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I am happy that one impression, unfavorable to the liberality of the sentiment of the people of Boston, which, for a little while, had rested on my mind, has been altogether removed.

On the first day of August, when the Convention was held here, I was engaged in the State of Pennsylvania, away down almost on the borders of Maryland. I was lifting up my feeble voice in behalf of my oppressed and down-trodden brethren. I had been engaged to labor there at that time, eighteen months previous. Had my engagement been of such a character that I could easily have broken it. I should have foregone the pleasure of being at that meeting and should have hastened to Boston to attend the Convention of colored men that was to be held here on that day.

[Dr. Knox—And of white men also.]

Mr. Garnet—Well, and of white men also—put a pin there! (Laughter). I emphasized the words “colored men” to show that we are in an age of progression. I remember when, a few years ago, to talk in New England of holding a Colored Men’s Convention was to have the idea scouted. We had got so far ahead as to suppose we need not make any effort in the cause of liberty, especially as people of color. I knew they were wrong. I told them so. That spirit ran all over the free States; and by and bye we swelled

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up to such dimensions that we dispised to take the name of color; and then we said we must talk only about universal rights and universal liberty. I knew that the day would come when you would think that we, as colored people, had peculiar interests—feelings and interests that no other people had—and that we understood the cause better than any others, and that if we wanted the work done at all we must do it ourselves; and that when we had accomplished the object, we should lay aside all distinctive labors, and come together as men and women, members of the great American family. I looked, therefore, upon this fact as a matter of importance, that *colored men*, as it was stated in the call for the Convention, were to meet here. I wished the time might have been altered that we of New York might have been here also. I thought it was to be a Convention to consider the interests of the colored people of this country, and do something to advance the great cause of human freedom.

I found, when the Convention was over, and I read the minutes, that there seemed to be two objects which that Convention had in view, and to which they must strictly and faithfully attended. The first was to attack the African Civilization Society generally, and its President in particular, to misrepresent my views on that subject, and

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on the great subject of humanity. That seemed to be the first object, and, mind you, it was a concerted plan to carry out this same measure in other parts of the country. In Poughkeepsie, Mr. Myers, of Albany, introduced a resolution, not among the regular resolutions brought forward by the Business Committee, but introduced by him on his own responsibility, and when the Secretary read it, a friend of mine and old co-worker in the cause of freedom, though not altogether agreeing with me, said:

“This is not the time and place for such action; you have sprung this on the Convention.”

[Mr. Myers said: “*O, yes, you must do it for it is to be done in Boston, and at all the other celebrations to-day.*” So you see, while we knew nothing about it, it was a plan concerted, well arranged, among those ready to take that course.]

[Mr. Nell—Will you give way for a correction?]

Mr. Garnet—Certainly.

[Mr. Nell—I regret that you made that statement. I am authorized to deny it. It was not a part, at all, of the plan.]

Mr. Garnet— I expect the gentleman will get up many times before I am done. I intend to make some of your seats warm, to-night. (Laughter). If it was not a concerted plan then what mean the resolu-

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tions brought forward on that subject by the Business Committee. I think my friend Nell was the Chairman. How do you get up resolutions unless by a concerted plan? Do you get up, and by instinct or intuition, frame and propose your resolutions? Were they not arranged in private before you came to that meeting? Yes, perhaps weeks before; and the officers knew exactly what kind of resolutions were to be passed, and came up armed to the teeth to battle them through; and you bagged them altogether, good and evil, so that the good could not be accepted without endorsing the bad, nor the bad rejected without rejecting the good.

The next object, which was far the best, and one of which I highly approve, was to give my old friend, George Downing, a bunch of flowers. (Great laughter.) Now, I approve of this courtesy on the part of Boston ladies, and I am sure it must have made my friend feel comfortable when he received those elegant flowers from the beauty and fashion of this Athens of America.

Now, then, as to my object in coming here to-night: Don't think I am come for the purpose of stirring up strife, of dealing in vituperation and misrepresentation, as some gentlemen did at that Convention. Let it be known that I come here simply to present my views on the subject in ques-

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tion, not to define my position. If twenty-five years of labor in the anti-slavery cause has not defined my position, certainly I shall not do it to-night. But I came to speak as a man to men, to tell what I believe on the subject, and to deny some things said by others.

I wrote to my friend, Rev. L. A. Grimes, of this city, a gentleman whom I respected for his amiable Christian character. I knew he was not with me and therefore I selected him and his church. I wanted the world to know I did nothing in a corner, but was willing to speak upon the house-tops. Brother Grimes wrote back, saying: "I am sorry to say that you cannot have my church for the purpose and at the time you request, and I must be excused from having anything whatever to do with the meeting." While I feel the wound, let me say to him come to New York, and, while I am the minister of Shiloh Church, if he wants to advocate any cause relating to humanity, to justice and truth, let him but ask the use of that church, and if it is in my power to give the pulpit to him, it shall be his, and if I cannot give it to him, I will pay for its use. (Applause.)

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very difficult to get a meeting at this time of the year. He thought it was doubtful if there would be any to night. I thought there would be, and my opinion seems to be sustained. I asked him to advertise the meeting in the "Liberator." Brother Nell did not do it—it was not done, though I wished the advertisement only to give publicity to the announcement. You are here, nevertheless.

I there referred to my friends on the platform, [Messrs. Martin, Smith, and Pitts,] and asked them if they would not see to it that a house should be open for me to speak upon this subject. They provided this house, and I extend to you my hearty and sincere thanks for your kindness on this occasion. But let me tell those brethren that, had there not been a church open for me in the city of Boston, I would have stood on the corners of your streets, or on Boston Common, and lifted up my voice. (Applause.) One word more. It is high time black men should stop imitating white men in deviltry. (Laughter.) They talk about humanity, and say, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall!" And if the heavens did fall, they would fall right upon them. (Renewed laughter.) We talk about white men closing the door upon us, and shutting out humanity—about ministers being afraid of their people, and allowing padlocks to

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be put upon their mouths. But may not white men say, "Physicians, heal yourselves"—"Go and take out the beam that is in your own eyes, and then shall ye see clearly to take out the mote that is in your brother's eyes?" We have got to learn to tolerate free discussion. That is the first thing we want as colored people. Don't you know there are some colored men in Boston who, if they should, by circumstances, become slaveholders in the South, with their whips in their hands, would make the blood fly from their slaves till the very ground would be slippery with the crimson gore? ("Yes!" "Yes!") They declaim against white men, and imitate them in their meanest and most devilish practices, (Applause,) to hold back the progress of the age, stifle free discussion, and lock the lips of those who would utter any sentiments not to their liking.

Ladies and gentlemen, the first matter I wished to speak of this evening is the charge that I am a Colonizationist. To my friend Mr. Downing—for I shall call him suoh still; nothing shall separate him from my heart, no matter how he esteems me—I still say to him, Go on; so far as you are right, God bless you! I sent a letter to him informing him that I should be here, and I asked him to be here also, and said I did not wish to say a word behind his back, as he has so freely talked

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behind mine, misrepresenting my feelings and views. Probably he is in the house to-night, and I shall be glad to see him and greet him. I am going to speak plainly and deliberately, so that it may be distinctly known what are my sentiments. It has been said that I am a Colonizationist. I am *not* a Colonizationist. Any man that says I am behind my back is an assassin and a coward; any man that says it to my face is a liar, and I stamp the infamous charge upon his forehead! I have hated the sentiments of the American Colonization Society from my childhood. I have learned to hold the same opinion in regard to the sentiments advocated by its slaveholding leaders up to the present time. I expect to do so until that Society shall change its sentiments, and let that change be known to the world. The American Colonization Society says this is not the home of the colored man. I say it *is* the home of the colored man, and it is my home. (Applause.) The American Colonization Society says the colored man cannot be elevated in this country. I believe nothing of the kind. There is no people in this world advancing faster in the cause of equal rights than the colored people. I believe the sky is brightening, and though I may not live to see it, the day is not distant when, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to California, the shouts of re-

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deemed millions shall be heard—when truth and peace shall fill the land, and songs of rejoicing shall go up to Heaven. The American Colonization Society says that nobody but black men are bound to evangelize and civilize Africa. I believe nothing of the kind. I believe that black men in general are bound, by the laws of love and humanity, and the principles of the Gospel to do all they can for the land of our forefathers, and that the white people are bound in particular to do it, since they have robbed us of our lives, and become rich by our blood; and it is therefore for them to make sacrifices that Africa may be redeemed, and that they may bless it as they have so long cursed it.

These are my views in general. I will read them as I have written them down. These are my sentiments, and no others on the subject:

THE OBJECTS OF THE AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY.

1st. The immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery in the United States and in Africa, and the destruction of the African slave-trade both in this and that country.”

If there is anyone who objects to that, please to rise and show me where the objection is. Silence gives consent. I knew there was common sense in Boston. (Applause.)

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“2. The destruction of prejudice against colored people in the United States, especially in the nominal free States of the North; and we propose to do this by urging upon the Abolitionists and the friends of humanity of every grade the necessity of giving trades and employment to ourselves and to our children.”

Do you object to that? If so, rise and speak.

[A Gentleman—Mr. Garnet, is that the Constitution of the Society you are reading there?]

Mr. Garnet—I am speaking my own sentiments, and those cherished by the men and women who act with me.

[Dr. Knox—I would inquire if you are representing the Civilization Society in these sentiments?]

Mr. Garnet—I am representing what I proposed to represent—my own views and the objects of the African Civilization Society—nothing more or less.

3. To assist in giving the Gospel to Africa, and thus render obedience unto the unrepealed command of our Lord Jesus Christ, to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.”

“4. The civilization of Africa, by the introduction into that country of lawful trade and commerce; by the cultivation of cotton to supply the British and other cotton consuming markets, and delivering the

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civilized world from dependence on the cotton raised in the Southern States by slave labor, and by this means to strike the death-blow to American slavery.”

Is this cont[r]ary to the laws of God, Christian love, or common sense? (No! No!)

[Dr. Knox expressed his dissent, and offered to argue the question.]

I tell you, my friends, that we have been too long depending upon other people. Years have passed away and we have been looking to the Abolitionists to raise us. Abolitionists have done their part and done it well. I believe that God has a certain work for them to do, and that is to prepare the public mind for the full and free discussion of the subject, and the emancipation of the enslaved, and the enfranchisement of the nominally free colored people of this country; the rest of the work we have to do ourselves. White-men cannot do it for us. I am not here to find fault with the friends who have labored long and endured much for us; but in many respects I fear they have not done all they might do. I fear, when they have laid down certain first principles, they have stopped there; and to-day, you know as well as I do, that if our children are brought forward to enter upon trades, or learn useful employments, if we go to Abolitionists, they do not seem much more ready to offer assistance than other men. In fact, without

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finding fault, I think I find, most generally, that the men who take our sons and daughters into their stores and work-shops, are not Abolitionists. Abolitionists say it is not part of their work to do this. The subject is one on which we have to think. Our children are being educated. So far as Boston is concerned they are as well informed as white children. They are in the same schools and in the same classes. What prospect is before them when they go out into the world? You teach your daughters the refinements of elevated life. What next? When those girls are sent to look out for themselves, what is the hope and prospect before them? I am one of those men who say, here as elsewhere, that one employment before God and all honest, right-thinking men, is just as honorable as another. It is as honorable for me to take my saw and buck, or sweep the streets, if I do it as a man and a Christian, as to fill a senatorial chair. But you cannot get our children to think so; and if these are the occupations that your children are to be engaged in, if you wish to save them from destruction, my word for it, you had better not teach them quite so much, lest when they come up and take their positions in life, they become discouraged, as too many of our young people have been, and are lying all along the pathway of life, bruised, and mangled, and dying. Our fault is that

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we have not thought on the subject. We have not had the courage to think. We talk of staying here and "fighting it out." Our friend, Ezra R. Johnson, talked about fighting it out. And yet he went off to California and honorably made his fortune, and then went to New Bedford and sits there a high-minded gentleman and "fights it out." (Laughter and applause.) If stand-still is your motto, see to it that you live up to it. Do not say one thing and do another.

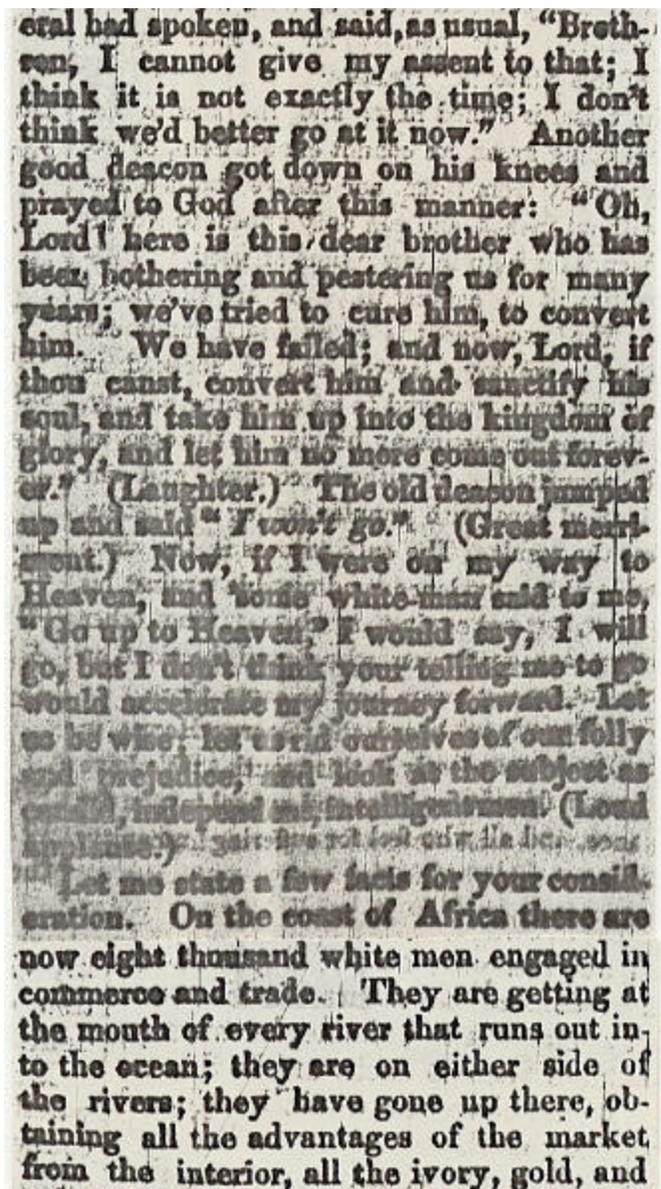
Then, again, there is another objection. Some say I will not budge from this dear, sweet land. Why? Because white-men say I shall go. I wouldn't go if Africa was strewn with gold and the shores were covered with silver. Why? Because white-men say I must go. I will tell you what I think about it. I would go anywhere on this broad, green earth, if I could better my condition, and do good to society and preach the Gospel. I would go without caring whether a white-man said go or stay. I believe that some people wouldn't go to Heaven if a white-man should say they must go. They remind me of a crooked old deacon in New York, who always opposed everything that he did not himself originate. The spirit of God was about being poured out on the Church and the community, and it was resolved to have a protracted meeting. He arose, after sev-

we have not thought on the subject. We have not had the courage to think. We talk of staying here and "fighting it out." Our friend, Ezra R. Johnson, talked about fighting it out. And yet he went off to California and honorably made his fortune, and then went to New Bedford and sits there a high-minded gentleman and "fights it out." (Laughter and applause.) If stand-still is your motto, see to it that you live up to it. Do not say one thing and do another.

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eral had spoken, and said, as usual, "Brethren, I cannot give my assent to that; I think it is not exactly the time; I don't think we'd better go at it now." Another good deacon got down on his knees and prayed to God after this manner: "Oh, Lord! here is this dear brother who has been bothering and pestering us for many years; we've tried to cure him, to convert him. We have failed; and now, Lord, if thou canst, convert him and sanctify his soul, and take him up into the kingdom of glory, and let him no more come out forever." (Laughter.) The old deacon jumped up and said "I won't go." (Great merriment.) Now, if I were on my way to Heaven, and some white-man said to me, "Go up to Heaven," I would say, I will go, but I don't think your telling me to go would accelerate my journey forward. Let us be wise; let us rid ourselves of our folly and prejudice, and look at the subject as [candid], independent, intelligent men. (Loud applause.)

Let me state a few facts for your consideration. On the coast of Africa there are now eight thousand white men engaged in commerce and trade. They are getting at the mouth of every river that runs out into the ocean; they are on either side of the rivers; they have gone up there, obtaining all the advantages of the market from the interior, all the ivory, gold, and



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palm-oil, particularly, and valuable skins. They bring these to England and the United States and they are becoming rich. They receive as profits from a single cargo from five to twenty thousand dollars. Go to these merchants and ask them about Africa, and they don't know anything about it. You cannot get a word out of them. There are eighty-three white-men thus engaged in Lagos alone. We wrote, some time ago, to an English gentleman who has done a great deal for free cotton-growing in Africa. We asked for information and advice in regard to our prospect. He wrote back —“We are not in favor of colored people going there in small companies, for this reason: if they do *they will interrupt the trade already established between Africa and England.*” That opened our eyes. If that trade was of so much value that English manufacturers were anxious to preserve it to themselves, we thought that was the very reason we should go and take advantage of it. There is a gentleman at Staten Island, New York, who manufactures what we call sperm candles. They are made of bleached palm oil. This gentleman has, on Staten Island, a village of manufacturers. He has hundreds of men in his employment there. He sends out his ships to Africa, that come back laden with palm oil; and he then whitens it and makes it up into candles. He has accumu-

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lated a fortune of millions of dollars and lives in a princely palace in Fifth Avenue. And colored-men, while they have suffered the white-men to plunder the land of their forefathers of living souls, for three hundred years, now that the wonderful discoveries of Livingston, Barth, Bowen, and others, are opening the hitherto unknown wealth of that country, when God, and science, and unconquerable human energy, have turned the tide of fortune in our favor, we refuse to throw ourselves upon it simply because some white-men have impudently said we shall go. He who tells me I shall leave my country is an impudent man, and he who says I shall not go, is a fool. I will do as I please, either to go or stay. The *common-sense* of the world is in favor of this movement. We hold no other sentiments.

Now you can pass opposing resolutions in your New England Conventions, if you choose, but you can't stop such a man as Captain Roye bringing in his goods—importing the first sugar ever brought from Africa to the United States. You will not prevent him from putting his profits in his pocket and returning for more. You will not hinder such men as Joseph Tulpin, Dr. Dunbar, and Mr. Johnson, from loading a vessel for Africa. You will not hinder any man that is disposed to do it. You might pass resolutions until they were stacked up

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as high as mountains, and they would laugh at them, and when they were ready would go, because their common sense is with them.

Again, I hold that the laws of trade and commerce are with this movement. It cannot be otherwise. The resources of that country are opening, white-men are daily equipping their vessels and filling their pockets, and laughing at us poor colored people quarreling among ourselves and destroying the character of every man who fails to agree with us. In California, after the white-men have [t]aken up the gold you will see my poor brother coming, all covered with dust, with his tongue lolling out (great laughter) to take what is left. Had they been advised to go there in early times, when they might have taken advantage of the opportunities which the country afforded, and they would have said, "I'm not going because I'm told to go there!" We can't please such people. It will be seen, after our more active, energetic Anglo-Saxon brethren have got rich by trade and commerce in Africa, then our people will be trotting there; then we will begin to talk about putting our funds together and buying vessels. *If there were a dozen ships sailing out of Boston harbor, keeping up a trade between these countries, that fact would do more for the overthrowing of slavery, in creating a respect*

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for ourselves, and breaking down the walls of prejudice, than fifty thousand lectures of the most eloquent men of this land. (“True! true!”) I have gone along the docks in New York, and when I have seen those young men with their books in hand, taking account of the cargoes of the African vessels, I have asked Dr. Dunbar—“Doctor, do you receive anything like disrespect? Do you hear any unkind remarks?” Said he, “I receive nothing but the utmost respect.” I saw white men who looked solemnly and respectfully on, and they came up and spoke to these young men, asked them the character of the cargo they were taking out, and wished them success, a safe voyage over, and happy and safe return. It is not, after all, our big talk that is going to break down prejudice; it is not your New England Conventions, your splendid speeches, and fiery denunciations; but if this adamant wall is to fall, it will be when we shall come up and stand by the side of other men, and in every department of cultivated life show that we are their equals in every respect.

The spirit of the Gospel of Jesus is also with us, and I attach great importance to that, though some may not. I mean what I [s]ay—that unless the hand and power of God is in all this, we will never succeed; and had we clung to God with more favor and faithfulness, I believe tha[t]

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before this time the chain of oppression would have been broken, and the oppressed gone free. (Applause.) I believe that God means to make us feel our dependence upon Him in this great work, before he will crown it with success. Now, I hold that that commandment has never been repealed—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." All the world—not only America, not only down to Worcester, or down to Nahant, and get the bracing sea air and be refreshed, but to—

[Dr. Knox—To South Carolina.]

Mr. Garnet—Yes Sir; why don't you go there? (Laughter.)

Now let me tell you it is a withering shame to the colored Christians of the United States, that among all the religious people of color in Massachusetts, in a[ll] the New England States, among the hund[re]ds of thousands in the Middle and Southern States, there is but barely one missionary sent to Hayti, Jamaica, Africa. That man was sent out last year by the Baptist Convention of colored ministers of this country—only one. It is a shame, let me say, that we have been so backward in this respect. If the churches would be blessed we must obey God.

There are some gentlemen, like this friend here, always throwing in our teeth: "Why don't you go down to South Caroli-

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[Dr. Knox—I am no preacher. (Laughter.)]

Mr. Garnet—But you are a hero and an Abolitionist, and certainly you would not laden other men with grievous burdens which you are unwilling to touch with one of your fingers. (Good! good!) It is very easy to say "Go thou;" but to say, "Let us go," is another thing.

One other thing and I must close. Wm. Wells Brown comes up and says: "I have no objections to the principles of the African Civilization Society but this one—I don't like its practice of *begging* around the country." About ten years before I went to England Mr. Brown commenced begging in the United States. (Laughter.) He begged from Maine to Georgia—no, he didn't go down there, but nothing but the line Mason and Dixon drew prevented him from going to Georgia. (Great laughter.) He begged with skill and effect. And when I went to England there was Mr. Brown, and, after one of his spirited lectures, and before he closed, he said he should have to crave a collection, to pay

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expenses. He begged in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, "over the mountain and through the wild-wood." And when I got here to Boston to see Mr. Brown, he is in the State of New York carrying on the same old trade. (Great merriment.)

[A voice—That's his business.]

Mr. Garnet—Yes, and like most successful business men, he goes in for monopoly.

Then Mr. Douglass says: "O, I have no objection to civilizing Africa, and voluntary emigration." But I don't like this begging." [...] would be well for you if you, my friends, could succeed as well in begging as he has. He has labored hard and he has begged hard. (Laughter.) He has done well, and I wish him success. His fame belongs to our roll, and his talents shed lustre upon the land. But certainly by this time he has learned that all black public men approach *beggary*, as they ascend the scale of greatness. (A voice—that's so.) So with all these lecturers going through the country at ten dollars per week, and traveling expenses, and getting that from the people and then saying: "We are opposed to this begging." These brethren are like the fat ox, having got into clover themselves, they want to hook every body that comes in to get a bite. (Renewed merriment.) Every be-

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nevolent cause in this country is sustained by begging, as it is called—by the voluntary contribution of every one who chooses to give. Is there anything wrong in that? I tell you this talk about “begging” is perfect humbug, as great a one as the humbug of O’Connell’s, who said there was a bug in Tipperary that could eat anything, he could eat iron and digest it as if it were a piece of bread.

We have got to put down these humbugs among our own people. There are men who oppose everything they do not originate. They are the very men who cater to the prejudices of white men. (“Hear! hear!”) When called themselves to stand up they are as ready to bow down as the readiest. We must begin at Jerusalem. That is one of the objects of the Civilization Society. We have to civilize ourselves. I put my foot on that practice of those of my brethren who, if a black man comes in their shops, will not shave him. While you do that you have no right to talk about the white men turning you out of the cars and hotels. (Applause.)

In Saratoga I delivered a lecture in St. Nicholas Hall, to an overflowing concourse of people. The next night one of the proprietors of the great water-cure establishment there invited me to come to their parlor and repeat the lecture. Five of the

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slave-holders boarding there walked up to the clerk's office and said: "If you are going to have a negro speak here, give us our bills." "Take your bills; it is a free country." The other fifteen staid. I gave my lecture. The parlor, one of the largest and finest of Saratoga, was crowded to overflowing. There is an example of a white man. Go to a hotel kept by some of the colored friends and they will look at you and begin to stutter, "Very sorry—but you know we have to—" (Great merriment. "Who's that? Is it Downing?") Well, I will not call any names. I will not say a word here in respect to my friend Downing. If he were here I would speak more plainly. I will tell you what some of you will do: you will abuse me for my course, and yourselves bow down to the prejudices of white men. But the truth it is, and it will bear its own weight. If these colored men say, "We can't entertain our people," and if they hold to that when they come to sit in high places, as your Presidents, tell them to go home and get civilized. (Applause.)

But when you see a man in humility, with no unkindness, telling the truth, don't you, ladies of Boston, go and rob your gardens of their flowers. I won't say anything more on that subject. But pray do nothing to roll back the tide of civilization among our people.

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And now, but one more remark. It was said by a Boston friend, who has often taken me by the hand and sat by the same fire-side, and walked with me in the streets, and mused with me in sacred places [and] "I knew Garnet when he was poor and had'nt a cent in his pocket." I would say to him that if he knew me twenty-five years ago, when I was poor, he knows me to-day as the same poor man. And I expect to be a poor man till slavery is abolished. If slavery is not abolished before I die, I shall die a poor man. But in all my poverty my house has been open to the flying fugitive. ("True!" "That's true!") One hundred and fifty, in a single year, have lodged under my roof; and I have never asked or received a penny for what I gave them, but divided with them my last crust.

I will now receive and answer any questions that may be put to me in respect to my views on the subject of African Civilization, or the Society of which I am President.

[Mr. Washington—I would merely ask whether this Civilization Society has any connection or anything to do with the Colonization Society?]

Mr. Garnet—Just about the same connection that the East has with the far West—no more connection or correspondence, written or implied.

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Convention; but his impression had been, from the similarity in some respects of the objects of the two Societies, that this was but the Colonization Society under a cloak.]

Mr. Garnet—Now it is my turn to ask you a question. Sir, do you believe that now?

[Mr. Washington—I have always believed Mr. Garnet to be a man of truth; and, as he says it is not true, of course I am satisfied.]

Mr. Garnet—I would further state that I know of some colonizationists who say they are determined to go to Heaven. There are some colored people in this house who are of the same determination. Are you going to stop on the road to Heaven because the colonizationists are going there?

[A gentleman—What does your Society propose to do with the funds collected?]

Mr. Garnet—I do not see how any man who has been thinking and has kept his eyes open here can ask that question. I have already stated the objects of the Society.

[Q. In what way are the funds to be applied in furthering the objects of the Society? You say the emigration is to be voluntary.]

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[Dr. Knox desired to offer some further remarks. He then claimed a right to discuss the subject treated by Mr. G., complained that free speech had been hewn down in his person, and denounced the meeting as pro-slavery.]

Mr. Garnet—I thank you, my friends, for your kindness towards me and my cause. With a fair hearing and free discussion, the principles and objects of African Civilization will grow and take root in this land, until they shall fill the Christian world with their praise. There is not power enough in all the silent abodes of “*Sleepy Hollow*” to hold back the golden car of human progress. I care not a straw for the Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites; the common people will hear me. Those who will get on board will reach the goal in peace and triumph. Those who stand in the way will be crushed beneath its mighty wheels.

Mr. Garnet resumed his seat amid long continued applause.

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