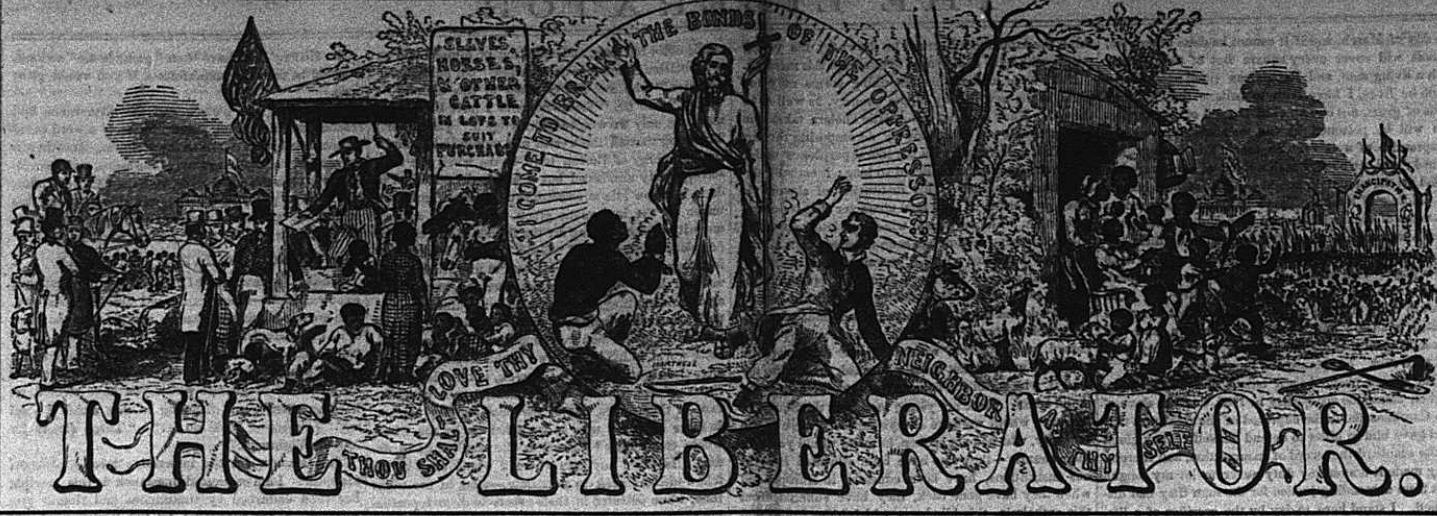


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The United States Constitution is "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell."

"What order of men under the most absolute of monarchies, or the most aristocratic of republics, was ever invested with such an odious and unjust privilege as that of the separate and exclusive representation of less than half a million owners of slaves, in the Hall of this House, in the chair of the Senate, and in the Presidential mansion?"

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. VOL. XXXI. NO. 5.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. BOSTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1572.

J. B. YERRINGTON & SON, Printers.

The Liberator.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Programme report for THE LIBERATOR by J. M. W. YERRINGTON.

On Thursday, January 24th, at 10 A. M., according to appointment, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society met at the Tremont Temple. At this hour, the house was nearly full with as quiet and orderly an audience as could be desired, very many of whom were ladies.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., made a partial report in behalf of the Business Committee, presenting, from them, the following resolutions:— 1. Resolved, That (to quote the language of Daniel Webster) "the Anti-Slavery question has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold of the consciences of men. It is a rash man indeed, little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cease itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with; . . . but, to conquer it into silence—to endeavor to restrain its free expression—to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavors would inevitably render it—should all this be attempted, there is nothing in the Constitution, or in the Union itself, which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow."

2. Resolved, That (to quote the language of William Ellery Channing) "whoever injures a man, binds all men to retrace their steps, especially when the injured is too weak to speak in his own behalf. The great bond of humanity is the fact to be dissolved. . . . It is important that we should, as best we can, our conscientious testimony against slavery, in every way that we may have ourselves from sinking into silent, unsuspected acquiescence in the evil."

3. Resolved, That (to quote the language of the lamented Channing) "communities are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke. On this subject, our fathers, in framing the Constitution, averred from the right. We, their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk in it. . . . The Free States ought to say to the South, 'On you the whole responsibility of slavery must fall. We wash our hands of it wholly. We cannot, directly or indirectly, become accessories to its wrong. We cannot become jailers, or a patrol, or a watch, or a soldier, or a man who touches it free. You must guard them yourselves. If they escape, we cannot send them back. Our soil makes whoever touches it free. You must guard your own frontier. In case of invasion, we cannot come to you, save as friends alike of bond and free. On this point you are foreign communities. You have often said that you need not our protection, and we must take you at your word.'"

4. Resolved, That (to quote the language of the Representatives of the District of Columbia, Georgia, in the first American Congress) "to show the world that we are not influenced by any contracted or interested motives, but a general philanthropy for ALL MANKIND, of whatever color, language, or complexion, we hereby declare our abhorrence and abhorrence of the unnatural practice of slavery in America, (however the unenfranchised state of our country, or other specious arguments, may plead for it)—a practice founded in injustice and cruelty, and highly disreputable to our liberties, as well as to the language of Henry Clay (those who would reverse all tendencies towards liberty and ultimate emancipation, must do more than put down the benevolent efforts of this Society. They must go back to the era of our liberty and independence, and make the cannon which thunders its annual joyous return. They must revive the slave trade, with all its train of atrocities. They must blow out the moral lights around us, and extinguish the greatest torch of all, which America presents to a benighted world, pointing the way to their rights, their liberties, and their happiness. They must penetrate the human soul, and eradicate the light of reason and the love of liberty. Then, and not till then, when universal darkness and despair prevail, can you perpetrate slavery, and repress all sympathies and all human and benevolent efforts among freemen, in behalf of the unhappy portions of our race who are doomed to bondage."

Table with columns for 'To', 'By', and 'Balance'. It lists various financial transactions for the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, including cash paid for expenses, donations, and interest on bonds.

By balance in Treasury, \$301 31. Contributions at annual meeting, 527 14. Proceeds of Fair at Abington, 100 00. Proceeds of Fair at Framingham, 47 58. Collections at New Bedford, 239 19. Collections 4th July at Framingham, 84 20. Collections 1st August at Abington, 89 30. Twenty-Sixth National A. S. Subscription, 5842 95. Rent of office in Cornhill for the unexpired term of lease, 150 00. Received from pledges, subscriptions and donations, as published monthly in Liberator, 3168 86. Balance, \$11,200 53.

By balance in Treasury, 1234 24. EDMUND JACKSON, Treasurer.

Jan. 1, 1861.—By balance on new account, 1234 24. EDMUND JACKSON, Treasurer.

Jan. 1, 1861.—I have examined the foregoing account, and find the whole amounts correctly stated, and the balance in the Treasurer's hands, as stated, in the above abstract. WM. L. BOWDITCH, Auditor.

The report was accepted.

EDMUND QUINCY, Esq., then read the following letter from Mr. Garrison:—

LETTER OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, January 24th, 1861.

MY DEAR COADJUTOR, I have been a prisoner at home, exasperated by a fever of a low, typhoidal tendency; and though I am mending slowly, I am still not sufficiently strong to justify me, as a matter of common prudence, in being present at our annual State gathering to-day. "The spirit is willing," and restless for liberation, "but the flesh is weak." I believe this will be the first of the long series of anniversaries held by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, which I have failed to attend—held "through ill report" and "much tribulation"—in storm and sunshine—in the midst of impending violence, or with undisturbed repose—but always held hopefully, serenely, triumphantly. It is a great crisis to me to break the connection at this crisis; especially as, judging from "the fury of the Adversary," the meeting, to-day, will be the most encouraging and the most potential ever held by the Society, whether broken up by lawless violence, or permitted to proceed without molestation. The cause we advocate being not ours, but God's—not ours, but human nature—appealing to all that is just, humane, noble and true, and upheld by an omnipotent arm—it is beyond all doubt, unassailable and immortal; "therefore will not we be moved," though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. "May a Divine patience, firmness, and spirit of peace be vouchsafed to all the friends of impartial freedom who may be present at the meeting to-day, not returning railing for railing, but looking calmly and joyfully to the end of this tremendous conflict with the powers of darkness—namely, the liberation of every bondman on the American soil, and

thee forward the commencement of an era of universal reconciliation, happiness and prosperity, such as the world has never yet witnessed.

Yours, to break every yoke, WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

EDMUND QUINCY, Esq.

On motion of Mr. QUINCY, it was voted that this letter be printed with the proceedings of the meeting.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., made a partial report in behalf of the Business Committee, presenting, from them, the following resolutions:—

1. Resolved, That (to quote the language of Daniel Webster) "the Anti-Slavery question has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold of the consciences of men. It is a rash man indeed, little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cease itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with; . . . but, to conquer it into silence—to endeavor to restrain its free expression—to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavors would inevitably render it—should all this be attempted, there is nothing in the Constitution, or in the Union itself, which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow."

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4. Resolved, That (to quote the language of the Representatives of the District of Columbia, Georgia, in the first American Congress) "to show the world that we are not influenced by any contracted or interested motives, but a general philanthropy for ALL MANKIND, of whatever color, language, or complexion, we hereby declare our abhorrence and abhorrence of the unnatural practice of slavery in America, (however the unenfranchised state of our country, or other specious arguments, may plead for it)—a practice founded in injustice and cruelty, and highly disreputable to our liberties, as well as to the language of Henry Clay (those who would reverse all tendencies towards liberty and ultimate emancipation, must do more than put down the benevolent efforts of this Society. They must go back to the era of our liberty and independence, and make the cannon which thunders its annual joyous return. They must revive the slave trade, with all its train of atrocities. They must blow out the moral lights around us, and extinguish the greatest torch of all, which America presents to a benighted world, pointing the way to their rights, their liberties, and their happiness. They must penetrate the human soul, and eradicate the light of reason and the love of liberty. Then, and not till then, when universal darkness and despair prevail, can you perpetrate slavery, and repress all sympathies and all human and benevolent efforts among freemen, in behalf of the unhappy portions of our race who are doomed to bondage."

Whereas, it is the 1st Article of the Constitution of Massachusetts, that "ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL, and have certain natural, essential and inalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, possessing and protecting property; in line, that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness;" and Whereas, in support of this declaration, the people of Massachusetts require of their Senators and Representatives, and judicial and other public servants, to make solemn oaths or affirmations; thus virtually binding themselves by the same affirmation, and to the same end; and Whereas, all the abolitionists ever advocated by the American Anti-Slavery Society, or any of its auxiliaries, is comprehensively embodied in this 1st Article of the Constitution of Massachusetts; therefore:

1. Resolved, That the people of this Commonwealth cannot reject or assent to the Anti-Slavery movement, with reference either to its principles or aims, without repudiating their own Bill of Rights, subverting the foundations of their own State government, trampling upon their own heaven-attested doctrines, and covering themselves with the guilt of moral perjury.

The reading of the resolutions elicited frequent cheers.

The President, FRANCIS JACKSON, said that the question was now on the adoption of these resolutions, and that the platform was open to any one who desired to speak, for or against them. The rule of the Society was free discussion, and he requested any one who wished to speak to come forward to the platform.

SPEECH OF REV. J. F. CLARKE.

REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, pastor of the Church of the Disciples, was the first speaker. He said:—

They, being dead, yet speak! I am glad to hear a speech from Dr. Channing here this morning. I am glad to hear Daniel Webster speak, as he spoke when he was in his best estate. I am glad to hear Henry Clay speak here to-day, as Henry Clay spoke when in his youth, when he loved freedom, and when his heart beat high in behalf of human liberty. They are gone; we remain. We are to finish their work. We are here to be faithful to their ideas. What is life worth, what is it good for, if it is not to see to truth, and to uphold some principle of truth, justice and honor?

We come here to-day, friends, because the times are dark, and because, in these dark times, men are trying to make them darker by shutting out the eternal lights which come from God's heavens. (Applause.) Because they would substitute for these everlasting lights of justice to all and freedom for all, some base, earth-born, swamp-created meteors of mere expediency—which is not expediency, even for the present hour. (Applause.) I have come here to-day, not hoping to be able to add a word to what all of you, old veterans in the cause of freedom, know already; but I come to give my simple witness in defence of those everlasting principles. I do not want to hear any thing new here to-day. I want to hear the same great truths, which you have been uttering now for twenty-five years, uttered over again to-day in this hall. (Applause.)

When I was asked, some time since, to attend the meeting in commemoration of the work of John Brown, (applause and hisses), though I revered John Brown (renewed cheers and hisses)—though I believed him to be, perhaps, the noblest man which this country has produced, (vehement hisses and loud applause), a man in whom truth and justice were incarnate, (a voice—"Amen"—applause and hisses)—so that we beheld them in visible form before our eyes, yet I did not come, and I did not wish to come. I did not think it well to hold that meeting. (Applause.) I did not think it desirable at that time. I said "No; I had rather not attend;" and I did not come. But if I had known what was to happen here that day, I certainly would not have stayed away.— (Loud applause and some hissing.) If I had supposed for a moment, that an attempt was to be made, here in Boston, to put down any honest expression of opinion, upon that or upon any other subject, in a meeting of that kind, certainly I never would have hesitated, for a moment, to come here, and stand with those men on this platform. (Cheers and hisses.) Whatever else we can spare here in New England, we cannot do without free speech. (Loud applause.) That lies at the foundation of all our rights—of every thing that is worth having in the land. He who strikes a blow at Wendell Phillips, strikes a blow at the State of Massachusetts.

[Tremendous applause, with some hissing, was the response to this declaration. Some one here called for three cheers for Mr. Phillips, which were given with great heartiness, the opposition in the gallery responding with a few feeble cheers.]

Mr. Clarke continued—Whoever attempts to interfere with freedom of speech here in Massachusetts, spits in the face of the mother who bore him.—Whence comes all your prosperity, but from that divine principle which has been won for us all by the struggles and the martyrdoms of the ages? [The disturbance in the gallery here becoming uproarious, Mr. Clarke paused for a moment; and then said]—Don't mind them. If they want to make a noise, let them! It reminds me of a story I have heard of a woman who was beating her husband, and when somebody asked him if he was not ashamed to let his wife beat him, the man said "O no! it annoys her, and it don't hurt me." [Laughter.] So, if they want to make a noise, let them do so, till they are tired. Freedom of speech, we all believe in, except when somebody wants to speak who has something to say which is not popular, and then we don't want to hear it. But what is freedom of speech worth when what I have to say is popular, when everybody is willing that I should speak? The only time that we are bound to stand up for freedom of speech is when those who want to speak are unpopular. Then noble-hearted men say, "They shall speak; they must speak; our rights are involved in their speaking; the rights of man are involved in their speaking." (Applause and hisses.)

The only real difference between Massachusetts and Austria, is that in Massachusetts we can open our mouths and speak, and in Austria they cannot. That is the real, fundamental difference between Massachusetts and Austria. I remember that when I was on the Lago di Maggiore, I was talking with the boatman who was rowing me—a noble-looking fellow—an Apollo-sort of a man—about the two sides of the lake—the Austrian side, Lombardy, and the Piedmontese side, Sardinia; and I said to him, "You row on both sides—which side do you like best, the Lombard side or the Sardinian?" "O," said he, "I like the Sardinian side much the best." "Why?" "Because," said he, "with his natural Italian language of illustration, "because there in Sardinia my mouth is open—so; but there in Lombardy it is shut—so."

That is the difference. When you pass out of those States of Europe where liberty is repressed, where the newspapers are not allowed to utter their convictions, where there is no freedom of speech, and cross the line into Belgium or into Sardinia, you find at once an entirely different state of things—everything then is prosperous and progressive. Why, John Milton, and Locke, and Algernon Sidney, have built up the prosperity of Massachusetts by putting the foundations over her cotton mills—have made all her little villages ring with the joy of triumph and successful industry and the conquests of man over nature, because they convinced the Anglo-Saxon race that the mouth of a man ought to be open, even when he is defending unpopular truth. That is the basis of all our prosperity; and therefore I am here to-day, because to-day we are told that Anti-Slavery is unpopular; and when my friends said to me, "You had better not go there to-day," I replied, "Why not?" "Why," said they, "it is not this a wrong time, is not this a bad time, to hold a meeting of that sort?" (Applause and hisses.) "Why so? Because people wish to put it down, therefore it is the right time to hold it. What is the use of contending for freedom when nobody opposes its exercise? When its exercise is opposed, then is the right time to stand up for it." (Applause.)

This Anti-Slavery Society is not doing a new thing in maintaining freedom of speech. On this platform, for twenty-five years, the slaveholder has been just as free to defend slavery as the Abolitionists have been to oppose it.

[The rowdies in the gallery here set up a shout of "All up!" and gave three cheers for the Union, for Mayor Wigham, and any thing else that occurred to them. The well-disposed portion of the audience also rose, to see what was going on, when Mr. Hinton, mounting a chair on the platform, said—"Let all the

friends of freedom keep their seats. Don't stir from your seats at any rate." This request was complied with, and when the noisy rabble had become somewhat quieted, Mr. Clarke proceeded.]

If there is any man in this assembly to-day who thinks that slavery is a good thing, he ought to be the man to protect the right of free speech here; for this is the place where, for twenty-five years, his opinion has had a chance to be uttered and defended. I come here to-day for that—because this is the place where freedom of speech in Massachusetts is to be defended; and I say, as I once heard Mr. Manning of the Old South Church say, when he went to a meeting of this sort, to which, he said, his friends had invited him not to go, "Yes," he said, "I will go; for though my gun is a small one, and doesn't make much noise, I don't want to have it spiked." [Laughter and cheers.]

Then, again, I come here because this is the only place where any thing is said in behalf of four millions of my countrymen who are in bondage. [Cries in the gallery, "Down with the niggers," and groans for John A. Andrew.] This is the only place where any thought is given to God's children who are marked with a darker color than ours. We hear everything else discussed—all other rights considered. Everything that belongs to the interests of the white man is talked of every where else; but where, except on this platform, does any one remember the four millions of slaves? Why, if you ask me what is to be the result of the present state of things in this country, I will give you the answer I heard the other night. "It depends upon who God cares for the most at the present time; whether God is thinking most of the white man or the negro." If God is caring to-day for the negro in the United States more than for the white man, then I believe that disunion is to be the result, because disunion is to be the emancipation of the slave. (Loud applause and hisses.) But I believe the South are right in a good many things that they say. I do not come here as one who hates the South, or who hates the slaveholder. We are told that because we love liberty, therefore we hate the slaveholder. (Noise in the gallery.) We do not hate the slaveholder. Because we hate the evil that a man is doing, does it follow that we hate him? Because we hate the wickedness of a man, does it follow that we hate the man? I know very well that if Northern men had been placed under the same circumstances that Southern men are, they would have been very much the same kind of people, and done very much the same kind of things. If you or I had been born in South Carolina, we should, very likely, have been mad to-day for secession, in order to prevent slavery being put down. We do not, therefore, hate them, because they are made what they are by the circumstances around them; we pity them. But I say that we at the North, who have been educated under other circumstances, and taught to love freedom and justice for all, are bound, for the sake of the slaveholders themselves, never to give up those principles of justice and freedom, but to maintain them, and maintain them more and more, to the end. (Applause.) It is not merely for our own sakes, or for the sake of the slave, that we are holding these meetings, but it is for the sake of the slaveholder too. He is a man who is crushed down by his iniquitous system, and in order to help him, we must stand up for justice and liberty. (Cheers.) There are tens of thousands of Southern men, born and raised in the South, educated in the South, slaveholders, perhaps, themselves, who do not love slavery, who know its evils, and know them better than we do, because they have felt them longer and more closely. When the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North is lowered one jot, they mourn. They say, "Stand up firm to your principles at the North, for your principles are our only reliance." They feel the need of us; they feel the need of the Anti-Slavery sentiment; and it is for the sake of those thousands and tens of thousands of men and women at the South, who feel the need of the protecting, increasing, magnetic sentiment of freedom, that we hold these meetings, as well as for the slaves themselves. (Applause.)

Friends, we are looking forward to a probable separation, or secession, of the South from the North. The time seems to be hurrying on that result for which this Society has contended for many years—Disunion. When that result comes, when it shall be settled that the slaveholding States are to go by themselves, and the fifteen free States of the North, with the addition of our sister Kansas, another free State, are to go by themselves, what is to be the consequence? You say, "Civil war?" Civil war? Civil war may come; but it seems to me that these fifteen magnificent free States, this grand new Union, which is to rise as the eagle soars from the earth toward the sky—this Union, composed of fifteen States, on whose soil there is not the foot of a slave, united together by common convictions, common principles, and common interests—it seems to me that it will be so strong that no nation will venture to attack it, and so just that it will not attack any other. (Applause and hissing.) I see no danger, except from cooption—except from yielding up our principles. I, for one, am ready to say to the Southern States, "Go in peace!" I am ready to say, "Take, if you choose, all the national property in your domain; take the forts; take the arsenals; take Washington, too, if you choose—take all; but let us stand together, a united, free nation of independent States, without slavery." (Hisses.) We can give you everything but our freedom and our rights."

I have said all I intended to say, and I will not detain this meeting any longer this morning. (Loud applause.)

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

MR. PHILLIPS then took the platform, and was greeted with a prolonged and enthusiastic shout of welcome, which testified not alone to the hearty sympathy of the audience, but to the fact, that an overwhelming majority of those present were loyal to the right. The rowdies in the gallery cried out, "All up!" and hissed and groaned to the extent of their power, but the feeble noise was speedily drowned in another storm of applause. Mr. P. said:—

I am sorry that our series of resolutions, necessarily imperfect at this time, deal only in general principles, relating to the cause. At a subsequent session, we hope to lay before you some resolutions distinctly referring to the principles and method of this Society; for, after all, this is a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society to-day—a body whose thirty years of history have settled its place and influence upon Massachusetts.

[At this point, Mr. Phillips was interrupted by the turbulent spirits in the gallery with cheers for "Wigham," "Bell and Everett," "Clay," groans, hisses, cat-calls, "all-up," yells, and all sorts of "sounds infernal." For fifteen minutes or more, this scene continued, Mr. P. uttering a sentence, now and then, in a hall, which even then, however, was not audible beyond a few feet from the speaker. Of course, anything like a connected speech was impossible, under such circumstances. We give the sentences as they fell from his lips.]

Mr. President, we stand to-day with the country itself, as far down as Mason and Dixon's line, one-half converted to the maxims of this Society. [After a long pause.] The devil always goes out of a man in great wrath. (Laughter.) I remember once, ten years ago, in Faneuil Hall, when we stood on the platform for two hours, and did not utter a word—and it was the best meeting we ever held. (Applause by those who could hear.) Concealed as we are thought to be, no man on this platform can make a speech equal to that—[pointing to the gallery.] (Applause.) But there is a better speech even than that to-day. South Carolina speaks for us (applause); and our argument on this question is poor and weak, in comparison with hers. For, after all, the question is not free speech, you and I shall live and outlive that many years. My free speech will take care of itself, or I will take care of it. (Applause.) We come here to-day to let Washington see what Boston thinks of this crisis, and we want her to declare that Constitution or no Constitution, Union or no Union, against the law or with it, the Southern States, so long as they be slave States, shall be shovelled out of this Union. (Loud applause and hisses.) We not only accept the crisis, but thank God that it has come so soon. (Applause and hisses.) I am sorry for every merchant whose ledger balances on the wrong side. I am sorry for every laborer who has lost a week's or a month's wages; and if his Daniel Webster, and his Caleb Cushing, and his Edward Everett, had listened to us thirty years ago, this trouble never had come on the country. [A voice—"Never!" and applause. Then the gallery screamed itself hoarse for Webster and Everett, and other idols of their worship.] State Street may thank her own idol, if she is bankrupt to-day. [More cheering for Webster, for the Union, and cries of "put him out," interspersed with whistling and singing.] O, Mr. Chairman, we have plenty of time! We have this session, this afternoon and evening, and three to-morrow. No occasion to hurry, in the least! South Carolina is waiting to hear from us. (Cheers for South Carolina.) The Southern States say that when they have organized their confederacy, they mean to leave New England out in the cold. Well, we shall be glad to be there. I am only sorry that my friends here (pointing to the rioters) are out in the cold. Now, ladies and gentlemen, this is a very momentous question—

[Here the reprobates in the gallery struck up the song—

"We are going home,
We are going home,
We are going home,
To die no more—"

which gratifying declaration they repeated, again and again, but did not go. Instead of that, they struck up another equally interesting lyric, which, as near as we could make out, ran in this wise—

"Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
Tell John Andrew,
John Brown's dead."

Then these model patriots and lovers of the Union gave three groans for General Scott, and amused themselves with imitating the sounds of the barn-yard, and the cries of the street. At length, Mr. Phillips was enabled to speak again.]

This is the largest anti-slavery meeting, said he, at ten o'clock in the morning, that I ever saw in the city of Boston. Six weeks ago, a hundred men came here, and found us so small as to be able to turn us out of our seats. To-day, at least, we have possession of the platform and the hall. (Applause.) Now the question is between you and the men on the outside which shall represent the Capital of Massachusetts. I have a little pride in Boston. I would rather that we should keep in our own hands the appointment of our own police. I hope we shall behave ourselves well to-day, and show that we are worthy of it; for if we do not, there is a parcel of country folks up there on the hill who will make us behave ourselves. (Applause.) Although I love Boston very well, I love Massachusetts better—because she is bigger (laughter and applause); and therefore I mean to stand here to-day, and endeavor, so far as in me lies, to show the press and the Commonwealth that the majority is on our side. (Applause.) That, in spite of a few boys, Boston is a decorous and well-behaved community. I think we shall prove it in the end. (Cheers by the rowdies, and general uproar among them.) I think that our twenty-seven, eight or nine annual meetings have been wonderfully successful in remodeling the public mind, and my proof of it is this very meeting to-day. We are thus assailed, not because we are few, not because we are unimportant, not because we are unheeded, but because we are feared. Take it as a compliment! (Applause and hisses.) Napoleon's maxim was, to charge on the centre of the host. Well, the charge has been, for the last six weeks, on the anti-slavery body of Boston. (Applause.) All we have to do is to see to it that we hold the banner so high, that no man can come home from Washington, and say that he did not see it. I can remember when a leading Republican, holding the third office in the Government, spoke to the merchants of Philadelphia, and the next day asked to be carried to the Anti-Slavery Rooms. "Why?" was the question. "To know your opinion of my speech." "But," was the reply, "you had thousands to hear you; they are only a few hundreds." "True," he said; "but what they think to-day, you'll think two years hence."

[Mr. Phillips here took off his overcoat, amid the

cheers of his friends, and laid it one side, remarking—"I may have to stand here a good while, so I will take my coat off."

We want to teach some doubting souls which way the vanes set here in Massachusetts. Mr. Adams does not seem to know whether they point North or South—we want to show him that we are not only unwilling that Massachusetts should be a slave to State Street, but that we won't give up one inch of territory, five hundred miles west of the Mississippi, to the demands of the South. I would not give slavery a spoonful of earth to stay in the Union—no one; not a blade of grass, nor relinquish a single principle. (Uproarious singing.) That is the death-knell of slavery—don't you hear it? (Applause.) [The volunteer choir in the gallery again struck up, "We are going home," &c.] That is the mania, stinging in his shins. (Loud applause.) It is necessary we should understand the state of things among different classes of people. I don't feel very proud of those representatives of Boston up there; still, I think things are not so bad as they were on the 3d of December. (Then Mr. Fay and Mr. Howe came here in person; they only send their boys here to-day. (Loud laughter, the "boys" yelling and screaming to the imminent danger of their lungs.) O, I forget, continued fr. P.; I beg your pardon. We should have had them here to-day, but they started for Washington yesterday, with the petition, and so the mob has lost its leaders, and don't know where to go. (Laughter.)

Mr. Chairman, I have something to say, when I get out more than one sentence at a time; but a disconnected speech cannot have much argument in it. I do not know but we may as well resolve ourselves into a Quaker meeting, and sit here in silence, as the representatives of Massachusetts. For, friends, will tell you a secret—we are going to decide to-day whether this peninsula is still to be called Boston, or had better be named Wighamville. (Laughter and applause, the "roughs" in the back part of the hall cheering for Wigham.)

Mr. QUINCY, (to whom Mr. Jackson had resigned the chair.)—The orderly portion of members of the Society are requested to take their seats, as a measure of order. These ladies in the gallery have come here to enjoy a holiday. No doubt, they are glad to be released, after sweeping out their masters' stores, to come here and make a noise. They are harmless ladies; and I think, while we are waiting for the "good time coming," the friends had better take their seats, and remain patiently and quietly, and by and by, we shall hear the end of Mr. Phillips' speech.

Mr. Phillips paused for some time, the riotous portion of the assembly keeping up their noisy demonstrations, cheering for the Union, for Crittenden, and others, and calling out, "Go ahead," "Sit down," "Blow your horn," &c., &c.

Mr. PHILLIPS. I just now heard three cheers for the Union. I think the dead ought to be allowed to rest. (Hisses and howls from the gallery.) I have always found that the best abolitionists were those who come as boys to break up an anti-slavery meeting. I expect to live five years, and to be cheered to the echo by those very boys, when they have grown older and wiser. (Applause, hisses and groans.) Why, they will carry enough away from the anti-slavery meeting to-day to convert them. Yes, even the scene in yonder gallery will convert them. Massachusetts has not got in her bosom the materials for mobs. This is nothing but the spasm of a momentary irritation—it will not last. Our fathers left us common schools—

[Here an amateur whistler struck up "Yankee Doodle," and the musical entertainment was extended by one more singing of the already familiar words, "We are going home," &c.]

Mr. PHILLIPS. This is the "irrepressible conflict" between the floor and the gallery. I wish Mr. Everett had taken his mob with him. (Cheers for the Union.) Poor Union! (Three groans for Phillips.) It does not matter whether these men are successful or not. We know our own principles. We know the discussions which have brought about this result. No matter what mobs may endeavor to do; they cannot kill ideas. So long as honest men think, so long will the ideas we have uttered pervade eastern Massachusetts. It is no matter whether we number two hundred, one hundred, or fifty. The very meeting of this body, in defiance of all the wealth of the city, is a victory. The mob cannot shut us out of this hall, though they may be able to conquer our voices. If we cannot live by law, we cannot live at all. This question is not one of argument, or eloquence, or words; with State Street, it is a mere question of dollars. But South Carolina knows that, in the long run, dollars do not rule in this country, but ideas rule. You know very well that Daniel Webster represented the dollars of Massachusetts. Edward Everett, to-day, represents the dollars of Massachusetts. He can be endorsed by every bank president and by every manufacturing corporation in Massachusetts; but they are not able to turn Charles Sumner out of his seat. (Applause.) They may make money, but they cannot make public opinion; wealth is not the fountain of public thought.

[Here Mr. Phillips addressed himself for some time, in a moderate tone, to the reporters and friends immediately round him—a proceeding which seemed to provoke the rowdies at a distance to a curious silence.] Abolitionists, look here! Friends of the slave, look here! These pencils [pointing to the reporters] will do more to create opinion than a hundred thousand mobs. While I speak to these pencils, I speak to a million of men. What, then, are those boys? (Applause.) We have got the press of the country in our hands. Whether they like us or not, they know that our speeches sell their papers. (Applause and laughter.) With five newspapers we may defy five hundred boys. Therefore, just allow me to make my speech to these gentlemen in front of me, and I can speak all those cannon. (Applause.) Why, if I could write out my speech, and give it to the *Atlas and Bee*, I need only stand and laugh at yonder noise. My voice is beaten by theirs, but they cannot beat types. All hail, and glory to Faust, who invented printing, for he made mobs impossible! (Applause.) I appeal from the stridings of Boston to the press of the Commonwealth. These boys have got a holiday. Let us be glad their masters gave it to them. They only mistake the place to come to. The Common is the place for Election Day, not Tremont Temple. But what we want to send out to the country is the fact.

of his friends, and laid it one side, remarking—"I may have to stand here a good while, so I will take my coat off."

We want to teach some doubting souls which way the vanes set here in Massachusetts. Mr. Adams does not seem to know whether they point North or South—we want to show him that we are not only unwilling that Massachusetts should be a slave to State Street, but that we won't give up one inch of territory, five hundred miles west of the Mississippi, to the demands of the South. I would not give slavery a spoonful of earth to stay in the Union—no one; not a blade of grass, nor relinquish a single principle. (Uproarious singing.) That is the death-knell of slavery—don't you hear it? (Applause.) [The volunteer choir in the gallery again struck up, "We are going home," &c.] That is the mania, stinging in his shins. (Loud applause.) It is necessary we should understand the state of things among different classes of people. I don't feel very proud of those representatives of Boston up there; still, I think things are not so bad as they were on the 3d of December. (Then Mr. Fay and Mr. Howe came here in person; they only send their boys here to-day. (Loud laughter, the "boys" yelling and screaming to

You know that when the Billingsgate fishermen of Paris came into the galleries of the National Convention, they simply roared that they were in perpetual session. Well, while newspapers are printed, so are we. Now, those fellows cannot last but one morning, while the Abolitionists can talk till doomsday. They have an unending gift of free speech. (Groans for the Abolitionists.) Those boys have been singing, "We are going home," for some time; and if our speeches are so unpalatable and vituperative, I wonder they do not go. The doors are all open. But after all, friends, let us rejoice in this hour. Twenty-five years ago, half in whispers, with bated breath, in halls that would hold two hundred people, we cried DISUNION; and to-day, the Rocky Mountains bring back the echo, and thirty States are roused in the effort to free the slave. (Loud cheers.) We debated, thirty years ago, whether we could raise ten thousand dollars in order to print anti-slavery tracts; now, the Charleston Mercury and the Louisville Journal print them for us. (Applause.) Poor fellows! (Pointing to the rioters,) they have no organ—we have conquered the New York Herald.

They say one man is a majority, when he has right on his side; I have got three thousand on my side.—(Tumult in the gallery, during which Mr. Phillips paused, and then said)—Do not be impatient, ladies and gentlemen, it is only ten minutes to twelve; there is time enough. Time will do every thing. It will bring South Carolina back into the Union a free State. (Applause.) We are not going to lose one of the old thirteen. We are going to conquer them all to freedom. I mean, before I die, to have all the thirteen States in the Union, without a slave. (Applause.)—My disunion means simply to get rid of the slaveholders. I want the son of every black man who fought with Washington inside my Union, and I know that the 384,000 blacks of South Carolina are the sons of the Revolution. The stars and stripes shall yet protect them in liberty. (Applause.) Only wait; we shall worry out these boys. This is Boston; we will appeal to the Commonwealth in a moment or two; that is a very different scene. I understand the State house has begun to move, and got as far as half way down Park street; and when the collihs come, look out, for we shall have quiet. *Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.* That means—Free Speech. (Applause.) We will have it yet. Massachusetts is not conquered; the Capital is not owned by State street, (cheers,) and whoever is Mayor of Boston, John A. Andrew is Governor of the Commonwealth. (Prolonged cheers.) I do not despair of the Commonwealth.

[Three groans were given for Gov. Andrew, by the crowd in the gallery, which were followed by three cheers for Mayor Wightman. Then some one called out, "Three cheers for Wendell Phillips," which were given with an emphasis.]

Mr. PHILLIPS. An Abolitionist is a happy man, to have such a cheer as that, and a mob besides. (Laughter and applause.) I hope all my blessings won't come at once.

A VOICE. Go ahead! we've got them where the hair is short. This remark called forth uproarious laughter from both sides.

Mr. PHILLIPS resumed.—O, we have been through a great many such scenes as this. There is always a calm after a storm. You will find after this, that every Representative from Massachusetts on the floor of Congress will stand so straight that he will lean backward. (Applause and hisses.) I am told that Charles Sumner said, a fortnight ago, that he had more reliance on South Carolina than on Massachusetts to help us in this crisis. (Applause by the mob.) He will rejoice when the Commonwealth comes down like a vulture, and sweeps that gallery where it belongs—into the calabose. (Applause, groans for Charles Sumner, and hearty cheers.) Well, friends, we ought to be very generous. The conquerors should allow the conquered to complain as much as they please. When, twenty years ago, we began our labors, Edward Everett was at the top of the ladder. To-day, this society, after twenty years of argument, sends Charles Sumner (hisses) into the Senate, and Edward Everett at the head of a Committee. (Cheers for Everett.) We have turned things upside down, and got them right-side up. [A voice—"Why didn't you send Burlingame?"] To-day, Sumner represents Massachusetts, and Everett and Winthrop—we have taken them down from that elevation—they represent the Merchants' Exchange. (Applause.)

Now, gentlemen, allow me to make one exceedingly serious and timely suggestion to you. It is more than likely, that within a short time, the civil authority will enter this hall; and allow me to suggest, in order that it may be known who are our friends and who are not, that the friends of this platform will, as far as possible, keep their seats, and preserve silence.—(Cries of "Good" and applause.)

[This statement and request of Mr. Phillips had an instantaneous effect on the mob, who became almost entirely quiet, and remained so, with only occasional interruption, to the close of Mr. Phillips's speech.]

Mr. PHILLIPS. And now, having secured a little temporary quiet, suppose we go back to the consideration of the question which assembles this Society this morning, which is, the abolition of American Slavery. There exists, as you know, ladies and gentlemen, in this fragment of the Union,—several States having quitted it,—the Gulf States having almost or entirely parted, and only the border States and the Mississippi States left to us—there exists, at this moment, throughout the North, the question, what mood of mind shall we present ourselves in to our Southern brethren? How shall we let them understand the position of the North? Our delegates in Congress—those from New England certainly—have done their duty like men. It is understood that the speech of Mr. Seward was read to them a week before its delivery, and repudiated. (Cries of "Good," cheers, and hisses.) New England said—"We wish no compromise—we will allow none. We have walked up to this spot by the toll of a quarter of a century. We are ready to meet the South on the broad question of abolition. We settle the question here. Either let it be laid out of politics, by the mere territorial settlement, or we settle the whole question on a broad basis." They are not for any compromise whatever. Now, what message shall Boston send to that faithful body of men? How shall we, who are not fettered by the responsibilities of party, who represent not party lines but the plastic public opinion outside of them—represent, not the temporary moment, but the coming future—how shall we speak, at this hour, to the Union? I say it in no conceit, but in verity, and from sincere conviction, New England does the thinking for one-half of the Union. We have sent our children to the valley of the Mississippi, and they look back to our codes and our great men for their models, for their examples. They look to our press, and largely to our pulpits, and entirely to our colleges, to read them the best thought of the age. We hold the magnificent West, with its unlimited wealth and its coming omnipotence, in our right hand. "Westward the star of empire takes its way." How shall it be wielded? Shall the slave rest in silence, hopeful that from the conscience of the North will come the cause of his jubilee? If for us at this hour to save the masters from the bloodiest insurrection that ever occurred. It is by standing on the Northern basis, and demanding that this source of weakness and danger; that this national sin, that this convulsive element, which threatens to, or has already dismembered the Union, shall be treated like statesmen. I have no word of censure for the great Senator of New York, still less, a word even of doubt for the incoming President of Illinois. (Cheers and hisses.) I believe that, like an honorable man, he means to keep, and has told his friends to say that he means to keep in office the promises that were made for him in the caucus; and while Abraham Lincoln lives, and, spite of the rage of the men South of Mason and Dixon's line, he will live to be buried in the gratitude of the North, twenty or thirty years hence. (Applause.)—While he lives and dictates law to this country from the White House at Washington—as he will, from the

6th day of March, and if it cannot be done otherwise, Illinois will cover every square foot of the District with a living man and Republican (loud applause)—while he lives, I have faith to believe that not one blade of grass, not one atom of the soil of the territories will be poisoned by the footsteps of even the compromise of a slave. So much this Society has gained; and the rock which a third of a century has rolled up the mountain height is not to tumble back at the bidding of a mob. There it stands, anchored on the votes of eighteen hundred thousand freemen, who send Abraham Lincoln to Washington to do their bidding, and it will be done. (Applause.) This is no boy's play. The babies of Carolina are not to speak to the great Northwest. (Cheers.) They are to lie quiet in their cradles, and we will see that they are rocked to sleep; and meantime, Northern care and foresight shall tuck them up nicely, so that they shall not take cold. (Applause and laughter.)

Our fathers pledged their odious and hateful oaths to their damnable conspiracy in 1787, that the slave of the Carolinas should be deprived of the right arm that God gave him in order to defend himself. They gaily took the scabbard the sword of insurrection, and thereby they made it enfold my duty never to let my tongue rest from demanding justice for the man they had disarmed. I stand here to-day by the sacrifice of a life, to atone, as far as possible, for the sins of my father, (applause and hisses,) and every man who loves his father is bound to be here to-day. (Applause.) [A voice—"Three cheers for his father." Another—"Three cheers for the Union."] Well, we are here, friends, to make those cheers deserved. We are here to make the Union worthy of cheers within hearing of Faneuil Hall. (Applause and cries of "Good.") We are here to wipe out the three-fifths slave basis, the slave clause of recapture, the pledge against insurrection, and every black stripe from the parchment of 1789; and when we have done it, we will go down to that old Cradle of Liberty, and invoke Adams, and Otis, and Hancock to come and listen to our repentance, and to our jubilee together. (Applause.) But it is here we are to perform the lustration. Every lie bears bitter fruit. No sin can be wiped out in an hour. The mistakes of a generation are not gotten rid of in a night! "Our fathers ate sour grapes, and our teeth are set on edge." State Street managed and intruded; she sent her representatives to get John Hancock swathed in flannel, to make it possible for Massachusetts to adopt the Constitution of 1787. The free thought of Massachusetts rejected it. The men from the country spit upon it. What were called the Democrats of that day trod it under their feet. State Street—the men who made money by trade—went to Hancock, solemn and stately in his Beacon-street mansion, and said to him—"We cannot save this. The conscience of Massachusetts rejects it." And the old pet of the people put on his flannels, took his crutches, and came down with a compromise—(God curse all compromises!) and made Massachusetts a member of the Union. (Applause and hisses.) [A voice from the gallery—"God curse the man who said that!"]

Mr. PHILLIPS. Well, it is natural that State Street should hang on to her child. It is natural that she should be fond of the pet that she cradled, and has brought up to this manhood. And it is natural, too, that short-sighted wealth, timid, shrinking from every change, should imagine that if she gets rid of South Carolina, it writes bankruptcy on her ledger. But I maintain that Massachusetts does not make money merely because South Carolina whips negroes. I maintain that the brain of the Yankee can compel the tribute of the world, and the thrift and cunning of our right hands can make us rich, spite of Virginia and the Carolinas too. (Loud applause.) We are bound to prove that honest labor can stand on its own feet, without the help of the aristocracy of the white race, or the slaveholders of the Carolinas. (Renewed cheering.) Graduate of the free schools of Boston as I am, I am bound to prove, in the face of Europe, that "honesty is the best policy," and that America can prove it in the face of the world. (Applause.) I am bound to prove that it is possible to make a man's bread here without stealing it; and I am certain that, with that great West, that populous Ohio, that magnificent New York, to back us, and welcoming Canada into our lap, we can still, even if the South leaves us, for a time, maintain a power to which the South will gravitate back gladly before you and I are old. Yes, those boys will hardly pass their majority, will hardly be entitled to vote, before you will see Carolina coming back under the stripes. We are not going to be separated. The Mississippi binds us like a glorious ribbon of gold. We cannot be divided permanently. It is nothing but the poison of slavery that occasions this temporary convulsion. The Sumners and the Marions are ours. The Rutledges, the Lees, and the Pinnacles, where are they? Under the feet of some nameless rascals who are undertaking to go under to represent South Carolina. Virginia has gone under, and there is nothing but bubbles on the surface. We will dig down under it, and find the ashes of Patrick Henry, and so call Virginia back to her duty. (Applause.) If it is necessary, as in the days of the Crusaders, we will take the dust of Washington from his tomb on Mount Vernon, and Everett shall follow it, as we carry it through those fifteen States, and make them, in their knees, be as good abolitionists as he was. (Applause.)

No, we have not lost a country. These puny representatives are not Americans, that run to Washington, and beg South Carolina to see that they kneel in the dirt. (Loud applause.) The history of the past, the grand school of the events of sixty years, have not produced only such men in Massachusetts. Under farmers' frocks, and standing beside spindles, and over the blacksmith's anvil, and smelling the sweet soil of the ploughshare, there are yet descendants of Paul Revere and James Otis, who yet save Massachusetts from the canker of her own gold. (Prolonged cheering.) I believe in the possibility of liberty, and I will never be convinced that sixty such years as we have passed can create only a community of cowards. This Society will yet hold its sessions peacefully; every speech will be listened to; and when we go out from this hall on Friday night, we shall go out with the thanks of Boston, for having redeemed it to decency! (Loud and prolonged applause.)

DAVID LEE CHILD. "I propose three cheers for the conqueror." They were given.

SPEECH OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The President then announced RALPH WALDO EMERSON, of Concord, who was received with three vigorous cheers by the audience, followed by three cheers for the Union from the mob, and a succession of disturbing groans and outcries. Toward the close of Mr. Phillips's speech, several policemen had entered the gallery, and their glazed caps were conspicuous among the rioters. Roy M. Waterston, in the midst of the tumult, rose and asked—"Will not the police do their duty?" The appeal had no effect, however, and Mr. Emerson was obliged to wait some time before his voice could be heard. At length, when comparative silence was obtained, he said:—

MR. PRESIDENT.—It is little I have to say; but to fill up the interval between the gentleman who is about to follow me, and the organ of thought and opinion who has just spoken, I will say, that I am very happy to see this Society, through its organs here, asserting those principles which belong to this soil, which belong to every person who now breathes here; and I am glad that a Boston boy, educated here in our schools, here in our colleges, all his life spent among you, has learned to find in your hearts an answer to every burning word he speaks. Why, ladies and gentlemen, I feel that really the Boston boys are all right. I am a little proud of this village. Let me say to those young foreigners, to those young strangers, that I was born on the spot where the post-office now stands; that my education has been in her town schools here, here in her college, and all the best of my life spent here. That is true, too, of the gentleman who presides here, and of Mr. Phillips, who has just addressed us: I

think the same record cannot be shown by the young people who have endeavored to interrupt this meeting. But I have to say, that one thing seems only too plain, in the new history of the country, as well as in the old. They say that the Asiatic cholera takes the vital principle out of the air by decomposing the air. I think it is the same with the moral pestilence under which the country has suffered so long; it actually decomposes mankind. This insurrection of slavery is based on a crime of that fatal character that it decomposes men. The barbarism which has lately appeared wherever that question has been touched, and in the action of the States where it prevails, seems to stamp the moral sense. The moral injury of slavery is infinitely greater than its pecuniary and political injury. I really do not think the pecuniary mischief of slavery, which is always shown by statistics, worthy to be named in comparison with this power to subvert the reason of men, so that those who speak for it, who defend it, who act in its behalf, seem to have lost the moral sense. Here are young men from the Southern country, whom we have always supposed were in the minority, who had not spoken, but who would yet save their country—they also have been educated here in our institutions, have been educated in Europe, and when they have gone back, they have suffered from this ophthalmia, this blindness, which hides from them the great facts of right and wrong. They do not perceive the political, economical and moral mischief done by the institution. I chanced, within a few days, to be reading the travels in Alabama of the English naturalist, G. Gosse, who has set all our boys making aquariums, and he recites precisely those facts which are denied by our Southern friends—the burning of books and the like, the utter suppression of all freedom of thought and conversation among friends. [Noise in the gallery, which obliged the speaker to pause.]

I was going to say, that I hope that, in the great action now pending, all the forbearance, all the discretion possible, and yet all the firmness, shall be used by the representatives of the North, and by the people at home. Gentlemen, friends, no man of patriotism, no man of natural sentiment, can undervalue the sacred Union which we possess; but if it is surrendered, it will be because it had already ceased to have a vital tension. The action of to-day is only the ultimatum of what had already occurred. The bonds had ceased to exist, because of this vital defect of slavery at the South actually separating them in sympathy, in thought, in character, from the people of the North; and then, if the separation had gone thus far, what is the use of a pretended tie? As to concessions, we have none to make. The monstrous concession made at the formation of the Constitution is all that can ever be asked; it has blocked the civilization and humanity of the times up to this day. I cannot help thinking just now, in connection with some facts that were mentioned, of a story of Mr. Wilson. You all know Prof. Wilson, the author of the "Notes" —the wit of Edinburgh and London. When some gentlemen, strangers at the lake—[Noise in the gallery, hisses, groans, calls of "put him out," "dry up," "unbutton your coat," &c.] Mr. EMERSON. I know you will hear my story: it is very good. One of Prof. Wilson's family had been insulted in a boat upon the lake. The fact was brought to his knowledge, and he immediately prepared to horse-whip the offenders. They learned to whose family the offended person belonged, and got a mutual friend to go with them to the Professor's house, to propitiate him. He introduced them, and said, "These are the gentlemen who have, by some mistake, interfered with your friend." Prof. Wilson heard their apology coldly, and allowed them to depart. When they had gone, his friend said, "Why, Professor, you should have more magnanimity than to receive their apology with such coolness." "Magnanimity!" said he; "was ever magnanimity more enormous than mine? There they sat, and I did not pitch them out of the window!" (Laughter.) It seems to me that is really a fair illustration of the immense concessions that have already been made, and we do not need any more.

But I will not detain the company longer.

SPEECH OF THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, of Worcester, the next speaker, was received with cheers, (with which some hisses from the gallery intermingled,) and spoke with less interruption than his predecessors, as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN.—We are debtors to the disturbers of this meeting for several things. If it were possible to add to the rhetorical triumphs of Wendell Phillips, they have given him an additional one this morning (applause); and if it were possible to show to Massachusetts the calm, reclusive philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a still more noble aspect, this setting of riot has completed the picture. (Renewed applause.) Even the bare threat of disturbance has promoted this Society out of the little Mercantile Hall, where it has met for the last few years, into Tremont Temple; and if the mere rumor of trifling danger has produced so much, what would the appeal of actual danger do among the anti-slavery men of Massachusetts? (Cheers.) It has done more than this. The Personal Liberty Bill is pending in the State House. How many additional votes our friends in the gallery have rolled up for us! (Applause and hisses.) How many more will our opponents (whom the gods have made mad)—how many more will they give us, before this Convention has concluded its sessions? And that other measure—the Metropolitan Police Bill for Boston (loud cheers, the rioters in the gallery revealing, in characteristic manner, the terrors the bill has for them)—a measure which no one would have dared to suggest, and which I, for one, would have voted against; under ordinary circumstances,—there are a hundred men in that gallery, to-day, who are working with all their heart and soul to pass that Metropolitan Police Bill. (Loud cheers.) As Shakespeare says:—"Thou that do it, do it well. Yea, do the deed, And your unworthy deeds find us the word."

Here are we, anti-slavery speakers, tired of speaking. We had fallen away from the work. We had been grossly misled—I know I had, for one—in these last anti-slavery meetings in Boston, for a few years, in not coming. We thought that so much of the battle had been won that our voices, at least, might be spared. Your silence [pointing to the gallery] had silenced us; your noise calls us forth again. (Cheers.) It is one of the strongest objections I have to this state of things, that it has brought me here to-day, for one, to make a speech against my will. If speaking becomes a crime, if speaking is to be put down by the chaos of quadrupedal noises we have heard this morning, the sooner we all begin to talk, the better. (Applause.)

Mr. Chairman, we are not here to-day to dig in the ashes of the past; we are not here to-day even to contend for the slave. The slave to-day must take care of himself, for the moment, while we are defending the right of the white men of Massachusetts to be heard in Boston. (Loud applause.) I thank these rioters, who have placed us in a position so logically irresistible that we are sure of the verdict at last. Slavery or anti-slavery may be right or wrong; *razes srazes* is right always and everywhere. (Prolonged cheering.) We have come back to a position which is impregnable. They have driven us out, it may be, for a moment, of the questionable Fort Moultrie of our position; but it is only to fall back upon that Fort Sumner of human right, which, in Massachusetts, will never again be captured. (Loud applause.) Never again! The day is past. Those who try to disturb it now, occupy a position as hopelessly far in the rear as possible. To say that it is behind this age is nothing—it is behind all ages—the attempt to put down free speech by mob law. Those who try it are too old to be the grandfathers of the hunkers. The remotest ancestors of hunkers never dreamed of anything more idle than the effort to suppress it in the manner in which it is sought to be done to-day. To call it death is nothing—the position of hunkers that has been taken here. It is like that nobleman in England, who said, when he knew he had held his

public office too long, and speaking of himself and an oligarchical compeer,—one of those "old public functionaries" who are not confined to this country—"Why," said he, "Ireland and I have been dead ten years, only we won't acknowledge it." (Laughter.) The thing that all the wealth and power and administrative energy of Boston tried to do, when the anti-slavery party numbered but a hundred, and failed to do it, is now idle to attempt to do to-day, when, even under all the invitations given to the mob, a large majority of the meeting are the friends of free speech! (Applause, and cries of "Good.") This work of re-asserting ourselves upon a platform undisturbed will not last long. The battle has been fought and won again this morning, and it can never again be waged under such disadvantages to us. (Cheers.) It will not last long, and then we can fall back upon our legitimate work, which is, our own rights secured, to look after the rights of others; to seek, not to defend the rights of the wealthy and influential, who can take care of themselves, but of the poor and the outcast. Is there any man who is trampled on by the whole whole community? There is the man for us to defend. Is there any man whose a whole class of his fellow-citizens seek to persecute,—who, in the night time, when defeated in their efforts to disturb peaceable assemblies of other men, unite in little companies, and go into corners, and down cellars, and into horse-railroad cars, to drag out and glory in persecuting the negro, because they do not dare to meet a white man,—is there any class of men in Boston so degraded as that, and any such more degraded class who wish to persecute them, it is for them that we must labor, and make their cause our own. It is because this Society has labored for them that all this miserable hostility has been called forth to-day. It is because this Society has done its work in calling forth not only the men who believe in Mr. Garrison's dogmas wholly, but men like those who have spoken here this morning, who are not identified with him in his views of the Constitution, or with Mr. Phillips in his—[it was because the Anti-Slavery Society, by the noble liberality of its platform, has called such men upon it, that it is opposed and resisted; and, by the same token, it is for doing that, for fighting the great battle of liberty for Massachusetts men, that this Anti-Slavery Society will become a blessed memory in Massachusetts, and this day a sacred day of triumph for free speech henceforward and forever. (Loud applause.)

On motion of Henry C. Wright, the meeting adjourned to 3 o'clock, P. M.

The noise in the galleries then ceased, the disturbers leaving the house with the others. A very large number of these disorderly persons, however, remained in the street before the Temple, using profane, boisterous and threatening language as the audience dispersed, especially manifesting their hate toward Mr. Phillips, against whom threats were freely made. A hearse happening to go by at this time, one brutal ruffian called out—"Hold on, and take Wendell Phillips." Mr. Phillips, however, left the building by a private way, and the mob was thus deprived of an opportunity to vent their malice in any other way than by threats.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The hall was crowded to overflowing before the hour for calling the meeting to order, and it soon became manifest that the disturbing element had received large accessions to its force. The *Traveler* describes the mixed character of the gathering in this wise:—

"As soon as the doors were thrown open, the crowd comprehending every grade of politics, morality and religious belief in its ranks,—Brethrenridgers, negroes, Douglas men, Garrisonians, Bell men, North trustees, Beacon streeters, John Brown's men, ministers of the Gospel, pickpockets, reporters, teachers, dry goods jobbers, loafers, brokers, rum-sellers, ladies, thieves, gentlemen, State officers, boys, police-men—it is impossible to enumerate the elements of this promiscuous throng was composed."

"Outside, a number of people," continues the *Traveler*, "as if loath to enter, and too curious to go away, hovered about the door of the Temple, inspecting all who entered with as much particularity as if they had been all veritable Nadsdats, in the employ of genuine Anglo-Bengalee Life Insurance Companies."

"One gentleman seemed anxious to enter, and still very reluctant to run the gauntlet of the curious eyes. At last, he impudently passed the threshold, and, turning round, took off his hat, and said:—

"Gentlemen—I wish my presence here may not be construed. I am neither an abolitionist, a rioter, nor a pickpocket. I'm going in to see a man." (Silence, broken by a slight tittering.)

Just before three o'clock, a number of policemen entered the galleries, and were greeted with hisses by the rowdies, who then gave three cheers for Mayor Wightman.

The meeting was called to order at 3 o'clock by Mr. Quincy, who read a letter from FRANCIS JACKSON, President of the Society, declining a re-election. On motion of Rev. Mr. Hodges, the letter was referred to the Committee on the nomination of officers.

CHARLES C. BURLINGHAM was then introduced as the first speaker in the afternoon, and proceeded to address the assembly, speaking nearly an hour, in the midst of the wildest uproar, to which he paid no more attention than if he were on the other side of the globe, but spoke right on, with a logic as clear, a spirit as uncompromising, and illustrations as pertinent and forcible, as if he were addressing the most quiet and attentive audience ever assembled before him. We are obliged to defer the report of his speech till next week.

By the time Mr. Burlingham had concluded, the lower part of the hall under the gallery was completely packed with the mob, who cheered and hissed in one corner, and were lustily answered by cheers from the opposite corner, which drowned the voice of the speaker. He sat down amidst applause and hisses.

The President said he observed men in the audience with badges on their breasts. (Loud and long-continued uproar, and repetition of singing for several minutes, followed by clapping of hands and "tigers," during which the President stood in silence, or consulted with those about him.)

The President again attempted to call upon the police, but his voice was fairly drowned by the noise. The audience arose upon their feet, some trying to escape in their fright. Cushions were taken from the seats in the gallery, and tumbled down upon the heads below in rapid succession, and were tossed about from place to place. The confusion and uproar were indescribable. First, the mob would sing, then cheer, then hiss; then away one way, and then the other; cushions and hats were thrown in the air, dogs barking, cats mewling, &c. &c., were limited, and uproar reigned supreme. After a while, there was a lull, and the Chairman then introduced Mr. Geo. H. HOYT, of Athol, as one of John Brown's counsel.

This was the signal for a renewed outbreak of calls, and cheers, and hisses, which completely drowned Mr. Hoyt's voice.

MR. QUINCY. I observe in the hall, scattered about in various conspicuous places, men with badges on their breasts. If the police have not been instructed by the Mayor to stand by and assist this mob by their silence and inactivity, they will do their duty. (Hisses, groans, derisive laughter, &c.)

Mr. HOYT. You have been "going home" so long, it would be cause for thankfulness if you would go at once.

It was now four o'clock, and the disturbance had reached its culminating point. Scarcely a word could be heard that was uttered on the platform. Just then, a movement was noticed in one of the aisles, and presently it was seen that the Mayor, with the Chief of Police, and a large posse of officers, was slowly forcing his way to the platform. Arrived there, he stepped to the centre, in front of the President, and said:—

SPEECH OF MAYOR WIGHTMAN.

SILENCE! SILENCE! SILENCE! in the gallery! Fellow-citizens—fellow-citizens—I am sure that you, who are the citizens of Boston, will listen to the voice of your Chief Magistrate. (Gallery—"Good"—"good"; "three cheers for Mayor Wightman.") Fellow-citizens, I can only say, that you will testify that respect for the Chief Magistrate whom you have elected, by keeping silence, and listening to that which I shall say. [Gallery—"We'll do it!" "Three cheers for Mayor Wightman!"]

THE MAYOR (in the imperative mood). Silence! SILENCE! I am requested, inasmuch as this meeting has been disturbed by tumultuous and riotous proceedings—I am requested by the Trustees of this building to disperse the meeting. [The rowdies screamed, "Good," "good," and cheered at the top of their lungs.]

DEA. GILBERT, one of the Trustees, pressed forward, and exclaimed, "It isn't so. Will you let me see the letter?" The Mayor declined.

MR. QUINCY. Will you allow the agent of the building, Mr. Hayes, to see it? We doubt its authenticity.

THE MAYOR. I will not, sir. I will testify that to-morrow, not now. [Turning to the audience]—Fellow-citizens, having thus announced my purpose, under the written order of the Trustees, [Voices—"False," "False!"] I have now simply to say to you, that I am sure you will respect me enough to leave this place quietly and peaceably. ["No," "Yes," "Read the letter!"]

The confusion, at this time, was indescribable—that of the platform rivaling the gallery, for everybody crowded forward to the desk, amid excited cries of—"It's false!"—"It's a lie!"—"Read it!" &c. At length the Mayor was forced, by the storm of dispute, to read the letter, which he did, first remarking—"I am requested to read the document which has been placed in my hands, and I regard it as sufficiently authentic for this purpose." The letter was as follows:—

Boston, Jan. 24, 1861.

HON. J. M. WIGHTMAN, Mayor of the City of Boston.

We hereby certify you that a tumultuous and riotous assembly of more than thirty persons is now engaged in disturbing a meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society at Tremont Temple, and we hereby request you, in your official capacity, to quell the riot and protect the property where the meeting is now being held—to wit, Tremont Temple.

Yours, respectfully,
WM. H. JAMESON,
GEO. W. CHIPMAN,
GEO. S. DEXTER,
JOSEPH STORV,
T. GILBERT.

Shouts of derisive laughter were heard on all sides, at the conclusion of the letter, for everybody saw that the request was one totally different from that stated by the Mayor.

At this point, Mr. Quincy inquired if Sheriff Clark was in the hall, stating that there was a letter of importance for him from the Governor. It was generally supposed that the letter had reference to the preservation of order, but its real character did not transpire.

Having read the letter of the Trustees, the Mayor turned to Mr. Quincy, the acting President, and asked, "What do you want me to do?" Mr. Quincy replied that he wished the galleries cleared, and the Mayor instructed the officers to perform that duty, and they entered upon it immediately, and in about fifteen minutes, the galleries were cleared, no resistance being offered. Many of the rioters, however, as they came down stairs, entered the doors at the end of the hall until that portion was densely crowded with an uproarious crowd, enraged at the aspect of things, and excitedly yelling, "Clear the platform!" "Wightman! I want you to clear the platform!" With this modest demand, however, the Mayor did not see fit to comply.

The work of clearing the galleries was finished at 4:30, and then the President said:—

MR. QUINCY. The members of the Anti-Slavery Society, and those who desire to participate with them, will be seated.

It was found impossible to seat the numbers who had crowded upon the platform, and the President inquired of the Mayor if the orderly portion of the audience on the platform could occupy the galleries; to which the Mayor replied in the affirmative, and soon comparative order was restored.

THE MAYOR. Gentlemen, (I shall not say ladies and gentlemen, because that is always unnecessary,) the meeting is now in a quiet state; it is for you to maintain it so. As long as there is no disturbance by any one, it will go on with its proceedings. If there is any disturbance, the police are authorized to suppress any demonstrations of that kind. (Applause, and three cheers for free speech.)

MR. QUINCY. If the gentlemen on the edges of the meeting are contented to remain and assist in the further proceedings, they can do so; if not, the police will forthwith clear the hall of all disturbers.

The Mayor then called two of the Lieutenants of Police to the platform, and gave them instructions with regard to the disposition of their men, and that they were to be under the direction of the President of the meeting. Then, turning to Mr. Quincy, the Mayor said—"Mr. President, I now give the meeting into your hands, and take my leave."

There were no more cheers for Mayor Wightman; but the rabble that still remained in the rear of the hall cheered for the Union, and one of their number put the question, "All those in favor of adjourning the Union meeting will say 'Aye,' and declared it 'a vote'—but still the crowd of unruly spirits remained, though their demonstrations were not so violent as before.

MR. QUINCY. I now request all the members and friends of the Society to be seated, as far as possible. If there is any disturbance in the further proceedings of the meeting, I shall direct the further part of the hall to be cleared. Let that be understood, beforehand. We want all to stay and hear what is to be said; we do not want to turn a man out of you. If you have anything to say against any of the sentiments that have been expressed here, the platform is just as free for you to oppose as for the previous speakers to advocate them. Mr. Hoyt will now proceed with his speech.

SPEECH OF GEORGE H. HOYT, ESQ.

MR. CHAIRMAN.—When the proceedings of the Convention were interrupted, our friends in the rear of the hall had just concluded that familiar palm tune, to which our ears have become so accustomed, "We are going home." After a great deal of "going," and "going on," some of our friends have actually left, and for that we are certainly obliged. (Applause.)

Some weeks ago, Mr. Chairman and ladies and gentlemen, who live upon the hills of Western Massachusetts received tidings from Boston which filled us with wonder and with disgust. (Hisses.) Wonder—that upon the free soil of the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, even in Boston—Boston, where the tribesmen of the people have spoken since liberty had a name and a foothold upon the American continent—Boston, under the shadow of Bunker Hill—the Boston of Faneuil Hall—(one man should have been found so false to his manhood and so recalcitrant to his social trust, as for one single moment to entertain the purpose to interfere with the free discussion of the question of anti-slavery. Disgust, I say also, that when a considerable body of men entertaining this contemptible purpose were found willing and ready to invade this very Temple, and here successfully assail the dearest rights of an American citizen, the strong right arm of municipal authority was not instantly outstretched to quell

the mob, and, in the name of law, liberty, and American civilization, protect the respectable gentlemen here engaged in an investigation of the merits of this question. I think it may not be egotism in me to say, that I know well what the sentiment of Massachusetts is in regard to this matter of free speech. I will at least undertake to speak for Middle and Western Massachusetts; and it is time that Boston understood that the whole of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is not contained in this peninsular, and that, if the people of Boston will not vindicate and defend that right, the people of the Commonwealth, in their sovereign capacity, will come here and do it for them, to save our dear old Commonwealth from that reproach. (Loud applause, and hisses from the rear of the hall.) I thank God that at last the City Government of Boston has undertaken to defend this right to us. We would maintain it ourselves, and by their aid and assistance we shall maintain it throughout the proceedings of this Convention. [A voice—"I'll bet you don't!"]

I suppose there may be some here who would like to know upon what basis a professed Republican of the campaign of 1860 can stand here. I have not, ladies and gentlemen, to understand that there was necessarily any consistency between a Republican, believing in political action as a remedy for the evils of slavery, and a conscientious Abolitionist.

A VOICE.—"Is John A. Andrew an Abolitionist?" MR. HOYT. I hope to heaven he is; and I think I can say he is. If he is not, he is no true Governor of Massachusetts. I do not mean such Republicanism as is represented by the recent Senatorial speech of William H. Seward; I do not mean such Republicanism as is represented by the compromise of Tom Corwin; I do not mean such Republicanism as is represented by Charles Francis Adams, who proposes to admit New Mexico as a slave State. [The rioters—"These cheers for Adams."] I do not mean such Republicanism as is represented, for instance, by the Springfield Republican,—a smart journal in the western part of the State, which has not, until lately, found dirt enough to eat,—which says the Republicans are not opposed to slavery as a

be attacked by a mob, and in order to prevent a disturbance...

The crowd in the street before the Hall constantly increased...

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He then said to me: Now I have returned to you the control...

What influences were brought to bear upon the Mayor afterwards...

Mr. Wright. Well, the Trustees were not present at the meeting...

Mr. Quincy. Well, we got ahead of him there. Samuel May, Jr. moved that a meeting of the Society be held...

At this point, three of the Trustees of the Temple entered the room...

Mr. Quincy repeated the statement he had already made to the meeting...

A gentleman here said, "We may thank Mayor Wightman for all this..."

Mr. Wright then moved that the Society proceed to the choice of officers...

The question was then put on the adoption of the resolutions submitted...

Resolved, That in the death of the Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell, the American slave...

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Towards the close of the meeting, some of the Tremont Temple rioters...

During the day, Mr. Quincy sent the following note to the Trustees of the Temple...

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society...

Resolved, That this Society cordially adopts, as especially applicable to the lawless attempts...

Resolved, That in a free country, the laws enacted according to the prescriptions...

Resolved, That the spirit of mobs is a spirit of indiscriminate destruction...

Resolved, That in this country the mightiest influence is public opinion...

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The action of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which, proposing to revise her "Discipline..."

The open preaching, by Northern ministers of various denominations, of the latest phase of Southern doctrine...

The letter sent by Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D., of New York, and many other eminent clergymen...

The time-serving policy pursued by the Boston Tract Society, which emphatically declares itself "not anti-slavery..."

The advance in guilty complicity with slavery made by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions...

The continuance in a thoroughly pro-slavery position of that great representative body, the American Tract Society...

The time-serving policy pursued by the Boston Tract Society, which emphatically declares itself "not anti-slavery..."

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"FREE SPEECH" IN THE LEGISLATURE. MASS. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES. Friday Afternoon, Jan. 29th, 1861.

Immediately upon the completion of the calendar business, Mr. Tyler, of Boston, moved that the House adjourn...

Mr. PARKER, of Worcester, asked leave to introduce a bill for the consideration of the House...

The letter sent by Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D., of New York, and many other eminent clergymen...

The time-serving policy pursued by the Boston Tract Society, which emphatically declares itself "not anti-slavery..."

The advance in guilty complicity with slavery made by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions...

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The time-serving policy pursued by the Boston Tract Society, which emphatically declares itself "not anti-slavery..."

lean party is conservative and national. The passage of such a resolve, his high, would make it an easy...

Mr. FARRIS, of Waltham, conceived it to be his duty to call upon the House to support the Constitution...

Mr. GIBBS, of New Bedford, thought that if there was a time for this body to study wisdom, it was the present...

Mr. BARNETT, of Weymouth, was in favor of free speech, but not of the free use of the Representatives' Hall...

Mr. BRANNING, of Lee, remembered that the Abolitionists had taken years upon the use of the hall to denounce the Union...

Mr. TRIBBLE, of Burlington, said the question was whether the State would come forward to uphold free speech...

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The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders! BOSTON, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1861.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Delinquent subscribers for the past year, that is, from January 1, 1860, to January 1, 1861, are respectfully requested to remember our STANDING RULE...

BOSTON UNDER MOB LAW—MAYOR WIGHTMAN ENFORCING IT.

In our last number, we announced the probability that the approaching annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in this city, would be riotously assaulted...

Resolved, That in a free country, the laws enacted according to the prescriptions of the Constitution, are the voice of the people...

Resolved, That the spirit of mobs is a spirit of indiscriminate destruction; that when the press (or freedom of speech) shall have become its prey...

Resolved, That in this country the mightiest influence is public opinion; that mobs cannot prevail without a criminal apathy in the public mind...

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THE ANNUAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.

The Annual Anti-Slavery Subscription Festival was held in Music Hall, in this city, on Wednesday evening, last week, and was attended by a choice company of more than two thousand persons...

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN SYRACUSE.

The hall where the Abolitionists were to hold their Convention was taken possession of by a body of men whose arrangements had been preconcerted...

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION.

The Fourth Annual New York State Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at Albany, in Association Hall, Monday evening, Tuesday and Wednesday, afternoons and evenings, Feb. 4, 5, 6...

WORCESTER SOUTH A. S. SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society will be held in Waltham Hall, Worcester, on Sunday, Feb. 10.

H. FORD DOUGLASS, an Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will speak at...

HENRY C. WRIGHT will hold meetings in Foxboro', Mass., Sunday, Feb. 8, afternoon and evening.

A. T. FOSS, an Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and H. C. WRIGHT, will speak at West Wrentham, Sunday, Feb. 8.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The Second Annual New York State Woman's Rights Convention will be held at ALBANY, in Association Hall, Thursday and Friday, afternoons and evenings, Feb. 7 and 8.

WANTED.—Liberator of January 18 and January 25, 1861. Any of our friends who do not preserve the Liberator will confer a favor upon us by sending us one or both of the papers of the above date.

MRS. M. B. JACKSON, M. D., having had fifteen years' experience in the Homoeopathic treatment of diseases, offers her professional services to the Ladies and Children of Boston and vicinity.

SITUATION WANTED.—A lady who has had large experience in matters of house-keeping, and who is eminently qualified satisfactorily to discharge the duties connected therewith, desires a situation either as house-keeper, or matron of some establishment, either in this city or vicinity. The best references given. Address: N. Anti-Slavery Office, 221 Washington street.

Poetry.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast... And the slave, whose'er he covers, feels the soul within him climb...

The Liberator.

THE METHODIST CHURCH: IS IT PRO-SLAVERY OR ANTI-SLAVERY?

The Methodist Church is one of the chief members of that group of American churches which are the great bulwark of slavery... The Methodist Church South which maintains slavery, and next, the Northern division revised its Discipline upon this point only last year...

reason why Christian ministers, whose business it is to teach in all matters of morality and religion, should not hold up the great fact of American Slavery, and examine it in the light of Christian truth? Is not this a duty which they owe, both to their people and to the country?...

My best love and warm sympathy to all old friends, wherever I am not forgotten, and especially to yourself, Mrs. Garrison, and other dear ones at home, in which my wife joins; and believe me, in the bonds of true Christian love... Very truly yours, W. ROBSON.

However, the feelings of a portion of the people of Massachusetts, legal voters, and other persons especially, have found expression in the words of Mr. Phillips. Come that will, we shall have to do to it and remember. It is glorious to look forward to that future, perhaps not far distant, when this noble man will receive the homage so justly his due...

can party must abandon the principles on which it rests by which they have achieved success, or this Union is at end. Republican leaders and Republican opponents, and glorify themselves, and praise their love of the Union and their reverence for the Constitution as much as they like... THE ABOLITION CONVENTION WHICH WAS NOT HELD.