REPORT OF THE SPEECHES,

AND RECEPTION OF

THE AMERICAN DELEGATES,

AT THE

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING

OF THE

Glasgow Emancipation Society,

HELD

IN DR. WARDLAW'S CHAPEL,

ON THE

EVENING OF MONDAY, THE 27TH JULY, 1840.

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PUBLIC MEETING

OF

THE GLASGOW

EMANCIPATION SOCIETY.

On Monday evening, July 27, as previously advertised, a meeting of the above Society took place in Dr. Wardlaw's Chapel, for the purpose of giving a public reception to the celebrated American Abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, Esq. of Boston, United States, and his Co-Delegates to the late General Anti-Slavery Convention in London, Messrs. N. P. Rogers, of Concord, New Hampshire, and C. L. Remond, from New York—(the last a gentleman of Colour); and also to receive Mr. Adam, Delegate from Rhode Island, who had come to town since the arrival of the other Delegates. It was intimated that these gentlemen would be introduced to the meeting by Mr. George Thompson, the well-known and highly popular Anti-Slavery advocate; and the occasion was looked forward to by many, as one which could not fail to possess the most thrilling interest. This expectation, we must say, was not disappointed; for we have scarcely ever witnessed a meeting which imparted so lively a gratification, or excited such an enthusiastic spirit in the Cause of enslaved humanity, as that which presented itself on the evening of Monday last. It was, unquestionably, the largest meeting of the friends of Universal Freedom which has taken place in our city since the memorable triumph of Mr. Thompson, in the same house, over the notorious Borthwick. The chapel was crowded in every part; as many, it is believed, went away as those who obtained admission. The proceedings did not terminate till near half-past 11, and, notwithstanding the great heat and pressure from the state of the house, the company generally remained to the last.

A few minutes after seven, Dr. Wardlaw, accompanied by Mr. Thompson and the American Gentlemen, entered the Chapel amid loud cheering, and took their seats on the platform, surrounded by a numerous assemblage of the Committee of the Emancipation Society and other friends of the cause; among whom we observed the Rev. Messrs. Anderson, M'Gill, M'Tear, Johnston, Graham, and Edwards; W. P. Paton, J. Beith, J. Maxwell, M.D. J. Murray, W. White, G. Thorburn, M. Lethem, A. Watson, D. Macintyre, T. Watson, W. Smeal, J. S. Blyth, A. M'Keand, W. Brodie, A. Young, W. Gunn, Jun. and J.A. Fullarton, Esqrs. &c. &c.

On the motion of Mr. Wm. Smeal, one of the Secretaries, the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw was called to the Chair. (Cheers.)

Dr. Wardlaw, in opening the business, said it was not at all his purpose to detain them by any lengthened introductory remarks on the present occasion. It would be quite unnecessary to do so, and he would do little more than state the object which brought them together. That object was to tender their kind regards, and publicly to bid God speed in their cause, to those strangers who had come among them from the United States of America. (Cheers.) Of the first of these strangers,—his name, at least, was no stranger within these walls—they had many a time heard, accompanied with friendly indeed, yet, as they all believed, with full merited eulogy, from one who had often addressed them in that place, and with so much effect, and who had carried off the palm of victory from various combatants—the name of William Lloyd Garrison—(Cheer-

ing)—his very name was strength, William Lloyd Garrison—(Continued cheering)—as he had proved from the way he had conducted himself on the other side of the water in relation to that cause, so justly dear to all our hearts. He had been associated—and, though they were both peace men, he must nevertheless use the expression—he had been associated in fighting, side by side, with their esteemed friend (Mr. Thompson) the battles of freedom—*par nobile fratrum*—they had nobly conducted themselves together, and in a manner that laid them all under the deepest obligations to both. (Cheers.) As to the second stranger, who was that night among them, Mr. Rogers, he was the editor of a paper in America, the very title of which indicated its character, "the Herald of Freedom"—(cheering)—and he came from a place, the name of which was in itself delightful—he came from Concord—(cheers)—not from Harmony—(cheers)—not from that misnamed cradle of misnamed Socialism—(cheers)—but from Concord—and, what was more, he came with the spirit of concord and good will, though they would perhaps hear from him that night that, across the Atlantic, he met any thing but concord, unless, indeed, it was the concord of opposition. (Laughter.) Their third friend, (Mr. Remond) instead of finding a sentence of excommunication against him, because he is "guilty of having a skin not coloured like our own," would find in that the record of our affections, inasmuch as the circumstance reminded them of the universality of that philanthropy for whose great objects they were that evening convened. (Great cheering.) He believed the cause in which they were embarked to be the cause of God, the cause of humanity, and of true religion, and believing it to be the cause of God, he was assured that it would prosper. (Cheers.) The zeal of the Lord of Hosts would go along with them in their efforts—to break every yoke, and to let the oppressed go free, according to the precepts of His own word, who made of one blood all the nations that dwell on the face of the earth, and who had adapted that redemption which he had revealed in the gospel to men of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, all of whom, receiving that redemption, would meet in a better world, where all bondage would be at an end, and love, unity, and concord, reign for ever and ever. (Great cheering.)

Mr. George Thompson rose amid great cheering. He said it was with no common feelings he stood before them that night to add a few words by way of introduction to the remarks which had already fallen from their esteemed friend the Chairman, who had, indeed, left little for him to do; but he had been permitted by the committee to precede his honoured friends from America, and to offer to their notice whatever observations might occur to his mind in introducing them on the present occasion. With regard to one of them (Mr. Garrison), in performing this pleasing and honourable duty, he would observe that, if to know that individual, to esteem him, and to honour and love him—if to have stood with him and by him in the hour of peril and of conflict—if to have beheld him suffer meekly, and triumph modestly—if these things constituted any title to the honour that was now conferred upon him, then he might put in a claim to be the herald of the illustrious individual who would immediately follow him on that happy occasion. (Great cheering.) Glad was he to be able, as he felt confident he was authorised to do, in their name, in the name of every individual present, in the name of that great Association, to welcome to Scotland, to Glasgow, to that house, in which they had so often assembled, to welcome to their warmest affections William Lloyd Garrison. (Great cheering.) It had been well said by their Chairman that that name was not unknown to

them—it was familiar to their ears—it was dear to their hearts. How often had they loved to dwell upon the labours and successes of that beloved friend! how frequently in that place, almost at midnight, had they tried to contemplate from a distance the scene of his glorious conflicts on the other side of the Atlantic! how frequently had they pledged themselves, deeply, solemnly, irrevocably, to sustain him to the utmost of their power, while he led the van in that glorious career, of which he had seen the commencement, and of which he trusted he would be permitted to witness the triumphant consummation! (Loud cheers.) And he begged to remind them that he was no stranger in another respect; he was really and truly one of themselves—he had been a member of their Society for years, and they felt themselves honoured by having registered among their members the name of their esteemed friend Wm. Lloyd Garrison. (Cheering.) He felt confident that he would carry the hearts of all present with him while he tendered to Almighty God, the Maker and Preserver of them all, his and their grateful acknowledgments for the guidance, and succour, and direction, and preservation which had been vouchsafed to their friend now among them—to return thanks to that Being who put it into his heart, while yet in the days of his youth, to consecrate his services to the cause of the oppressed—(cheers)—to that Being who forced him into the field in which he had laboured with such pre-eminent success—to that Being who covered his head, and strengthened his heart, in the day of battle—to that Being who had enabled him, by putting his own Spirit within him, to return good for evil, blessing for cursing, to forgive and love his enemies—to that Being who had crowned with so large a measure of success, the labours in which he had been engaged, and at last fulfilled the hope they had long cherished, that he would one day meet with them in that city, and in that house—to the Refuge of the oppressed—to Him who made of one blood all the nations that dwell upon the face of the earth—to that Being whom their friend served, and whom he loved—to that Being let them devoutly and reverently render their thanks, that, after many perils, and trials, and sorrows, their friend was now among them in safety and in peace. (Great cheering.) They rejoiced to see in him an unchanged man—as devoted as ever to the cause of the slave—with energies strengthened rather than impaired, resolutions deepened and hallowed, every year having witnessed him more deeply baptised into the spirit of Him who came to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that were bound. (Great cheering.) But while they welcomed their friend among them, they must not forget to refer his preservation to that Being who delivered him in the time of his extremity, and who enabled him to exclaim—"Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." (Cheers.) It was not his intention to pronounce any premeditated eulogy on the character of their friend. Were he absent he would have been more ready to attempt the task of doing justice to his character. It was, however, needless; not one word was necessary from his lips to commend to their hearts his beloved brother. They would allow him, however, to remind them in one brief sentence of the history of their friend. It was now more than 10 years since Mr. Garrison consecrated himself to the cause of immediate and universal emancipation—since he first addressed his own countrymen on the sin of slavery, and the duty of the nation to break the fetters of the bondsman, and to blow the trumpet of jubilee over all the land. Even before their friend had taken this high ground, from which he had never been driven, he was the friend of the slave—the industrious and devoted friend of the slave;—even before he came to us an advocate of immediate and

unconditional emancipation, he was labouring, to the extent of his knowledge and convictions, in the cause of the oppressed in his own land; and before he took the stand to which he had referred, he had the honour of being tried, convicted, and condemned, and cast into a dungeon in a slave-holding state, for having advocated the cause of the oppressed. (Cheers.) It was while he lay in his cell at Baltimore that he saw, with anointed eyes, the divinity of the doctrine, that it was safer to do right than wrong, and that sin should be abandoned at once and for ever, leaving the consequences of that abandonment of sin to that God who had prohibited all sin. It was while in his dungeon that this doctrine entered into his mind, and, on issuing from it, he hesitated not to proclaim himself a convert to the great principle of immediate and unconditional emancipation. (Loud cheering.) On the 1st of January, 1831, their friend became publisher and editor of a newspaper, called the *Liberator*. That paper, on the first day of its publication, had not a single subscriber—no joint-stock company originated it—no wealthy friends, no long list of contributors lent it their aid—he might say, in the language of Shakspeare, "Alone I did it." With the exception of one friend, who merely assisted in doing the ordinary business, he was alone in sending that sheet over the world, from week to week, to advocate the great doctrine he had imbibed. That paper still lived, and had perhaps performed, under the blessing of God, greater wonders, had done more to effect a change in public sentiment, and to revolutionise the feelings and opinions of the people in the United States, than any other journal ever published since the introduction of the art of printing. (Hear.) When this paper commenced, there were no anti-slavery societies in the United States. There were societies for the benefit of the coloured population, but no society founded on the great principle advocated by Mr. Garrison. The sympathies of the people of the United States, their influence, their wealth, and religion, were all given to a society very opposite to that afterwards formed, and whose branches had extended themselves over the length and breadth of all the free states of America; it was the American Colonisation Society, now for all practical purposes defunct, while the latter society, viz. the Anti-Slavery Society, was in active operation, with from two to three thousand auxiliaries. (Loud cheers.) That paper still lived, its editor still lived—nine years had elapsed since it was first issued, and, though rewards had been offered for his head, though in his own city a mob of 5000 people of property and wealth led him off to be executed—though he had been persecuted, and reviled, and defamed, both the *Liberator* and its editor still survived—(Cheers)—the mind that gave that paper birth, and the mind that formed the transcript of its print, was before them now to be welcomed to their warmest affections. (Cheers.) With regard to their other friends who were present, he must be permitted to say a word of them. The gentleman who sat on the left of the chair was his esteemed friend, Mr. Rogers, from the State of New Hampshire, the Granite State, as it was called, from the quantities of that rock with which it abounded. When he was in the United States it was his privilege to visit the town in which his friend then resided. He was a counsellor at the American bar, but still more the devoted and unbought advocate of the Negro than the professional advocate of those who submitted their cause into his hands. He was met by Mr. Rogers at the door of the stage, on his arrival in the town, and was received with affection and kindness, and cherished during the whole of the time he remained there, and had since received tokens of his continued friendship. Their friend had relinquished his profession, in order that he might

be the more entirely devoted to the cause of the slave in America. He had gone to reside in Concord, the capital of the state, where he (Mr. T.) had the honour of being hunted by a furious mob, was burned in effigy, and driven from it by the majesty of the people for his Republican sentiments. (Cheers and laughter.) His friend had come here recommended and accredited by the American Anti-Slavery Society; he was about to remove from the City of Concord, where his family now resided, to take charge of a National anti-slavery paper, published in the City of New York. He could say much more of Mr. Rogers, but by and bye he would speak for himself, and then all recommendations would be found unnecessary. Their friend who sat next to him, and whose Colour was a sufficient recommendation to him, he had the pleasure of meeting in the City of Boston. Along with the other gentlemen, he was a delegate from the American Anti-Slavery Society, but he came as the representative of the Coloured population of the United States. (Cheers.) He was already prepossessed in favour of this city, in consequence of being the friend of James M'Cune Smith, whom they had the pleasure of hearing within these walls, and who was now resident in the city of New York. He had heard of Glasgow, and its University, and its Emancipation Society, and of the tenderness and affection with which his friend had been treated; he no doubt had looked forward to a kind reception; and he was confident he would not be mistaken—or, if mistaken at all, that it would be as to the cordiality with which they received one of that complexion for whom they sympathised so deeply. (Cheers.) Mr. T. then introduced the name of Mr. Adam, who had received him in America with a cordiality which he would ever remember; and proceeded—Having said so much with the view of making their friends known to the meeting, he would again express his thankfulness at seeing among them the person of his thrice beloved friend, William Lloyd Garrison. It was a privilege he often desired, and yet scarcely ventured to hope he would ever enjoy. His eyes, however, beheld him once again, perhaps for the last time—for he knew there was as much danger awaiting him across the Atlantic as ever. After he last visited this country, he was attacked by a mob in New York, who clamoured and thirsted for his blood. Since then, he had been led about Boston with a halter round his neck and within a hair's-breadth of losing his life, and many dangers and difficulties he had been called upon to encounter. All the political parties were opposed to him; and here he must state, that, among the enemies of the cause, he had now to mention the most illustrious man in America—the man who stood highest by the solidity of his acquirements, and by the splendour of his eloquence—who was the defender of the Constitution—and the very model of intellectual strength and symmetry—that man who had not committed himself against the Anti-Slavery cause, and with respect to whom the hope was fondly entertained that he would come forth the friend of the slave—that man, Daniel Webster, had declared himself, in a company of slave-holders in Virginia, the enemy of the emancipation cause—for better for worse, through life and till death, the defender of the institution of slavery in America. (Hear, hear.) But did their friend quail before the storm, or start back at the gathering cloud? Did he wish to remain here, and travel from town to town, and from county to county, from England to Scotland, and from Scotland back again to England, that he might hear the plaudits and delight himself in the expressions of love and affection that were showered upon him? No. Already he was impatient to be gone. With difficulty had he been induced to come among them by the most urgent solicitations, that they might have an opportunity of greeting him on that occasion.

He had come among them, and they hailed him; but let them not forget his dangers. The greatest boon they could confer upon him would be to sustain him for the future—to bear him in their hearts and in their prayers—and to exert themselves to promote, by all the influence they possessed, that cause in which he and his brethren at home were labouring. Mr. T. sat down amid loud cheering.

Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison then rose amid the most enthusiastic cheering, and waving of handkerchiefs, to address the meeting. On the applause subsiding, he said he rose with a bosom filled with the deepest emotions, and he appealed to the sympathy and the indulgence of the assembly. When he remembered where he was—in glorious, heroic, world-famous Scotland—in the city of Glasgow—in that noble chapel—he was overwhelmed with emotions. He felt himself utterly unfitted to address them after the eulogy which had been passed upon him by his beloved friend George Thompson. He wished, for his sake, he had spared him the pain of listening to it. (Loud cheers.) He thought he could receive unshrinkingly the rotten eggs and brick-bats of a mob, but he could not receive such a eulogium as he had been compelled to listen to. (Cheers and laughter.) He knew not why he should receive the special praise of any man; yet he seemed in this country to be an object of peculiar curiosity. It made him ashamed of his own country, to think that, because he had the humanity not to join hands with the oppressors of his fellow men, that therefore when he was abroad he must be regarded as a prodigy among Americans. (Cries of "Hear, hear.") In his own country he was also a great curiosity—(laughter)—but then it was for very different reasons. He was there regarded as a huge misshapen monster, with three heads and twice as many horns. (Continued laughter.) Now, why it was he had thus excited the imaginations, and raised the horror of the Americans, was to him inexplicable. (Renewed cheers and laughter.) He felt sensations of awe and delight in standing where so many eloquent and uncompromising advocates of emancipation had stood before. If there was any one building in Scotland, or in Great Britain, which his eyes had desired to see more than all others, it was that Chapel. Having the curiosity of a stranger on their shores, he had visited Melrose Abbey, and Dryburgh Abbey, and Abbotsford, with Tynemouth and Jedburgh Abbeys, and also York Minster, and St. Paul's, besides other buildings of note, but he could truly say, that, great as had been his admiration in looking at them, he would rather see that chapel, than them all put together; and he would venture to predict that the time was coming when, if that building should be suffered to stand till time had done its work upon it, there would be no ruins so venerable as the ruins which it would exhibit to the world.—And why did he say this? It was because there were no associations connected with those other buildings like those that clustered around this. (Cheers.) Here was the arena on which were fought the battles of liberty and slavery; here the monster slavery had been grappled with, and throttled, and put to the death; and here was gained the victory which caused, and would still cause, the shouts of ransomed millions to go up to Heaven, and to peal round the universe. (Great cheering.) And, then, this had been a remarkable place for discussion. He supposed it was not the first time they had seen George Thompson standing before them in opposition to the most determined advocates of perpetual slavery. (Cheers.) He did not know what had become of Peter Borthwick; perhaps they did—(Laughter)—but he knew what had become of West India slavery—(Loud cheering)—and he knew what

had become of Robert J. Breckenridge. He knew although he had endeavoured to shield the American churches from condemnation, all his efforts were vain; that here he had testified that which was not true—and that he was recreantas a man, an American, and a Christian. (Hear.) He was introduced by the Chairman as having nobly emancipated his slaves—the people of Glasgow supposed that to be the fact; but it was not then, and is not now the fact—he has not emancipated his slaves. (Hear, hear.)

The CHAIRMAN here stated that he had, on the occasion referred to, intimated from the chair what he believed to be true, that Mr. Breckenridge had emancipated his slaves, and the intimation stood, shame to him, uncontradicted by Mr. Breckenridge. (Hear.)

Mr. GARRISON resumed. He had got a copy of the speeches published during the debate referred to, and it was his intention to have made a few notes on some of the mistatements brought forward by Mr. Breckenridge; but, on looking over the pamphlet, he found there would be no end to it, as there was scarcely a sentence or assertion, in the speeches of Mr. Breckenridge, that was not at variance with truth. (Hear.) He was sorry to say this of that man, who was a minister of the Gospel; but they had strange people in America, who called themselves ministers of the Gospel—many of them wolves in sheep's clothing. Among other things, Mr. Breckenridge had stated, that he (Mr. G.) had endeavoured to stir up a mob against him when he came to Boston, by having published something against him in the *Liberator*, and in a placard. (Hear, hear.) He knew nothing of the placard;—and he did not suppose that Mr. Breckenridge believed any thing he had then stated; but he dared to say the audience saw that, at the time, he was in a difficult position, from being pressed with the arguments of his opponent; he knew that he (Mr. G.) stood in their estimation as a friend to the slave, and, by attacking him, he hoped to get the better of Mr. Thompson. (Hear.) It was rather curious that at the time he referred to, when he accused him of having attempted to get up a mob against him, the abolitionists were so few in Boston, that they were afraid of their own lives. There was nothing so palatable to the supporters of perpetual slavery as the American colonisation scheme. Why, what was the design of it? It was to get rid of the "niggers," as they called them—to ship out of the country every free coloured person, that the slaves might be held more securely in bondage, and that they might have no temptation to long for freedom, from the presence of free men of their own complexion around them. (Hear.) Mr. Breckenridge came to Boston to advocate that scheme so delicious to the people; and he had here stated that he (Mr. G.) wanted to get up a mob against him. But where was he to get the men to form the mob? The abolitionists were few in number, and they were all men of peace—(Hear, hear)—while the great mass of the people freely extended to Mr. B. the right hand of fellowship. (Shame.) And Mr. Breckenridge knew that his (Mr. G.'s) peace principles were leading him into great perils—that he was hooted and detested on account of his Peace principles, as much as for his Abolition principles. He held it to be a Christian duty not to resist evil, but to overcome evil by good, and he would not, to save the world, have recourse to any carnal weapon. These were his principles, right or wrong, and he had put them to the test. He could tell those who attempted to destroy him that he forgave them, that he only wanted to know them, to do them good, and would do them all the good in his power. (Cheering.) He had seen it announced in the placard calling the present meeting, that the celebrated Mr. Garrison would address them. This was rather a mis-

take; if the placard had been sent to his own country, it would have been corrected, and he would have been announced as "the notorious Garrison." (Laughter.) He had found out that there was a great difference between notoriety and popularity; he was a notorious man, but he was not a popular man in his own country. No matter; if he set a good example, he had no fears for his reputation in the end. (Loud cheers.) He was one of a party sent over to this country to attend what was to be called the World's Convention. What a glorious day! How terrible to the oppressor! How gladdening to the heart of every friend of humanity! He came, but he was not able to find the World's Convention. He found, indeed, an Anti-Slavery Society in London, and heard good speeches; but then it was not the meeting to which he was sent: for any Convention that would admit only one-half of the world, could not be the World's Convention. (Hear.) In America their platforms were broad enough to hold all classes and denominations, and both sexes; they wished to promote the cause of freedom, and they did not stop to ask any one who joined them what country he belonged to, or what were his politics. They asked if he held for the cause of emancipation, if he regarded the Negro as a man and a brother, and entitled to enfranchisement, and if that soul could respond to this, then they gave him the right hand of fellowship. (Cheers.) They had had the pleasure of seeing all classes, and all denominations, and sects, and both sexes, coming together, hand to hand, and heart to heart, enforcing the great doctrine of immediate emancipation. (Cheers.) In May last, the meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held in New-York, and, rejoicing in the proposal of the World's Convention, they deputed certain delegates to represent the Society. Among the number were certain Women, honourable Women, capable of adorning any situation in life, and of highly gifted intellect—some who had gone through evil report and good report in support of this cause, and risked every thing to promote the great object of emancipation. He would not stop now to ask if they had acted judiciously in appointing these delegates; he only stated the fact; and he did so, as this was the only public opportunity they would have of explaining in this country why they did not take their seats in the Convention in London. On reaching London they found that the Convention had been assembled for a week; consequently they had no opportunity of discussing the organisation of the Society; it had been decided by a large majority that the Women delegates should not be allowed to sit in that Convention. Now they felt that they were permitted to go into the Convention because they were men, while the other delegates were excluded because they were Women, and they felt that they could not properly represent the American Society if they went in, and those Female delegates who were sent along with them were excluded; consequently they took their seats in the gallery, approving of the proceedings so far as they were anti-slavery, but taking no part in them. This was our ground: that, as the Convention was a delegates Convention, no one part of the delegates had liberty to exclude the other; there were delegates from this country, England, France, and the United States; of course they were all entitled to appear on the same footing, and had all the same authority—therefore, for one party to exclude the other, not because they were not thorough going abolitionists, but because of other things, was a course which could not be approved of by the true friends of liberty. (Hear, hear.) They felt again that by acknowledging any of the American delegates the Convention acknowledged them all; and, when any of such delegation was excluded, an affront was thrown

upon those who sent them; he therefore held, for these reasons, that there had not been any meeting of the World's Convention. He held a letter in his hand from one who had been highly honoured in this country in opposing slavery throughout the world—and that man was Daniel O'Connell. (Cheers and some hissing.) He perceived there were some in the Chapel who did not like to hear the name of Daniel O'Connell. (Cheers and hissing.) He must say these persons never were abolitionists. He was only speaking of Mr. O'Connell as an abolitionist; he had nothing to do with the politics of this country, and he had no desire to take any part in them; but he was speaking honourably of Mr. O'Connell, as a true hearted abolitionist; and, if any man could find that O'Connell had been recreant to the cause of the slave, then he would sit down and wait till he brought forward his evidence.—(Cheers.) The letter was addressed by Mr. O'Connell to Lucretia Mott, in answer to one she addressed to him, requesting his views upon the subject of the exclusion of the female delegates. [Mr. G. here read the letter, which contained a long explanation of Mr. O'Connell's views on the subject, which were decidedly favourable to the admission of the female delegates.] Mr. G. then proceeded. It had been said that it would be contrary to British usage and custom to admit female delegates from America. As an abolitionist he had just to say, that the warfare which the abolitionists were waging, both in his own country and in this, was a warfare against usage and custom—(continued cheering)—and, if they were to be deterred by such an objection, he humbly conceived that they ought to array themselves on the side of the pro-slavery system. (Cheers.) Usage and custom! why, it was usage and custom in his country that made a slave of every sixth person in the land as soon as born; it was the usage to trample under foot the free people of colour, and to hate them with a perfect hatred. They held that the distinction made between the black and the white was an ordinance of Providence, and that it ought not to be changed. The abolitionists thought this a very bad reason, and wished to abolish the usage and custom that engendered such a notion. If they were not to alter anything that was become customary, they might as well go back to the dark ages again. Since he came to this country he had seen woman labouring and toiling in the fields in a manner he did not like, and he had seen her engaged at labour which he thought she ought not to be called on to perform—breaking stones even on the public highway —in the brick-yard working with the clay, and bearing heavy and grievous burdens upon her back. He saw none of these things in his own country except in the slave states. (Great cheering.) And was this allowed here, and yet the doctrine refused that she should not be allowed to lift her voice for the emancipation of millions. (Continued cheering.) "When woman's heart is bleeding, shall woman's voice be hushed?" (Loud cheers.) He would appeal to a father or a mother. If his wife and little ones were held in the bonds of slavery, would he not bless God for every voice that might be lifted up for their deliverance? (Cheers.) To whom were they indebted for the abolition of West India slavery? Not to Buxton or Wilberforce—for, though these men laboured to abolish slavery, they began at the wrong end. It was the great doctrine of immediate emancipation—and who gave that doctrine to the world? Who but a woman of England—Elizabeth Heyrick? One other remark on this point. Whenever painters, sculptors, and poets wished to represent liberty, they always represented her in a Female form; it was the goddess of liberty—and the goddess of liberty, in the form of Woman, came to her own, and her own received her not. He hoped that he would be pardoned for

saying the World's Convention was yet to be held. Oh, it will be a glorious convention! (Cheering.) Yes, when we forget all but the cause of our common humanity—when, willing to go forth upon the great truth that the freedom of the soul should be like the free air of heaven, it will not be a mere negro anti-slavery convention, as such—the world's convention will be against slavery in every form—it will be the glorious emancipation of all of every clime throughout the world. (Great cheering.) He would now turn to the United States for a few moments. He felt a difficulty in addressing an audience like the present on a subject such as this, because, to use a homely phrase, it was like carrying coals to Newcastle. (Laughter.) He had been at Newcastle lately, and now understood fully the meaning of that expression. Their minds were all made up as to the evil of slavery. It was different in his own country, where they had to use all their metaphysics, and their talents and eloquence, to bring the matter home to the minds of Republicans and Christians, and to prove that the negro, being a man, had a right to instant freedom; so that, in speaking to an audience like the present, he found all his usual elements for forming a speech taken away. He then went on to describe the nature of American slavery, and observed that it was not in the South only that slavery existed. The system was there in form, but they had slaveholders all over the states, and a great amount of slave property was held in every state in the Union. Slavery had poisoned the life-blood of the nation; there was nothing that was not contaminated by the system. The consequence was, that all sects and all parties had agreed to bow down before this omnipresent and omnipotent power, so that it was a dangerous thing for any man to stand forward and assert the right of the slave to freedom. The political parties had made it their leading question; and, now that the time was at hand to appoint the President—whether Van Buren or Harrison—both parties were doing every thing that could be done to put down the abolition cause, in order thereby to secure votes for their candidates. But the most melancholy part of the history was, not that political parties were opposed to the cause of abolition—for they could not be expected to go in advance of the clergy and the Christian churches. (Hear, hear.) The abolitionists had a perfect right, according to the profession of those who had taken on them the name of Christ, to demand that they should go forward in the good cause; but where was the American Church that was on the side of humanity? Was the Church cheering on the little band of abolitionists? Oh, no; the most deadly enemy of the abolitionist cause was the American Church—(Hear)—it had no flesh in its obdurate heart. Oh, none whatever. All denominations were included; they would give no countenance to a movement, having for its object the cause of religion and humanity. They took the ground that slavery was justifiable, that necessity demanded it—that, on the whole, it was not anti-Christian, and they brought scripture to prove that it was right to hold human beings in slavery. They hated the doctrine of emancipation. Many, who affected to be the friends of emancipation, were for gradualism. All present knew what gradualism was—it meant the emancipation of the slave somehow or other, half-way between this time and never. (Laughter.) Not to-morrow, nor next day—nor next year—but, gradually, sometime or other before the day of judgment. (Laughter.) But when he said this in sorrow against the Christian Church, he did not wish to be understood as saying that all individuals and churches, or Synods, were opposed to their cause. Thanks be to God there were men who loved the abolition cause; but they were hated and denounced as the disturbers of the peace, and attempts were mak-

ing to bring them under the discipline of the Church, and cast them out. (Hear.) Last year, the Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia came to the conclusion that, as they had no judicial or legislative voice as to the emancipation of the slaves, therefore they would not lift their voice in the matter; but they had judicial and legislative power enough to libel those who held abolitionist views. The Baptists were no better; and the Methodists, if possible, were worse than all. A few weeks ago, the Methodist Conference met at Baltimore, and agreed that they could not abolish slavery. Oh, no; but they could denounce that most wicked of all associations, the American Anti-Slavery Society; and enact that it would be dangerous to allow people of colour to give testimony against white members in cases of discipline. (Hear, hear, hear.) Yes; taking in persons of colour as members of Christ's Church, and as enlightened by his spirit, they would not allow them, because they had "a skin not coloured like their own," to give evidence in the case of a white man. (Hear, hear.) On the subject of prejudice, he begged to remark how truly ignorant the people of this country were. When he was last in England, he was greatly delighted by a circumstance that occurred to himself in Liverpool. He went to Dr. Raffles's church, and was put into an empty pew by the person in attendance, whose duty it was. In a few minutes the same officer introduced a Coloured man with the same politeness which he had shown to himself, and placed him beside him in the pew. He thought this exceedingly good: but his delight was still greater, when, in a short time, the same individual put some fashionably-dressed ladies into the pew along with him and the coloured man: and nothing seemed to be thought about the matter. (Cheers.) Now, when he told them that if such an occurrence took place in his country, the whole congregation would be horror struck, and thrown into commotion—(Laughter)—and that the greatest confusion would ensue, and the coloured man be thrust out, he would give them some idea of the prejudices of Americans against people of colour. (Hear.) American society regarded the coloured man as not fit to be associated with; though an angel in intellect, and in character blameless, no matter, if he had one drop of African blood in his veins, he was branded as an outcast. No matter where you go, you find the coloured man is the victim of all kinds of insult and contumely. There were some, who called themselves abolitionists even, who were not yet able to brave public opinion on such a subject. If they saw a coloured man coming they were glad to get out of the way, lest they should be seen holding converse with him; but these were not reckoned real abolitionists. "All are not Israel who are of Israel." All abolitionists endeavoured to carry out their principles, and, in doing so, they came in for a full share of abuse, and were placed on the same footing with the negroes, for that was the phrase of American Christians. He was greatly pleased to see his friend Remond in the gallery, at one of the late meetings in London, when a lady came in, and took her seat beside him, and began to speak with him. He had the curiosity to ask who this lady was, and was told that it was Lady Byron, the wife of Lord Byron. He immediately said to himself, that would be a good fact to carry over to the proud Republicans, that the wife of Lord Byron was not ashamed to sit by the side of a black man. (Cheers.) Then yesterday (Sunday) he came to that chapel to hear their respected friend the Chairman, and had the happiness to sit by the side of his friend Remond; but he saw no consternation among the people—there was no appearance of horror, or anything of that kind—nobody seemed to observe he was there—and he thought that all were just as safe and comfortable as before;—but they would

have the same in their own country by and bye. (Cheering.) He was glad of the exhibitions of this kind he had seen in this country for another cause; they serve to do away with the libel thrown on the character of God. It was an axiom with the opposers of abolition that God had made a distinction between the classes of people, and that we must hate them when we meet them. This was Christian doctrine in America. Well, if it was so that God had so made his creatures that in seeing each other they could not dwell together in unity, but must hate each other, then, he must say, and he said it reverently, that he was not the God of the Bible, that he was not a God of love or justice, but a tyrant; and that, in requiring us to love one another for Christ's sake as brethren, and yet making us to hate one another, he was not fit to conduct the affairs of the Universe. (Cries of "Hear, hear.") But, again, if this prejudice arises from the colour of a man's skin, then the coloured man must be hated wherever he was found—you must hate him in Scotland; but it was not true that prejudice had any thing to do with the colour of the skin—all the colour did was to mark the victim—just as in the days of their pilgrim fathers, when they persecuted the Quakers—the drab coat and broad brimmed hat did not create the prejudices against the Quakers—it was their principles, not the peculiarities of their dress, that they hated—and the drab coat and broad brimmed hat only served to mark out their victim—so did the colour mark out the victim in the case of the coloured man. Abolish slavery, and in good time the prejudice would be swept away. It was only when the coloured man was respectable, and well educated, and had got self-respect, and "given the world assurance of a man," it was then only that he was hated; but, oh, when he came in a servile condition, when he cleaned their boots or tilled their fields, then how they loved him and respected him—there was nothing offensive about him—(laughter)—and if he should take to his legs and run away, the slaveholder had such a love for him that he ran after him—and when he could not run fast enough, sent blood-hounds after him, and he was brought back, and placed again alongside of those men who were made to hate the "Nigger." Oh such hypocricy! Such "fantastic tricks played before high Heaven would make the very angels weep." Oh these dastardly Republicans and Christians! He did not acknowledge them to be Republicans and Christians; so long as a Church held that there was right in slavery it was an anti-christian Church, and not a Church of Christ.—(Cheering.)—What would the Churches of Scotland do to aid us? They could send out their remonstrances, and their entreaties to the Churches of America. Let them not be afraid that they would not be read. A highly-valued friend had stated to him that there was great difficulty in getting documents circulated in the slave-holding States. These documents might not be seen by them in the slave-holding States, but there was little difficulty about it; rest assured there was nothing said or written against the slave system that did not go over the whole country, from one end of it to the other. (Long continued cheering.) The great dome of Heaven was one great whispering gallery; and only speak in a whisper the words "immediate emancipation for the slave!" and it goes abroad, and is heard in thunders upon the ears of the oppressors. (Cheers.) Let all use their endeavours, and, in his own time, God, in his providence, would bring relief. They looked to the moral power of the States to abolish the system; and they did not go to the slave-holding States, because the moral power they wanted to work out the great change was not to be found there; it was in the free States only that the moral power which could effect the demolition of the system of slavery was to be acted upon.

The slave-holding States threatened disunion, but they could not live 24 hours without the free States. (Cheers.) As an anti-slavery woman remarked, it was like the threat of the town poor to leave the town. (Laughter.) The moral power, he repeated, lay in the free States, but unhappily it had gone over to slavery, and they were endeavouring to reclaim it. Seven years ago they had only one or two societies in the country—now they had from two thousand to three thousand, and, during the last three years, they had gone on increasing in the multiplication of their societies at the rate of one society every day. After referring to the powerful opposition they had to contend with, he again called upon them to send out their remonstrances. Oh, the thrilling effect which was produced by the remonstrance from the Vale of Leven, when it was unrolled and thrown over among the people, at the annual meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in New York. These things appalled the pro-slavery party, and cheered the hearts of the abolitionists. Would they not then do this thing for their brethren in America? He asked them, in the name of humanity, would they cease doing it when it was so easily done? (Cheers.) He called upon them, when Americans came over to this country, to put them through the fiery ordeal. Examine them well, and do not let them gull you. He was sorry to say some had come over and passed themselves off for abolitionists; but, when they were in America, they were dumb dogs who could not bark, and who never gave them the right hand of fellowship. It was easy to discover the marks of an abolitionist, if examined with skill. Try them on the question of prejudice—as to how a man of colour should be treated, for example—and, if the individual be an insincere abolitionist, he will be detected at once. The hon. gentleman then proceeded to read a small hand-bill which had been extensively circulated at the door of the church, headed, "Have we no white slaves?" and calling upon the friends of abolition, while agitating for the relief of the negroes, not to forget the thousands who were perishing at home for want of food. After reading the bill, amid considerable cheering, Mr. G. put the question, "Have we no white slaves?" There were thousands in misery at home; but he would say emphatically No! to the question, were there no white slaves? In all Britain, and in all her dependencies, there was not such a being known as a white slave. He asked whether, in all Britain or her dependencies, there was one man who could make a beast of burden of his brother, and could use him as he would do his goods and chattels—send him to the shambles, and take his wife and children, and sell them without remorse? No. There were then no white slaves; but, then, were there not thousands who were famishing for bread, and who demanded the sympathies of all good men and abolitionists? (Cheers.) He said yes; but there should be a distinction between oppression and slavery. A man might be oppressed—he might be unable to get food—he might see his wife and children pining for want of bread; but then he could enjoy the free air of heaven—he could use the means to obtain bread, and might raise himself in society, and place himself above want; such a man was to be envied, in comparison with the man who was pressed down by slavery, manacled, and branded with hot irons—and who could have no wife and children around him—the distinction was wide as heaven from earth, between oppression and slavery; but he would say that the abolitionists who were not the enemies of oppression, could never, in the nature of things, be the enemies of slavery. (Cheers.) The greater must, of necessity, include the less; and if they wanted to prove themselves the friends of humanity abroad, they must do so by showing themselves the best friends of suffering humanity at

home. (Great cheering.) He was not here going into the causes of the lamentable state of things in this country. His heart had bled for what he had witnessed; and he sympathised with all who had no bread to eat; they were flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bone, and he would coin his blood into bread, if he could, to relieve their wants; they would hear from him on the other side of the Atlantic, and he would invoke the friends of God and man to come up to them for their relief. (Cheers.) Mr. G. then went on to show that, undoubtedly, one cause of the sufferings of the poor in this country was the prevalence of intemperance, and recommended a total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. After dwelling at some length on this topic, he proceeded to speak of the abundance he had seen every where in this country. What a wonderful country we had got! there was abundance every where, and yet thousands starving. (Cheers.) Oh, my God, what is the cause of all this. Is Christianity here? (No, no.) Are there bowels of mercy here? Are the abolitionists sympathising with the people? (No, no, and Yes, yes.) He was sorry if they were not; he could assure them American abolitionists did. There might perhaps be some manufacturers who oppressed the poor, but, in point of fact, they were in a bad state themselves; the evil was produced by a bad state of society—(Cheers.)—"The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." A radical cure was wanted; let them look then into the cause of all their evils, and, when it was discovered, take the axe of reform, and vigorously lay it at the root of the matter. (Great cheering.) He would now say one word for his friend George Thompson. He was going to say a word in his favour, but he had so covered him up with eulogy that he was afraid to say any thing, lest it might be supposed there was a bargain between them. No adequate idea could be formed of the fidelity with which Mr. Thompson espoused the Anti-Slavery cause in America; for it was impossible to give them any just idea of the amount of moral courage and self-sacrifice that was necessary in that country. When they knew how he (Mr. G.) had been treated, they might easily suppose how much a man was to be honoured who came there from a foreign shore to plead the cause of the slave; and the way in which he performed his duty in America could not but make them still more appreciate his character, and serve to continue, unabated, their confidence in him. (Loud cheers, and cries of "Hear, hear.") They should remember that during the last six years all the delegates who were sent over to America, had proved recreant to the cause of the slave on touching the soil of that country—all had bowed the knee to Baal, and would have nothing to do with the cause of abolition, but went over to that of colonisation. (Hear.) It could easily be conceived how such treachery affected them. They thought, as a matter of course, that the English abolitionists, who had thundered so much in their own country, would at least have whispered to them—but not a whisper was heard. There was, however, one who, even in the zenith of his popularity, when going throughout the land conquering and to conquer, with flowers strewed every where in his path, who could leave his country, and become one of the hated, hunted, little band of abolitionists in America. (Cheers.) Oh! was there ever a sublimer case of devotion to the cause of humanity and religion. Everything was done to seduce him from the path he had chosen; attempts were made by the rich and powerful to represent the abolitionists as a poor and despised set of men, and no efforts were wanting to draw him over to the ranks of the enemy; but he chose rather to suffer affliction with the despised friends of abolition, than to enjoy ease and comfort with the oppressors of the slave. (Loud cheering.) He left their country, but not

voluntariiy did he leave it: he never once said it is time to return home—mobs are rising against me, and I think I had better retire from the contest. Never. It was only by the earnest advice and solicitations of American abolitionists that he was induced to leave the struggle; they felt that the time was not yet come when he should lay down his life with them—they knew he had a work to perform at home, and they persuaded him to leave their shore. He had devoted himself to the extinction of the apprenticeship system in your own colonies, and, victory having crowned his efforts, West India slavery had been abolished. And now what was he doing? He was putting on his armour for a still greater conflict—to raise up those who were living under oppression by British power in the East; and he asked if the abolitionists were prepared to go along with him in this great work? (Cheers.) There were in the East Indies at least one million of slaves held by the British Government, or by their connivance, and 150 millions of the natives of India were horribly oppressed, starving in abundance, and carried off every three or four years in millions. Was this not something to seek a remedy for, and would they not cheer on their champion in so glorious a cause? (Loud cheers.) Mr. G. then went on to show the importance of removing the evils that pressed upon India. Britain, he contended, could supply herself with cotton from India more permanently than from America, and, by thus benefitting herself, would be adopting a certain mode of abolishing slavery in the United States. The American slave-holder lived by cotton—take away his cotton, and he died. The hon. gentleman, after enforcing this view by several observations, sat down amid loud and long-continued cheering.

Mr. ROGERS, another American gentleman, next addressed the meeting. After a few sentences by way of excuse for not making a speech, after all they had heard, he said he just rose to thank them, as one of the delegation from America, for the kindly feeling with which they had been received. He thanked them on behalf of the American Society who sent him; he thanked them in the name of three millions of slaves in his country, who had no means of thanking them for themselves. He felt he had been received so kindly not because of any merits of his own, but because he was an American abolitionist, and he would do little more than thank them, as he was quite unprepared. He had been in Scotland but a few days, having passed the Scottish border only on Tuesday, though he had often passed it in fancy. He had read our poets, and longed to plant his foot on the soil of Scotland, covered all over as it was with classic recollections. (Cheers.) The people of this country knew nothing of American slavery—whatever they might suffer—whatever of human calamity might be in the path of any of them, they knew nothing of human slavery—God send they might never know anything of it, unless they chose to go over to America to help them to put it down. There were three millions of slaves in the land of liberty—for such he claimed it to be; they had liberty in their country; he came not here to asperse her free institutions, for they had free institutions, though they were in some respects clouded;—the system of slavery was not American—it was not Republicanism—it belonged not to them alone. (Hear.) When they said in America that it was a self-evident truth that all men were entitled to freedom, they never could get quit of it. That was the principle on which their forefathers maintained the war with this country; they held that none could take their liberty from them—that they could not give it away themselves—and yet there were three millions of slaves in America! But slavery, he contended, was not a matter of American Republicanism—it was not matter of American law, nor of the American constitution. It was the creature of,

and sustained by, the wicked feeling of the American people, unrebuked by the sentiment of the civilised world. The American declaration of independence was part of the law of the land; it was as true and as legal now as in the days of their fathers, that all men are created free and equal, and have certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, property, and the pursuit of happiness—that was the law of their land, and the constitution of their Government. (Cheers.) It was declared that no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, —without indictment, and trial and conviction. There was not a single law in one of the States that authorised the enslaving of any man; the constitution of the slave states was as anti-slavery as the free states. The evil of slavery having its origin and its continuance in the wicked feeling of the people, and not in the law or constitution, it must be corrected by the public sentiment, by the public sentiment of America, and of other countries—Christendom ought to put it down. (Loud cheers.) Christendom went to Africa and hunted the poor negroes as if it were the Chevy Chase of the whole world. Great Britain, to be sure, had set her West India slaves free, and had declared the slave trade illegal, and so had America with regard to the latter point. He would not praise Britain for having abolished slavery in the West Indies, for they ought to have done it long ago, and it was a shame that they should have plundered the people of twenty millions for such a purpose. (Cheers.) They plundered the hard working people of twenty millions to pay the slave-holder as much as they could, when they saw they could retain the whole for him no longer. (Cheers.) Slavery was not to be abolished by acts of Parliament or acts of Congress; for these Parliaments and these Congresses never acted till the people compelled them to act; they were merely the weather-cocks, to show how the wind blew, and when the people blew they were moved by the head and the tail too. (Cheers and laughter.) We, in America, must look to the people to abolish slavery, and you in Britain must look to the people too. Slavery could only be abolished by a popular reformation, from the Canada line to the Gulf of Mexico. (Cheers.) In the northern states, the farther they proceeded from the plantations, they found that they stood on better vantage-ground than in the south for prosecuting this great work; slave labour could not live in the northern states; it would be frozen to death by the severity of their winters, and free labour could not be wanted there; from this vantage-ground, then, they would proceed with the good work; the people of Great Britain stood on a more favourable ground still—being further from the influence of the monster. The free states of America were nearer the monster, for he breathed upon them, and his breath poisoned them; whereas the people of this country stood among the mountains and glens and beautiful lakes of Scotland, where they had no slaves. (Cheers.) Whatever troubles they might have, they were free of this; and they might speak over to the people of America, and to good purpose, on this subject—for the whole world was now open to them—the ocean was a sounding board on which they might speak, and be heard over the whole earth—Britain was, by its position, immediately connected with American slavery, and it was bound to raise its voice, as part of the public opinion of Christendom, to destroy this hated slavery. (Cheers.) By such agitation as William Lloyd Garrison had been carrying on—and he was just the man for such an agitation—the system of slavery must be destroyed, and the people of Britain ought to join in that agitation. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) There was now established a constant communication between the

two sides of the water—there could hardly be said to be a separation; and, as the steam communication improved, the ocean, instead of being a separation, would become just like your own Trongate and Argyle Street—and then you could no longer call us foreigners—it would be America all the way over. (Laughter.) He called upon them then to exercise public opinion in the advance of liberty in America, and who would have the right to complain? It was no interference with political matters; it was no interference with the American constitution or government, but it was an interference with the crime of Christendom located on the American side of the water. (Cheering.) He repeated that the agitation might go on as well in Britain as across the Atlantic. What though it came from Rob Roy's country, American slave-holders would hear of it. Had they got any newspapers in this country, and were they all enlisted on the side of liberty? (No, no.) Then if they were not for the people, he, as an editor, cried shame on the British press. (Cheers.) The press that was opposed to the cause of humanity ought not to receive the countenance of the people. Unless it spoke out for universal liberty, all support should be withdrawn from it. Tell them that types were not made but to spread abroad the truth, and that they would receive no countenance at the hand of any friend of liberty, unless they were the asserters of universal freedom. Were they engaged in the cause of party politics? Did the people want that? Were they engaged in the cause of sectarianism? Let those who wish for that pay for it; the people don't want that either. (Cheers.) They had presses in America also—Republican presses—but don't suppose that they were really so, for he spoke it in irony; the Republican press there refused to tell the people even that West India slavery was abolished. The democratic party, who were fighting only for the loaves and the fishes, never told, through their newspapers, that the people of this country had abolished slavery in the West Indies. If any paper was sent out from this country containing an article complaining that the negroes wont work for nothing, then they publish that, and this is perhaps the first intimation given of the abolition of slavery in the West Indies. (Hear, hear.) After dwelling farther upon this theme, Mr. R. proceeded to remark upon the opposition of the American Churches to the abolition cause, and the consequent censure which the abolitionists received at their hands. He referred to the refusal of a body of Presbyterian clergymen, as we understood, from all parts of the Union, refusing to hear Mr. Thompson, who had been invited to visit the town in which they were met. All sects were opposed to them. There was not, he observed, a free man in the States, but the abolitionists; and they were only in the way of getting freedom. He called on the people of Scotland to come and help them, as members of the human family, as friends of the slave, and of humanity, in every part of the world. Mr. R. sat down amid loud cheering.

Mr. GARRISON again rose, and, in reference to Mr. Adam, and Mr. Remond, the man of colour, who were next to address the meeting, stated that but for the kindness of Mr. Adam, Mr. Remond would not have been permitted to sail with them in the same ship. He would not have been allowed to come over in a packet ship, not even in the steerage.* (Expressions of disgust.) And it was only by Mr. Adam, who agreed to sleep with him, taking one berth between them, that he got over in the same ship; but the malignity of the Mate was such, that, although they had chosen a

* It may be proper to state, that a passage would not have been refused to Mr. Remond—but had not Mr. Adam agreed to sleep with him he would have been charged *double fare*, in consequence of no one else being willing to share the berth with him;—the rule being, that in the Steerage each berth should contain two.

berth which enabled them to sleep together with some sort of comfort, he packed them in as closely as possible. (Cries of "Name the vessel.") He had been asked the name of the vessel. It was the Columbus packet ship. (Hear.) This noble man, Mr. Adam, who could thus trample all prejudices under his feet, was a Scotsman. (Cheers.) Many years ago he embarked from Paisley to our shores, and now he was regarded as one of ourselves. They saw how they disregarded all national distinctions in carrying out the abolition work; they acted on the principle that "a man's a man for a' that." They called him an American, and a genuine one he was, and he was also a genuine Scotsman. He could not refrain from expressing his gratification that their friend Doctor Wardlaw was that night placed in the Chair. His name was well known in America. Seven years ago, he recollected meeting their Chairman in the lobby of the House of Commons, when the slavery question was before the House, when he observed, "You see, Mr. Garrison, to use a Yankee phrase, that we are progressing." Well, you have progressed; and, oh! you see how we are progressing too. (Cheers.) In America, the abolitionists loved to dwell upon the names of their respected friends in this city; they loved to hear of your Wardlaws, your Heughs, your Sommervilles, your Smeals, and your Murrays. (Cheers.) All these, and many more, were honoured in America. He had formerly adverted to the sufferings which were felt in this country; and he wished just to add to his former remarks, that one of the greatest causes of the suffering was the existence of slavery in America. (Hear.) Their nation had had an unusual degree of prosperity; but they had been much given to speculation, and a re-action had taken place. The demand for the goods of Paisley and Sheffield and other towns was withheld, because they could not pay them; they had nothing to pay with, and the working men of this country necessarily felt the evil. He wished the working men of Scotland, therefore, to join Mr. Thompson, and those who acted with him, for the redemption of India, from which a more permanent supply of cotton could be obtained than from America. (Hear, hear.) It was the slave-holding system ever changing, ever shifting, that brought about those dreadful results every now and then, experienced both here and in America. (Hear.) He sympathised with all who strived to get unjust burdens removed, and he approved of all lawful means to do so. He beseeched those, however, who felt the pressure of these burdens, to proceed in getting them removed in a peaceable and moral way; then they never could be conquered; but, if they resorted to violence or brute force, the end would not only be terrible, but there would be no hope of redemption. (Cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN then introduced Mr. Remond, the man of Colour, to the meeting, when a truly affecting and interesting scene took place. The venerable Doctor rising from his seat, with evident emotion, thus addressed Mr. Remond:—I feel as a man, a Christian, and a Briton, the greatest pride in giving to you the right hand of fellowship—[taking him by the hand]—In the presence, and in the name and in behalf of this great assembly, I now declare that we enter our united protest against the execrable prejudice of which we have this night been hearing. I feel that there is no pollution in this touch—I cannot but remember, that the first Gentile who was baptised into the religion of Christ, was a Gentile of the same complexion with this man; and I do not read that, on that interesting occasion, the Evangelist felt there was pollution in the touch. During the delivery of these words, tears appeared to be streaming from the eyes of Mr. Remond; and the gentlemen on the platform stood up, as if to express their acquiescence in the protest of the Rev. Doctor, while at the conclusion the vast assem-

bly gave in their adhesion by simultaneous and reiterated shouts of approbation.

Mr. George Thompson then came forward, and stated that Mr. Remond had been for some days, and was still, suffering from indisposition, in consequence of which he was unable to address them at any length, and he requested for him the indulgence of the meeting. When their annual meeting was held, he perhaps would have recovered his strength, and they might expect a larger and more elaborate statement of his experience and views.

Mr. Remond, on coming forward, was received with immense cheering. He said he could truly state that he came from his bed to attend that great meeting, and he hoped this would be taken as a sufficient apology for asking to be excused from offering any remarks. He did so not only on the suggestion of his friend Thompson, but he did so from necessity, because he felt quite unable to stand there, and express his feelings on that occasion. (Cheers.) He might say that it was not necessary for him to have listened to the many demonstrations they had heard that evening of the unanimous feeling which pervaded the meeting in behalf of the oppressed in his country—it was not necessary for him to come there to know that the honoured pastor who occupied the Chair was the friend of the Coloured man—to know that in the city of Glasgow, and in the country of Scotland, there were hearts which beat in unison with those who advocated the cause of the coloured man beyond the Atlantic—he had learned it all before from his respected friend, James M'Cune Smith. (Cheers.) His friend Smith, after his arrival in this country, had expressed, in a letter to his mother, that, for the first time in his life, he felt he was a freeman; and in view of this fact it could not be necessary for him to witness the exhibition of that night. (Cheers.) That he was in favour of immediate emancipation he need not say. He was identified with the three millions of slaves in that country; and he need not tell them that 500,000 men of colour, who were nominally free, were condemned to suffer as part and parcel of the system, which, in a professedly Republican country, ground the coloured man to the dust. (Hear, hear.) He concluded that when the friends of freedom in this country investigated the principles involved in American slavery, their sentiments would necessarily be in unison with those of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. George Thompson had told them more than once that it was not the physical or the social condition of the slave that embodied the worst attribute of slavery, but that it was a principle not looked at by many individuals who had supposed themselves to be abolitionists for years. They learned that man, wherever they found him, and whatever might be his colour or physical conformation, was a being created "a little lower than the angels;" and they learned also that the coloured man was as much entitled to his recognition growing out of that principle—a principle involved in the American declaration of independence—as was any other branch of the human family.—(Great applause.) They found this great principle in the sacred volume; and, they called upon all men to follow the word of the Living God—"to undo the heavy burdens," and "to let the oppressed go free." Here Mr. Remond quoted an eloquent illustration of this principle from an able advocate of his own country. He then proceeded to observe that he had no wish to excite laughter on the present occasion, or he might give a few specimens of the language employed by the upholders of slavery; it was their tears, and entreaties, and remonstrances that were to effect the glorious consummation of American, as well as English and Scottish philanthropists, on this great question. (Cheers.) He would take his seat, hoping that the suggestions of his friends who had preceded him would not be forgotten by the Scottish people.

(Cheers.) He was frank to confess that he knew not what to say when he rose; but this much he had power to say, that he hoped still to see in behalf of American liberty the sympathy and co-operation of the citizens of Glasgow, and that they would never cease their efforts to put away oppression from among themselves, if any did exist; and then they might repeat the lines of the American poet—

While every flap of England's flag
Proclaims that all around are free,
From farthest Ind to each blue crag,
That beetles o'er the Western sea.
Yet, yet, we scoff at Europe's Kings,
While freedom's fire is dim with us,
And round our Country's altar clings
The damning shade of slavery's curse.
Go, let us ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat,
And beg the son of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliot.
Will not the scorching answer come,
From turban'd Turk and fiery Russ,
Go, loose your fetter'd slaves at home,
Then turn and ask the like of us.

Mr. Remond sat down amid loud cheering.

Mr. ADAM, another member of the delegation, was also received with great cheering. He stated that he was totally unprepared to address them, but, after the many eloquent speeches they had heard, any speech from him would be the less necessary. Perhaps, in the Providence of God, another opportunity would be given him at the annual meeting, when he would feel honoured in stating what he had seen and heard in America. He left this country for America about 20 years ago, expecting, like thousands of his countrymen, to meet there with true Republican liberty; but in this he was disappointed. After again begging to be excused, as well on account of the lateness of the hour, as his want of preparation, Mr. A. sat down amid applause.

The Rev. Mr. ANDERSON, of John Street, said, he was there to complain of a little piece of slavery having been exercised upon him; and when he felt the chain upon his neck, how he envied the friend upon his right! He (Mr. Garrison) came from a land where there was no corn-law, from a land of universal suffrage and vote by ballot—(cheers)—from a land where there were no state churches; and he answered for it, after the discussions of that night, his wife at least was not a slave—all was free that concerned the man. (Cheers.) He (Mr. A.) had an order of slavery from his friend Mr. Thompson—(laughter)—but, considering from whom it came, he could not complain—much less could he complain of the subject, for it was to speak of his friend Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and the other friends of humanity and freedom, who had accompanied him to their shores from America. (Cheering.) Let no one mistake the matter. They were Republicans politically, but, among us, they were nature's own nobility. (Great cheering.) They came from a land where there were no such castes as we recognise among ourselves; but we looked upon them as the aristocracy of man. (Great cheering.) He trusted there was no friend of the anti-slavery cause present would think he spoke extravagantly, when, speaking in name of that meeting, he said they were more honoured in being visited by them than by those who in this country held the noble distinction of title—by those Dukes, and those Earls, and Lords, who formed the aristocracy of the land. (Cheers.) They honoured them all, but they would allow him to speak one word specially in favour of Mr. Garrison. They loved

him as the brother of George Thompson. (Cheers.) They had often heard of him from his lips before; but, knowing the ardour of friendship that burned in Mr. Thompson's breast, they were ready to make allowances for the extravagance of his praise. But they had him before them that night, and they had found in him a kindred spirit of liberty, and a kindred eloquence. (Cheering.) Was he not warranted in giving the assurance of that meeting that, in their eyes, these men had that night redeemed their country as patriotic citizens, and had saved them from condemning the land from which they came? (Great cheering.) Like the few witnesses in Sodom, they had prevented the condemnation of America at the hands of their brethren here; and, oh! he would ask, was there not something yet to expect from America? was there not hope of her still, when such men as these were resident there? They had that night derived an animation to their principles, an encouragement to persevere with greater ardour in their cause, and they gave their American brethren not their sympathy only but their sacred promise that they would help them, by every means within their power, to go forward in the noble work. (Cheers.) They admired them, they loved their cause, and were willing to give them the help they required. (Cheers.) Let them prepare the way, and the people of Scotland were ready to send them a Knox to their aid. (Cheers.) When their forefathers found matters ripe in Scotland for the labours of John Knox, they sent for him to come from Geneva, telling him that he was needed, and that the way was prepared for him; and soon the cry was heard at Leith "John Knox is come." (Cheering.) Let their American brethren send over to Scotland the same message—let them say when they were ready—and, by the swiftest steamer, in fourteen and a-half days, their message would be answered, and on the pier of New York the cry would be heard "George Thompson's come." (Tremendous cheering.) The Rev. Gentleman then moved the first resolution, which included a vote of thanks to Mr. Garrison, and the other American delegates.

Resolved—That this Meeting most cordially welcomes to Scotland, and to the City of Glasgow, the devoted Champion of the cause of his "fellow-countrymen in chains," WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, and the other American Anti-Slavery Delegates, now present; and, at the same time, record their thanks to Almighty God for the preservation vouchsafed them, in the midst of the imminent dangers to which they have been exposed: That they rejoice in the advancing triumphs of the principles of impartial liberty in the United States, and renew to their Transatlantic Brethren and Sisters their pledge to co-operate with them, in every Christian measure for the overthrow of Slavery in America, and throughout the world.

The Rev. Mr. BREWSTER of Paisley need not say that he felt it to be a privilege, as well as a duty, and a gratification, to second the resolution they had now heard. Their friends, it seemed, had not been welcomed to the World's Convention; they had been excluded from that great meeting; but he rejoiced to say they had an opportunity of welcoming them there. (Cheers.) And he doubted not that, if their female companions had come along with them, they would have received also a hearty welcome.—(Cheers.) They would all have been glad to have had an opportunity of telling them that they counted it a privilege to have heard their voices in that great meeting, the inspiring voices of their female friends, the noble friends of humanity, and of the world.—(Cheers.) He would not pay that compliment to America which his friend had paid, well-merited, no doubt, as he intended it. He told them there was no aristocracy in America. Alas! There was an aristocracy—an aristocracy of colour—more hateful, more cruel,

nay, more unchristian, than the aristocracy of their own land, with all its Dukes, and Earls, and Baronets, and the other nick-names that, in the shape of titles, overspread the land. He rejoiced to see Garrison, and Rogers, and Remond, and Adam. He was ready to welcome them to his own town that day; and he had come there to listen again to their words, as the friends of the universal brotherhood of man. (Cheers.) Need he say how he rejoiced to hear them disclaim the brotherhood of those men, those abolitionists, as they called themselves, who could sympathise with the slave in the farthest corners of the world, but had no sympathy with the starving creatures at their own doors. (Cheers.) He rejoiced to hear such language, and to hear the reciprocations of rebuke from men who had come to tell them of slave-holding. They must admit that, in this country, they had white slaves, though certainly not such slaves as existed in America—they did not see their wives and their children chained by the neck—but they saw oppression, and suffering, and agony, arising from that oppression, scarcely less dreadful than the agony of the slave. (Cheers.) He, himself, had seen the infant dropping from its mother's empty breast for want of food —(Hear)—fathers and mothers looking on their children, and children on their parents, dying for want of the necessary nourishment; and could they, as men, as Christians, look upon these things without feeling it their duty, heart and hand, to relieve them. (Cheers.) He knew that the British white slave did not suffer as the American slave did. The latter could not lift his voice and tell his oppressors that he was insulted; he was gagged, and could not speak for his own freedom; but these apostles of freedom would speak for him, even at the peril of their lives; and they would come here and speak also for the oppressed men of Britain. (Loud cheering.) Mr. Brewster then proceeded to rebut the aspersions cast upon him by the religious press of the country, in asserting that he had recommended the people to arm. He had, on the contrary, recommended obedience to the law, however bad that law might be; they had the glorious right of free discussion—they had much freedom, and they knew how to use it; and, under these circumstances, he looked upon it as one of the greatest of crimes to break the law, or to oppose it by force. Mr. B. sat down by seconding the resolution, which was carried by acclamation.

Mr. Garrison acknowledged, in name of the Delegates, the vote of thanks conferred upon them. Having done so, he said:—As to the Corn Bill [to which reference had been made by Mr. Anderson] which, he observed, was the subject of much attention in this country, he could not help thinking it remarkable that the British Government should prohibit the introduction of the produce of freedom in America, while, at the same time, they opened their ports to receive the produce of slave labour. (Cheers.) They took the blood-stained cotton of America, but refused the corn of America, which was raised by free labour. (Hear.) He called upon them again to move energetically upon the East India question, and get free cotton; and to obtain for themselves also corn for the bread of their people. (Cheers.)

[An attempt was here made by a person in the meeting whose name we did not learn, to obtain a hearing, for what purpose did not appear; but as it was regarded as an interference with the order of procedure laid down, he was not allowed to be heard till the conclusion.]

Mr. George Thompson rose to propose a resolution, in reference to the Female members of the American delegation. Having so frequently spoken of the Women of America, and of their devotion to the cause of the slave, he felt it unnecessary, at this late

hour, to say one word in behalf of the resolution, feeling assured it would be cordially responded to by the meeting.

Resolved—That this Meeting seizes with alacrity the opportunity which the presence of the Male Delegates from the American Anti-Slavery Society affords of forwarding, through those Gentlemen, to the ANTI-SLAVERY WOMEN OF AMERICA, the assurance of their admiration and sympathy, and their earnest exhortation that they will continue in Divine strength steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as they know that their labour will not be in vain in the Lord.

The Rev. Mr. M'GILL seconded the motion, after a few appropriate remarks, and the resolution was adopted amid loud cheering.

Mr. THOMPSON stated that he was not without a hope that the anniversary meeting would be honoured by the presence of some of the greatest women of America. (Great cheering.) He spoke with much enthusiasm of the great efforts in behalf of the Negro, of Lucretia Mott, Maria W. Chapman, &c. &c.

Mr. GARRISON could not forego the opportunity of saying a few words in reference to Lucretia Mott. She was the first woman who gave him the right hand of fellowship when he came out of prison, and she had stood by him in many perils and dangers. He was deeply indebted to her, under God, for the measure of perseverance he had been enabled to bring to bear on the cause. He would give the following as a specimen of the woman. When the Pennsylvania Hall at Philadelphia—a hall devoted to free discussions on all kinds of subjects—was consumed by the torch of a mob, the rabble got intimation of the fact, that there were coloured persons in her house, and it was feared they would proceed to sack the house. In these circumstances she did not even apply to the authorities; but, possessing her soul in patience, she threw open her parlour doors, and covered her tables with the best that her house could furnish, to receive the mobites, in order that they might see what were her feelings towards them. (Cheering.) Then there was Maria W. Chapman, the Moral Napoleon of America, whose wonderful intellect and strength of character had been productive of surprising results to the emancipation cause. There was also Lydia Maria Child, and a host of others he could name, did the time of the evening permit.

In the course of the evening Mr. Thompson and Mr. Garrison told an interesting anecdote of Lucretia Mott. An elderly member of the Society of Friends, who had accompanied her into the slave state of Delaware, where she was holding meetings with a special reference to slavery, was dragged from the house of the friend with whom they were staying, and taken to the adjoining town to be tarred and feathered. Lucretia Mott followed the mob from her residence, several miles, to the town, and implored them not to abuse or injure the good old man, but to inflict upon her the injuries they were about to heap upon him, as she was the chief person who had been guilty of the offence, if offence there was. Brutal as the mob was, they were not so far sunk as to attack a female; but in what an interesting light did not this place the character of this excellent woman? The anecdote was loudly cheered.

On the motion of Mr. BEITH, thanks were voted to Dr. Wardlaw for his conduct in the Chair; and also to W. P. Paton, Esq. who took the Chair after the Rev. Dr. had been compelled to leave, in consequence of the distance he had to travel.

The meeting then broke up at 20 minutes past 11, the vast audience having listened with the deepest interest to the whole of the proceedings.

J. CLARE, Printer, Argus Office, Glasgow.