

will not tolerate the activity of intellectual energy in the pursuit of political truth, must expect the study of that truth to cease. A nation that has ceased to produce original and inventive minds, rests in advancing the landmarks of knowledge and freedom, from that moment has begun to recede towards ignorance and slavery. Every stage backwards renders its return more hopeless.

I am sure that this great error will not last long, and yet I do not think it is near its end. How long it shall endure, is known only to Him who, although he commands us to sow and to plant with unshaking faith, that we shall reap and gather the fruits of our culture, reserves to himself, nevertheless, not only the control, but even the knowledge of the forthcoming seasons.

It is because I am unwilling to forego a proper occasion for opposing that error, that I am here to celebrate, over the graves of the Forefathers, on this day devoted to their memories, the virtues, the labors, and the sufferings of the Puritans of New England and Old England. My interest in the celebration is not like your own, a derived, but only a reflected one. I am not native here, nor was I born to the manner of this high and holy observance, the dogmatical expostions of the Christian scheme by the Puritans have not altogether commanded my acceptance. I shall, therefore, refrain from even an approach to those finer parts of my great theme, justly familiar to your accustomed orators, which reach the profoundest depths of reverence and love in the bosoms of the ideal descendants of the founders of New England. A few years after the death of Napoleon, I stood before the majestic column in the Place Vendôme, that bears his statue. When I asked who scattered there a thousand wreaths of flowers, freshly gathered, that covered its base, the answer came quickly back, 'All the world.' So I, one only of the same vast constituency, cheerfully lend my voice to aid your noble purpose of erecting here a more worthy and more deserved monument to the memory of the Pilgrims. It is, indeed, quite unnecessary to their fame; yet it is, alas! only too necessary to correct the basis of the world's judgment of heroic worth. It makes its foundation broad as the dome of the cathedral of the May Flower, peacefully, and without injustice, rescued from the tramp of savage tribes! Let its material be of the imperishable substance of these everlasting hills! Let its devices and inscriptions be colossal, as become the emblems and tributes which commemorate a world's ever upheaving deliverance from civil and religious despotism. Let its shaft rise so high, that it shall cast its alternate shadows, changing with the progress of the stars in its journey, across the intervening mountains to the Pacific coast! It must often borrow majesty from the rock which was the first foothold of the Pilgrims on these desolate shores, instead of imparting to it stability.

The Puritans were a body of obscure religious sectaries, men of monastic devotion, yet retaining the habits of domestic and social life; simple, but not unlearned, unambitious; neither rich enough to forget their God, nor yet poor enough to debate their souls, content with mechanical and agricultural occupations, and rural domesticity, yet conscious of the liberty which Christ had made them free, and therefore bold enough to confront ecclesiastical and even royal authority in the capital. Serious as became their religious profession, they grew under persecution to be grave, formal and austere. Chosen emissaries of God, as they believed, they willingly became outcasts among men. Divinely constituted depositaries of pure and abounding truth, as they thought, they announced, as their mission, to all the heathen world, the doctrine of faith, no exercise of ecclesiastical authority, no rule of discipline, and not even a shred of ceremonial or sacrament, should be accepted, unless sanctioned by direct warrant from the Scriptures as interpreted by themselves, in the free exercise of their own consciences, illuminated by the Holy Spirit of God, although a benevolent Father was yet, as they believed, jealous towards disobedience of His revealed will, and would punish conscious neglect of His commandments, by the scourge of the Puritans. They came into the world to save it from despotism; and the world comprehended them not. They refused to acquiesce in the compromise, because it involved a surrender of natural rights, and a violation of principles of duty toward God. Nevertheless, they were true Christians, and therefore they declined to set up their own convictions as a standard for others who subscribed to the Christian faith, and freely allowed to all their fellow subjects the same broad religious liberty which they claimed for themselves. They persisted in non-conformity. The more harshly pressed, the more firmly they persisted. The more firm their persistence, the more severe and unrelenting was the persecution they endured. More than an hundred years virtually outlawed as citizens and subjects, and outcasts from the established church, the Puritans bore patiently their unswerving testimony against the compromise, before magistrates and councils, in the pillory, under stripes, in marches, in camps, in prison, in flight, in exile, among licentious soldiers and dissolute companions in neighboring lands; on the broad and then unexplored ocean, when the mariners lost their reckoning, and the ship's supplies became scanty and her seams opened to the waves; on unknown coasts, homeless, houseless, and famishing; in the leafless forest, surrounded by ice and snow, fearful of savage beasts and confronting the dangers of men. The compromise policy failed. Civil and religious liberty was not overborne; it rose erect; it triumphed; it is still gaining new and wider and more enduring triumphs; and tyrants have read anew the lesson, so often wasted upon them before, that where mankind stand upon their convictions of moral right and duty, in disobedience to civil authority, there is no middle course of dealing with them, between the persecution that exterminates, and the toleration that pacifies. The Puritans were not exterminated, they were not satisfied.

The Puritans thus persisted and prevailed because they had adopted one true, singular, and sublime principle of civil conduct, namely: that the subject in every State has a natural right to religious liberty of conscience. They knew too well the weakness of human guarantees of civil liberty, and the frailties of civil barriers against tyranny. They therefore did not affect to derive the right of toleration from the common law, or the statutes of the realm, or magna charta, or even from the immediate compact between the prince and the subject, which some publicists had about that time invented as a basis for civil rights. They resorted directly to a law, broader, older, and more stable than all these—a law universal in its application and in its obligation, established by the Creator and Judge of all men, and therefore paramount to all human constitutions. Algernon Sidney, Locke, and Bacon, and even Hooker, chosen and ablest champions of the Church of England, demonstrate the existence of this law, revealing the evidence of it, and of its universal nature and application, from natural and revealed religion, in the high debates of the seventeenth century. Blackstone, Vattel, and Montesquieu, have built upon their respective systems of municipal law, public law, and government; and our own Congress of 1774, and the same enduring foundation the corner-stone of this vast and towering structure of American freedom. The Puritans could therefore lay no claim to the discovery of this great principle, or to the promulgation of it. But the distinguished glory of having first reduced it from speculation to actual and effective application, as a conventional rule of political conduct, is all their own.

This great principle was not only a distinguishing, but it was also an offensive and annoying one. It was an appeal from the highest sovereign power in the State, to a sovereign power still higher, and therefore was thought seditious. It of course encountered the same ignominious epithets, which, although often overthrown, has not even yet been silenced. It was argued, that if individual conscience may rightly refuse to acquiesce in the results of the general conviction collected by the State and established as law, it may also rightfully resist the law by force, which would produce disorder and lead to anarchy. It was argued, also, that inasmuch as civil government is of divine appointment, it must be competent to act as an arbitrator between the same ignominious epithets, and implicit obedience to its decrees, as such arbitrator, is therefore a religious duty. As might well have been foreseen, there arose, on the side of the Puritans, contented, contentists whose voices, when silenced by persecution or drowned by public clamor, have reached this more congenial age, and are now giving form and condensation to the whole science of political ethics. Not again re-

calling the names of Locke and Sidney, there was Edwards, profoundest metaphysician of all ages, and Milton, always disconcerted and distracted among men, but familiar with angels, and learned in the counsels of Heaven. It was their sufficient reply, that unenlightened and unenlightened sciences will never disturb despotism with their remonstrances, and that unconscionable illuminated and purified cannot be perverted to exalt, that God has dedicated to no human tribunal authority to interfere between Himself and the monitor which he has implanted in the bosom of every moral being, and which is responsible to its Author alone; and that the boundaries of human authority are the boundaries of eternal justice, ascertained by the teachings of that monitor which, where it is free and fully awakened, must always be the same. They answered further, and with decided energy, that traditions and compact, in the service of freedom, were altogether void, because the masses of men living at one time in a State must always have supreme control over their own conduct, in all that concerns their duty to God and their own happiness.

Here my reflections on a subject infinitely suggestive come to an end. They will not be altogether fruitless, if I have been at all successful in illustrating the truths, that continual meliorations of society and government are not only possible, but certain; that human progress is not arrested, it is only the unfolding of the divine providence concerning man; that the task of directing and aiding that progress is rendered the most difficult of all our labors, by reason of our imperfect knowledge of the motives and principles of human conduct, and of countless unforeseen objects to be encountered; that this progress, nevertheless, must and will go on, whether favored or resisted; that it will go on peacefully, if wisely favored, and through violence if unwisely resisted; that neither stability, nor even safety, can be enjoyed by any State, otherwise than by rendering exact justice, which is nothing else than pure equality, to all its members; that the martial heroism, which, invoked after too long passiveness under oppression and misrule, sometimes achieves the deliverance of States, is worthy of all the honor it receives; but that the real authors of all benign revolutions are those who search out and seek to remove peacefully the roots of social and political evils, and so avert the necessity for sanguinary remedies; that the Puritans of England and America have given the highest and most beneficent illustration of that conservative heroism which the world has yet witnessed; that they have done this by the adoption of a single true and noble principle of conduct, and by patient and persevering fidelity to it; that they have, in the process, created a new social reaction, and given a new and powerful impulse to human progress; that they have, in fact, and mankind are credulous, and that therefore political compromises are more dangerous to liberty than upon usurpation; that the Puritan principle, which was so sublime and so effective, was nothing else than the truth that men retain in every state all the natural rights which are essential to the performance of personal, social, and religious duties; that the principle includes the absolute equality of all men, and therefore tends to a complete development in a republican system of that it has already modified the institutions of Europe, while it has brought into existence republican systems, more or less perfect, throughout the American continent, and is fixing and abiding such institutions wherever civilization is found; that hindrances, delays and reactions of political progress are nevertheless unavoidable, but that it is our duty to labor to advance that progress, chiefly by faith, constancy, and perseverance—virtues which can only be acquired by self-renunciation, and by yielding to the motives of the fear of God and the love of mankind.

Come forward then, ye Nations, States, and Races—rude, savage, oppressed and despised—enslaved, or naturally warring among yourselves as ye are—upon whom the morning star of civilization hath either not yet dawned, or hath only dimly broken amid clouds and storms, and receive the assurance that its shining shall be complete, and its light be poured down on all alike. Receive our pledges that we will wait and watch and strive for the fullness of that light, by the exercise of faith, with patience and perseverance. And ye returned men, whose precious dust is beneath our unworthy feet, pilgrims and sojourners in this vale of tears no longer, but Kings and Princes now at the right hand of the throne of the God you served so faithfully when on the earth—gather yourselves, immortal and awful shades, around us, and witness, not the useless honors we pay to your memories, but our resolves of fidelity to truth, duty and freedom, which arise out of the contemplation of the beneficent operation of your own great principle of conduct, and the ever widening influence of your holy teachings and Godlike example.

THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 28, 1855.

PATRONISE THE BAZAAR!

The Anti-Slavery Bazaar, at PARK HALL, 15 Winter Street, continues to hold out brilliant attractions to the lovers of the beautiful and artistic, and to all who take any interest in the struggling cause of freedom in our land. Its tables present the richest variety of ornamental and useful articles, a generous proportion of which comes from the old world, the gift of philanthropic spirits which are universal in their scope.

There will be speaking at the Bazaar every evening this week, commencing at half past 8 o'clock.

The box of beautiful de la Rue STATIONERY has arrived, and will be opened, probably, the present week. The Bazaar will probably remain open until the close of New Year's Day. Give it a lift.

We have received a copy of the new work just published by John P. Jewett & Co., of this city, entitled 'Glances and Glimpses; or, Fifty Years Social, including Twenty Years Professional, Life; by Harriet K. Hunt, M. D.'—and have only room to say of it, in our present number, that it is excellent in its style and matter, full of suggestive thought and lively incident, and worthy of high commendation. It cannot fail to secure a wide circulation.

Among the articles reluctantly deferred till next week is a notice of the late anniversary of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society at Philadelphia, at which we had the privilege to be present, and which was truly strengthening. No less than thirteen columns of the last Standard are occupied by a report of the proceedings, made by that most accurate and successful reporter, Mr. WILLIAM H. BURK.

To the exclusion of various articles designed for our present number, we give with pleasure the report of the proceedings of a highly interesting meeting held in the Rev. Mr. Grimes' church, in this city, on the evening of the 17th instant, at which an elegant gold watch (valued at \$150) was presented to Mr. WILLIAM C. NELL, by his colored fellow-citizens, for his long-continued and successful efforts to secure Equal School Rights in Boston. It will be read with pleasure.

FOREFATHERS' DAY. The anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims was celebrated on Friday last at Plymouth, by the delivery of an able and philosophical oration on the characteristics of the Puritans, by Hon. Wm. H. SEWARD, (some extracts from which may be found in preceding columns.)—and by a public dinner, &c. &c. We have copied from the *Bea* a report of the speech made at the table by WENDELL PHILLIPS, as taken down at the time by Mr. J. M. W. TARRANT, whose photographic skill is not surpassed by any reporter in the country.

We ask the special attention of all our readers, as well as of all editors, to the timely article on our first page from the vigorous pen of DAVID LEX CROTT, Esq., which first appeared in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, relative to the unprovoked and exterminating war now going on against the Indian tribes, under the present lawless and filibustering administration. The heart sickens in the contemplation of such atrocities. Are they to be committed with impunity?

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.
At the Dinner of the Pilgrim Society in Plymouth, December 21, 1855.

Mr. Phillips was called upon to respond to the following toast:—
The Pilgrim Fathers—Their fidelity, amid hardships and perils, to truth and duty, has secured to their descendants prosperity and peace.

On rising, the distinguished orator was received with enthusiastic cheers. He spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT.—History tells us that the Pilgrims at this season of the year were very hungry, almost starving, but certainly their descendants must be far more insatiable than they were, if, after all the noble things they have heard to-day, they can ask for more. It seems to me we are in the condition of that man whom Oliver Wendell Holmes describes in one of his lectures. You remember he says that all the lycum lecturers held a meeting, and found, as a matter of universal experience, that at a certain period in every lecture, a man went out, and each one assigned a different reason for it. One thought it was business, another the heat, and a third fancied it was some offensive sentiment uttered by the speaker. But Holmes, being a physician, performed an autopsy, and found the man's brain was full. [Loud laughter and applause.] Now, sir, I certainly think I may claim that reason for sitting down. After that eloquent and profound oration, and all we have listened to since, surely our brains must be full.

Why, who shall say any thing after all we have heard? Do you not remember, sir, when we were little boys, and followed the martial music, our steps keeping time, street after street, till we came to some broad way that our fears or our mothers forbade us to enter; and when the music turned away, our tiny feet kept time long afterwards? Can we get away from the spell that took possession of us in yonder church? I can only think in that channel. Who can get his mind away from the deep resounding march with which the speaker carried us from century to century, and held up the torch, and pointed out the significance of each age? All we can do is to utter some little reflection—something suggested by that train of thought.

How true it is that the Puritans originated no new truth! How true it is, also, Mr. President, that it is not truth that agitates the world! Plato in the groves of the Academy sounded on and on to the utmost depth of philosophy, but Athens was quiet. He called around him the choicest minds of Greece, and pointed out the worthlessness of their altars and the sham of public life, and Athens was quiet—it was all speculation. When Socrates walked the streets of Athens, and questioned every-day life, struck the altar till the faith of the passer-by faltered, it came close to action, and immediately they gave him hemlock, for the city was turned upside down. I might find a better illustration in the streets of Jerusalem. What the Puritans gave the world was not thought, but ACTION. Europe had ideas, but she was wanting, 'I dare not wait upon I would,' like the oak in the adage. But the Puritans, with active pluck, launched out into the deep sea. Men had been creeping along the Mediterranean, from headland to headland, in their timidity; the Pilgrims launched boldly out into the Atlantic, and trusted God. [Loud applause.] That is the claim they have upon posterity. It was ACTION that made them what they were.

No, they did not originate any thing, but they planted it and the answer to all criticism upon it is to be—THE OAK. [The Edinburgh reviewer takes up the acorn, the Mayflower, and says—'I do not see stalwart branches, I do not see a broad tree here.' Mr. President, we are to show it to him. The glory of the fathers is the children. My friend, Mr. Winthrop (if he allows me to call him so) says the pens of the Puritans are their best defence. No, the Winthrop of today are to be the best defence of the Winthrop of 1630; they are to write that defence in the broad, legible steps of a life whose polar star is Duty, whose goal is Liberty, and whose staff is Justice. [Enthusiastic applause.] The glory of men is not what they actually produce, so much as what they enable others to do. My Lord Bacon, as he takes his proud march down the centuries, may lay one hand on the telegraph and the other on the steamboat, and say, 'These are mine, for I taught you to invent.' And the Puritan, wherever he finds a free altar, free lips, say, and a free family, may say—'These are mine.' No matter for the stain of bigotry that rests upon his memory, for he taught us these.

I think, Mr. President, that the error in judging of the Puritans has been that which the oration of to-day sets right. We are to regard them in posse, not in esse—in the possibilities that were wrapped up in that time 1620, not in what poor human bodies produced at that time. Men look back upon the Carvers and Bradfords of 1620, and seem to think if they existed in 1855, they would be clad in the same garments, and walking in the same identical manner and habit that they did in 1620. It is a mistake. The Pilgrims of 1620 would be, in 1855, not in Plymouth, but in Kansas. [Loud cheers.] Solomon's Temple, they tell us, had the best system of lightning rods ever invented—he anticipated Franklin. Do you suppose if Solomon lived now, he would stop at lightning conductors? No, he would have telegraphs without wires, able to send messages both ways at the same time, and where only he who sent and he who received should know what the messages were.

Do you suppose that if Elder Brewster could come up from his grave to-day, he would be contented with the Congregational Church and the five points of Calvin? No, sir; he would add to his creed the Maine Liquor Law, the Underground Railroad, and the thousand Sharpe's Rifles, addressed 'Kansas,' and labelled 'Books.' [Enthusiastic and long-continued applause.] My idea is, if he took his staff in his hand and went off to exchange pulpits, you might hear of him at the Music Hall of Boston, [where Rev. THOMAS PARKER preaches], and the Plymouth Church at Brooklyn [Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER's]. (Renewed applause.)

We should bear in mind development when we criticize the Pilgrims—where they would be to-day. Indeed, to be as good as our fathers, we must be better. Imitation is not discipleship. When some one sent a cracked plate to China to have a set made, every piece in the new set had a crack in it. The copies you see commonly of 1620 and 1787 have the crack, and very large, too. These and those, a stationary hat, bad grammar and worse manners, and an ugly coat, are not George Fox in 1855. You will recognize him in any one who rises from the lap of artificial life, sings away its softness, and startles you with the sight of a MAN. Neither do I acknowledge, sir, the right of Plymouth to the whole rock. No, the rock underlies all America; it only crops out here. [Cheers.] It has cropped out a great many times in our history. You may recognize it always. Old Putnam stood upon it at Bunker Hill, when he said to the Yankee boys—'Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes.' Ingraham had it for ballast when he put his little sloop between two Austrian frigates, and threatened to bring them out of the water, if they did not respect the broad eagle of the United States. In the case of Keizer, Jefferson had it for a writing-desk when he drafted the Declaration of Independence and the 'Statute of Religious Liberty' for Virginia. Lovejoy rested his musket upon it when they would not let him print at Alton, and he said, 'Death or free speech!' I recognized the clink of it to-day, when the apostle of the 'Higher Law' came to lay his garland of everlasting—none a better right than he—upon the monument of the Pilgrims. [Enthusiastic cheering.] He says he is not a descendant of the Pilgrims. That is a mistake. There is a pedigree of the body and a pedigree of the mind. [Applause.] He knows so much about the Mayflower, that, as they say in the West, I know he was 'thar.' [Laughter and applause.] Ay, sir, the rock cropped out again. Garrison had it for an imposing stone when he looked in the faces of seventeen millions of angry men and said, 'I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard.' [Great cheering.]

Sir, you say you are going to raise a monument to the Pilgrim. I know where I would place it, if I had a voice. I should place one cornerstone on the rock, and the other on that level spot where fifty of the one hundred were buried before the winter was over. In that touching, eloquent, terrific picture of what the Pilgrims passed through, rather than submit to compromise, which the orator sketched for us to-day, he omitted to mention that one half of their number went down into the grave; but the remainder closed up shoulder to shoulder, as firm, unflinching, hopeful, as ever. Yes, death rather than the compromise of Elizabeth. [Loud applause.] I would write on their monument two mottoes; one, 'The Right is more than Our Country!' and over the graves of the fifty, 'Death, rather than Compromise!' Mr. President, I detect that word. It is so dangerous, I would not have it even in matters of expediency. As the Irishman said in Jefferson's day, when the 'true-blue' Democrat took him from the emigrant ship hurried him to the swearing-booth, and thence to the ballot-box, urging him to vote the true Democratic government ticket, 'The government? I never knew a government that was not the devil. Give me the opposition!' [Laughter.] The very word is misleading—out with it! I would never have a compromise for any thing.

My friend, Gov. Boutwell, says the Puritans had no taste in architecture. I remember the first vote passed after they landed; it was, that each man build his own house. [Cheers.] I am for having each man build his own mental house now, without having too much unhelp in the architecture, and at any rate, keeping clear of compromises and smothering phrases, and all sham and delusions.

What did the Pilgrims do? Why, sir, it was a great question at that day, which course to take. Cromwell and Hampden stood on one side, Carver and Bradford on the other. Which could best reform the English government, staying at home or going away? History answers which did the most, which has struck the heaviest blows at the English aristocracy, the efforts of those who stood nearest, or in the sight and example of America, as she loomed up in gigantic proportions? Mr. President, they say that Michael Angelo once entered a palace at Rome where Raphael was ornamenting the ceiling, and as Angelo walked around, he saw that all the figures were too small for the room. He stood on one side and drafted an immense head proportion to the chamber; and when his friends asked him why, his reply was, 'I criticize by creation, not by finding fault.' Carver and Bradford did so. They came across the water and created a great model State, and bade England take warning. The Edinburgh reviewer may be seen running up and down the sides of the Pilgrims, and taking their measure—where does he get his yardstick? He gets it from the very institutions they made for him. [Applause.] He would never have known how to criticize, if their creation had not taught him.

Mr. President, I have already detained you much longer than I would. I think to-day the Puritans have received their fit interpreter. We know them. Their great principles were to be carried with us; that one idea, persistency—that was their polar star, and it is the key to all their success. They never lost sight of it. They sometimes talked for Buncombe; they did it when they professed allegiance to Elizabeth. Our fathers did it when they professed allegiance to George the Third—it was only for Buncombe! [Laughter.] But, concealed under the velvet phrase, there was the stern Puritan muscle, that held on to individual right.

The Puritans believed that Institutions were made for Man. Europe established a civilization, which, like that of Greece, made the State every thing, the man nothing. The Man was made for the Institutions; 'No, let us go out and make clothes for the Man; let us make Institutions for Men!' That is the radical principle, it seems to me, that runs through all their history. You could not beguile them with the voice of the charmer, 'charm be never so wisely'; but down through all the weary years of colonial history to the period of the Revolution, the Puritan pulse beat in unquivering, never-faltering allegiance to this principle of the sacredness of Man. Let us hold on to it; it is to be our salvation.

Mr. President, the toast to which you called upon me to respond, says our fathers have secured prosperity and peace. Yes, 'secured' it. It is not here; we have not yet got it, but we shall have it. It is all 'secured,' for they planted so wisely, it will come. They planted their oak or pine tree in the broad lines of New England, and gave it room to grow. Their great care was, that it should grow, no matter at what cost. Goethe says, that if you plant an oak in a flower vase, either the oak must wither or the vase crack; so men go for saving the vase. Too many now-a-days have that anxiety; the Puritans would have let it crack—so say I. If there is any thing that cannot bear free thought, let it crack. There is a class among us so conservative, that they are afraid the roof will come down if you sweep off the cobwebs. As Douglas Jerrold says—'They can never fully relish the new moon, out of respect for that venerable institution, the old one.' (Great merriment and applause.)

Why, Sir, the first Constitution ever made was framed in the Mayflower. It was a very good Constitution, parent of all that have been made since—a goodly family, some bad and some good. The parent was laid aside on the shelf the moment the progress of things required it. I hope none of the children have grown so strong that they can prevent the same event befalling themselves when necessity requires. Hold on to that idea with true New England persistency—the sacredness of individual man—and everything else will evolve from it. The Phillipses, Mr. President, did not come from Plymouth, they made their longest stay at Andover. I will tell you an Andover story. One day, a man went into a store there, and began telling about a fire. 'There had never been such a fire,' he said, 'in the county of Essex. A man was going by Deacon Pettigill's barn, and saw an owl on the ridge-pole. He fired at the owl, and the wadding some how or other getting inside the barn, set the hay on fire, and it was all destroyed—ten tons of hay, six head of cattle, the finest barn in the country, &c. The Deacon was nearly crazed by it. The men in the store began exclaiming and commenting upon it. 'What a loss!' says one. 'Why, the Deacon will well-nigh break down under it,' says another. And so they went on, 'speculating' one after another awhile. At last, a quiet man, one that sat spitting in the fire, looked up, and said, 'Did he hit the owl?' (Tumultuous applause.) He was made for that sturdy reformer, of one idea, whom Mr. Seward described.

No matter what the name of the thing be; no matter what the sounding phrase is, what the tub to the whale, always ask the politician and the divine, 'Did he hit that owl?'—Is Liberty safe?—Is Man sacred? They say, sir, I am a fanatic, and so I am. But, sir, we have not yet risen high enough. A far off, I see Carver and Bradford, and I mean to get up to them. [Loud cheers.]

AFFLICTING BEREAVEMENT. Our beloved friends, JAMES S. and ABY H. GIBSONS, of New York, have been called to experience the deepest grief in the sudden death of their only son, WILLIAM GIBSONS, a member of the Sophomore Class in Harvard College, and a grandson of the late revered LEAS T. HOPKIN, in the 22d year of his age—a noble and ingenious youth, full of glorious promise, spotless in character, genial and loving in spirit, an apt scholar, and warmly beloved by all who knew him. The sorrowing parents and relatives have our tenderest sympathies in this time of trial; for the blow has fallen with the suddenness of a thunderbolt.

An Address on Slavery will be delivered in the North Bennet Street Free Will Baptist Church, Boston, on Sunday evening next, at 7 o'clock, by FRANCIS E. WATKINS. God send next.

MEETING OF COLORED CITIZENS.
PRESENTATION TO MR. WILLIAM C. NELL FOR HIS EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF EQUAL SCHOOL RIGHTS.

Agreeably to previous notice, a meeting of the colored citizens of Boston was held in the South Street Church, on Monday evening, the 17th inst., for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Mr. Wm. C. NELL for his disinterested and untiring exertions in procuring the opening of the public schools of the city to all the children and youth within its limits, irrespective of complexion differences. The church was crowded by a fully appearing and evidently intelligent audience, all of whom appeared to take a lively interest in the proceedings.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. L. N. FRENKIN, at half past seven o'clock, and organized by the choice of the following officers:—

- President,
JOHN T. HILTON.
- Vice Presidents,
JONAS W. CLARK, EDWIN F. HOWARD,
SIMPSON H. LEWIS, ROBERT JOHNSON,
WM. H. LOGAN, WILLIAM JOHNSON,
GEORGE W. LOWTHERS, LEWIS HAYDEN,
ROBERT MORRIS, Esq., JOHN WAIGHT,
PETER HAWKINS, J. V. DEGRAFE, M. D.,
J. S. ROCK, M. D. HENRY HATTON.
- Secretary,
NORSTON P. FREEMAN, GEORGE L. RUTTEN.

Prayer was offered by Rev. CHARLES W. UPHAM, (editor of the *Christian Watchman*), after which the President briefly addressed the assembly, alluding to the various efforts which had been made for the overthrow of the obnoxious and disgraceful caste school, to the shameful abuse with which these efforts had too often been met, by members of School Committees and others, and to the persistent and patient labors of the friends of the movement, which had at last brought to a triumphant termination. Among those who had remained faithful to the end, (he said,) might be named WILLIAM C. NELL, (applause); who, like Moses of old, would not be put off, but, seeing the suffering and hearing the sighing of the children of his brethren, was moved in his inmost soul to relieve that they should not suffer the shame much longer, if any devotion and energy on his part could accomplish their deliverance. With this determination, he went forward, making all the efforts necessary in the case, until success had crowned his labors; and the meeting that evening was for the purpose of presenting to him a testimonial of their appreciation and gratitude. (Loud applause.)

FLORAL PRESENTATION.

MR. CAROLINE BUTLER LEWIS then came forward and sang a floral invocation, which was repeatedly applauded, and at its conclusion, Master FREDERICK LEWIS, in behalf of the children who have been so highly benefited by Mr. Nell's labors, addressed him as follows:—
'Champion of Equal School Rights, we hail thee! With unbounded gratitude we bow before thee! Our youthful hearts bless thee for thy incessant labors and untiring zeal in our behalf. We would fain assist in swelling thy praise, which flows from every lip, but this was a tribute far too small. Noble friend! thou hast opened for us the gate that leadeth to rich treasures; and as we pass through, ambition leadeth us a hand—ay, she quickeneth our pace; and as, obeying her, we look through the vista of future years, we recognize bright Fame in a field of literary glory, her right hand extended with laurels of honor, to crown those who shall be most fortunate in gaining the platform whereon she standeth; while before her lies spread the banquet, with viands rich and rare, that our literary hunger may be satiated. To this we aspire. To gain this, we will be punctual to school, diligent in study, and well-behaved; and may we be enabled to reach the goal, that, in thy declining years, thy heart may be gladdened by what thy eye beholdeth, and it shall be like a crown of gold encircling thy head, and like a rich mantle thrown around thee, studded with jewels and precious stones.'

'Kind benefactor! accept, we entreat thee, this simple token,—emblem of the bright, gladsome years of youthful innocence and purity, and as thou hast befriended us, so may we ever prove faithful friends to thee. May the blessings of Heaven attend thee through life's ever-changing scenes and intricate windings, is our prayer.'

'Long live Wm. C. Nell, the noble champion of Equal School Rights!' (Prolonged cheering.)

On the conclusion of his address, Master Lewis presented Mr. Nell with a beautiful bouquet, and several bright-eyed lads and misses came forward, each bearing a similar offering. This scene was an exceedingly pleasant one, and the audience expressed their gratification in repeated cheers.

PRESENTATION OF AN ELGON GOLD WATCH.

MR. GEORGIANA O. SMITH then, in the following well-spoken address, presented to Mr. Nell a very fine and costly gold watch, as a token of the regard and esteem of his friends, in whose behalf he had so perseveringly labored:—

MR. NELL.—DEAR SIR,—It is with feelings of the greatest emotion, that I, in behalf of the colored citizens of Boston, appear before you this evening, to present you this watch, as a token of our esteem and respect, for your untiring exertions in securing Equal School Rights for the colored children of the city of Boston.

Sir, it would be difficult for me to describe the heartfelt feelings of respect and gratitude our colored friends of Boston entertain for you;—you, who were never known to swerve from your course, but were always ready when an opportunity occurred to plead and battle for the rights of the people with whom you are identified;—you, who were never weary or disheartened, even when the battle raged fiercest, or the object at which you aimed seemed almost unattainable; even then you persevered, and those who met you, from day to day, saw Hope seated upon your brow, and its light irradiating your countenance. With you, there was 'no such word as fail.'

And now, knowing these things to be so, I present to you this token of our respect; and may the citizens of Boston always feel a warm regard for this our tried and valued friend, and may the name of WILLIAM C. NELL be handed down to posterity as the champion of Equal School Rights. (Loud cheers.)

The watch bears this inscription:—'A Tribute to WILLIAM C. NELL, from the colored citizens of Boston, for his untiring efforts in behalf of Equal School Rights, Dec. 17, 1855.'

ADDRESS OF MR. NELL.

MR. PRESIDENT, Ladies and Gentlemen,—The struggle for Equal School Rights, which for so long a series of years has taxed our hearts, our heads, and our hands, having, through the aid of many friends, at length been triumphantly successful, it was but natural that the gratitude of parents and children should desire to make some record of the emotions awakened by such a signal and public good. With partial kindness, you have been pleased to make me the recipient of these honors, in recognition of the humble services it was my privilege to render the cause we all have loved so well.

Any attempt to express the feelings which swell my heart at this, the proudest moment of my life, it is no affection to say, would be wholly unavailing. Your own hearts can best interpret mine. To be surrounded by such a constellation of friends from various walks of life, comprising those who have known me from early boyhood, and those of but recent acquaintance—realizing the fact that this is their united testimonial, approving my course in so glorious a reform—to be elaborate on such a theme opens for abilities far transcending any that I possess. I should be doing injustice, however, to my own sense of right were I to allow the occasion to pass without

referring to others whose words and deeds, in promoting of the movement, should engrave their names indelibly upon the tablets of our memory.

To secure accuracy of names and dates, I have not felt in reserve for us from the distinguished gentlemen who have graced our meeting with their presence. It will be as brief as the circumstances will admit.

In the year 1829, while a pupil in the famous story of the Belknap-street church, Hon. HARRISON OLIE, then Mayor of the city, accompanied Mr. NELL to school. It chanced that Charles A. BASTINE, then Woodson and myself were pronounced entitled to the highest reward of merit. In lieu of a boy's certificate, he legitimately our due, Mr. Armstrong gave each of us a Benjamin Franklin. This is the copy I presented. The white medal sealers were invited guests at the Faneuil Hall dinner. Having a boy's certificate, I made good my feat with one of the medals, which allowed me to seem to see others with the same myself, the physical being then with me, the moral being to me. 'You ought to be here with the other boys.' Of course, the same idea had been in the minds of me, but his remark, while witnessing the attentiveness all the more, by the tentative inquiry which I eagerly desired to express—'If you think we have you not taken steps to bring it about?'

The impression made on my mind, by this day's experience, deepened into a solemn vow, that, by helping me, I would do my best to hasten the day when the color of the skin would be no barrier to equal school rights. I need not tell you that it was several years before any movement could be made promising a favorable result. In the year 1840, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Francis Jackson, Henry W. Wilson and myself signed a petition, asking the City Government to grant equal school rights. Of course, the petition if any progress was made at that time. In the year 1846, another petition was forwarded from George Putnam and eighty-five others. In 1847, James W. Child and 227 others renewed the appeal, which was answered through several years' attendance with agricultural and individual skirmishes not always confined to one or two children, until, in May, 1854, George F. Williams, Esq., submitted an able report to the City Government, recommending equal rights and equal privileges to colored children. His efforts, responded to by a few members of each branch, paved the way for that action in the succeeding Legislature which accomplished the long-sought-for object. As a means to this end, petitions were circulated, and though but to a limited extent, it resulted in 1469 names being forwarded. The number, I had the honor of obtaining 511 in Boston, which was augmented by 87 through the exertions of our zealous friend Lewis Hayden. It will not be necessary to mention two places in the Commonwealth where earlier and successful struggles in the same cause prompted their ready and cheerful cooperation. In Westley Berry headed the one from Narragansett, and the name of Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, with the leading names and officials, graced the other from Rhode Island. 114 names—a success achieved by the joint labors of the wife of Charles Lenox Remond and Mrs. George Putnam, formerly of this city. John B. Bailey, Mr. Randolph in Charlestown were faithful auxiliaries, and the exertions of wife anti-slavery friends, Mrs. Bridgewater, Lexington, Bolton and Lonsdale were no less praiseworthy, some towns, including Lowell and Haverhill, sending 300 names and upwards.

These petitions were promptly responded to by the Legislature. In the House, the bill was ordered to a third reading with an affirmative vote, not more than half a dozen voting aud

where the blows fell thick and fast in our defence. I am aware how notorious it is that the good man shrinks from the open proclamation of his face of really his good qualities. But while the friends assembled will not doubt my veracity in these statements, they and those who have helped rear for us and our children the Temple of Equality, will indulge me in this special occasion, in view of the past, present, and future history of school rights. Let us not forget to duly honor those who, by their exertions, have secured to us these blessings.

While I would not in the smallest degree detract from the credit justly due to their conspicuous exertions in this reform, truth enjoins upon me the pleasant duty of acknowledging that to the women, and the children also, is the cause especially indebted for success. In the dark hours of our struggle, when betrayed by traitors within and beset by foes without, while some men would become lukewarm and indifferent, despairing of victory; then did the women keep the same alive, and as their hopes would have bright visions for the future, their husbands and brothers would rally for a new attack upon the fortress of color-phobia. Yes, Sir, it was the mothers (God bless them!) of these little bright-eyed boys and girls, who, through every step of our progress, were executive and vigilant, even to that memorable Monday morning, (September 2, 1855,) the trial hour, when the colored children of Boston went up to occupy the long-promised land. It was those mothers who accompanied me to the various school-houses, to residences of teachers and committeemen, to see the laws of the Old Bay State applied in good faith.

An omnipresent consciousness of my own experience when a school-boy, and how my heart would have leaped in the enjoyment then of equal school rights, has proved a strong incentive to my interest for your boys and girls; for, having none of my own, I took the liberty of adopting them all as my children, and the smiles of approbation with which so many of them have greeted me in their homes and the highways and ways of life, have imparted to me a wealth of inspiration and encouragement not obtainable from any other source. He that makes glad the heart of a child, receives in return whole volumes of benedictions, and is richer far than if upon his brow were entwined a monarch's diadem.

These mothers have also labored at home to instill into the minds of their children the necessity of striving to obtain as also to appreciate these rights—emanating from New England mother, who was said to mingle instruction in her children's bread and milk, and put good morals into their apple pies! With commendable zeal, the boys and girls have endeavored to profit by these counsels.

On the morning preceding their advent to the public schools, I saw from my window a boy passing the exclusive Smith School; (where he had been a pupil,) and, raising his hands, he exultingly exclaimed to his companions, "Good bye forever, colored school! To-morrow we are like other Boston boys!"

In my daily walks, I behold the companionship in studies and healthful glee, of boys and girls of all colors and races in these temples of learning, so justly a theme of pride to every citizen; sights and sounds indeed to me chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely; and since the 3d of September to the present time, the sun, moon and stars are regular in their courses! No orb has proved so eccentric as to shoot wildly from its sphere in consequence, and the State House on Beacon Hill, and old Faneuil Hall, remain as firm upon their bases as ever.

This union of mothers and children with husbands and fathers has contributed vastly to the great result. They have been the allied forces, which conquered our Sebastopol.

To the colored boys and girls of Boston it may now in truth be said, the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places; behold, you have a goodly heritage—may it stimulate you to greet the voice of wisdom, as she sweetly offers the choicest treasures of her gathered stores.

"With eager hand the glowing page to turn, To scan the earth and cleave the distant sky, And find the force that holds the planets in their spheres."

Do not waste your spring of youth in idle dalliance, but plant rich seeds to blossom in your manhood, and bear fruit when you are old. The public schools of Boston are the gateways to the pursuits of honor and usefulness, and if rightly improved by you, the imagination almost wears as future prospects dawn upon its vision; for,

"Hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arise, In response to your floral tribute, so pleasing and acceptable, allow me to say, that I needed it not as an evidence of your satisfaction with the rights obtained, or my participation therein, for the pleasure of the service has abundantly rewarded me. Endeavor to retain the impressions made upon your memories by this meeting, for, after all, you children are the parties benefited. Your parents have labored to achieve this good for you, and to them you must ever render due honor. The three children of an Eastern lady were invited to furnish her with an expression of their love before she went on a long journey. One brought a marble tablet, with the inscription of her name; another presented her with a garland of flowers; the third entered her presence, and thus accosted her: "Mother, I have neither marble tablet nor fragrant nosegay, but I have a heart here; your name is engraved here; your name is precious; and this heart, full of affection, will follow you wherever you travel, and remain with you wherever you repose." I know of no more appropriate advice to boys and girls than to commend their imitation of that child's example; and when a few short years will have rolled away, and all proscriptions shall have done its work in the land, may

"You love at times to pause, and strew the way With the wild flowers that luxuriant bend From Spring's gay branches, that whence'er you send Your memory to retrace your pilgrimages, She by those flowers her winding course may bend, Back through each twilight and each weary stage, And through those early flowers wreath the white brow of age."

I could tell from my chapter of experience and observation many an unkind and insulting remark uttered against the rights of colored children in Boston, by school-committee men, editors, and others occupying responsible positions; but, as they can be reserved for future use, to "point a moral, if not to adorn a tale," let us, in this hour of victory, be magnanimous enough to cover with the charity of our silence, the names of all who have opposed us.

MANNA: In accepting this elegant token from your hands, I am not vain enough to monopolize the honor and gratitude so eminently due to those I have mentioned, and others who have promoted this great work. Let it be regarded as a joint offering to them all, to be held in trust by me only so long as I am faithful to the elevation of those with whom I am identified by complexions and condition—the cause of humanity.

May we all watch each other, that our hands may be diligent—our hours consecrated, each minute, indeed every second in that movement upon our dial-plate indicating a chain of Human Brotherhood. The associations of this evening will be my main-spring henceforward—its recollections more fragrant than choice flowers—ever-enduring as time. Friends, go on!

"Of as the memory of this hour returns, My friendship's flame within your bosoms burn, And hand in hand, improvement's course pursue, Then your glad spirits, freed from bonds of clay, Shall soar triumphant to the home of day— Where softer dews than Heron's give perfume To flowers sweeter than in Sharon bloom, And sweeter music breathe in air divine, And toil no more the spirit's flight confine, But ever onwards through its bright abode, Back in the presence of its Maker, God."

Mr. Nell's address was frequently interrupted by applause, especially at the mention of those anti-slavery friends who had given their aid to the cause.

SPEECH OF CHARLES W. SLACK.
CHARLES W. SLACK, Esq., of Boston, was then introduced to the audience, and welcomed with hearty and enthusiastic cheers. He said he should not detain them long from the treat which he knew they were anticipating in the addresses of those who were to follow him. He had come there, as they had, simply to express his kindly feelings towards the beneficiary of the evening—their friend, W. C. NELL—who, as they all knew from their own observation and experience, had been long engaged in the cause of equal school rights for colored youth. He (Mr. S.) felt that this was an evening of jubilee; that they ought all to be thankful that one more prejudice was at last driven from the sanction of the city of Boston. (Cheers.) How singular it was, as had been well remarked on another occasion by the worthy pioneer in the anti-slavery cause, [Wm. Lloyd Garrison:] that when, after long years of toil and sacrifice, a victory had been achieved, it has seemed as though no one cared at all for what had been done! It had been especially so with regard to the colored race. The idea had been rigidly entertained by a large portion of the community, that there was something repulsive in having the little children of color sit side by side with those of white parents in the public schools; but when the reform was accomplished—when, on the first Monday of September last, these bright little ones went up, with equal privileges and equal freedom, to the common schools, although, for a moment, there was a slight buzz of astonishment at the unusual spectacle, the next day it had all passed away, and they were met as gladly by teachers and pupils as any other children. He had just been told by one of the School Committees present on the occasion, [HENRY UPHAM, Esq.] that the teachers in those schools where the colored children are the more numerous, report that they come as neatly dressed, and are as gifted in application and understanding, as the children of parents who have had all the advantages which wealth, position and culture could give! (Applause.)

Well, this prejudice against colored children in the public schools has been driven out of sight—thank God for that! (Cheers.) It was another of the triumphs which had marked the struggle for the elevation of the colored race in this Commonwealth. First came the abrogation of the laws against intermarriage—not that many desired that privilege, but they could not consent that a mark of inequality should be placed upon either race, white or black; then the "Jim Crow" car was abolished, and the privilege of travel in every public conveyance fully maintained; then the places of amusement were thrown open to the colored race equally with the white; then followed, in Boston, the abolition of the "negro pew" in the City Directory, and the record of all the citizens alike, without distinction of color or race; and now, to crown the whole, we have established the right of the humblest child in the community to all the benefits of our common-school education, equally with the offspring of the proudest citizen in the Commonwealth.

He (Mr. S.) regarded this reform only as the stepping-stone to other successes. He hoped the time was not far distant when we should see our colleges and higher seminaries of learning graced by the sable countenances of those who had heretofore been proscribed; and with this recognition of the manhood of the colored race, we should have further advancement in the same direction. By thus recognizing their rights in every sphere of life, something would be done towards breaking down that great system of human servitude which is the shame of our land. (Cheers.)

He had remarked on a former occasion, that it was a very singular and somewhat unexpected thing to find so many anti-slavery men in the last Legislature. He did not know how it happened, whether by the providence of God or the accident of politics,—but they got there, and, (having an instinctive consciousness that they might never get there again,) some of them resolved, if there was any way in which they could make their mark on that Legislature, they would do it! (Loud and prolonged cheering.) Nationally, they thought they had accomplished their mission when they elected HENRY WILSON (cheers) to the United States Senate. That, however, was done so easily, they thought they might try the temper of the House a little further, and so an address was presented for the official despatch of Judge Loring, for his unseemly participation in the rendition of Anthony Burns. All knew what was the result of that measure; but he believed that, if, under the Constitution, the Legislature had had the power, they would have carried that address through by a two-thirds vote, over the veto of the Governor, as they did, a little later, the Personal Liberty Bill. These measures disposed of, the anti-slavery members cast about for something that should indicate their direct connection with the colored race, and they found nothing that seemed better suited for their advocacy, than the measure for securing equal school rights to all the children in the Commonwealth. And when Mr. Nell came up with his huge budget of papers, it was a very simple thing to put the manifold testimony he brought into the shape of a "Report," and present it to the House. It was as if an enterprising builder should bring his timber and bricks and mortar into the street, and then, calling in his master-workman, should say to him—Here, I have got all the material and implements ready, and will furnish the capital needed; now go on and erect the building." It would be an easy matter to do so. And so Mr. Nell furnished all the materials and the capital in this case, and there had risen up, under the direction of the master-workman of the Committee, this fair fabric of equality in the education of the colored youth of this Commonwealth.

In conclusion, Mr. Slack said—"Friends! I know you are all pleased. We have done a good thing; and let us still continue our efforts in the future, ever bearing in mind that we have other duties to discharge in the same direction; and among them, as citizens of a boasted Free Republic, is to proclaim, by act as well as voice, in the language of our Declaration of Independence, that 'ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL.' (Loud cheers.)"

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.
MR. PHILLIPS (who was received with loud cheers) said he rejoiced very heartily on the occasion that called them together. It was one of those rare days in the history of a hard struggle, when there was something palpable to rejoice at. Men were always asking—What has the anti-slavery agitation done? He was glad that this was the answer to make now—it has opened the schools! For he supposed every one would be willing to allow, that without this agitation of the public mind, on the general question, the doors of the schools would never have been opened. When he first took hold of this enterprise, he believed the colored people would never obtain equality in the Senate-house until they got it on the school-bench; and when they got it on the school-bench, if they improved their privileges, they might clutch what they would from the community. But two things rule in this country—brains, and money (laughter); the brains get the money, too, therefore they are the better. The common schools gave them the brains, now let the colored people get the money; and then they need not ask the white race to let them be equal, for when the white man found the man of color passing him in the race, he would whisper—By-the-by, that fellow is fully my equal! (Applause.)

He was glad this reform had been carried for another reason. He was tired of having Mr. Nell coming to him with his petitions. (Laughter.) He never could get without them. He (Mr. P.) was glad he had met without them, and was quite willing to take free schools instead.

This victory over which they had met to rejoice was indeed a great gain; it was a basis, and would lead to something else. This struggle reminded him to urge upon them union among themselves wherever their rights were concerned. He remembered that, on one occasion, when, with two or three others, he went up before a Senate Committee, they drafted a bill which

the friends of equal rights knew would not secure their object, and they told the Committee so. But the Chairman, a Boston lawyer, said—"I know it; but you know, as well as I do, that Boston has determined to have colored schools, law or no law, and you will take that law or none." That man was reflected to the Legislature by the colored men of Boston! Had they thrown a united vote against him, the man who had thus dared to insult them through their representatives, would never have entered that State House again; and his absence would have been the best argument that could have been offered for giving to colored citizens their rights.

The opposition to this movement always came from the city of Boston. He remembered that at one time he appeared before a Legislative Committee, and when the Chairman came from the Connecticut Valley, and as he (Mr. P.) began to show that colored schools were illegal, the Chairman interrupted him by saying—"You need not undertake to prove that I have got a nose on my face. Show me that school exists, and I will report such a bill as you desire." Nevertheless, his report was worth nothing, for the Boston members opposed it.

The best thing learned by those struggles is, how to prepare for another. They were in for the war. He should never think Massachusetts a State fit to live in until he saw one man, at least, as black as the soles of spades, a graduate of Harvard College. (Cheers.)

He had no notion of such an empire as ours affected to be, confined to one race—it is too narrow. He did not go for annexing territory only, but for annexing hearts—all sorts of races, all sorts of customs. Let a man burn the dead body of his wife, if she desires it! When they had high schools and colleges to which all classes and colors were admitted on equal terms, then he should think Massachusetts was indeed the noblest representative of the principles that planted her.

They were greatly indebted to the young man whom they had met to honor. These causes are apt to sink, when everybody's business is nobody's business. They were none of them willing to give the cheerless, disheartening toil, the unremitting industry, the hope against hope, which he has given. If he had not been the nucleus, there would have been no cause; if he had not gone up to the Legislature when it seemed more impertinent to go there, nobody would have gone. He (Mr. P.) loved to have these hours, when they could turn away from the battle, to do honor to the self-devotion, to the life-long energy and true-heartedness of such a man. They knew that while many who started with him had been turned aside by professional equipment, or private gain, he had been true to his race, true to his ideal. Emerson had said—"A Tory is a Democrat gone to seed." (Laughter.) Cold-hearted age is the natural successor of enthusiastic youth. We see it so often, we expect it. When he saw an old man with the lava of his young enthusiasm just as hot, his confidence in the right just as loyal, his determination to stereotype honest pulses into statutes just as fixed, as at nineteen, he was the man whom he would point the young to imitate, and the old to try to go back and be like. (Loud cheers.)

George Thompson, of England, was in this country, he used to tell an anecdote, illustrating this matter of prejudice. While travelling one day in New Hampshire, he met, in a stage-coach, Hon. Simeon Hall, who was one of the Commissioners appointed to determine the boundaries between New Hampshire and Maine. He said that, while engaged in this duty, Mr. Hall and his companion had penetrated far into the wilderness, and entirely away from all habitations. At length, however, they came to a solitary hut, in which they found a lone woman, her husband being absent in quest of game. As they were both very hungry, they asked the woman if she could give them something to eat. She replied that she could give them some bear's meat. Mr. Hall's companion had a prejudice against bear's meat, so he asked her if she could give them something else. "Well," said she, "I have got some mince pie." "That will do," said the gentleman; "I am excessively fond of mince pie." So the woman brought on the pies, and the stranger was soon eating voraciously, eulogizing the pies in the most emphatic strain. At length, the woman, thinking he must be speaking in irony, said, apologetically, "What can you expect of a poor woman out here in the woods, with nothing to make pies of but bear's meat?" "What!" exclaimed the gentleman, "do you mean to say that these pies were made of bear's meat?" "Certainly," said the woman. "Well, then," said he, "I don't care if I take that other remaining piece." (Laughter and applause.) So, the whites will, by and by, be calling for more colored children, instead of excluding them from our common schools, so ashamed will they be of their ridiculous prejudices. This prejudice is not in nature,—it does not belong to the human race,—and therefore it ought to be put away, at once and for ever.

The victories of the colored people and their friends, over the enemies of impartial liberty, had been numerous and signal; but they had been achieved by rare fidelity and unflinching perseverance, and by seemingly the feeblest instrumentalities. No great reform was ever projected or early espoused by any powerful organization at the outset. It begins in the heart of a solitary individual; a humble man and humble woman, unknown to the community, without means, without power, without station, but perceiving the thing that ought to be done; leaving the right about all things, and having faith in the triumph of what is just and true, engage in the work, and by and by, the little leaves leave the whole lump; and this is the way the world is to be redeemed. We have, said Mr. Garrison, every thing to encourage us in a firm adherence to principle. We have never made an issue, as it regards the cause in which we are engaged, in which we have not at last succeeded. It is impossible to do a right act, and be defeated. The enemy may seem to triumph, but it is only seeming; the truth, in the end, will get the victory.

Among our triumphs, the abolition of all complexional distinctions in the schools of Boston—an event we are here to commemorate—is particularly encouraging. The struggle has been a long and severe one with the pride, the wealth, the aristocratic refinement of the city; but these have been vanquished, and all parties are now reconciled to the change as beneficial, right and proper. And this is but the beginning of the end—the prophecy of the ultimate extinction of complexional caste throughout the land, and of the reign of peace and liberty universally. To our vigilant and untiring friend, Mr. Nell, a large share of the credit belongs for this great victory; and this public recognition of his efforts is as creditable to our colored fellow-citizens as it is worthy of his due.

In conclusion, Mr. Garrison expressed his gratification in seeing the Chairman (Mr. Hill) present, who, he said, had never been found wanting in intelligent discrimination as to the best course to be pursued in the anti-slavery movement, and who had ever been ready to do his utmost in behalf of the cause, without compromise or fear. God grant, (said Mr. G.) that you, my old and cherished friend and supporter, may live to see, with your own eyes, the day of jubilee! And may we all be permitted to join in that glorious celebration! Be assured, we will have freedom yet; we will have free soil and free institutions yet. There is no going back—not a hair's breadth; but "Onward!" is our motto. We will do to the slaveholders, in regard to our Republic, what Jesus did to the money-changers in the temple: we will take the scourge of truth, and drive them out, and there shall not be a tyrant left on our soil. (Loud cheers.)

SPEECH OF CHARLES LENOX REMOND.
MR. REMOND (who, on coming forward, was warmly applauded) said that he had come from Salem for the purpose of attending that meeting, and he hoped this fact would be accepted as a slight indication of the interest he felt in the anti-slavery cause, and as a testimony that he shared in the feelings which had called that large assembly together. To effect this reform in the matter of school rights had required a great deal of self-sacrifice and the performance of much drudgery, and he was glad that his friend Nell had been called here to receive these testimonials at the hands of his colored friends for the work he had performed.

He thanked God for this occasion, and took courage. He regarded it as an indication that the colored people were beginning to understand the necessity of adhesiveness and consistency—qualities in which, he thought, they had hitherto been lamentably deficient. The day that would witness union among the colored people would witness strength among them, and a general victory, not only over prejudice but over slavery. (Loud cheers.)

But while they had come up there to congratulate each other on the victory they had achieved, they should be careful to make it understood that they were not yet satisfied with the state of things in Massachusetts. While he admitted, with Mr. Phillips, that this victory afforded a basis for further efforts, he should continue to feel uneasy in his native State while there was a single act of proscription on the part of the white people against the colored people. They must bear in mind that they were yet excluded from the jury box; and he hoped that the colored people of Boston and of the State would commence a new agitation, and not allow it to cease until colored men are seated in the jury box,—at least, on every occasion when a colored man is to be tried. (Prolonged cheering.) In England, when a foreigner was put on trial in a court of justice, one half of the jury were composed of foreigners. They ought to insist here that when a colored man was tried, one half of the jury should also be colored.

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POETRY.

EVERLYN HOPE. BY ROBERT BROWNING. Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead! Sit and watch by her side an hour. That is her book-piece, this her bed. She plucked that piece of geranium flower, Beginning to die, too, in the glass. Little has yet been changed, I think— The shutters are shut, no light may pass, Save two long rays thro' the hinges' chink. Sixteen years old when she died! Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name— It was not her time to love; beside, Her life had many a hope and aim, Duties enough, and little cares, And now was quiet, now astray, Till God's hand beckoned unaware, And the sweet white brow is all of her.

THANKSGIVING FOR MY HOUSE. BY HERIC. Lord, Thou hast given me a cell, Whence I dwell, and freely get A little house, whose humble roof Is weatherproof; Under the spears of which I lie Both soft and dry. Where Thou, my chamber for to ward, Hast set a guard Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep Me while I sleep. Low is my porch, as is my fate, Both void of state; And yet the threshold of my door Is worn by the poor. Who hither come, and freely get Good words or merrily Like as my parlor, so my hall, And kitchen small; A little buttery, and therein A little bin. Which keeps my little loaf of bread Uchupit, unad, Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar Make me a fire, Close by whose living coal I sit, And glow like oil.

INDEX. VOLUME XIV. OF THE LIBERATOR. Adams Rev. N. on Slavery 5, 9, 17, 97, 157 American A. S. Society 15, 78 Am. Board and London Conference 29 American Board 54 Andrew J. A. Speech of 56 Atrocious Outrage 56 An Abolitionist Mobb'd 61 Ahab in Naboth's Vineyard 69 Americanism and Slavery 69 Anniversary Week 70 A. S. Convention in Dover 70 Albee O. W. Hon. Remarks of 74 A. S. Demonstration 81 Abolitionists' Pandemonium 81 Another Veto 82 American Christianity 121 August Celebration 126 American Tract Society 130 Annual Gathering on the Cape 138 Abolition of Caste Schools 138 Archy Moore the White Slave 143 A. S. Colportage 143 Alabama Democracy 145 Agriculture and Slavery 161 Adams, Dr., in Providence 163 Abington A. S. Fair 169 Anti-Slavery in Holland 169 Atchinson Mobb'd in Kansas 170 Anti-Slavery and the Pulpit 170 Atchinson D. B., Letter of 181 Hugo Victor to Louis Bonaparte 181 American Party 186 Horrible Outrage 91 Abolitionists smashed up 193 Adams Gov., Message of 197

Benton's Speech B 1 Burns Anthony 2, 39, 69, 142 Barker Joseph, Letter from 3, 84, 100, 163 Brown Wm. Wells, Book 5 Boston Bazaar 6 Bunker Capt. John, Death of 6 Butman in Trouble 7 Brown A. L. in Andover 12, 20, 25 Bazar, Report on 13 Brown Wm. W., at Philadelphia 14 Booth Convicted 17 Beecher H. W., Lecture of 21 Burlingame's Lecture 22 Burlingame C. M., Death of 46, 65 Indictment of Phillips and Parker 134 Improvement of Colored People 137 Interesting Disclosure 137 Indignation Meeting 146 Issues of the Times 153 Indians Massacred 164 Instruments of Slave Torture 165 Infidelity of Abolitionists 169 Incidents in Boston 177

Jackson the Fugitive 11 Jay, Letter of 30, 82 J. J. John, Statement of 119 Jerry Rescue Celebration 149, 162 Know-Nothingism and Slavery 2, 5, 25 Kansas Emigration 31 Kansas Matters 6, 57, 61, 66, 73, 101, 120, 130, 134, 139, 146, 150, 153, 180, 165, 171, 177, 181, 186, 198, 201 Know-Nothing Meeting 106 Kent, Gov., Sentiments of 121 Kane and Williamson 122, 146, 147, 182, 194 Kentucky, Free Speech in 129 Lord, Rev. Dr. 1, 14, 169 Libel on Massachusetts 16 Ladite' Anti-Slavery Society 24 Loring's Remonstrance 26 Do. Removal 30, 35, 38, 43, 45, 63, 65, 62, 65, 67, 86 Letter to Kossuth 48 Lowell, Rev. Dr., Letter of 35 Letter from Florida 62 Letter from the South 62 Letter from Delaware 83 Do. do. G. W. Park 85 Lynching in America 101 Loyalist Powers 101 London A. S. Conference 113 Lumpkin, Judge, Letter of 117 Liquor Traffic 124 Lawrence, Hon. Abbott, Death of 134 Law in Boston 157 Liberty a Curse 189 Lectures on Slavery 190 Incident on the Mississippi 192 Lawrence Amos 192 Lovejoy's Murderers, Fate of 200 Letter to Parker Pillsbury 207

Morality of Slavery 1 Meeting of Mass. A. S. Society 23 Modern Ephraim 23 Military Expenses 23 Michigan to her Senators 24 Marriage Gift 54 Meeting at Douglas 57 Military Barbarity 57 Master and Servant 61 McLean's, Judge, Decision 61 Mitchell John 72 Mass. Legislation 75 Memorial from Kansas 85 McClintock, Reply to 87 May, Rev. S. J., Speech of 94 Meeting of Missourians 94 Mass. Alliance 101 McCrea, Case of 102 Mass. General Association 114 Marshall J. H. 114, 130 Missouri Pro-Slavery Convention 125 May S. J. and Negro-Stealing 129 Mahan vs. Spiritualism 130 Maine Republican Convention 131 Missouri Pro-Slaveryism 131 Miss Slave Conspiracy 142 Merited Compliment 144 Mass. Guards 148 Methodist Church North 149 Missouri Manifesto 158 Mass. Whig Hunkerism 158 Martineau Harriet 158, 194 Meeting of the Crisis 158 Memorial of the late Mr. Estlin 171, 179 Mass. 182, 185, 190, 195, 199, 292 Mason J. M., Letter of 181 Mob of 1835, 170, 186 Missouri Pro-Slaveryism 197 Metamorphosis not in Orid 201 Mr. Pillsbury in Newcastle 205

Northep, Solomon, 47 N. E. Non-Resistance Society, 50 Nullification Bill passed, 56 New School General Assembly 56 N. E. A. S. Convention 58 New York Traitors 58 Nullification and Retaliation 105 Not a Herald of Freedom 109 Northern Servility 141 No Bible for Slaves 146 New York Association 149 Not an Abolition Church 153 Northern Republic 153 Nat. Conv. of Colored Men, North and South Compared 185, 196 Nell, Wm. C., Letter from 198

Pharm. G. W., Letter from 11 Pollock, Gov., on Slavery 17 Presentation Meeting 17 Phillips' Argument for Loring's Removal 33 Preaching to the Times 46 Pillsbury, Hon. G., Speech of 48 Powell's Mobbocracy 69 Park, A. M., Lectures 72 Public Worship 76 Preservation of Forest Trees 80 Prophets and Pastors 82 Parkville Riot 86 Prince John, Speech of 87 Pennington Rev. Dr. and Railroad 92 Progressive Friends 92, 108 Personal Liberty Bill 93 Plumb, Rev. D. H., Letter from 93 Philadelphia Quakerism 101 Phillips, Mr., Lynching of 105 Plumb, Rev. D. H. Reply to 108 Progress of Abolitionism 113 Plantation Life 146 Parties in New York 154 Political Buffoonery 157 Popular Sovereignty 157, 165 Pierce and the Constitution 172 Pulpit and Slavery 176 Park Mobb'd in Kansas 177 Phillips and the Early Unitarians 179 Planer, Dr., and Slavery 189 Pro-Slavery Churches in America 194 Pro-Slavery Exaltation 197 Phillips, Wendell 1, 9, 20, 42, 46, 61, 95, 127, 130, 147, 183, 204 Parker Pillsbury 10, 89, 74, 97, 146, 203 Parker, Theodore 80, 140, 178 Phillips' Speech at Plymouth 205 Presentation Meeting (Wm. C. Nell) 206

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