

FRIEND GARRISON:—I call you *friend*, in behalf of this meeting, because, when the people of color and the friends of freedom are in question, it is your own most appropriate name. Though we need no other proof of its appropriateness than the enmity of the slaveholder, yet we have multitudes of others most dear to our hearts. From the time when your voice first rose in Park-street church in our behalf, we count as such a proof, every attempt to silence that voice so dear to the slave. The Baltimore Jail, the reward for your head, so long ago offered by the Legislature of Georgia, and still unrevoked, the Washington-street mob, the flames of Pennsylvania Hall, whose effulgence gave such glaring illustration of the nature of slavery, the desertion of so many who began with you—all these when assailed by temptation strong, prove how highly you deserve the name of our friend. Though those who remain faithful are like Gideon's army, in comparison of the whole number who have at different times buckled on the armor of the cause only to cast it away again, yet every shout they raise for God and Liberty causes the foe to quail. In following hard after you, their course has necessarily been upward and onward, and they rejoice in the fact, that place from which you were once excluded, have yielded to the power of truth, and now admit you as its uncompromising advocate.

No exertions on the part of the enemy have been spared to prevent your voice from giving comfort to the weary fugitives: but it is in vain that they strove to silence it. Even the stages and steam boats are now opened to us through your instrumentality. Children, whom public opinion before stigmatised as

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illegitimate—men and women, who were the victims of public contempt and scorn, now smile joyfully in the assurance of their rights, and in the prospect of a better day.

These are some of the fruits of the labors which have endeared you to your colored brethren. So long ago as when you were lying in jail in Baltimore, for your indignant rebuke of the domestic slave-trade, my soul went after you. I was maturing plans for your liberation, when the munificence of brother Tappan opened your prison doors. I was appointed by my brethren to welcome you to their best affections, when you left Baltimore to take up your residence here. Since that time, they have never left you, not withdrawn from you their love and affection with which you are so beautifully decorated.

We owe to you still more than this. When you crossed the waters in 1833, you were the means of bringing GEORGE THOMPSON to our aid.
(Applause.)

Mr. Hilton then rapidly recapitulated the principal events succeeding Mr. Thompson's visit to America, in all of which Mr. Garrison's devotion in this cause had been so conspicuous.

He then proceeded as follows:

I must now give the parting hand in behalf of my brethren, to my commander, by whose side I have fought in many a well-contested field. The mind, at such a moment, is not under its own control. I can but take comfort in the recollection that you have behind you those whom you have proved and found faithful—those who will stand in the hottest [trial].

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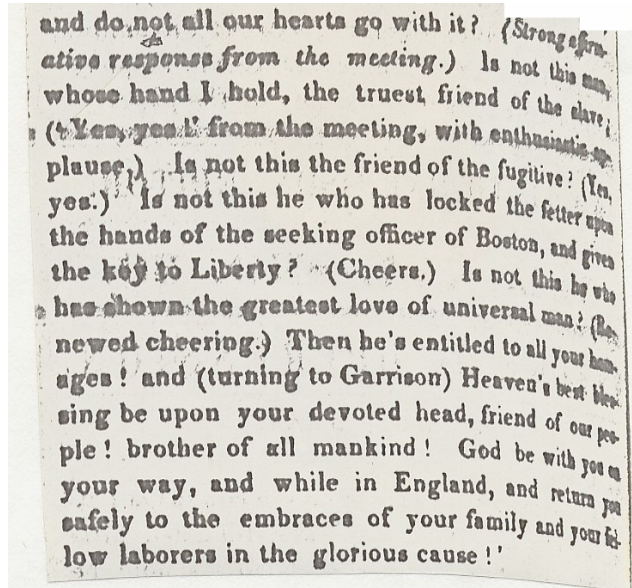
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and do not all our hearts go with it? (*Strong affirmative responses from the meeting.*) Is not this man, whose hand I hold, the truest friend of the slave? ('Yes, yes!' from the meeting, with enthusiastic applause.) Is not this the friend of the fugitive? (Yes, yes.) Is not this he who has locked the fetter [upon] the hands of the seeking officer of Boston, and gives the key to Liberty? (Cheers.) Is not this he who has shown the greatest love of universal man? (Renewed cheering.) then he's entitled to all your homages! and (turning to Garrison) Heaven's best blessing be upon your devoted head, friend of our people! brother of all mankind! God be with you on your way, and while in England, and return you safely to the embraces of your family and your fellow laborers in the glorious cause!



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