

Robert Purvis, of Pennsylvania, said he was grateful to God for the day. He felt to pour out the speaking gratitude of his soul to the Convention, for the spirit they had manifested during the session, and especially during the pending of this resolution. He most heartily concurred in such a vote, and had no doubt but that it would pass unanimously. The name of William Lloyd Garrison sounded sweet to his ear. It produced a vibration of feeling in his bosom, which words could but too feebly sound forth. It was a feeling of love and hearty confidence, which none but a conscientious abolitionist could know.

Three years ago, he had watched the progress of Mr. Garrison with extreme solicitude. The nation was then sound asleep on this subject. The colonization scheme – that scheme of darkness and delusion – was then making its wide havoc among the persecuted people of color. It was the cholera to our ranks. But Garrison arose. His voice went up with a trumpet tone. The walls of Baltimore prison could not confine its thunders. The dampness of his cell did not repress the energy of his spirit. Free and unfettered as the air, his denunciations of tyranny rolled over the land. The *Liberator* speedily followed. Its pages flashed light and truth far and wide. Darkness and gloom fled before it. The deep, unbroken, tomb-like silence of the church gave way. The tocsin of righteous alarm was sounded. The voice of God-like liberty was heard above the clamor of the oppressors. The effect of these efforts is seen and felt this moment, in this interesting Convention. It is, indeed, a good thing to be here. My heart, Mr. President, is too full for my tongue. But whether I speak to them

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