GARRISON CENTENARY

1805-1905

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1805 December Tenth 1905

The truth is, he who commences any reform which at last becomes one of transcendent importance and is crowned with victory, is always ill judged and unfairly estimated. At the outset he is looked upon with contempt, and treated in the most opprobrious manner, as a wild fanatic or a dangerous disorganizer. In due time the cause grows and advances to its sure triumph; and in proportion as it nears the goal, the popular estimate of his character changes, till finally excessive panegyric is substituted for outrageous abuse. The praise on the one hand, and the defamation on the other, are equally unmerited. In the clear light of Reason, it will be seen that he simply stood up to discharge a duty which he owed to his God, to his fellow-men, to the land of his nativity.

W. L. GARRISON, 1851.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

Born in Newburyport, Mass., December 10, 1805

Died in New York City, May 24, 1879

Garrison Centenary

1805 December Tenth 1905

The following biographical sketch of WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, and the accompanying extracts from his writings, have been prepared for the use of those who are proposing to celebrate the centenary of the great emancipator's birth, which comes on Sunday, December 10th. It is hoped that churches, colleges and schools throughout the land, and that literary and other organizations, will observe the day by appropriate services which shall recall to our people the great cause for which he and his brave associates labored, and of which they lived to see the triumph.

The exercises might fitly include selections from the subjoined account of his life, of the noble Declaration of Sentiments which he wrote on founding the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833, and of some of the inspiring passages from his speeches and writings which so well reveal the pure and lofty character of the man. We would offer the following as a suggestive program.

Program

1. Music . . . . . .
2. Scripture Reading . . . . . .
3. Prayer . . . . . .
4. Music . . . . . .
5. Presiding Officer's Remarks . . . . . .
6. Biographical Oration (Ten minutes) . . . . . .
7. Music . . . . . .
8. Garrison as a Journalist (Ten minutes) . . . . . .
9. Words of Garrison (20 minutes) . . . . . .

Selections from Address and words of Garrison given in the Garrison Centenary Leaflet. These should be recited by at least six young people.

This program is simply suggestive. The material for it may be found in the Garrison Centenary Leaflet. It is not intended that this whole leaflet should be given at any one exercise but that Churches, Colleges, Schools, Literary and other associations should treat it as a source from which the persons selected may gather the proper material. It is thought wise that the pastors of churches, presidents and principals of institutions, literary associations, etc., should appoint the persons to take the several parts of the program.

This leaflet was compiled by Archibald H. Grimke, author of "Life of Garrison," with the assistance of Mr. Frank J. Garrison, son of William Lloyd Garrison.

Copies of the leaflet may be had of Hugh M. Browne, Cheyney, Pa., with no other cost than that of postage.

Biographical Sketch

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON was born in Newburyport, Mass., December 10, 1805. No stream rises higher than its source, and the rule like mother like child may be laid down as cardinal in the school of character. Certainly this rule was never better illustrated than in the life of our illustrious subject, whose mother was the paramount influence in the evolution of his extraordinary character. As she was in many traits so was he. All that was best in him in a moral sense he owed to her. For morally she was a rare woman and physically a well-nigh perfect one. A beautiful body in her case enfolded a no less beautiful soul. This woman had a nature almost Puritanical in its abhorrence of sin, and in its stern and uncompromising strength of moral conviction. From a girl and during all her life she feared to do wrong more than she feared any man. With this supremacy of the moral sense there went along in her singular firmness of purpose and independence of will and character.

Such was the woman who was the mother of the grandest moral hero of the last century. Deserted by her husband for some unknown cause when Lloyd was three years old, she was compelled thereafter to battle alone with poverty for her three little ones. But her youngest boy was ever her comfort, her little man. His baby hands were full of helpful acts for her, and his boy's heart gave to her all its love and devotion.

His school days came to an end before he was nine years old. He was first put to learn the shoemaker's trade, and afterward that of the cabinet-maker's. But for the first the boy proved too slight, and for the second he had no heart. Meantime poverty and experience were teaching the little fellow lessons of life which he could not have learned in a grammar school, viz.: a certain early acquaintance with himself and the workaday world about him. From that hard school in which poverty and experience were the teachers, and in the year 1818, the boy got his first certificate of graduation and entered forthwith on his secondary training under the same rough but effective tutelage. For at the age of thirteen he went into the office of the Newburyport Herald to learn to set type. At last the boy's hands had found work which his boy's heart did joy to do. He mastered quickly the copositor's art. As he set up the thoughts of others he soon discovered thoughts of his own demanding utterance. The printer's apprentice felt presently the stirring of new life within him. A passion for self-improvement took possession of him. He began to read the English classics, to study American history, to follow the currents of national politics. His intelligence quickened marvelously, and the maturing processes of his mind were sudden and swift in their work. Almost before one is aware of it, the boy in years has become a man in character and knowledge. Even in his teens he revealed qualities which seemed to prophesy for him a future of distinction. He possessed a most winning personality. His energy and geniality, his keen sense of humor, his social and buoyant disposition and his positive and opinionated temper were sources of popular strength to him. People were strongly drawn to him. His friends were devoted to him. He had that quality called magnetic, or the gift of attracting others and of maintaining over them the ascendancy of his ideas and genius.

At the age of tweny his apprenticeship in the Herald office ended. Thereupon, with true Yankee pluck and enterprise, he proceeded to do for himself what for seven years he had helped to do for another, viz.: publish a newspaper. With a brave heart he made now his first venture on the uncertain sea of journalism, became in fact publisher and editor of a wide awake sheet which he named fitly enough "The Free Press." "It shall be subservient to no party or body of men" he announced in its initial number, "and neither the craven fear of loss, nor the threats of the disappointed, nor the influence of power, shall ever awe one single opinion into silence." This was morally superb, but according to the low ethics of the business world then, and now too, for that matter, it was poor journalism. In both respects, however, it took with absolute accuracy the measure of the man. As a mental likeness it is simply perfect. At no time during his subsequent

career did it cease to be an exact counterfeit presentment of his moral character.

It was the young editor and publisher of the "Free Press" who first discovered the poetical genius of Whittier, and gave to the public through the columns of that paper the earliest poetical productions of the Quaker poet. The paper did not prosper, and Garrison abandoned the venture toward the close of the year and moved to Boston in search of work. There for several months he earned a living as a compositor. But in January, 1828, he found more congenial employment when he became editor of the "National Philanthropist," a reformatory paper devoted to the cause of temperance. As a moral reformer Garrison got two things out of his experience as editor of this paper, which were more to him than silver and gold, which he did not get out of it. The first of these things was the invincible faith which he acquired in the reformatory power of one upright and uncompromising man in conflict with the low appetites and vices of the multitude, and the second thing which he got out of it was a knowledge of the immense utility of woman as an agent in the regeneration of society. His editorial articles in the "National Philanthropist" on "Female Influence" may be said to have contained the promise and potency of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of to-day, as they certainly held the seed out of which were to grow a few years later the female anti-slavery societies of New England and the North.

While editing the "National Philanthropist" Garrison met for the first time Benjamin Lundy, that indefatigable friend of the slave. "My heart was deeply grieved at the gross abomination," he said, "I heard the wail of the captive, I felt his pang of distress, and the iron entered my soul." The slave iron had indeed entered the soul of this saintly man, and through his presence in Boston it was now to enter the soul of a greater than he. The meeting of these two Providential men in an obscure boarding-house in Boston in 1828, we know as we look back at it now, was in reality the birth of a new era in the Republic.

Garrison made his third venture in journalism in October, 1828, when he began to edit the "Journal of the Times" at Bennington, Vt., in the interest of John Quincy Adams' candidacy for reëlection as President. But although deeply concerned in the reëlection of President Adams, the young editor did not forget the cause of the slave. Engrossed as he naturally was in the success of his candidate, he nevertheless took time and space enough in his paper to reassure his friend Lundy in respect to his unchanged attitude on the subject of slavery. "Before God and our country," he wrote, "we "give our pledge that the liberation of the enslaved Africans shall always "be uppermost in our pursuits. The people of New England are interested in "this matter, and they must be aroused from their lethargy by a trumpet "call. They shall not quietly slumber while we have the management of a "press, or strength to hold a pen."

When Lundy saw that the slavery question had acquired ascendancy over all other subjects in the mind of Garrison, he set out on foot, staff in hand, from Baltimore in true Apostolic fashion, to join his young friend at Bennington. There among the green mountains these two men of God met and conferred. It was agreed between them that Garrison should go to Baltimore to edit Lundy's little paper with the big name, "The Genius of Universal Emancipation," and that Lundy should devote himself to increasing its circulation. "I am invited to occupy a broader field," said Garrison in his valedictory in the "Journal of the Times," "and to engage in a higher enterprise; that field embraces the whole country—that enterprise is in behalf of the slave population." The causes of temperance and peace, which he had also espoused, came in likewise for earnest parting words, but they had clearly declined in his regard to a place of secondary interest and importance to the subject of slavery. Those were still great questions with him, but this one was then the supreme question—had in fact become his cause.

Before taking up his duties as editor of the "Genius" Garrison's anti-slavery views underwent in one respect a momentous change, for he discarded on his way to Baltimore the popular and inoffensive doctrine of gradual emancipation and adopted in its place the radical and revolutionary principle of immediate and unconditional emancipation. This was the startling

doctrine which Garrison carried with him to Baltimore and into the columns of Lundy's paper. This troubled the older reformer who was not prepared to assume responsibility for so radical a treatment of the slavery question. He wanted peace, but he had soon cause to see that immediatism as preached by the new editor was no olive branch, but rather a flaming sword which was sure to stir the world of property to its center, and to plunge brother and brother into deadly strife. With Quaker-like prudence he proposed therefore to Garrison a change which would place the responsibility of each where it rightly belonged. "Thee may put thy initials to thy articles, and I will put my initials to mine, and each will bear his own burden," he said. And so it was agreed.

Such tremendous moral earnestness, as was Garrison's on the slavery question, could not long move about freely in a slave city like Baltimore without coming into collision with the slave power, and this is exactly what happened when the Genius of Universal Emancipation launched itself against Francis Todd, a merchant of Newburyport, Mass., because a vessel belonging to him had taken on board at Baltimore a cargo of seventy-five slaves for the New Orleans slave-market. "It is no worse," said Garrison in "The Genius," "to fit out piratical cruisers or to engage in the foreign slave-trade, than to pursue a similar trade along our coast; and the men who have the wickedness to participate therein for the purpose of keeping up wealth should be sentenced to solitary confinement for life; they are the enemies of their own species—highway robbers, and murderers; and their final doom will be, unless they speedily repent, to occupy the lowest depths of perdition."

There followed quickly upon this moral outburst of the young reformer an indictment of him by the grand jury of Baltimore for uttering "A gross and malicious libel" upon that Christian gentleman, Mr. Francis Todd, and his ship's master, Captain Nicholas Brown. Garrison was tried, convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of fifty dollars and costs, which together amounted to more than one hundred dollars—more money probably than he had ever had at any one time in his life. As he was not able to pay this sum he was detained as a prisoner during seven weeks in the Baltimore jail. At the end of that time Arthur Tappan, a merchant prince and philanthropist of New York City, satisfied the penalty of the slave court, and effected the release of the guiltless prisoner. Garrison's was truly a "pine-and-faggot" spirit, which unjust power could neither bend nor break. The whole aroused moral nature of the man burst now into flame and revolt. Within "gloomy walls close pent" he had warbled blithe as a bird of a freedom which slave judges and juries could not reach, nor iron bolts confine; while anon arose his voice from the jail in a song of invincible faith in his cause, of solemn gladness in his sufferings—joyously as Saint Paul might have done under similar circumstances, how

"A martyr's crown is richer than a king's!
"Think it an honor with thy Lord to bleed,
"And glory 'midst intensest sufferings."

Garrison's editorship of the "Genius" of Lundy ended virtually with his imprisonment. After his release he determined to make his fourth venture as a journalist, and so on January 1, 1831, he began in Boston the publication of the "Liberator." In point of size the new organ was insignificant enough, measuring but 14x9 inches. It did not seem, judging from its appearance, that its voice could possibly reach beyond the walls of the mean chamber where it first saw the light. The very paper on which it was printed was bought on credit and set up in borrowed type. For eighteen months thereafter its brave editor and his faithful associate, Isaac Knapp, slept on the floor of the room where it was composed and printed, toiled at the case and the editorial table fourteen hours a day, and lived chiefly on bread and milk, a few cakes and a little fruit, and was alas "On short commons at that." But from this poor young man in his dingy room, there went forth a voice for freedom, for national righteousness such as had not before been heard in America. "I will be as harsh as truth," he said in the first number of the "Liberator," "and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write with moderation. * * * I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard."

Martin Luther's "Here I take my stand" was not braver than the "I will be heard" of William Lloyd Garrison. It did not seem within the range of human probability that a young man without reputation, without influence, without social or political connections, without money and standing alone would ever be able to make good those audacious and sublime words. But this the young reformer did actually do within a few months only after he had uttered them. Within a few months the whole country, North and South alike, was talking on the subject of slavery and the "Liberator." Almost at once proofs came to Garrison that he was heard by the people of the North, and by the people of the South. There were snarling criticisms by New England editors, animadverting on his "Violent and intemperate attacks on slave-holders;" savage growls from the South against the "Liberator" as a "scandalous and incendiary budget of sedition." Letters breathing violence against him reached the office of the "Liberator" from the South. Southern grand juries indicted the editor, steps were taken by at least one southern governor looking to his extradition, while the Legislature of Georgia offered a reward of $5000 for his apprehension and conviction. Within one year from the first issue of the "Liberator" the whole country had heard the voice of its brave editor.

Still "help came but slowly" to him. With a single instrument he had thrown the South into widespread alarm, and thawed the apathy of the North into widespread and angry attention. But none knew better than he that while all this was well, it was by no means enough. Instantly powerful as he had proved one paper to be, alone it was inadequate to the work of prolonged anti-slavery agitation, which the ultimate abolishment of the evil rendered necessary. Back of him and the "Liberator" he needed numbers, an organized movement, and coadjutators like Aaron and Hur to hold up his arms in the long battle with slavery. Therefore with the instinct of genius he proceeded to organize the movement started by him. This he effected in Boston a year after the first appearance of the "Liberator," when the New England Anti-Slavery Society was formed by himself and eleven of his disciples. Within the year following this event the American Anti-Slavery Association was organized at Philadelphia. Other societies sprang from these all over the North, and with them the agitation against slavery, begun single-handed by Garrison, became an organized movement pushing its moral forces everywhere through the free states with terrible earnestness. Garrison thus equipped with his organized freedom power pitted himself with relentless purpose against the organized slave-power of the Union. And the battle thereafter raged along the whole line in church and state, and throughout the social world and that other world of business, too. And everywhere Garrison was the heart of the agitation, the master-spirit of the abolition movement.

At this grave crisis in their history it may be well for the colored people of America to mark carefully the means employed by Garrisonian abilitionism in its struggle with the evil of slavery more than seventy years ago. These means were first, petitions to Congress on the subject of Slavery; second, the printing and circulation of anti-slavery literature; and third, the anti-slavery agent or lecturer who went up and down through the free states gathering facts and preaching the gospel of immediate and unconditional emancipation. Such were the simple means which became, in the hands of the anti-slavery societies, that unequalled machinery by which they operated on public opinion, and through which they produced moral and political results revolutionary and prodigious.

In September, 1834, the reformer received the greatest individual help which ever came to him during his life, when he was united in marriage to Miss Helen Eliza Benson, a daughter of George Benson, a venerable philanthropist of Rhode Island. She was indeed a rare woman, wonderfully adapted in every way to be the wife of such a man. And he needed now, if ever man did need it, a home such as Mrs. Garrison made for him, in which to find refuge from the storm of hate and persecution which was now beating with increasing fury upon his devoted head. For the rapid spread of the slavery agitation alarmed and enraged the South, alarmed and enraged also the North. And when the former demanded of the latter its suppression, forcible suppression of the agitation was thereupon attempted throughout the free states. The instrument employed for this purpose was the mob.

Mobs broke out in one state and then in another. From Vermont to Illinois the Northern people went mob-mad. There advanced in terrible succession popular inundations of violence which assailed the freedom of assembly, the freedom of the press, and the right of free speech on the subject of slavery. The hated abolitionists had then no rights, either personal or property, which the rest of the nation felt bound to respect. All were ruthlessly attacked, as in the case of the burning of Pennsylvania Hall in Philadelphia, the destruction of James G. Birney's press in Cincinnati, and the murder of Elijah P. Lovejoy at Alton, Ill.

Mr. Garrison was attacked by this wild catlike spirit of the times in Boston itself, and escaped barely with his life. He had invited his friend, George Thompson, the famous English abolitionist and orator to assist the movement against slavery in America. And Thompson had crossed the water for that purpose, and was rendering aid to the agitation with surpassing eloquence. This interference of a foreigner in the domestic affairs of the States fired the worst passions of the city against him. He had been engaged to address the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society on October 21, 1835. But his danger was so great that he was advised to leave the city instead. Garrison agreed to take his friend's place, and upon his head the wrath of the Broad Cloth Mob broke that day with terrific violence. He was hunted from one building to another and was at last seized and dragged through the streets with a rope about his neck. After a terrible struggle, he was rescued from the clutches of the mob and taken into the City Hall. Thence he was taken by a ruse, and after a thrilling pursuit by the mob he was committed to Leverett Street Jail, as the only place in the city which was able to afford him protection from his enemies.

Throughout these years of mob violence and martyrdom the prophet did not flinch, or falter, or retreat a single inch from the position which he had taken. The fires of pro-slavery persecution could not burn out of his breast the love of his fellow men albeit they were slaves, nor singe the single sublime purpose of his inconquerable will. The South put a heavy price upon his head one day, but the next he faced it with the same stern and uncompromising message of justice and freedom. Boston mobbed him one week but the next he confronted her as before, the same grand and commanding man of God.

From 1835 to 1860 the history of the moral movement against slavery in America is the history of this one man and his great coadjutors like Wendell Phillips, Theodore D. Weld, Parker Pillsbury, Frederick Douglass, Theodore Parker, Lucretia Mott, Stephen and Abby Kelly Foster, the sisters Grimké, Samuel E. Sewall, Ellis Gray Loring, Maria Weston Chapman, David Lee and Lydia Maria Child, Francis Jackson, Samuel J. May and Samuel May, Edmund Quincy, Charles C. Burleigh, Oliver Johnson, Henry I. Bowditch, and Lucy Stone. It was Garrison who made Abraham Lincoln possible, and it was his principles of freedom which finally triumphed in the War of the Rebellion, and penned by the hand of the great President the Emancipation Proclamation. Throughout the war the great abolitionist leader supported with all his might the cause of the Union, and held up the arms of Lincoln. And when the war closed, Lincoln, recognizing the supreme part which Garrison had played in the slavery struggle, invited him to be present with his old friend George Thompson as the guest of the newly restored Union, at the reraising of the national flag over Fort Sumter. Well does the writer recall this visit to Charleston of Mr. Garrison, how he addressed the colored people in their public meetings, and how they in turn poured at his feet such manifestations of love and gratitude as have rarely crowned the labors of a reformer.

The world service of these labors for humanity was fitly recognized on the occasion of Mr. Garrison's visit to England in 1867. At a notable breakfast given in his honor in London, and which was attended by many illustrious men, John Bright, who presided, after referring to our Civil War, remarked: "That probably history has no sadder, and yet, if we take a different view, I may say, also, probably no brighter page. To Mr. Garrison more than to any other man this is due: his is the creation of that opinion which has made slavery hateful, and which has made freedom possible in America. His name is venerated in his own country, venerated where not long ago it was a name of obloquy and reproach. His name is venerated in

this country and in Europe wheresoever Christianity softens the hearts and lessens the sorrows of men."

But John Stuart Mills' address was perhaps the speech of the occasion. He found two lessons in Mr. Garrison's life:

"The first lesson is: Aim at something great; at things which are difficult (and there is no great thing which is not difficult). Do not pare down your undertaking to what you can hope to see successful in the next few years, or in the years of your own life. * * * The other lesson which it appears to me important to enforce, among the many that may be drawn from our friend's life is this: If you aim at something noble, and succeed in it, you will generally find that you have succeeded not in that alone. A hundred other good and noble things which you never dreamed of will have been accomplished by the way, and the more certainly, the sharper and more agonizing has been the struggle which preceded the victory * * *. This, then, is an additional item of the debt which America and mankind owe to Mr. Garrison and his noble associates; and it is well calculated to deepen our sense of the truth which his whole career most strikingly illustrates,—that though our best directed efforts may often seem wasted and lost, nothing come of them that can be pointed to and distinctly identified as a definite gain to humanity; though this may happen ninety-nine times in every hundred, the hundredth time the result may be so great and dazzling that we had never dared to hope for it, and should have regarded him who had predicted it to us as sanguine beyond the bounds of mental sanity. So has it been with Mr. Garrison."

Garrison's abolitionism went the whole length of the humanity of the colored race, and all that that implies in a color-prejudice ridden country like this. The poorest or most ignorant of them, whether bond or free, were his brothers and sisters. From first to last he regarded them as bone of his bone and blood of his blood, as children with him of a common Father. He never looked down on them as wanting in any essential respect the manhood which was his. To him they were men and women, entitled to freedom, entitled besides to equality of civil and political rights in the state, equality and fraternity in the church, equality and fraternity everywhere, North and South alike. This is the doctrine which he preached, this is the doctrine which he practised. In not a single instance was he ever found separating himself on account of race from his brother in black. He drew no color line in public, he drew none in private, saying to the Negro, "Thus far but no farther," not even socially. He went into their homes and was in all things one with them; and they went into his home in like manner. He forgot that he was white, forgot that they were black, forgot the pride of race, forgot the stigma of race in the tie of human kinship and need, which bound him indissolubly to them. If he possessed what they did not have, viz.: the chance of man in society, the rights of a citizen in the country, the equality of a brother in the church, this did not make him feel himself better than they, but filled him instead with indignation at the wrong done them, with passionate sympathy and a burning desire to make his own rights and opportunities the full measure of theirs.

As he lived and loved and labored, so he died, true to the great principles of liberty, justice and human brotherhood. Indeed his last written word to the public was in defence of the freedom and citizenship of the colored people of the South against the violent hostility of that section toward them. With dying breath he blew a last trumpet blast for "Liberty and equal rights for each, for all, and forever, wherever the lot of man is cast within our broad domains." And on May 24, 1879, the then aged prophet and friend of man was gathered to his fathers at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Henry Villard, in New York City.

"Men of a thousand shifts and wiles look here!
See one straightforward conscience put in pawn
To win a world; see the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable Will?"

The Mission of the Liberator

Garrison's Salutatory, 1831

IN THE month of August I issued proposals for publishing "The Liberator" in Washington City, but the enterprise, though hailed in different sections of the country, was palsied by public indifference. Since that time, the removal of the **Genius of Universal Emancipation** to the Seat of Government has rendered less imperious the establishment of a similar periodical in that quarter.

During my recent tour for the purpose of exciting the minds of the people by a series of discourses on the subject of slavery, every place that I visited gave fresh evidence of the fact, that a greater revolution in public sentiment was to be effected in the free States—**and particularly in New England**—than at the South. I found contempt more bitter, opposition more active, detraction more relentless, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy more frozen, than among slave-owners themselves. Of course, there were individual exceptions to the contrary. This state of things afflicted, but did not dishearten me. I determined, at every hazard, to lift up the standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation, **within sight of Bunker Hill and in the birthplace of liberty.** That standard is now unfurled, and long may it float, unhurt by the spoliations of time or the missiles of a desperate foe—yea, till every chain be broken, and every bondman set free! Let Southern oppressors tremble—let their secret abettors tremble, let their Northern apoligists tremble—let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble.

I deem the publication of my original Prospectus unnecessary, as it has obtained a wide circulation. The principles therein inculcated will be steadily pursued in this paper, excepting that I shall not array myself as the political partisan of any man. In defending the great cause of human rights, I wish to derive the assistance of all religions and of all parties.

Assenting to the "self-evident truth" maintained in the American Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," I shall strenuously contend for the immediate enfranchisement of our slave population. In Park Street Church, on the Fourth of July, 1829, in an address on slavery, I unreflectingly assented to the popular but pernicious doctrine of **gradual** abolition. I seize this opportunity to make a full and unequivocal recantation, and thus publicly to ask pardon of my God, of my country, and of my brethren, the poor slaves, for having uttered a sentiment so full of timidity, injustice and absurdity. A similar recantation, from my pen, was published in the **Genius of Universal Emancipation,** at Baltimore, in September, 1829. My conscience is now satisfied.

I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject, I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen;—but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead.

It is pretended that I am retarding the cause of emancipation by the coarseness of my invective and the precipitancy of my measures. **The charge is not true.** On this question my influence,—humble as it is,—is felt at this moment to a considerable extent, and shall be felt in coming years—not perniciously, but beneficially—not as a curse, but as a blessing; and posterity will bear testimony that I was right. I desire to thank God, that he enables me to disregard "the fear of man which bringeth a snare," and to speak his truth in its simplicity and power. And here I close with this fresh dedication:

"Oppression! I have seen thee, face to face,
And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;
But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now—
For dread to prouder feelings doth give place
Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
Of slavish knees that at thy footstool bow,
I also kneel—but with far other vow;
Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base;—
I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,
Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,
Thy brutalising sway—till Afric's chains
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,—
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod:
Such is the vow I take—so HELP ME GOD!"

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, January 1, 1831.

Declaration of Sentiments, 1833

THE Convention assembled in the city of Philadelphia to organize a National Anti-Slavery Society, promptly seized the opportunity to promulgate the following Declaration of Sentiments, as cherished by them in relation to the enslavement of one-sixth portion of the American people.

More than fifty-seven years have elapsed since a band of patriots convened in this place to devise measures for the deliverance of this country from a foreign yoke. The corner-stone upon which they founded the Temple of Freedom was broadly this—"that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness." At the sound of their trumpet-call, three millions of people rose up as from the sleep of death, and rushed to the strife of blood; deeming it more glorious to die instantly as freemen, than desirable to live one hour as slaves. They were few in number—poor in resources; but the honest conviction that Truth, Justice, and Right were on their side, made them invincible.

We have met together for the achievement of an enterprise without which that of our fathers is incomplete; and which, for its magnitude, solemnity, and probable results upon the destiny of the world, as far transcends theirs as moral truth does physical force.

In purity of motive, in earnestness of zeal, in decision of purpose, in intrepidity of action, in steadfastness of faith, in sincerity of spirit, we would not be inferior to them.

Their principles led them to wage war against their oppressors, and to spill human blood like water, in order to be free. Ours forbid the doing of evil that good may come, and lead us to reject, and to entreat the oppressed to reject, the use of all carnal weapons for deliverance from bondage; relying solely upon those which are spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

Their measures were physical resistance—the marshalling in arms—the hostile array—the mortal encounter. Ours shall be such only as the opposition of moral purity to moral corruption—the destruction of error by the potency of truth—the overthrow of prejudice by the power of love—and the abolition of slavery by the spirit of repentance.

Their grievances, great as they were, were trifling in comparison with the wrongs and sufferings of those for whom we plead. Our fathers were never slaves—never bought and sold like cattle—never shut out from the light of knowledge and religion—never subjected to the lash of brutal taskmasters.

But those for whose emancipations we are striving—constituting at the present time at least one-sixth part of our countrymen—are recognized by law, and treated by their fellow-beings, as marketable commodities, as goods and chattels, as brute beasts; are plundered daily of the fruits of their toil without redress; really enjoy no constitutional nor legal protection from licentious and murderous outrages upon their persons; and are ruthlessly torn asunder—the tender babe from the arms of its frantic mother—the heart-broken wife from her weeping husband—at the caprice or pleasure of irresponsible tyrants. For the crime of having a dark complexion, they suffer the pangs of hunger, the infliction of stripes, the ignominy of brutal servitude. They are kept in heathenish darkness by laws expressly enacted to make their instruction a criminal offence.

These are the prominent circumstances in the condition of more than two millions of our people, the proof of which may be found in thousands of indisputable facts and in the laws of the slave-holding States.

Hence we maintain—that, in view of the civil and religious privileges of this nation, the guilt of its oppression is unequalled by any other on the face of the earth; and, therefore, that it is bound to repent instantly, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free.

We further maintain—that no man has a right to enslave or imbrute his brother—to hold or acknowledge him, for one moment, as a piece of mer-

chandise—to keep back his hire by fraud—or to brutalize his mind, by denying him the means of intellectual, social and moral improvement.

The right to enjoy liberty is inalienable. To invade it is to usurp the prerogative of Jehovah. Every man has a right to his own body—to the products of his own labor—to the protection of law—and to the common advantages of society. It is piracy to buy or steal a native African, and subject him to servitude. Surely, the sin is as great to enslave an American as an African.

Therefore we believe and affirm—that there is no difference, in principle, between the African slave trade and American slavery:

That very American citizen who retains a human being in involuntary bondage as his property, is, according to Scripture (Ex. XXI. 16), a man-stealer:

That the slaves ought instantly to be set free, and brought under the protection of law:

That if they had lived from the time of Pharaoh down to the present period, and had been entailed through successive generations, their right to be free could never have been alienated, but their claims would have constantly risen in solemnity:

That all those laws which are now in force, admitting the right of slavery, are therefore, before God, utterly null and void; being an audacious usurpation of the Divine prerogative, a daring infringement on the law of nature, a base overthrow of the very foundations of the social compact, a complete extinction of all the relations, endearments and obligations of mankind, and a presumptuous transgression of all the holy commandments; and that therefore they ought instantly to be abrogated.

We further believe and affirm—that all persons of color who possess the qualifications which are demanded of others ought to be admitted forthwith to the enjoyment of the same privileges, and the exercise of the same prerogatives, as others; and that the paths of preferment, of wealth, and of intelligence, should be opened as widely to them as to persons of a white complexion.

We maintain that no compensation should be given to the planters emancipating their slaves:

Because it would be a surrender of the great fundamental principle, that man cannot hold property in man.

Because slavery is a crime, and therefore is not an article to be sold.

Because the holders of slaves are not the just proprietors of what they claim; freeing the slaves is not depriving them of property, but restoring it to its rightful owner; it is not wronging the master, but righting the slave—restoring him to himself:

Because immediate and general emancipation would only destroy nominal, not real, property; it would not amputate a limb or break a bone of the slaves, but, by infusing motives into their breasts, would make them doubly valuable to the masters as free laborers; and

Because, if compensation is to be given at all, it should be given to the outraged and guiltless slaves, and not to those who have plundered and abused them.

We regard as delusive, cruel and dangerous any scheme of expatriation which pretends to aid, either directly or indirectly, in the emancipation of the slaves, or to be a substitute for the immediate and total abolition of slavery.

We fully and unanimously recognize the sovereignty of each State, to legislate exclusively on the subject of the slavery which is tolerated within its limits; we concede that Congress, under the present national compact, has no right to interfere with any of the slave States in relation to this momentous subject:

But we maintain that Congress has a right, and is solemnly bound, to suppress the domestic slave trade between the several States, and to abolish slavery in those portions of our territory which the Constitution has placed under its exclusive jurisdiction.

We also maintain that there are, at the present time, the highest obligations resting upon the people of the free States to remove slavery by moral and political action, as prescribed in the Constitution of the United States. They are now living under a pledge of their tremendous physical force, to

fasten the galling fetters of tyranny upon the limbs of millions in the Southern States; they are liable to be called at any moment to suppress a general insurrection of the slaves; they authorize the slaveowner to vote for three-fifths of his slaves as property, and thus enable him to perpetuate his oppression; they support a standing army at the South for its protection; and they seize the slave who has escaped into their territories, and send him back to be tortured by an enraged master or a brutal driver.

This relation to slavery is criminal, and full of danger: IT MUST BE BROKEN UP.

These are our views and principles—these our designs and measures. With entire confidence in the overruling justice of God, we plant ourselves upon the Declaration of Independence and the truth of Divine Revelation, as upon the Everlasting Rock.

We shall organize Anti-Slavery Societies, if possible, in every city, town and village in our land.

We shall send forth agents to lift up the voice of remonstrance, of warning, of entreaty and of rebuke.

We shall circulate, unsparingly and extensively, anti-slavery tracts and periodicals.

We shall enlist the pulpit and the press in the cause of the suffering and the dumb.

We shall aim at a purification of the churches from all participation in the guilt of slavery.

We shall encourage the labor of freemen rather than that of slaves, by giving a preference to their productions: and

We shall spare no exertions nor means to bring the whole nation to speedy repentance.

Our trust for victory is solely in God. We may be personally defeated, but our principles, never! Truth, Justice, Reason, Humanity must and will gloriously triumph. Already a host is coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and the prospect before us is full of encouragement.

Submitting this Declaration to the candid examination of the people of this country, and of the friends of liberty throughout the world, we hereby affix our signatures to it; pledging ourselves that, under the guidance and by the help of Almighty God, we will do all that in us lies, consistently with this Declaration of our principles, to overthrow the most execrable system of slavery that has ever been witnessed upon earth; to deliver our land from its deadliest curse; to wipe out the foulest stain which rests upon our national escutcheon; and to secure to the colored population of the United States all the rights and privileges which belong to them as men and as Americans—come what may to our persons, our interests, or our reputations—whether we live to witness the triumph of Liberty, Justice and Humanity, or perish untimely as martyrs in this great, benevolent and holy cause.

Sonnet to Liberty

They tell me, LIBERTY! that, in thy name,
I may not plead for all the human race;
That some are born to bondage and disgrace,
Some to a heritage of woe and shame,
And some to power supreme, and glorious fame.
With my whole soul I spurn the doctrine base,
And, as an equal brotherhood, embrace
All people, and for all fair freedom claim!
Know this, O man! whate'er thy earthly fate—
GOD NEVER MADE A TYRANT, NOR A SLAVE:
Woe, then, to those who dare to desecrate
His glorious image!—for to all He gave
Eternal rights, which none may violate;
And, by a mighty hand, th' oppressed He yet shall save.

Address to the Free People of Color, 1831

I NEVER rise to address a colored audience without feeling ashamed of my own color; ashamed of being identified with a race of men who have done you so much injustice, and who yet retain so large a portion of your brethren in servile chains. To make atonement, in part, for this conduct, I have solemnly dedicated my health and strength, and life, to your service. I love to plan and to work for your social, intellectual, political and spiritual advancement. My happiness is augmented with yours: in your sufferings I participate.

Henceforth I am ready on all days, on all convenient occasions, in all suitable places, before any sect or party, at whatever perils to my person, character, or interest, to plead the cause of my colored countrymen in particular, and of human rights in general. For this purpose, there is no day too holy, no place improper, no body of men too inconsiderable to address. For this purpose I ask no church to grant me authority to speak—I require no ordination—I am not careful to consult Martin Luther, or John Calvin, or His Holiness the Pope. It is a duty which, as a lover of justice, I am bound to execute; as a lover of my fellow-men, I ought not to shun; as a lover of Jesus Christ, and of his equalizing, republican and benevolent precepts, I rejoice to meet. * * *

It is not probable that I shall be able to satisfy the great body of the people of my own color otherwise than by entirely abandoning the cause of emancipation. They who do not hesitate to call me a madman, a fanatic, a disturber of the peace, a promoter of rebellion,—among other charitable epithets,—for vindicating the rights of the slaves, will naturally be offended if I presume to stand up in behalf of the free people of color or to address them on a subject appertaining to their welfare. I am determined, nevertheless, to give slaveholders and their apologists as much uneasiness as possible. They shall hear me, and of me, and from me, in a tone and with a frequency that shall make them tremble. There shall be no neutrals: men shall either like me or dislike me.

* * * * * * * * * *

Whenever you can, put your children to trades. A good trade is better than a fortune, because when once obtained, it cannot be taken away. I know the difficulties under which you labor, in regard to this matter. I know how unwilling master mechanics are to receive your children, and the strength of that vulgar prejudice which reigns in the breasts of the working classes. But by perseverance in your applications, you may often succeed in procuring valuable situations for your children. As strong as prejudice is in the human breast, there is another feeling yet stronger—and that is, selfishness. Place two mechanics by the side of each other—one colored, and the other white: he who works the cheapest and best, will get the most custom. In making a bargain, the color of a man will never be consulted. Now, there can be no reason why your sons should fail to make as ingenious and industrious mechanics as any white apprentices; and when they once get trades, they will be able to accumulate money; money begets influence, and influence respectability. Influence, wealth and character will certainly destroy these prejudices which now separate you from society.

Get as much education as possible for yourselves and your offspring. Toil long and hard for it as for a pearl of great price. An ignorant people can never occupy any other than a degraded station in society; they can never be truly free until they are intelligent. It is an old maxim that knowledge is power; and not only is it power, but rank, wealth, dignity and protection. That capital brings the highest interest to a city, state or nation (as the case may be), which is invested in schools, academies and colleges. The greatest gift which a parent can bestow upon his child, is a knowledge of the alphabet. He who can read, may feel that he is elevated above all the kingly blockheads in the world. If I had children, rather than that they should grow up in ignorance, I would feed upon bread and water, and repose upon the cold earth: I would sell my teeth, or extract the blood from my veins.

Address in London, 1833

(On his first visit to England)

I AM proud to say that the funds for my mission to this country were principally made up by the voluntary contributions of my free colored brethren, at very short notice. I stand before you as their mouthpiece, and with their blessings resting upon my head. Persecuted, derided, yet noble people! never can I repay generosity and love like theirs. Sir, I am sorry to trespass a moment longer upon this meeting, but I beg a brief indulgence that I may discharge an act of justice toward that persecuted class. You have heard them described this day, by the American Colonization Society, as the most abandoned wretches on the face of the earth—as constituting all that is vile, loathsome and dangerous; as being more degraded and miserable than the slaves. Sir, it is not possible for the mind to coin, or the tongue to utter, baser libels against an injured people. Their condition is as much superior to that of the slaves as the light of heaven is more cheering than the darkness of the pit. Many of their number are in the most affluent circumstances, and distinguished for their refinement, enterprise and talents. They have flourishing churches, supplied by pastors of their own color, in various parts of the land, embracing a large body of the truly excellent of the earth. They have public and private libraries. They have their temperance societies, their debating societies, their moral societies, their literary societies, their benevolent societies, their savings societies, and a multitude of kindred associations. They have their infant schools, their primary and high schools, their Sabbath schools, and their Bible classes. They contribute to the support of foreign and domestic missions, to Bible and tract societies, etc. In fact, they are rising up, even with mountains of prejudice piled upon them, with more than Titanic strength, and trampling beneath their feet the slanders of their enemies. A spirit of virtuous emulation is pervading their ranks, from the young child to the gray head. Among them is taken a large number of daily and weekly newspapers, and of literary and scientific periodicals. I have at this moment, to my own paper, the "Liberator," one thousand subscribers among this people; and, from an occupancy of the editorial chair for more than seven years, I can testify that they are more punctual in their payments than any five hundred white subscribers whose names I ever placed indiscriminately in my subscription book.

The Jubilee, 1865

Address in Boston on the passage of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, abolishing slavery

IN the long course of history, there are events of such transcendent sublimity and importance as to make all human speech utterly inadequate to portray the emotions they excite. The event we are here to celebrate is one of these grand, inspiring, glorious, beyond all power of utterance, and far-reaching beyond all finite computation.

Sir, no such transition of feeling and sentiment as has taken place within the last four years, stands recorded on the historic page; a change that seems as absolute as it is stupendous. Allow me to confess that, in view of it, and of the mighty consequences that must result from it to unborn generations, I feel to-night in a thoroughly methodistical state of mind—disposed at the top of my voice, and to the utmost stretch of my lungs, to shout, "Glory!" "Alleluia!" "Amen and amen!" Gladly and gratefully would I exclaim with one of old: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." With the rejoicing Psalmist I would say to the old and the young, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever. To him alone that doeth great wonders; for his mercy endureth forever. To him that overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red sea; for his mercy endureth forever. And brought out Israel from among them, with a strong hand, and with a stretched out arm; for his mercy endureth forever. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

Friends and strangers stop me in the street, daily, to congratulate me on having been permitted to live to witness the almost miraculous change which has taken place in the feelings and sentiments of the people on the subject of slavery, and in favor of the long rejected but ever just and humane doctrine of immediate and universal emancipation. Ah, sir, no man living better understands or more joyfully recognizes the vastness of that change than I do. But most truly can I say that it causes within me no feelings of personal pride or exultation—God forbid! But I am unspeakably happy to believe, not only that this vast assembly, but that the great mass of my countrymen, are now heartily disposed to admit that, in disinterestedly seeking, by all righteous instrumentalities, for more than thirty years, the utter abolition of slavery, I have not acted the part of a madman, fanatic, incendiary, or traitor, but have at all times been of sound mind, a true friend of liberty and humanity, animated by the highest patriotism, and devoted to the welfare, peace, unity and ever increasing prosperity and glory of my native land! And the same verdict you will render in vindication of the clear-sighted, untiring, intrepid, unselfish, uncompromising anti-slavery phalanx, who, through years of conflict and persecution—misrepresented, misunderstood, ridiculed, and anathematized from one end of the country to the other—have labored "in season and out of season" to bring about this glorious result. You will, I venture to think and say, agree with me, that only RADICAL ABOLITIONISM is, at this trial-hour, LOYALTY, JUSTICE, IMPARTIAL FREEDOM, NATIONAL SALVATION—the Golden Rule blended with the Declaration of Independence! * * *

Do we realize the grandeur of the event we are assembled to celebrate? It is not merely Negro emancipation, but universal emancipation. It is not merely disenthralling four millions, but thirty-four millions. It is not merely liberating bodies, but souls—outwardly and inwardly alike. It is an act, not in hostility to the South, but for the general welfare—the good of the whole country. It is not to depress or injure any class, but to promote all human interests. In fine, it is the Declaration of Independence, no longer an abstract manifesto, containing certain "glittering generalities," simply to vindicate our Revolutionary fathers for seceding from the mother country; but it is that Declaration CONSTITUTIONALIZED—made the SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND—for the protection of the rights and liberties of all who dwell on the American soil.

Address to the Freedmen of Charleston, S. C., 1865

I HAVE no language to express the feelings of my heart on listening to your kind and strengthening words, on receiving these beautiful tokens of your gratitude, and on looking into the faces of this vast multitude, now happily liberated from the galling fetters of slavery. Let me say at the outset, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto God be all the glory" for what has been done in regard to your emancipation. I have been actively engaged in this work for almost forty years—for I began when I was quite young to plead the cause of the enslaved in this country. But I never expected to look you in the face, never supposed you would hear of anything I might do in your behalf. I knew only one thing—all that I wanted to know—that you were a grievously oppressed people; and that, on every consideration of justice, humanity and right, you were entitled to immediate and unconditional freedom.

I hate slavery as I hate nothing else in this world. It is not only a crime, but the sum of all criminality; not only a sin, but the sin of sins against Almighty God. I cannot be at peace with it at any time, to any extent, under any circumstances. That I have been permitted to witness its overthrow calls for expression of devout thanksgiving to Heaven.

It was not on account of your complexion or race, as a people, that I espoused your cause, but because you were the children of a common Father, created in the same divine image, having the same inalienable rights, and as much entitled to liberty as the proudest slaveholder that ever walked the earth.

For many a year I have been an outlaw at the South for your sakes, and a large price was set upon my head, simply because I endeavored to remember those in bonds as bound with them. Yes—God is my Witness!—I have faithfully tried, in the face of the fiercest opposition and under the most depressing circumstances, to make your cause my cause; my wife and children your wives and children, subjected to the same outrage and degradation; myself on the same auction block, to be sold to the highest bidder. Thank God, this day you are free! And be resolved that, once free, you will be free forever. No—not one of you ever will, ever can, consent again to be a bondman. Liberty or death, but never slavery! * * *

* * * O, be assured, I never doubted that I had the gratitude and affection of the entire colored population of the United States, even though personally unknown to so many of them; because I knew that upon me heavily rested the wrath and hatred of your cruel oppressors. I was sure, therefore, if I had them against me, I had you with me. * * * Long as I have labored in your behalf, while God gives me reason and strength, I shall demand for you everything I claim for the whitest of the white in this country.

Address in London, 1867

FOR more than thirty years I had to look the fierce and unrelenting hostility of my countrymen in the face, with few to cheer me onward. In all the South I was an outlaw, and could not have gone there, though an American citizen guiltless of wrong, and though that flag had been over my head, except at the peril of my life; nay with the certainty of finding a bloody grave. In all the North I was looked upon with hatred and contempt. The whole nation, subjugated to the awful power of slavery, rose up in mobocratic tumult against any and every effort to liberate the millions held in bondage on its soil. And yet I demanded nothing that was not perfectly just and reasonable—in exact accordance with the Declaration of Independence and the Golden Rule. I was not the enemy of any man living. I cherish no personal enmities; I know nothing of them in my heart. Even whilst the Southern slaveholders were seeking my destruction I never for a moment entertained any other feeling toward them than an earnest desire, under God, to deliver them from a deadly curse and an awful sin. It was neither a sectional nor a personal matter at all; it had exclusive reference to the eternal law of justice between man and man, and the rights of human nature itself. * * *

I must here disclaim, with all sincerity of soul, any special praise for anything that I have done. I have simply tried to maintain the integrity of my soul before God, and to do my duty. I have refused to go with the multitude to do evil. I have endeavored to save my country from ruin. But then I ought to have done it all; and, having done it all, I feel it is nothing to speak of, nothing to be complimented upon. We ought to do our duty always—we ought to rejoice if even through persecution, if even through the cross, we are compelled to look duty in the face. * * *

I am unable to express the satisfaction I feel in believing that, henceforth, my country will be a mighty power for good in the world. While she held a seventh portion of her vast population in a state of chattelism, it was in vain that she boasted of her democratic principles and her free institutions; ostentatiously holding her Declaration of Independence in one hand, and brutally wielding her slave-driving lash in the other! Marvelous inconsistency and unparalleled assurance! But now, God be praised, she is free—free to advance the cause of liberty throughout the world! * * *

Henceforth, through all coming time, advocates of justice and friends of reform, be not discouraged; for you will and you must succeed, if you have a righteous cause. No matter at the outset how few may be disposed to rally round the standard you have raised—if you battle unflinchingly and without compromise—if yours be a faith that cannot be shaken, because it is linked to the Eternal Throne—it is only a question of time when victory shall come to reward your toils. Seemingly, no system of iniquity was ever more strongly intrenched, or more sure and absolute in its sway, than that of American slavery; yet it has perished.

In the earthquake God has spoken:
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken.

So it has been, so it is, so it ever will be throughout the earth, in every conflict for the right.

Words of Garrison

As to our moral obligation, it belongs to our nature, and is a part of our accountability, of which neither time nor distance, neither climate nor location, neither republican nor monarchical government, can divest us. Let there be but one slave on the face of the globe—let him stand on one extremity of the globe, and place me on the other—let every people, and tribe, and clime, and nation stand as barriers between him and myself: still, I am bound to sympathize with him—to pray, and toil, and plead for his deliverance—to make known his wrongs, and vindicate his rights.

I have been derisively called a **"Woman's Rights Man."** I know no such distinction. I claim to be a HUMAN RIGHTS MAN; and whenever there is a human being, I see God-given rights inherent in that being, whatever may be the sex or complexion.

With reasonable men, I will reason; with humane men I will plead; but to tyrants I will give no quarter, nor waste arguments where they will certainly be lost.

What is the proposition to be discussed? It is this: whether all men are created free and equal, and have an inalienable right to liberty! I am urged to argue this with a people who declare it to be a self-evident truth! Why, such folly belongs to Bedlam.

I never debate the question as to whether man may hold property in man. I never degrade myself by debating the question, "Is slavery a sin?" It is a self-evident truth, which God hath engraven on our very nature. Where I see the holder of a slave, I charge the sin upon him, and I denounce him.

I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—AND I WILL BE HEARD.

I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice.

I shall use great plainness of speech—believing that truth can never conduce to mischief, and is best discovered by plain words.

It is my lot to be branded throughout this country as an agitator, a fanatic, an incendiary, and a madman. There is one epithet, I fervently desire to thank God, that has never been applied to me: I have never been stigmatized as a **slaveholder**, or as an **apologist of slavery.**

Freedom of the Mind

High walls and huge the BODY may confine,
And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
Yet scorns th' immortal MIND this base control!
No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:
Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
And, in a flash, from earth to heaven it goes!
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale
It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours;
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
And, in its watches, wearies every star!

Our trust for victory is solely in God. We may be personally defeated, but our principles never!

My reliance for the deliverance of the oppressed universally is upon the nature of man, the inherent wrongfulness of oppression, the power of truth, and the omnipotence of God—using every rightful instrumentality to hasten the jubilee.

I believe in the spirit of peace, and in sole and absolute reliance on truth and the application of it to the hearts and consciences of the people. I do not believe that the weapons of liberty ever have been, or ever can be, the weapons of despotism.

I am as much interested in the safety and welfare of the slaveholders, as brother-men, as I am in the liberation of their poor slaves.

We know not where to look for Christianity if not to its founder; and, taking the record of his life and death, of his teaching and example, we can discover nothing which even remotely, under any conceivable circumstances, justifies the use of the sword or rifle on the part of his followers; on the contrary, we find nothing but self-sacrifice, willing martyrdom (if need be), peace and good-will, and the prohibition of all retaliatory feelings enjoined upon all who would be his disciples. When he said: "Fear not those who kill the body," he broke every deadly weapon. When he said: "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews," he plainly prohibited war in self-defense, and substituted martyrdom therefor. When he said: "Love your enemies," he did not mean, "Kill them if they go too far." When he said, while expiring on the cross: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," he did not treat them as "a herd of buffaloes," but as poor, misguided, and lost men. We believe in his philosophy; we accept his instruction; we are thrilled by his example; we rejoice in his fidelity. How touching is the language of James! "Ye have condemned and killed THE JUST; and **he doth not resist you.**" And how melting to the soul is the declaration: "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter!" And again: "God commendeth his love towards us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Of what value are professions where fruits are wanting? or what need of professions where fruits abound?

No man who has not consecrated **all** his time to the service of God has ever consecrated a seventh part of it. * * * No man who reverently regards **all** days as holy unto the Lord will desecrate either the first or the seventh day of the week.

The natural rights of one human being are those of every other, in all cases equally sacred and inalienable; hence the boasted "Rights of Man," about which we hear so much, are simply the "Rights of Woman," of which we hear so little; or, in other words, they are the Rights of Humanity, neither affected by, nor dependent upon, sex or condition.

It is the best investment for the soul's welfare possible, to take hold of something which is righteous but unpopular. **Righteous** but unpopular, for men may get hold of an unpopular cause which deserves to be unpopular and is not righteous.

Biographies of Garrison

The Words of Garrison. A Centennial selection (1805-1905) of characteristic sentiments from the writings of William Lloyd Garrison, with a biographical sketch, portrait, bibliography and chronology. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price $1.25.

William Lloyd Garrison and His Times. By Oliver Johnson. With portrait and an introduction by John G. Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price $2.00.

William Lloyd Garrison: The Story of His Life Told By His Children. 4 volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price $8.00.

This contains six portraits of Garrison, and many more of his principal coadjutators on both sides of the Atlantic; maps, fac-similes of handwriting, etc. It is the quarry from which all subsequent lives have necessarily been constructed.

William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist. By Archibald H. Grimke, with portrait. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price $1.50.

The Moral Crusader, William Lloyd Garrison. A biographical essay founded on The Story of Garrison's Life, Told By His Children. By Goldwin Smith, D. C. L., with portrait. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Price $1.00.

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of the Negro Race

CHEYNEY, PA.

So far as I am personally concerned, I feel no interest in any history of it (the anti-slavery struggle) that may be written. It is enough for me that every yoke is broken and every bondman set free. Yet there are lessons to be drawn from it that cannot fail to be serviceable to posterity. The millennial state, if it ever come on earth, is yet in the far distant future. There are innumerable battles yet to be fought for the right, many wrongs to be redressed, many evil customs abolished, many usurpations overthrown, many deliverances wrought; and those who shall hereafter go forth to defend the righteous cause, no matter at what cost or with what disparity of numbers, cannot fail to derive strength and inspiration from an intelligent acquaintance with the means and methods used in the anti-slavery movement.

W. L. GARRISON, 1873