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RECORDED TESTIMONIES AGAINST SLAVE[R]Y.

Pope Leo affirmed that not only the Christian religion, but that nature herself cried out against slavery.

John Wesley said that American slavery was the vilest that ever saw the sun—the sum of all villainies.

Jonathan Edwards—“To hold a man in a state of slavery is to be every day guilty of robbing him of his liberty, or of man-stealing.”

Bishop Horsely—“Slavery is an injustice which no consideration of policy can extenuate.”

Dr. Sam Johnson—“No man is by nature the property of another.”

Burke—“Slavery is a state so improper, so degrading and so ruinous to the feelings and capacities of men, that it ought not to be suffered to exist.”

Paley—“Slavery is a dominion of a system of laws the most merciless and tyrannical that were ever tolerated upon the face of the earth.”

Blackstone—“If neither the captivity nor contract can by the plain law of nature and reason reduce the parent to a state of slavery, much less can they reduce the offspring.”

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W. Pitt declared it to be an injustice to permit slavery to remain a single hour.

Charles James Fox—"With regard to a regulation of human slavery, my detestation of its existence induces me to know it as a regulation of robbery and a restriction of murder. Personal freedom is that of which he who deprives a fellow creature is criminal in so depriving him, and he who withholds is no less criminal in withholding."

Bishop Butler—"Despicable as they appear in our eyes, they are the creatures of God and of the race of mankind for whom Christ died, and it is inexcusable to keep them in ignorance of the end for which they were made, and of the means whereby they become partakers of the general redemption."

Dr. Rush—"Domestic slavery is repugnant to the principles of Christianity. It is rebellion against th[e] authority of a common Father."

Dr. Primatt—"it has pleased God to cover some men with white skins and others with black, but as there is neither merit nor demerit in complexion, the white man, notwithstanding the barbarity of custom and prejudice, can have no right, by virtue of his color, to enslave and tyrannize over the black man."

Dr. Price—"If you have a right to make another man a slave, he has a right to

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Dr. Price—"If you have a right to make another man a slave, he has a right to

make you a slave.”

Dr. Clarke—“How can any nation pretend to fast or worship God, or dare profess to believe in such a being, while they traffic in the souls, blood and bodies of men.”

John Locke—Slavery is so vile, so miserable an estate of man, and so directly opposite to the generous temper and courage of our nation, that it is hard to be conceived that an Englishman, much less a gentleman, should plead for it.

Jefferson—The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting despotisms on the one part and degrading submissions on the other. I tremble for my country when I reflect that [G]od is just—that His justice cannot sleep forever.

Franklin—Slavery is an atrocious debasement of human nature.

Channing—Murder and slavery go hand-in-hand. Slavery must fall, because it stands in direct hostility to all the grand movements of the age.

Webster—I regard domestic slavery as one of the greatest evils, both moral and political.

Brissot—Slavery in all its forms; in all its degrees, is a violation of divine law and a degradation of human nature.

These are a few of the immortal minds

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who have not hesitated to pronounce slavery an evil, yea, more than that, a crime against the rights of man.

The patriots of the revolution, the founders of the Union and the signers of the Declaration, all anticipated its speedy downfall.

Washington—I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law.

Patrick Henry—Slavery is detested. We feel its effects. We deplore it with the pity of humanity.

Mr. Madison had the word servitude expunged from the Constitution. The word slave is not found in the Constitution of the United States.

I need not stop to remind you of the first cargo of slaves landed at Jamestown, 1620—of its subsequent growth and spread—of the stern resistance it met from Church and State. The dark days of '50 will never be forgotten by the colored people—the year of compromises, when the free North was made one vast hunting park, upon which to hunt down the panting, flying bondsman. Four years later came the contest and overthrow of the Missouri Compromise—the outbreak of Border Ruffian-

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ism. Patience is power. Now and then the prophets of freedom could see wefts of light penetrating the gloom. Very many grew despondent and sad, and exclaimed, Surely the Almighty Avenger must be deeply incensed against us, or He would not permit the tyrant to grind us between the nether and upper millstone of power.

Thus, for 240 years, generation after generation went down to the grave, shackled hand, mind and limb—

Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

We looked for help, but none came to relieve. No orient ray dispelled the gloom. Walls of adamant enclosed the deep hell of oppression. Many felt the deep charnel of the dead would afford a refuge from the cruelty of man. Airy voices from amid the gathering gloom spoke words of hope and solace to the pining captive, inspiring him with the courage of the martyr and the hope of the Christian. He was told that He who came to strike off the moral fetters that trammel the soul was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief—that His face had been given to the smiters—that the grim oppressor made deep the furrows upon His cheek. This God-man came to preach deliverance to the captive and set him free. This same Eternal Friend filled His bottle of judgment with the tears of the broken hearted. Not a single tear of

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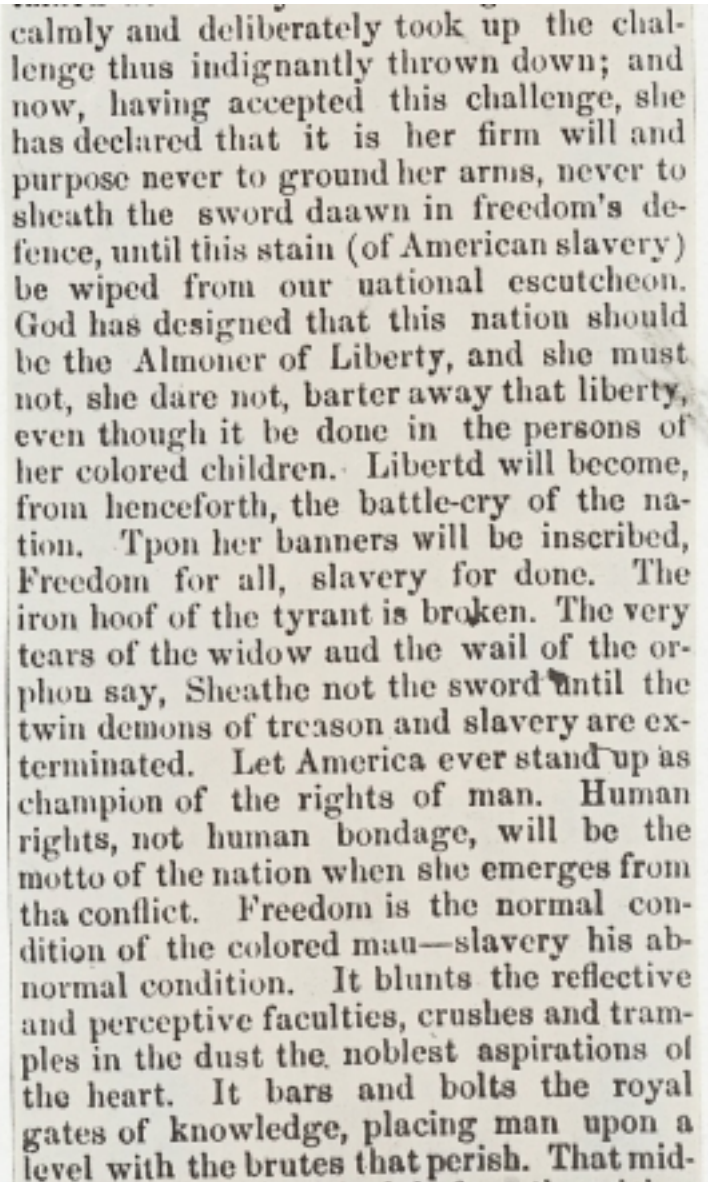
a solitary weeper shall be lost. He was bid to hope. That bottle shall be emptied, filling the oppressor with fury and consternation.

Heavy and stern are the bolts which burn in the right hand of Jehovah to crush the red right arm of wrong, and dash its temples over. The South has been one vast altar, stained with the blood of the hapless bondman. That altar has been overthrown by the feat of Abraham Lincoln, President of these United States. The God of Armies [h]as heard the wail [o]f America's captive millions. Suppressed though it may have been, it has been heard, and is even now being answered. The Bastile of America—Slavery—has been demolished. The days of oppression are [n]umbered. The North, now shaking off her lethargy, has said, The fetters that we have helped to forge shall be broken. Nineteen millions of free-men have declared, with one voice, that we will pledge our fortunes and our lives in defence of the rights of mankind. The South, grown bold and confident of success, threw down the gauntlet of war, and the deep-mouthed cannon, as their sounds reverberated on Sumpter's ramparts, proclaimed the infatuation of its deluded people. The North, having first coolly weighed the chances of success, and having ascertained her ability and her right to do so,

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calmly and deliberately took up the challenge thus indignantly thrown down; and now, having accepted this challenge, she has declared that it is her firm will and purpose never to ground her arms, never to sheath the sword drawn in freedom's defence, until this stain (of American slavery) be wiped from our national escutcheon. God has designed that this nation should be the Almoner of Liberty, and she must not, she dare not, barter away that liberty, even though it be done in the persons of her colored children. Liberty will become, from henceforth, the battle-cry of the nation. Upon her banners will be inscribed, Freedom for all, slavery for none. The iron hoof of the tyrant is broken. The very tears of the widow and the wail of the orphan say, Sheathe not the sword until the twin demons of treason and slavery are exterminated. Let America ever stand up as champion of the rights of man. Human rights, not human bondage, will be the motto of the nation when she emerges from the conflict. Freedom is the normal condition of the colored man—slavery his abnormal condition. It blunts the reflective and perceptive faculties, crushes and tramples in the dust the noblest aspirations of the heart. It bars and bolts the royal gates of knowledge, placing man upon a level with the brutes that perish. That mid-



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night age has vanished before the rising sun, spreading the light of freedom's natal morn.

OUR DUTY TO EACH OTHER.

If we would be strong we must be one. In union there is strength. United we stand, divided we fall. The element of division must be eradicated. To-day we are one; God help us to remain so to the end of time. We should never forget that we are one in condition, one in complexion, one in destiny. Let those among us who abet discord know, that we class them with the enemies of the Anglo-African. No man can have at heart our well-being who will throw among us the apples of discord and contention. Let our motto be Unity, Liberty and Progress. Animated by such principles, we shall obtain our rights, and occupy the position of men. Knowledge is power. Our union must be based on virtue and wisdom. We must distance the past. Too long have we hugged the chains of ignorance.

Mothers, teach your children. Boys and girls, if you would be great you must be wise. Companions in suffering demand an high order of talent for the pulpit. Let your preachers be not only good men, but able, effective divines, qualified to wield with power the sword of a pure gospel—the gospel of wisdom, liberty and love. Let the censors of the Press be intellectual

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giants, men whose thoughts shall startle the world. They should be men of varied knowledge, armed and equipped with the armor of light, truth and love. Get wisdom, get virtue, get wealth. Get ready to perish and die for the flag of your country. The Government is now indicating its willingness to accept the services of colored warriors. The hour is coming—Prepare! prepare!

In commemoration of this great event we have assembled here to-day. We have come to render thanksgivings to that God who has given this sacred boon to our brethren. We have come to testify our gratitude to the President for the service he has rendered to a people who were without a helper. We will follow him in this conflict between oppression and liberty, to glory or the grave. We never shall forget that radiant galaxy which forms freedom's constellation—Sharp, Wilberforce, Brougham, Buxton, Clarkson, Garrison, Douglass and Sumner. Immortal names that shall never perish. Their memories will be encircled with a halo of glory long after we shall cease to be.

Be true to your God, to yourself and to your country.

We have come from the mountains, we have come from the valleys, from ocean strand and from river side. We have met

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in the Queen City of the Far West, the City
of the Golden Gate, seated upon her throne
of hills, appearing more comely than the
Eternal City. Her sable children, with
glad rejoicings and loud hallelujahs, come
to bring their offerings to the Goddess of
Liberty. The cloud of incense is curling
upwards to the heavens. We have come
as earth's despised ones—come with our
hands resting on the Throne of the Skies.
We come rejoicing in the hope of seeing
the day when this ocean-bound republic,
now stretching her arms from the Atlantic
to the Pacific, shall see her starry banner
trembling over every square acre of the
United States, when not a single slave
shall be found in all her vast empire.

Freedom shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
Her empire spread from shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Let the floods clap their hands,
Let the mountains rejoice,
Let all the glad lands
Breathe a jubilant voice;
The sun that now sets on the waves of the sea
Shall gild with his glory the land of the free.

Let the islands be glad,
For their King in His might,
Who His glory hath clad
With a garment of light,
In the waters the beams of His chambers hath laid,
And in the green waters his pathway has made.

No more shall the deep
Lend its awe-stricken waves
In their caverns to steep
Its wild burden of slaves.

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 With merinian blaze
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The sunlight has touched the glad waves of the sea,
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