

Faneuil Hall with the display of their riotous and excess, has elicited the applause and admiration of that portion of our fellow-citizens of other states, who are opposed to disunion, and are not disposed to yield the rights of American citizens to an army of Jim Crow and his white associates. As an evidence of the spirit of the press, indicative as it is of the remains of decency and propriety, we copy the following paragraphs:—

[From the New York Times.] The Mayor and Aldermen of Boston have unanimously refused the abolition lecturers admission into Faneuil Hall. Well and bravely done. The old temple of liberty must not be desecrated by admitting within its walls the mad fanatic, who, if unchecked, will trample our freedom into the dust.

[From the New York Courier and Enquirer.] The abolitionists refused admission to Faneuil Hall. It is gratifying to see, as we do by the Boston papers, that these wretched plotters of mischief have been promptly refused admission into Faneuil Hall. A petition for liberty to desecrate that honored edifice by a meeting of the immediate emancipationists, signed by the leading spirits of that miserable sect, was presented to the managing committee of the hall, and that body, with a feeling and spirit that it did signal honor, refused unanimously to grant the incendiary request.

What! the cradle of liberty in little more than half a century to become its coffin! The place where the Adams and Otis have so often uttered in burning eloquence the words of truth, and where the noble Garrison, the mad imbecilities of Stow, the flatulent dogmatism of the fanatic from Kentucky, and the theatrical contortions of the mouthing anatomy driver acting as the stipendiary of the Glasgow press?

We rejoice that the Municipal Government of Boston has thus stepped between the venerable building so long devoted to a pure patriotism, and the fanatical banditti that would pollute it. To have suffered such an assemblage within its walls would have been to let half the venemous venom of the day be taken from it. It would have levelled the proud monument of New England's history; for Faneuil Hall would have lost all the charms of its glorious reminiscences, by such a contamination. Heaven grant that the day may be extended far, very far into future time, when that building shall be destroyed by the presence of traitors, whether of native growth, or brought here from foreign countries, to sever the bonds of this Union.

By a singular coincidence, an Anti-Slavery Convention was held on this very day, twenty years ago, in Utica, N. Y., for the purpose of forming a State Anti-Slavery Society. That Convention had been looked for with great anxiety and alarm on the part of the South, and it was declared that, what it might, the meeting must be broken up. Accordingly, a mob assembled in great force, to prevent the contemplated organization; but they were foiled in their purpose. After the formation of the State Society, however, it was deemed advisable to adjourn the meeting, at the invitation of Gerrit Smith, (who nobly took that occasion to join the Anti-Slavery ranks,) to Peterboro', the place of his residence, where they completed their business.

Singularly enough, too, on the very same day, a mob endeavored to break up an Anti-Slavery Convention which was held at Montpelier, Vermont, and was to have been addressed by our beloved friend, SAMUEL J. MAY.

Indeed, in every direction, the advocates of the slave were the objects of popular fury. Before the meeting was held which we are here to celebrate, the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society engaged the New Jerusalem Church, (now called Cecilia-street Hall,) for the purpose of holding a meeting; but the mob spirit was so rife, that the trustees backed out, and declared that the Society should not have the church, unless twenty thousand dollars were deposited in the bank, as security against any damage done to their property. Julien Hall was next secured by the Society; but just on the eve of holding the meeting, the lessee receded from his engagement, afraid of a mob, for a mob was threatened. It happened that Rev. HENRY WARE, Jr., officiated on the previous Sunday in the pulpit of Rev. Dr. CHAMBERLAIN, and he innocently read the notice of the contemplated meeting of the Society in Julien Hall, which set created a great commotion in that parish, and brought down vials of wrath upon his head from all the leading Boston prelates.

As another proof of the malignant state of the public mind at that time, I recollect seeing, a few days before the attack, one of our independent military companies marching through Washington street, with a target to be shot at, on which was painted an image intended to excite all that was murderous in the city. It was saying, in effect—GEORGE THOMPSON deserves to be shot. We shall shoot at his effigy to-day. Make sure of him, if you can, to-morrow.

What also served greatly to inflame the public mind against Mr. THOMPSON was an atrocious accusation brought against him by a Southern student at Andover, named KAUFFMAN, who falsely declared that Mr. THOMPSON had said, in one of his addresses at Andover, that the slaves ought to be stimulated to CUT THEIR MASTERS' THROATS. Imagine the effect of such a charge as this upon the public mind, already exasperated almost to madness! It was like fire applied to gunpowder. The whole community was in an inflammable state, and here was the torch to start the conflagration. I believe all the Boston prelates—with one exception religiously, and one exception politically—were animated by a violent pro-slavery spirit. The exception politically is a singular one to name at this day. You could hardly guess what paper it was; you could not guess who the editor was. I will tell you. The paper was the Boston Daily Advocate, edited by BENJAMIN F. HALLETT. Mr. Hallett, at that time, was our magnanimous defender, and ready on all occasions to risk his own safety in vindicating our right to stem in regard to his anti-masonic principles. Then he showed himself every inch a man; now, every inch of manhood appears to have gone from him. The exception religiously was the New England Spectator, edited by Rev. WILLIAM S. PORTER, and it did us good service.

Allow me to read you some extracts from the Boston newspapers of that period. I will read first from the Christian Register, the Unitarian organ:— 'After they (the abolitionists) perceive that it is impossible to make themselves understood, and that the inevitable tendency of their doings (while all the rest of mankind are obstinately in the dark respecting them) is directly opposite to their wishes and prayers, is it not time for them to pause? Is it not time for them to have been more persevering, that the means they have been pursuing tend either to prolong and increase the evils of slavery, or to produce a convulsion in the country beyond anything which its inhabitants have ever witnessed.'

That was an appeal to violence, it seems to me, at least indirectly, because it was calculated to inflame and madden the public mind. The Baptist Christian Watchman said:— 'While we have no apology to offer for a riot under any circumstances, we hold as being equally culpable, those who persist in a course that is calculated to excite such proceedings. Thus, Jesus was responsible for his own crucifixion, and we were to be held responsible for every mob! The Boston Recorder, at that time the mouthpiece of the orthodox denomination, said:—

'Mr. Garrison's policy, we have no doubt, is to identify his cause with the cause of civil liberty, by making it necessary for all who would defend civil liberty to defend him and his meetings. He wishes to put all good citizens under the necessity of choosing between him and the mob; believing that, in such cases, they will be on his side. It is, therefore, his settled policy to provoke mobs as he can.'

But the Commercial Gazette was, on the whole, the most active and the most malignant in its efforts to put down our movement by mobocratic violence. Early in August, 1835, fifteen hundred of the most prominent citizens of Boston appended their names to a call for a public meeting in Faneuil Hall, to denounce the agitation of the question of slavery as putting in peril the existence of the Union. Some who signed that call, have long since repented of the act, and brought forth fruits meet for repentance, and now glory in the Anti-Slavery cause. There was the most intimate

connection between this meeting and the riotous outbreak of October 21st.

Well, the meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, (the Mayor in the chair,) and addressed by the Hon. HARRISON GRAY OTIS, Hon. PIERCE SPRAGUE, and Hon. RICHARD FLETCHER, whose speeches were eminently calculated to whet the knife to be put into the heart of GEORGE THOMPSON by some stealthy assassin. No man could have brought deeper disgrace upon himself than they did in regard to the opprobrious language which they used toward Mr. THOMPSON and the Anti-Slavery cause. If there were time, I would give you some extracts from those speeches; but I refer those of you who are curious to know what they said, to the files of THE LIBERATOR, or the leading Boston papers of that day.

Hear what was the language of the Commercial Gazette on the subject:—

'FANEUIL HALL MEETING. Let it not pass unheeded. If, however, disregarding its warning and solemn voice, this Society perseveres in their mad schemes, let the bolt of public indignation fall upon them; let them be marked as disturbers of the public peace, and shunned as traitors to the country. Let no citizen who sets a value on the Union of the States—let no man who holds to those sacred principles bequeathed to them by the immortal Washington, have any intercourse with men whose measures are irretrievable, and whose success would be the destruction of this now happy Republic.'

The whole city was now wrought up to a pitch of insanity. It having been advertised that the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society would hold a meeting at 46 Washington Street, on the 21st of October, a placard was circulated through the business portion of the city, announcing the fact, and stating that GEORGE THOMPSON would be present. This was printed at the office of the Commercial Gazette, and written by Mr. HOSKIN, one of the editors of that paper, and an active instrument in getting up the mob, and in seeing it carried through. Here is a copy of it:—

GEORGE THOMPSON, THE ABOLITIONIST!!!

That infamous foreign scoundrel THOMPSON, who holds forth this afternoon, at the Liberator's Office, No. 46 Washington Street, is a man who presents a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to send Thompson out! It will be a contest between the Abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of \$100 has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on THOMPSON, so that he may be brought to the tar-kettle before dark. Friends of the Union, be vigilant! Boston, Wednesday, 12 o'clock.

It was a false statement, that Mr. THOMPSON was to be there. He was not in the city, and had not been asked to address the meeting. The ladies, however, had requested me to deliver an address on the occasion. I thanked them, and told them I would do so. Accordingly, on that eventful day, anticipating a serious disturbance, I went to the hall some time before the hour of meeting; but, early as it was, I found the doorway and staircase crowded with rioters. I was recognized and hooted at, and with difficulty I passed through them. In the hall, I found some thirty women, who had anticipated the hour of meeting, and had thus been enabled to get in. Others, who came later, were kept from entering by the crowd. The street was densely packed, and the outskirts of the mob were various. This is not the same hall. The building in which we met was subsequently injured by fire, torn down, and replaced by the present structure. The hall ran lengthwise, and was differently shaped from this. One part of it was partitioned off for the Anti-Slavery office, in which we had all our books and publications, none of which, happily, got into the hands of the mob. On entering the hall, I took my seat quietly, waiting until I should be asked to speak. In the midst of the howlings of the riotous throng, a prayer was offered by the President of the Society, Miss MARY PARKER, in a strong and clear voice. I shall never forget it. It was thrilling beyond description; evincing the utmost trust in God, and complete serenity of soul; and, 'thanking God that while there were many to molest, there were none that could make afraid.' After a while, it was suggested that if I would withdraw, my absence might influence the ruffians to behave with more decency. I accordingly left the hall, and stepped into the Anti-Slavery office adjoining, and locked the door. I found no one there, except my friend, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH. I immediately sat down, and wrote to a friend in Providence a description of the incidents of the day, and the hall broke in the lower panels of the door, and stepping down, glared at me through the aperture like so many wolves, and shouted—'Here he is!' 'Out with him! out with him!' My friend Mr. BURLEIGH, with admirable courage and presence of mind, stepped out of the room, locked the door on the outside, and put the key into his pocket. He then, non-resistant though he was, stood guard; and it was entirely owing to his calm and firm demeanor that our office was not harmed. The rioters, however, got hold of some prayer and hymn books, belonging to a religious society that occupied the hall every Sunday, and threw them out of the window as incendiary documents!

I will not occupy your time by going into all the details of this disgraceful affair. Suffice it to say, that the Mayor, on entering the hall, told the ladies they must disperse, for the sake of the peace of the city! This they declined doing until they had transacted a portion of their business, when they retired in a calm and dignified manner, though scoffed at and insulted as they passed through the lawless throng.

The cry was now raised for the Anti-Slavery sign-board. This was soon thrown down, in the presence and by the acquiescence of the Mayor, and exultingly danced upon, and finally broken into fragments. Again the cry was raised for 'THOMPSON!' The Mayor (the late THOMPSON LYMAN) assured the multitude that Mr. THOMPSON was not in the hall. They knew, however, that I was, and so they clamored for his surrender. The agitation of the Mayor was excessive. Unwilling or unable to protect me by an appeal to the military, but desiring that I should receive no harm, he endeavored (having cleared the building of the rioters) to find some way of exit for me, so as to be able truthfully to announce that I was no longer in the hall, and thus induce the rioters to disperse. It was proposed that I should escape by dropping from a window in the second story upon a shed, and from thence into a yard, leading through a carpenter's shop, into Wilson's lane. I felt at first very great reluctance to leave the premises in this manner; but, by the urgent entreaties of the Mayor and his posse, and of several Anti-Slavery friends then present, (among them my early and faithful confidant, SAMUEL E. SEWALL, Esq.)—and to avoid the charge of wilfully hardening my life when a quiet withdrawal was feasible—and as no pledges were given or exacted, and no sacrifice of principle was involved in such a step—I consented to make the attempt, accompanied by a friend, Mr. JOHN R. CAMPBELL, now, I believe, in the 'spirit-land.' The attempt proved unsuccessful. I was instantly discovered by persons on the watch—Wilson's lane, in the course of a few minutes, was densely filled with the rioters, the most active of whom found me in the second story of the carpenter's shop allied to, and, coiling a rope around my body, let me down to the crowd below. I was dragged bare-headed through the lane into State street, where my clothes were nearly all torn from my body, the intention being, as I understood, to carry me to the Common, and there give me a coat of tar and feathers, a ducking in the pond, &c. &c. Approaching the door of the City Hall, on the south side, the Mayor and his constabulary succeeded in rescuing me with difficulty, and I was taken up into his office. The Post Office was then located in that building. As the night was approaching, and the mob were still bent on my capture, it was deemed necessary alike for the preservation of the Post Office and of my life, to send me to the jail in Leverett street as the only place of safety to be found in the city. But I must be committed legally, of course; and so, to obtain a writ of commitment, Sheriff PARKER had to take a false oath, that I was a disturber of the peace!—though I believe he was actu-

ated by a friendly and sympathizing spirit. Not to have saved my life would I have had him act in this manner. To the jail then I was sent, every effort being made by the mob once more to get possession of my person, but in vain. I remained in jail till the next day, when the Court came to me, and formally discharged me as one who had done no evil, and whose imprisonment had been only a ruse to protect my life! The heroism manifested by the ladies of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, on that trying occasion, was beyond all praise. Some of them have since fallen by death. Among the number present in the hall was the lamented ANN GREENE CHAPMAN, whose memory will always be precious. Allow me to refer to the Will she made, to show the spirit by which she was animated. One portion reads as follows:—

'Whilist I live, I have solemnly devoted myself to the cause of Truth, Justice, Freedom, and dying, I would yet bless it, in its onward course. Believing that the American Anti-Slavery Society is most beneficial to the slave, and is advancing rapidly the coming of this glorious Kingdom, I leave to the Society the sum of one thousand dollars for the use of the Society. To the Sanitarium (Colored) Asylum, one hundred dollars. To the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, one hundred dollars. I trust that when the hour of death comes, my mind will be as it is now, convinced that the way to serve God, and secure his favor, is by making the cause of his oppressed children my cause. And then I shall not have lived in vain.'

No, she has not 'lived in vain,' and, being dead, she yet speaketh! It is also due to one who is now drawing near to the grave, to refer to her particularly, in connection with this meeting. I allude to HARRIET MARTINEAU, of England. The invitation extended to that Female Society to occupy your house, Mr. Chairman, came what might, was very gladly accepted by the Society, and the meeting was accordingly held. Miss MARTINEAU had come over to our country, some time before, with the highest literary reputation, had travelled through the South with great eclat, and had been every where received with high honors. She came to Boston at this trial-hour, and was at once put in the furnace. She had claimed to be the friend of the enslaved at home; it was now to be seen whether she would be faithful to her principles on this side the Atlantic. The course taken by almost every other distinguished person from the old world has been such, that her conduct now looks all the more sublime and glorious. Allow me to give, Mr. Chairman, the testimony uttered in your own house:—

'I have been requested by a friend present to say something—if only a word—to express my sympathy in the objects of this meeting. It is understood as showing my sympathy with you. But as I am requested to speak, I will say what I have said through the whole South, in every family where I have been, that I consider Slavery as inconsistent with the Law of God, and as incompatible with the course of the Lord Jesus Christ, and with the spirit of the Holy Spirit, who dwells in the hearts of the South concerning this utter abomination—and I now declare that in your principles I fully agree.'

And because she attended that meeting, and enunciated these noble sentiments, she at once lost caste among the literati of the country; and while she remained there, was treated with manifest scorn and neglect. But she never faltered. She is now very ill, and is not expected long to survive; but she has proved herself, and deserves to be ranked with those of whom the world is not worthy.

The following article, which her morally heroic course elicited from the 'respectable Daily Advertiser' at that time, will serve to confirm what I have stated, in regard to the treatment of Miss MARTINEAU:— 'We were extremely sorry to learn, a few days since, that this lady, who has been every where in this country, and who has been treated with respect and kindness to which her eminent talents, and amiable character and manners entitle her, had been induced by persuasion, we are inclined to believe, in opposition to her own better judgment, to the commission of an act of indiscretion, which it is to be feared she has forfeited the credit of the high standing which she held in the good opinion of the people of all parties in this country, and placed herself in the position of a partisan, in one of the most useless, the most bitter, and consequently the most mischievous controversies which the people of this country have ever been engaged in. We are sorry to say, are in a good measure blasted, by the act of indiscretion to which we have alluded. It is of very little consequence, except as it regards the influence which she was capable of exerting on other subjects, what are her opinions on the question of slavery; but the manner in which she has conducted herself, and the weight of her sanction and influence, to a system of opinions and measures which have not the remotest tendency to remove the evils complained of, and which serve merely as a brand of discord throughout the country, will produce a perceptible effect on the public mind, and will do more to excite the passions, and to excite the passions, than any other course which she has adopted, for the purpose of showing in what light that course is regarded by those who do not see the propriety of preaching up a crusade against slavery, among a people whose slave system exists, for the mere purpose of exciting the indignation and hatred of the people of those States where it exists, by the express sanction of the Constitution under which we live.'

I have trespassed too long upon your time in going through these preliminaries, but I felt that they were important as bearing upon this lawless outbreak in our city, and as showing how the prevailing violence of that period was stimulated, and who are to be held responsible for it. Mr. Chairman, what a change has been effected in public sentiment within twenty years! It has seemed to me, in scanning the file of THE LIBERATOR for 1835, as if I were in another country, among another people!

'It is somewhat like the burst from death to life, from the grave's elements to the robes of heaven.' It is not much to be a professed Abolitionist to-day. The fiery trials through which the early Abolitionists passed can never be realized, except by those who endured them. Our pathway is now, comparatively, strewn with flowers. The Anti-Slavery flame has spread from heart to heart, from house to house, from State to State. Hundreds of thousands are imbued more or less with sympathy for the oppressed. The press is inclining more and more to the side of freedom; and all the signs of the times are encouraging in regard to the continued growth of our glorious movement.

On the other hand, it is also true that the Slave Power has lengthened its cords and strengthened its stakes. When I tell you that, during these twenty years, the natural increase of the number of slaves has been equal to the passing of the entire population of Massachusetts into a state of bondage, I tell you precisely the growth of the slave system during that period. More than a million of slaves are to be delivered, and nearly four millions in ALL! But, our cause is of God. It has been so from the beginning. Why did this nation tremble at the outset? Why were the slaveholders smitten as with the fear of death? Who were the Abolitionists? Confessedly, in a numerical sense, not to be counted. They had no influence, no station, no wealth. Ah! Mr. Chairman, they had the truth of God, and therefore God himself

on their side; and hence this guilty nation quaked with fear when that truth was uttered and applied. But our work is not to cease until liberty be proclaimed throughout all the land, until all the inhabitants thereof, without exception, be free, and until every chain is broken, and until our labor on earth is finished. Remember, they only who endure to the end shall see salvation, and raise the song of 'Victory!' We have fought a good fight, and we shall yet conquer, God helping us. All the spirits of the just are with us; all the good of earth are with us; and we need not fear as to the result of this great conflict.

'For truth shall conquer at last: So round and round we run,— And ever the right comes uppermost, And ever is justice done.'

A hymn by JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was then sung by the audience, to the tune of 'Scots wha hae', after which, WESSOLEY PHILLIPS addressed the meeting.

SPEECH OF WESSOLEY PHILLIPS. Mr. PRESIDENT,—I feel that I have very little right on this platform to-day; I stand here only to express my gratitude to those who truly and properly occupy it, for what we all owe them—the women and the men who stood by our honor and so nobly did our duties when we forgot it and then twenty years ago.

At this hour, twenty years ago, I was below, in the street—I thank God I am inside the house now! I was not in the street as one of the mob, but as a spectator. I had come down from my office in Court street to see what the excitement was. I did not understand the Anti-Slavery then; that is, I did not understand the country in which I lived. We have all of us learned much since; I learned what Anti-Slavery means—learned what a Republican Government really is—learned the power of the press and of money, which I, at least, did not know then. I remember saying to the gentleman who stood next to me in the street—'Why does not the Mayor call out the regiment?' (I belonged to it then)—'we would cheerfully take arms in such a case as this. It is a very shameful business. Why does he stand there arguing? Why does he not call for the guns?' I did not know that the guns were in the street—that the men who should have borne them were the mob; that all there was of government in Boston was in the street; that the people, our final reliance for the execution of the laws, were there, in the street. Mayor Lyman knew it, and to have said—'If I cannot be a magistrate, I will not pretend to be one.'

I do not know whether to attribute the Mayor's disgraceful conduct to his confused notion of his official duties or to a cowardly unwillingness to perform what he knew well enough to be his duty. A superficial observer of the press and pulpit of that day would be inclined to consider it the result of ignorance, and lay the blame at the door of our republican form of government, which thrusts up into important stations dainty gentlemen like LYMAN, physicians never allowed to doctor any body but the body politic, or cunning tradesmen who have wriggled their slimy way to wealth; men who in a trial hour not only know nothing of their own duties, but do not even know where to go for advice. And for the preachers, I am inclined to think this stolid ignorance of civil rights and duties may be pleaded as a disgraceful excuse, leaving them guilty only of meddling in matters far above their comprehension. But one who looks deeper into the temper of that day will see plainly enough that the Mayor and the Editors, with their companions 'in broadcloth,' were only blind to what they did not wish to see, and knew the right and wrong of the case well enough, only, like all half-educated people, they were but poorly able to comprehend the vast importance of the wrong they were doing. The mobs which followed, directed against other than Abolitionists, the ripe fruit of the seed here planted, opened their eyes somewhat.

Mr. GARRISON has given us specimens enough of the press of that day. There was the Daily Advertiser, of course on the wrong side—respectable when its opponents are strong and numerous, and quite ready to be scurrilous when scurrility is safe and will pay—behind whose editorials a keen ear can always catch the clink of the dollar—entitled to be called the Rip Van Winkle of the Press, should it ever, like Rip, wake up; the Advertiser condescended, strangely enough, to say, that it was not surprised (!) that papers abroad considered the meeting of mobocrats in the street below a riot (!); but the wiser Advertiser itself regarded it 'not so much as a riot as the pretension of a riot!' 'It considered the whole transaction as the triumph of law over lawless violence and the love of order over riot and confusion!' Dear, dreamy Van Winkle! and he goes on to 'rejoice' at the exceeding 'moderation' of the populace, that they did not murder Mr. GARRISON on the spot! And this is the Journal which Boston literature regards as its organ, and which Boston wealth befools itself by styling 'respectable'!

Next came the scurrilous Gazette, which it is said repented of its course when it found that Northern subscribers fell off and Southerners continued to despise it as before; and which, outliving public forbearance and becoming bankrupt, earned thus the right to be melted into the Daily Advertiser.

With them in and alliance marched the Courier—always strong and frank whichever side it took, and even of whose great merit and bravery between that time and this, it is sufficient praise to say, that it was enough to outweigh its great wrong in 1835, and its vile servility now.

With rare daring, the Christian Register snatched the palm of infamy—the organ of a set (the Unitarian) that skulked its way into New England under disguised banners, and so rightfully, in a moment of forgetful frankness, counselled hypocrisy; suiting matter to matter, it hints to the Abolitionists, that they should imitate the example, as, with laughable ignorance, it avers, of the early Christians of Trajan's day, and meet in secret, if the 'rascality' of the ladies would allow! The coward priest forgot, if he ever knew, that the early Christians met in secret beneath the pavements of Rome, only to pray for the martyrs who crossed lined the highways, whose daring defied Paganism at its own altar, and whose humanity stopped the bloody games of Rome in the upper air; that they met beneath the ground, not so much to hide themselves as to get strength for bolder attacks on wicked laws and false altars.

Infamy, however, at that day, was not a monopoly of one sect. HUBBARD WINSTON, a Pharisee of the Pharisees, strictly Orthodox, a bigot in good and regular standing, shortly after this preached a sermon to illustrate and defend the doctrine, that no man, under a republican government, has a right to promulgate any opinion but such as 'a majority of the brotherhood would allow and protect'; and he is said to have boasted that Judge Story thanked him for such a discourse! The Mayor played a most shuffling and dishonorable part. For some time previous, he had held private conferences with leading Abolitionists, urging them to discontinue their meetings, professing, all the while, entire friendship, and the most earnest determination to protect them in their rights at any cost. The Abolitionists treated him, in return, with the utmost confidence. They yielded to his wishes, so far as to consent to do nothing that would increase the public excitement, with this exception, that they insisted on holding meetings often enough to assert their right to meet. Yet, while they were thus honorably cooperating in avoiding every thing that would needlessly excite the public mind, going to the utmost verge of submission and silence that duty permitted,—while the Abolitionists, with rare moderation, were showing this magnanimous forbearance and regard to the weakness of public authority and the reckless excitement of the public, the Mayor himself, in utter violation of official decorum and personal honor, accepted the chair of the public meeting assembled in Faneuil Hall, and presided over that assembly.—an assembly which many intended should cause a mob against the Abolitionists, and which none but the weak or wilfully blind could avoid

seeing most lead to that result. In his opening speech to that factions meeting, the Mayor, under oath that at that moment to protect every citizen in his rights, and to do so to publicly ensure them of the danger of their meeting,—a warning or threat, the memory of which might well make him tremble with horror, and save GARRISON'S life, since of any blood shed that day, every law, divine and human, would have held the Mayor guilty.

Such was the temper of those times. The ignorant were not aware, and the wise were too corrupt to confess, that the most precious of human rights, free thought, was at stake. These women knew it, felt the momentous character of the issue, and consented to stand in the gap. Those were trial hours. I never think of them without my shame for my native city being enshroued up in gratitude to those who stood so bravely for the right. Let us not consent to be ashamed of the Boston of 1835. The howling wolves in the streets were not Boston. These brave men and women were Boston. We will remember no other.

I never open the State-Book of Massachusetts without thanking ELIAS GRAY LORING and SAMUEL J. MAY, CHARLES FOLLEN and SAMUEL E. SEWALL, and MAY, EDWARD EVERETT from blackening it with a law making free speech an indictable offence. And we owe it to fifty or sixty women, and to a dozen or two of men, that free speech was saved, in 1835, in the city of Boston. Indeed, we owe it to one man. If there is one here who loves Boston, who loves her honor, who is rejoiced to know that, however thin the thread, there is a thread that bridges over that dark and troubled wave, and connects us by a living nerve with the freemen of the Revolution, and that Boston, though betrayed by her magistrates, her wealth, her press, and her pulpits, never utterly bowed her neck, let him remember that we owe it to you, Sir, (Mr. JACKSON,) who offered to the women who were not allowed to meet here, even though the Mayor was in this hall, the use of your house; and one sentence of your letter deserves to be read whenever Boston men are met together to celebrate the preservation of the right of free speech in the city of Adams and Otis. History, that always loves duty, will write it a page whiter than marble and more incorrupt than gold. You said, Sir, in answer to a letter of thanks for the use of your house—

'If a large majority of this community choose to turn a deaf ear to the wrongs, which are inflicted upon their countrymen in other portions of the land—if they are content to turn away from the sight of oppression, and pass by on the other side—so it must be.'

'But when they undertake in any way to impair or annul my right to speak, write, and publish upon any subject, and more especially upon enormities which are the common concern of every lover of his country, and his kind—so it must not be—so it shall not be, if I for one can prevent it. Upon this great right let us hold on at all hazards. And should we, in its exercise, be driven from public halls to private dwellings, which man did not give me, and shall not (if I can help it) take from me, this roof and these walls shall be levelled to the earth—let them fall, if they must. They cannot crumble in a better cause. They will appear of very little value to me, after their owner shall have been whipped into silence.'

This was only thirty days after the mob. I need not read the remainder of the letter, which is in the same strain. We owe it to one man that a public meeting was held, within a month, by these same women, in the city of Boston. But to their honor be it remembered, also,—a fact which Mr. GARRISON omitted to state,—that when Mayor LYMAN urged them to go home, they left this hall in public procession and went 'home' to the house of Mrs. M. W. CHAPMAN, in West street, to organize and finish their meeting that very afternoon. To Mrs. CHAPMAN'S pen we owe the most living picture of that whole scene, and her able, graphic, and terse reports of the proceedings of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, and specially of this day, have hung over and everlasting contempt of the 'men of property and standing'—the 'respectable' men of Boston.

Let us open, for a moment, the doors of the hall which stood here, and listen to the Mayor receiving his lesson in civil duty from the noble women of this Society:— MR. LYMAN—Go home, ladies, go home. PRESIDENT—What renders it necessary we should go home? MR. LYMAN—I am the mayor of the city, and I cannot now explain; but will call upon you this evening. PRESIDENT—If the ladies will be seated, we will take the sense of the meeting. MR. LYMAN—Don't stop, ladies, go home. PRESIDENT—Will the ladies listen to a letter addressed to the Society, by Francis Jackson, Esq.?

MR. LYMAN—Ladies, do you wish to see a scene of bloodshed and confusion? If you do not, go home. ONE OF THE LADIES—Mr. Lyman, your personal friends are the instigators of this mob; have you ever used your personal influence with them? MR. LYMAN—I know no personal friends; I am merely an official. Indeed, ladies, you must retire. It is dangerous to remain. LADY—If this is the last bulwark of freedom, we may as well die here as when we go. There is nothing braver than that in the history of the Long Parliament, or of the Roman Senate. At that Faneuil Hall meeting, one of the 'family' was present; one of that family that was never absent when a deed of infamy was to be committed against the slave,—a family made up mostly of upstart attorneys, who fancy themselves statesmen, because able to draw a writ or pick holes in an indictment. Mr. THOMPSON, a writ or pick holes in an indictment; and then followed three speeches, by HARRISON GRAY OTIS, RICHARD FLETCHER, and PIERCE SPRAGUE, unmatched for the adroit, ingenious, suggestive argument and exhortation to put down, legally or violently, each bearer could choose for himself, all public meetings on the subject of slavery in the city of Boston. Every thing influential in the city was arrayed against this Society of a few women. I could not but reflect, as I sat here, how immortal principles. Rev. HENRY WARE, Jr., read the notice of this Society's meeting from Dr. CHAMBERLAIN'S pulpit, and almost every press in the city was barking at him next morning for what was called his 'impudence.' He is gone to his honored grave; many of those who met in this hall in pursuance of that notice are gone likewise. They died, as WYTTIER says,

'Their brave hearts breaking slow, But self-forgetful to the last, In words of cheer and bugle glow, Their breath upon the darkness passed.'

In those days, as we gathered round their graves, and resolved that the narrowest circle became, we would draw the closer together, we envied the dead their rest. Men ceased to slander them in the sanctuary of the grave; and as we looked forward to the desolate vista of calamity and toil before us, and thought of the temptations which beset us on either side from worldly prosperity which a slight sacrifice of principle might secure, or social ease so close at hand by only a little turning aside, we envied the dead the quiet sleep to which we left them, the harvest reaped, and the sea-foam beyond the power of change. And of those who assaulted them, many are gone. The Mayor, so recent to his duty, or so lacking in knowledge of his office, is gone; the Judge before whom Mr. GARRISON was arraigned the next day after the mob, at the jail is gone; the Sheriff who rode with him to the jail is gone; the city journals have changed hands, better men than once openly bought and sold. The editor of the Atlas, whose real in the cause of mob violence earned it the honor of giving its name to the day—the Atlas mob' many called it—is gone; many of the prominent actors in that scene, twenty years ago, have passed away; the most eloquent of those whose oris cried 'haroo' at Faneuil Hall has gone,—Mr. OTIS has his wish, that the grave might close over him before this day,—the same principle fills these same halls, and fresh and vital to-day, as self-led and resolute to

struggle against pulpit and press, against wealth and majorities, against denunciation and unpopularity, and certain in the end to set his triumphant foot on mass and every thing that man has made able.

Here stands to-day the man whom Boston wealth and Boston respectability went home, twenty years ago this night, and gloried in having crushed. The violent boasters are gone. He stands to-day among us, on these very walls, these ideas which breathe and burn around us, saying, 'I still live!' If twenty or twenty-two years hence, he too shall have passed away, may it not be till his glad ear has caught the jubilee of the emancipated millions whom his life has been given to save!

This very Female Anti-Slavery Society which was met here twenty years ago, did other good service but a few months after, in getting the Court of Massachusetts to recognize that great principle of freedom, that a slave, brought into a Northern State, is free. It was in the celebrated Neal case. We owe that to the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. To-day, Judge Kane, and the Supreme Court which alone can control him, are endeavoring to annihilate that principle which twenty years ago was established. How far and how soon they may be successful, God only knows.

Truly, as Mr. GARRISON has said, the intellectual moral growth of Anti-Slavery has been great within twenty years; but who shall deny, that in that same twenty years, the political, the organic, the civil growth of slavery, has been more than equal. We stand here to-day with a city redeemed—how far? Just so far as this meeting commemorates—the right of free speech is secured. Thank God! in twenty years, we have proved that an Anti-Slavery meeting is not only possible, but respectable, in Massachusetts—that it is all we have proved. Lord Erskine said a newspaper was stronger than government. We have got many newspapers on our side. Ideas will, in the end, beat down any thing—we have got free course for ideas.

But let us not cheer ourselves too hastily, for the government, the wealth, the public opinion of this very city in which we meet, remain to-day almost as firmly anchored as ever on the side of slavery. Amid all the changes of twenty years, the Daily Advertiser has not changed a whit—not a whit. The same paper that spoke doubtful words before Oct. 21st, hoped the meeting would be stopped, and afterwards was so warmly shocked at the occurrence of a mob, but who glared the ladies were not allowed to hold their meeting,—that newspaper would act the same shameful part to-day. The paper, which represented then so well the mob in broadcloth, has passed from a father weary in trying to hold Massachusetts back, to his son,—whose ambition, to reverse James's motto, 'no day follows'—is published to-day with the same spirit, representing the same class, actuated exactly with the same purpose, and if there is strength outside the city, in the same, able to rebuke that class, and that press, and that purpose, and give the State of Massachusetts more emphatically to some kind of Anti-Slavery, it is still a struggle. I would not rejoice, therefore, too much, to see much discriminate. 'To break your leg twice over the same stone is your own fault,' says the Spanish proverb.

I came here to-day to thank God that Boston ever wanted a person to claim his inalienable right to state his thoughts on the subject of slavery, not a spot upon which he could do it,—that is all my rejoicing today. And in that corner-stone of individual dignity, of liberty to conscience, I recognize the possibility of the emancipation of three millions of slaves. But the possibility is to be made actual by labors as earnest and unceasing, by a self-devotion as entire, as that which has marked the twenty years which have gone by.

I find that these people, who have made this so famous, were accused in their own time of bad language, and over-boldness, and great disregard of dignities. These were the three charges brought against the Female Anti-Slavery Society in 1835. The women forgot their homes in endeavoring to make the men do their duty. It was a noble lesson which the sisters and mothers of that time set the women of the present day—I hope they will follow it.

There was another charge brought against them,—that they had no reverence for dignitaries. The friend who sits here on my right (Mr. Southwick) will rebuke a slaveholder with a loud voice, in a room just before, if not then, consecrated by the presence of Chief Justice Shaw, and the press was astonished at his boldness. I hope, though she has left the city, she will have representatives behind her who will dare rebuke any slave-hunter, or any servant of the Slave Power, with the same boldness, frankness and delicacy of utterance and contempt of parchment.

POETRY.

For the Liberator. UNION FOR FREEDOM. BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM. 'Above all, let us be united among ourselves.' Whittier's letter to Garrison.

THE LIBERATOR.

TO HENRY C. WRIGHT. You urge, with great earnestness, the formation of a Northern Republic. I am surprised that you do. Why should you descend from your lofty position to engage in such a work?

Again, the issuing of a writ of habeas corpus for the purpose of securing possession of human beings and reducing them to slavery—for, disguise his object under whatever subterfuge he may, this was the purpose of Judge Kane's monstrous perversion of one of the dearest rights of freedom.

consequence of the unreserved newspaper criticism upon 'Nature's Divine Revelations,' and works of more recent origin. When that book was given, he remembered, the world had not heard of Spiritism.

and confine herself to the society of uneducated, undeveloped minds. But she is, and might have been seen with her worthy companions, have been seen with her worthy companions, have been seen with her worthy companions.

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