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discussion. Seeing no further discussion, Senator Chambers, I recognize you to close on FA39.

SENATOR CHAMBERS: Thank you. Mr. President, I'm going to read something from a book called Eyewitness to History: The Negro in American History, by William Loren Katz, K-a-t-z. And this is what...I am why some these Virginians and other slaveholders wanted black people to have no education. A member of the Virginia Legislature admitted how far they would go to keep slaves from learning. We have...this is the Legislature. We have, as far as possible, closed every avenue by which light might enter their minds. If you could extinguish the capacity to see the light, our work would be completed. They would then be on a level with the beasts of the field, and we should be safe. I have something else I intend to read. And this is for the record, not necessarily the people in this room, because you don't have to listen. This comes from a book written by Josiah Henson, who had been a slave. And his book was titled Truth Stranger than Fiction: Father Henson's Story of His Own Life. And it was published in 1858. The remembrance of the breaking up of McPherson's estate is photographed in its minutest features in my mind. The crowd collected round the stand, the huddling group of Negroes, the examination of muscle, teeth, the exhibition of agility, the look of the auctioneer, the agony of my mother. I can shut my eyes and see them all. My brothers and sisters were bid off first, and one by one, while my mother, paralyzed by grief, held me by the hand. Her turn came, and she was brought by Isaac Riley, of Montgomery County. Then I was offered to the assembled purchasers. My mother, half distracted with the thought of parting forever from all her children, pushed through the crowd while the bidding for me was going on, to the spot where Riley was standing. Riley had purchased her. She fell at his feet, clung to his knees, and...I wish I had been there. They would not have kept me in slavery. They would have taken my life right then. She fell at his feet, clung to his knees, entreating him in tones that a mother could only command, to buy her baby as well as herself, and spare to her one, at least, of her little ones. Yeah, I'm reading a story. And I'll tell a story on somebody's jaw if they give me the opportunity or provoke me. Will it, can it be believed that this man thus appealed to was capable not merely of turning a