. We feel that there is a high moral obligation resting upon us to show his duplicity to the English nation, and secure for your benefit, and the overthrow of slavery in this country, that money which he is accumulating to banish you from your native land. Indeed, it is encouraging to learn that his imposture has been detected by many noble-hearted Britons, who are using all their efforts to put him down. Particularly are we indebted to JAMES CROPPER and CHARLES STUART, two of

the leading philanthropists of the age, for their eloquent and powerful expositions of the rottenness of the Colonization Society.

Another important object I have in view is, to establish a regular correspondence between the abolitionists of England and those of this country, and to secure a union of sentiment and action. Much useful information may be obtained, and many valuable anti-slavery tracts and publications collected for distribution among us. We deem it important to learn, precisely, the methods adopted by the friends of abolition in England, in operating upon public sentiment; upon what principles, and by what regulations, their anti-slavery societies are conducted; in what manner female influence has been so widely secured, and so powerfully exerted against slavery; and, in short, to gather up all those facts, and obtain all those instructions, in relation to this great cause, which can in any degree assist us in destroying the monster OPPRESSION, and placing your whole race upon a footing of equality with the rest of the world. God speed the mission, brethren! Let it receive your prayers; and remember me in your supplications, that I may be strengthened and guided by Infinite Wisdom; for who is sufficient for these things, except the Lord of hosts be with him?

Be this your encouragement, in view of our separation. Although absent from you in body, I shall still be with you in spirit. I go away, not to escape from toil, but to labor more abundantly in your cause. If I may do something for your good at home, I hope to do more abroad. In the mean time, I beseech you fail not, on your part, to lead quiet and orderly lives. Let there be no ground whatever for the charge which is brought against you by your enemies, that you are turbulent and rude. Let all quarrelling, all dram-drinking, all profanity, all violence, all division be confined to the white people. Imitate them in nothing but what is clearly good, and carefully shun even the appearance of evil. Let them, if they will, follow the devices and perform the drudgery of the devil; but be ye perfect, even as your heavenly Father is perfect. Conquer their aversion by moral excellence; their proud spirit by love; their evil acts by acts of goodness; their



animosity by forgiveness. Keep in your hearts the fear of God, and rejoice even in tribulation ; for the promise is sure, that all things shall work together for good to those who love His name.

Finally—I would say, in the language of one of your noblest advocates—Charles Stuart—“ Let not the colored man, whether enslaved or free, be discouraged. God left his own people 400 years in Egypt, while the Egyptians and the Ammonites were, year by year, filling up the measure of their iniquities, and making themselves altogether meet for destruction. The same God is God still, and still the poor and the oppressed are as much his care as ever ; and still as much as ever He resisteth the proud, and is the enemy of the oppressor. Bear up, brethren ! God has children and servants both amongst yourselves and abroad, who enter into all your sympathies, and who are carrying you on their hearts in prayer to his mercy-seat. Take courage ! verdant as the bay-leaf, though be the flourishing of the wicked for a season, yet he shall perish. He is heaping treasure together for the last days. Thus saith the Lord, “ I, even I, am He that comforteth you. Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man that shall be made as grass ; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth, and fearest continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy. And where is the fury of the oppressor ? ”

“ Be of good courage, brethren ! Christianity is shaking off its dust—the rottenness of the whited sepulchres is coming out—the gospel is resuming its healing power. There *is* balm in Gilead—there *is* a physician there. The moral sense of the land is awakening—despotism is quailing—falsehood is uncovering—truth is about to triumph—liberty is to be restored. And prejudice, that fiend of darkness—that bane of the earth—that brand of the white man, searing him with infamy—that bane of the black man, tightening his chains or condemning him to exile : Prejudice shall be abolished, and over it, as over Babylon, soon shall be written,—“ Prejudice, the tyrant of the tyrant—the waster of the poor



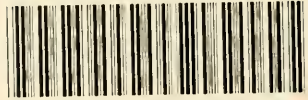
—the liar—the coward—the mother of abominations—is fallen, is fallen !”

Brethren, we must part ; but Heaven grant it may not be long—or if to meet no more below, let us see to it that none of us be missing in the great assembly of saints above. Scarcely any credit belongs to myself—all I can plead is, integrity of purpose, fearlessness of action, and devotion of soul. To you, much of the applause belongs. Had it not been for your co-operation, your generous confidence, your liberal support, as a people, I might have been borne down by my enemies. Be assured, I never will forsake you or your cause. I shall be anxious to return with as little delay as possible. How long I may be absent, I cannot predict ; much will depend on the success of my mission. Whether I return in safety or peril, it matters, perhaps, but little. Beware not to rely too much on an arm of flesh—on my feeble exertions. If you do, He who alone can give you victory will take me from you. Recollect that I am only one among thousands who are contending as boldly and as affectionately for your happiness and rights as myself. Our hope, dear brethren, is in God. Let our souls grapple with his promises, and fear not, whatever may betide us.

Peace be with you—love one another fervently—and while you are struggling to be free from bodily oppression, my prayer shall be that your souls may all be brought into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

**FAREWELL—FAREWELL !**

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