SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY,
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

# NEW-YORK THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1850.

VOL. XI....NO. 29. WHOLE NO. 549.

Published Weekly,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
AT 142 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

Terms:
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

☞All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to S. H. GAY, New York.

☞Donations to the Treasury of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, TREASURER, at Boston; or S. H. GAY, New York.

NORRIS, BROTHERS, PRINTERS.

## The Southern Press, South.

From the Augusta (Ga.) Republic.

### THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

- ITS ABORTION AND FAILURE!

*Nullified in Law-abiding Massachusetts, and threatened with Repeal throughout the Northern States.*

The Passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, with its justly stringent provisions, was the result of a fearful sacrifice at the South, in the late so-called settlement of the Slavery question. Proposed by Southern Senators, supported by Southern Representatives, and passed chiefly by Southern votes, it was an actual justice not of the North to the South, but of the South to herself. This becomes fully apparent when we examine the vote of the House upon the passage of the bill. After many inefficient efforts by Northern members to entirely destroy the efficacy of the bill, by striking out its most stringent and useful provisions, while they feared, at that particular juncture, to unitedly oppose it, in consequence of the other measures being of a highly objectionable character to Southern interests, it received in the Senate on its final passage *only three Northern votes* IN ITS FAVOR, and twenty-seven in the House. Out of the eighty odd Whig members of Congress from the free States, three only voted for the Fugitive Bill. Of the Whig Senators from the same States, not one even could be induced to its support. If anything more were needed to convince the people of the South of a manifest disposition existing in Congress, to measure out to her even less than scanty justice, this fact is full of proof of the truth of the statement. Out of thirty Northern Senators but three were found willing to carry out in protection of the Constitution. Out of all the Northern Representatives, barely twenty-seven were found, who looked with favor upon the right of a Southern man to recover his property, when escaping into a free State. Behold the much boasted justice of the North.

If the *sole* defence of the South was in the North and depended upon its good faith, fidelity to the Constitution, and adherence to justice, her towns would soon smoke in ruins and her liberties be entombed beneath the fatal power of despotic fanaticism.

The passage of the bill has proved but the signal of opposition to it, wherever it has been attempted to be carried into effect. The fact that, as yet, but *three* fugitive slaves have been recovered under the law, in view of the many efforts at recapture, which have been made, is a triumphant commentary upon the disposition of the people of the North to respect the laws of the land. Everywhere in the anti-slavery North, determined efforts to defeat the successful execution of the law has been exhibited.

Even in "law-abiding," "Union-loving," decency-observing Massachusetts, we see this almost universal determination on the part of the people of the State, to make the law a dead letter—to nullify and make nugatory its clear and constitutional provisions.

Even in the land of the *conservative* and highly-lauded Webster, the devotion of whose people to good faith, justice and honor, will be repeated unto posterity, by his transcendant eloquence, we find the people setting the laws at defiance, and not only protecting fugitives from labor, against their rightful recapture by their masters, but forcing those masters to become fugitives themselves from their democratic violence.

We wish not, however, to indulge in lengthy remarks. Our object is to show, by quotations from Northern papers, the opinions of the press, the public, State Conventions and public meetings in regard to the Fugitive Slave Law. We cannot effect the object without an exposition considerably in detail. For this we will not apologize. The importance of the subject will justify the prolixity. We ask a candid and patient perusal of the mass of facts here presented. The reader can then judge for himself, whether the Fugitive Slave Law is the only act of justice done the South, at the last session of Congress, in not a complete nullity—a dead letter upon the statute-book, and in danger of being repealed at the next session of Congress. We will first show the opinions of the Northern press on this subject. The limits prescribed will not permit us to quote from as many papers as we could desire. Enough will, however, be given, to show the spirit of the press of the non-slaveholding States—both Whig and Democratic. We merely add, "*ex uno, disce omnes.*"

From The (Augusta, Ga.) Constitutionalist.

UNION-LOVING MASSACHUSETTS.

THE State of Massachusetts has never been wanting in Jonathan Trumbull and Daniel Webster, who could talk fluently of *the Union*—the GLORIOUS Union—of its historical glories and its innumerable blessings. "Yet Jonathan, Daniel Webster and the Hon. Caleb Cushing, two of her most distinguished citizens, are always on hand, upon occasion to pour forth rhetorical flourishes of this sort. The sentiments are very pretty in Cheniswise, round well, and when they get in print, read well, and are circulated far and wide, not only as specimens of American oratory, but as evidence of Massachusetts patriotism. "Oh, what a Union-loving State is Massachusetts, what a patriotic State is Massachusetts! Is there a patriotic man in the whole unanimous spirit she displays"! exclaim the politicians and humbuggers; and Massachusetts is lauded up as the very pink and model of patriotic and Union-loving States.

Only recently we see this game again played off. It is not presumable, however, that the gullibility of the people is without limits, and that it is a chance that the patriotic pretensions of Massachusetts will undergo, soon, somewhat of a severe scrutiny. A recent public dinner, given at Boston, to Amin Bey, the Turkish Envoy, Mr. Webster was one of the distinguished guests of the occasion, and in reply to a toast complimentary to himself, indulged in one of his customary flights in Cheniswise, round well, and stereotyped phrases on this theme for all such occasions, and in due time they get into the newspapers, and are reported and cited as evidence of Massachusetts patriotism. That they are Mr. Webster's sentiments, we do not doubt—his pure, honest, patriotic sentiments. He is a patriotic man at heart, and a lover of the Union and the Constitution—an American in the best sense of the term, we cordially concede. But we deny that his sentiments are the sentiments of Massachusetts. On the contrary, there is no Americanism—no patriotism pervading the public mind of Massachusetts. It is a state composed of ultra-fanatical sigus and incendiary politics. They are so steeped in fanaticism, and carried away with false systems of ethics, of religion, of political morality, and philanthropy, that they are incapable of acting an honest part, and of performing the plainest obligations due under the Federal Compact, to her sister States of the South.

The people of Massachusetts have as little to boast of in their history of a tolerant and enlightened spirit, as any civilized race on this continent. Driven by religious persecutions to settle in a land where they could enjoy freedom to worship God, the Pilgrims early learned to refuse to others that religious toleration they had themselves so early prized. The Quakers, driven from old England by the spirit of intolerance, did not find that they had much improved their condition by coming among the descendants of the Pilgrims, and they were driven to seek repose from persecution to a more Southern latitude. The hunting of Indians with blood-hounds, and their extermination by fire and sword, was one of the earliest, and recited amusements in psalm-singing Massachusetts. At another time, the humiliating and cruelty young maidens, and feeble old women and inoffensive men, at the stake for witchcraft, after the solemn mockery of a trial by jury, are among the beauties of Massachusetts history.

In the nineteenth century, the people of Boston and its vicinity, enjoy the exclusive honor of having burned the shrine of Liberty, and of driving out of hospitable homes and unprotected nuns, and tumed them out half naked, at dead of night, amidst the snows of winter.

From Massachusetts have emanated some of the bitterest and bloodiest and most atrocious sentiments that the American Union has ever belched forth. I was an Ex-President of the United States, a honored son of Massachusetts, who, in his place in the Congress of the United States, uttered the sentiment, "*Let Abolition come, though it cost five hundred thousand—yea, five hundred million of lives.*" Yet he lived still to be honored, and to be re elected, time after time, to his seat in the Senate.

But a few weeks ago, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard College, one of the most honored and distinguished of Massachusetts sons, presided at a meeting in Boston, the avowed object of which was to aid in defeating the fugitive slave law in Massachusetts, and to cast a plain constitutional obligation. He then and there uttered sentiments that since the enactment of the law of 1793, no fugitive slave had ever been recovered and delivered up in Massachusetts, and declared that never should be under the new law. The Hon. Mr. Winthrop announced in the U. S. Senate, that the law could not be enforced in Massachusetts, as it was contrary to public opinion.

More recently we have had a striking illustration of the truth of the statement in the treatment received by KNOWT and HUGHES, two citizens of Georgia, who proceeded to Boston, to arrest, under the law, the fugitive slaves of Messrs. Crafts and his wife. Our readers are all familiar with that treatment. They narrowly escaped with their lives They were insulted, pressed, and imprisoned, on frivolous grounds, and held to bail in enormous sums, to answer actions of slander, for having asserted that said Crafts and his wife were slaves.

Such, people of Georgia, is the Union loving, law and constitution abiding State of Massachusetts. In a city containing one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, not one individual could be found to carry out in protection of the constitutional right of the Southern slave-holder, cannot be enforced—there are not only law abiding citizens enough in the State, but those who go to there to claim this benefit, under the Constitution and laws of the land, are in danger of losing their lives.

This will be a case for the consideration of the Convention of the State of Georgia, which assembles next month. The refusal of a Northern State to surrender a fugitive slave, at the request of a citizen of Georgia, was one of the contingencies provided by the Legislature for the call of a Convention.—The present outrageous conduct of the citizens of Massachusetts, it is to be hoped, will evoke the sovereign power of Georgia to a course of exemplary retaliation and satisfaction. The strongest and most summary measures, whether by reprisals, by discriminating taxation, by non-intercourse laws, or by the refusal, while the Union lasts, to be enforced by our State to recover debts due in Georgia to citizens of Massachusetts, would be measures not too barsh. It is only thus Massachusetts can be taught that she cannot nullify the Constitution and Laws of the United States with impunity. The Federal Government has shown itself in the present case powerless, or, at least, too conservative, to compel her to do justice to the citizens of Georgia. No other alternative, therefore, is left, but for the State of Georgia to take the redress of her own hands the vindication of the rights of her citizens.

From The Garrard (Mo.) Banner.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

THIS Law which has been in operation but a short time, is now the subject of universal discussion in the North. Our exchanges come filled with accounts of the feeling exhibited in various portions of the North-ern States, and the action of the action of many religious denominations upon the subject. We can now no longer doubt, that while many of the patriots of the North are willing to abide by the requirements of the law, and to aid in carrying out its provisions, thousands of Abolitionists and their allies are determined to use their utmost endeavors to defeat the objects of the Act. Many denounce the law in an open and unqualified manner—and others again, seek to destroy its efficacy, by perverting its construction. The Abolitionists propose the former class—men who would subvert the liberties of the people—trample the Constitution under foot, and shatter the Union into fragments, to carry their base, unprincipled and nefarious ends.

The latter class are Abolitionists in disguise. If they are not of a baser stamp—they should come out like men, and stand by the Constitution, and in defence of the laws of the country.

It is useless to plead compunction of conscience—and with long winded sermons, that they have conscientious scruples upon the subject, and are therefore unwilling to sanction this law. It is the law of the land—and all who are entitled to its just and good citizens, should be valuing their duty as such.

The law is just and salutary in its operations' and it is *right* that the citizens of slave States should have their property restored to them.

One of the objections urged against the law may be stated thus: "Because it makes the marshal thinking the arrest sufficient to the claimant for the value of any slave who may escape from his custody with or *without* his assent."

Should the people of the North have seen enough of the actions of officers in the free States to convince them, if they will reflect impartially, of the necessity of this provision. Should they not know that prior to the passage of this act, unless a slave owner took with him an armed force sufficient to repel the attacks of the Abolitionists and free negroes, it was a mere waste of time and money to recover a fugitive slave? This has been the case universally—and numbers of cases have occurred where the friends of the slave owner, have not only insufficient to effect a recovery of the fugitive, but actually made officers of the law, in the free States, to assist in effecting the escape of the slave, and generally recovered their property. This has been the case in Cincinnati, time and again.

Suppose for a moment that the officer was not allowed to take the escape of the slave. "*without* his assent;" how would we ever determine the question whether it was *with* or without his assent? Suppose the officer, in good faith, it would seem if he claiming to hold him responsible for the value of the slave—but the object of the law is to compel the officers to be a faithful service to their duties. officers to be a faithful service to their duties. Suppose the officer, at the slightest danger of any escaping under the present law, either with or without the officer's consent. The law would be a dead letter. Prediction has not yet been made, that we venture to be caped with his assent. It is the general opinion of the people that not one out of every ten would escape—and, to listen to the officer's story—all without their knowledge or assent.

They also oppose the law upon the ground that it violates the writ of habeas corpus. This is a false assumption. The law says nothing in regard to the writ of habeas corpus—of course the effect of the law in this respect is not suspended. The opinion of Mr. Crittenden is conclusive evidence, that the writ is not suspended by the enactment of this law. The Attorney General, in a very elaborate opinion upon the subject, clearly shows "that there is nothing in the bill in question which conflicts with the Constitution, or suspends, or was intended to suspend, the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus.*"

The shallow grounds upon which the Abolitionists and others oppose the Bill are merely pretexts to aid in a dissolution of the Union. We feel assured that disappointment will be their lot. The South has received nothing but its rights in the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the people of the slave States intend to abide by the Constitutional provisions, the threats of Abolitionists, their friends, free negroes and fugitive slaves to the contrary notwithstanding.

From the Floridian & Journal.

AGITATION SETTLED!

THE late Compromise Bills were to settle the Slavery question, were they not? Did not Mr. Clay, the 'great pacificator,' assert it? Did not Mr. Webster, the 'little pacificator,' affirm it? Did not Mr. Ritchie asseverate it? Were we not all told to believe it? Settle the Slavery question! Short of emancipation or dissolution this question cannot and never will be settled. Whatever may the South insist on retaining her property, never will exist between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States. Can two walk together except they be agreed? How then stand the North and the South with reference to each other? Why thus: The Abolitionists of the North deny the institution of Slavery to be sanctioned by Scripture and approved by God, and its indistinted existence in their midst to be of the most momentous consequence to their well being. They know that to give freedom to the blacks, would be to spread rapine and desolation, such as the world has never before witnessed, over their fields, now constituting one of the fairest portions of the globe. They are therefore resolved to hold on to slave property and protect it as they would their lives and whatever they hold most dear. On the contrary, the South, wise above what is written in revelation, see this matter in a different light. Our Northern brethren of every religious sect, look upon it as a sin of the deepest dye; and more than this—as a sin for whose existence they, while remaining under a government of which they are responsible. They are therefore constrained by the highest sense of duty as christian men and women, to labor for its removal. They believe it can much sooner accomplished in the infilment of this purpose without violating the Constitution of the United States. Whatever may be the consequences of the attempts to the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, in the dock yards and arsenals, and the prohibition of the slave trade, they are the consequences, as they think, under the nonne of the Constitution. Where, it is necessary to attempt some outrage which that instrument says, by prohibition of means of meaning be made to sanction, then they appeal to a "*higher law*" than the Constitution. One way or another, living under the same government with the South, they feel called upon to exercise this evil from her midst, or they will be held answerable for its guilt.

Such then is the position of moral antagonism between the South and the North. Can the two cities between whom it is supposed that a patched up compromise will establish peace, quiet, concord. Miserable delusion! In the last excitement has not the South been offered up as sacrifice upon the altar of fanaticism? Have not her rights, her honor, her dignity, been trampled upon? Have not she been yielded as an oblation to the idol of Anti-Slavery? Yet has the North been appeased? Was there one single unreasonable Free States that agitation which has been awakened by a single constitutional enactment for the delivery of fugitive slaves. We answer never!

Peace and harmony! These are beautiful sounds. To *realize* them—this is it that is *impossible.* The North will continue to agitate this question; be the South willing or not. They might as well be asked to be hanged at once.

There is a class of peaceable and thoughtful Southern men, while the Union continues, only a fearful looking forward to agitation, to plans, to organizations, to plotting and counterplotting, for the overthrow of our institutions, the destruction of our property, and the endangering of all that men most value. The Southern patriot asks, what are the only alternatives left us will be DISUNION OR ABOLITION. Then those who shall go for resistance will be driven to choose between evils. Those who shall advocate submission will acquiesce in the latter. Southern men either by birth or feeling will prefer the former: Northern men by birth and by feeling go by with Massachusetts and New York for abolition.

From the New Orleans Delta.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL, AND THE SLAVERY AGITATION.

THE Fugitive Slave bill is regarded by the Southern friends of the Union, as the great, and invaluable *quid pro quo* for the concessions made by the South in that bill. When its opponents asked what we got by that measure, the friends of the Compromise exclusingly exclaim "behold the stringent bill to reclaim Slaves escaping into the free States. Other benefits were secondary to it in its action. We have now a process by which the provision of the Federal Constitution in relation to fugitives from labor, so long a dead letter, will be rendered independent of State action, and be put into efficient operation. The commotion it has excited in the North proves its efficiency." It is, indeed, to be set down as the great gain for the South, that at last a constitutional obligation of the Federal Government, made for the benefit of the South, has been put into effect. We have made a great mistake to imagine that we are indebted to the Compromisers for that measure of relief and justice to the South.

We have never known any subject, on which so much was said and so little correctly understood, as this "Compromise" bill. We have not thought it sufficiently with the people, to determine the literal correctness of Senator Soule's assertion, so warmly impugnated by some of our cotemporaries, that not a single provision in the bill, was conceded by the bill but we can safely say, that in our intercourse, we have scarcely met a half dozen persons, who had not a decided opinion on this subject, and yet who could say that they fully understood, or had ever read the details of the bill.

The following extract from an authorship of the figurative slave bill lorcibly illustrates our remark. Even Col. Webb of the *Courier and Enquirer*, falls into this mistake, and misapprehension of the Fugitive slave bill; but his more observant neighbor of the *Tribune*, corrects his error. Greeley, the fast friend of Mr. Clay, says "that that distinguished gentleman and statesman, added to the Fugitive Slave bill, as an independent measure, and yet it passed as an independent measure!" The inference is irresistible, if the Fugitive Slave bill does their duty. We cannot find the measure the *quid pro quo* for the concessions made by the South, the Fugitive Slave Bill, was opposed by the distinguished Author of the Compromise, and Surgeon of the "Five Bleeding Wounds," and owes its existence to the devotion to the Union of one of the most vicious opponents of the Compromise, James M. Mason, of Virginia! He originated, framed, and pressed through this bill, the credit of which, it is attempted to arrogate to Mr. Clay, and yet Mr. Mason and all who voted with him, are denounced, even in the South as traitors!

Thus was this Fugitive Slave bill passed. It does bare justice to the South—it is a mere exception of an express and granted power, and positive obligation of the Federal Government, and yet we find a powerful array against it—an array which leaves no doubt that a tremendous, we fear, an irresistible effect, will be made to repeal it. No one can read the journals of the North without being satisfied that fanaticism never employed a more powerful cry than will be that for the repeal of this law.

We find the following language on this subject in a no less dignified and influential journal than the *North American*, of Philadelphia, one of the ablest whig papers in the country:

"A re-action has comnred within a few days, which threatens the most fearful excitement on this subject that has yet distracted the country, and the foundation is based upon a sentiment which approaches the fireside and touches the sensibilities of every portion of the States. The Southern Senator who concocted that bill, did more to revive the "Free Soil" party, and to stir up the elements of sectional discord, than all the leaders, and all the abolition agitators combined, could have done in ten years to come. These are the early fruits of this patchwork compromise. When the law comes to be enforced, it will be seen, that the law will prove, time alone can develope. * * *

With mingled emotions of pride and pleasure, I avail myself of the opportunity to introduce to this hall, this evening, the Honorable George Thompson, of England.

As Mr. Thompson took the stand, he was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause, protracted for some time, and closing with *three cheers*. He then addressed the audience in a speech of about two hours' length, during which the applause was so frequent, spontaneous and hearty, as to evince the warm sympathy of the audience in the sentiments of the speaker.

We had a full report of Mr. Thompson's Speech, phonographically taken, but its great length, and the prolixity of matter, prevents our publishing it. We feel bound, however, in justice to the speaker, to give the introductory portion of it, which was as follows:

MR. THOMPSON'S SPEECH

*Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Have I your permission to speak here to-night? [Applause. Have I your permission to speak *freely* here to-night? [Renewed cheers and cries of "Yes! Yes!"] Thank you for that permission, and I will avail myself of it, whilst I don't abuse it. My friends! I am not all times upon unabashed before an American audience; for amidst cataracts of abuse—amidst charges too many to be enumerated, and some of the most enormous ever been accumulated on the head of any other man, not one sentence, that I ever uttered, on the subject of American institutions, has ever been put on print as a witness against my integrity, and my love for this country. [Loud cheers.] And, I claim for myself that when I have, amidst the unfortunate speeches that have been delivered by me, in this country, or in my own, on the subject of American Slavery, in reference to this country generally, has called one passage—one word—of which he thinks I ought to be ashamed, let him take this platform, to-night, and produce it, in the midst of this magnificent assembly. Is it not strange that while I am branded over the length of a year land, by epithets that you would not utter to a malefactor—is it not strange, I repeat, that not one solitary paragraph or sentence of my speech I ever uttered, has been put on print as a witness against my integrity, and my love for this country. [Loud cheers.] And, I claim for myself that when he was, amidst the unfortunate speeches that have been delivered by me, in this country, or in my own, on the subject of American Slavery, in reference to this country generally, has called one passage—one word—of which he thinks I ought to be ashamed, let him take this platform, to-night, and produce it, in the midst of this magnificent assembly. Is it not strange that while I am branded over the length of a year land, by epithets that you would not utter to a malefactor—is it not strange, I repeat, that not one solitary paragraph or sentence of my speech I ever uttered, has been put into one newspaper, to bear evidence against me? I have spoken as from the house top: I have uttered observations; I have poured out my heart of hearts; I have always said the worst that was in my heart, in reference to that I have deemed cognable in this country; yet I have not an enemy, however vigilant or unwearied, who can, to-night, I confidently say it, quote one sentence I ever uttered that disparages, to-night this good, generous, noble or free, throughout the length or breadth of this land. [Loud applause.]

I say thus much, to propitiate your kind attention. I say this, that you may believe that a *friend*, and not an *enemy*, has come amongst you. I say this, that you may go forth through your city, that, on this platform, I challenged from amongst this assembled multitude, the man, if he was here, to stand amongst you, and form, and quote one word I ever uttered, for which, in Republican and Christian America, a man should be condemned. [Applause] My friends! I am a Christian! I am amongst you, and, by Heaven, it glads me, to see so many virtues, thus united, to restore justice and debate oppression. [Applause.]

Sir, whatever co-operation has been extended to me, has been spontaneous. I ask not the "Golden rule" of any man here with me; I ask it not the friend of free speech, of human liberty, and of the law of the Love of God. [Loud cheers.] Why, then, do I come to this country? Do you put this question to every man who comes here? [Applause and laughter.] Why, then, put it to me? But it is put; and to save others from the dreadful sufferings causes which never brought them before, I will tell them, so far as I am able, what motives did actually bring me to these shores. Your respected Mayor has said, that I was here sixteen years ago, and has told you, truly, that I did not live the mere vegetable life that unmodelled life that any anchorite ever lived—that I was persecuted from these shores. Yes, my crime was the love of liberty, and the generosity of my countrymen was to drive me with the assassin's knife from hence.

But sir, whilst I was here, I found friends—and *such* friends! so noble, so pure, so chivalrous, so generous, so trustworthy, so honest, so free, that I have, in my not been a dry from this country, during the last fifteen years, that I have not thought of those friends, and wished to see them once more, and to mingle with them. Was there any crime in that? [Applause.] I came here to see love it tired with them, after fifteen years of absence. And, I tell you, that I found them all gathered round the standard of universal liberty. I found them still true to the cause of the fettered millions of American children upon these shores. I found them still abiding by the eternal principles of right, which shall yet purify and save this great Union. [Applause.] Sir, these noble-minded friends had it in their heart to welcome me to Boston, in the Cradle of Liberty. They supposed that I was not one of those thousands of their fellow-citizens would join them in that welcome.

When I was apprised of that intention I threw no obstacle in the way; and glad and proud should I have been, to be permitted to address the citizens of Boston, within the walls of Old Faneuil Hall. I fell and still feel, that Faneuil Hall would not have been disgraced by my presence; indeed, I felt that the honoured Washington would not have looked down in anger, upon a man who bore those principles for which Washington fought, and for which he bleeded, and died, and who desires the spread, establishment, and perpetuity of these principles, wherever the footsteps of man may go. [Loud cheers.]

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, before proceeding to make any further remarks to-night, let me have the permission of this audience, to remove at once any misconception that may have arisen respecting the object of my present mission in this country. I have, it is stated, that, as a member of the British Parliament, I represent the most corrupt constituency in Great Britain, and that my seat was obtained by bribery. It is said, also, that I am either the agent of Lord Palmerston, the foreign minister of England, or of the East India Company, the rulers of British India. It is further said, and that too by a Worcester Journal, that upon credible authority, I know not, (the Journal) was informed that the voyage to this country, I did not conceal, that one of my objects, in coming here, was to bring about a dissolution of the States. I deny that; utterly and absolutely deny it. Call upon the editor of that paper in his next issue to give up his authority! Say to him, that I am a living witness to a whisper of mine, that can by possibility bear such a construction. [Loud cheers.] It has been further stated, that the special object of my mission to this country, is to sever the cotton-growing States from the other States of the Union. I deny all this service! I am not to be bitterly paid in *British Gold*. Now to *each* and *all* of these charges, as to the one contained in the *Ledger*, my answer is, that they are absolutely false, and without a shadow of foundation. [Applause.] I am neither the agent of the Government of England, nor of any association or individual in Great Britain or the world. I have no mission from a living being in this country. I have no particular object to be accomplished by coming to this country; and as for being paid for anything I do here—I paid my passage out—I pay my expenses while on my tour, and I shall have to pay my passage home;—and the gold has not yet been found, in Peru or California, that is to buy my advocacy of any principle, that does not square with the rights of man, and with the declaration of American Independence. [Loud cheers.] Let it then be understood, sir, that my mission, whatever it is, in this country, is offered *to me as an individual*, for I am utterly alone."

Having thus disposed of the calumnies, the speaker reviewed at some length, the scenes at Faneuil Hall, and read extracts from several of the Boston papers of the next morning to shew the character of the opposition which was directed against him on that occasion, and which he treated lightly, opposition, it appeared—confined as it was to two or three hundred reckless individuals, he acquitted the great mass of the audience of any desire or willingness in favor or encouragement of the disturbance. He then vindicated, most satisfactorily and triumphantly, his right to be heard in the American people. That right might as well be tested in his person as any other, and no threat of violence would drive him from his purposes, nor would he quit or leave the country by compulsion.

But we have not room to give even the heads of his discourse. In the course of it, he quoted the words from Jefferson and other distinguished Americans, at one time contributing the Daniel Webster of 1837 with the of 1850. In the closing portion of his address, he cited his case of Lafayette, a *foreigner*, who came here to mingle in our struggle for freedom, and pronounced an eulogy of Gov. Everett's splendid eulogy on him, the leading idea of which is, the value of LIBERTY *protected* by LAW.

When he concluded, the applause was rapturous in the extreme, and three times three cheers for George Thompson were given with a heartiness and enthusiasm such as we have rarely witnessed in that hall or elsewhere. Three more were given for the Chairman and Mayor. This would probably have closed the *exercises* of the evening, had not some one, in the dispersion of hackcloak, or three times three cheers for Faneuil Hall. This call was responded to only by the caller, but was received by the mass of the audience with mingled hisses and groans. The gathering then began to move to disperse, few seeming willing to go, and most of the people lingering, as if to enjoy still longer the fervid spirit which had animated the meeting.

We rejoice in this great and satisfactory demonstration. It was a spontaneous outpouring of the hearts and feelings of the intelligent masses, in favor of freedom of impartial liberty to the whole world. As such, it possesses an unusual interest, and must have had great influence for good. It shows that, however it may be in Boston, the people of the country are sound to the core, that they will neither submit to wear chains themselves, nor aid to fix them upon others—that, though the slave power may call upon them to cease discussion, it might as well call for spirits from the vasty deep, that will not come for calling. The day is gone by to cling of stopping free discussion, either by threatening or intimidation. The people have taken their stand on the side of everlasting Truth and Justice and they will MAINTAIN IT.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

*NEW YORK: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1850.*

## GEORGE THOMPSON IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The country towns in Massachusetts are not less emphatically rebuking the Capital, in the reception which they are giving to George Thompson than the city. In the western counties, which the central clique of Hunkerism for their conservative pro-slavery spirit. He is greeted everywhere by immense and most enthusiastic audiences. The Boston riot has given an Anti-Slavery direction to his visit which it otherwise would not have had; and the "Chronotype" and other papers which instigated the row, and the "Chronotype" and others which defend it, may rest in the conviction that Anti-Slavery and Garrisonism has received an impetus quite unlooked for from his visit

Among several other meetings held during the past week, are those at Worcester and Lynn. From the "Christian Citizen" we copy a brief report of that at Worcester, and from the fall report of the Lynn meeting, in the "Liberator," we take the speech of Mr. Thompson, as all we have room for.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In presenting myself before this audience, I may, not inappropriately, use the language of an English dramatist, and say,

"I am amongst you!
And by heaven it glads me
To see so many virtues thus united
To restore justice and dethrone oppression."

(Cheers.) Accept the grateful thanks which, from a full heart, I offer you, for this cordial welcome, which I receive, as intended, not for the city of Lynn (Loud cheers.) The scene on which I am now privileged to gaze is full of instruction. It conveys a lesson of hope and encouragement, of simple value to every humble and steadfast reformer. Other scenes connected with past times are passing before my mind's eye; scenes connected with the early history of the Anti-Slavery cause in this town. The pictures differ. The scenes of 1835 have disolved, and given place to the spectacle now before me. (Cheers.) The Lynn of 1835 is not the Lynn of 1850. (Applause.)

What lesson does the difference in the pictures teach? I answer, that which was taught nineteen centuries ago. "Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord: forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." (Great cheering.)

From the reception given to me a few nights ago, and repeated on the present occasion, I am led to believe that you do not place implicit faith in the representations which have been given of the objects of my visit to this country.

You have been told that, as a member of the British Parliament, I represent the most corrupt constituency in Great Britain. I am not. I have, it is true, came here either as the agent of Lord Palmerston, the foreign minister in England, or as the agent of the East India Company, the rulers of British India. I have no connection with either, and I have been sent here with evil designs towards the institutions of America. You have been told that I have come here, but I do not conceal that one of my purposes was to promote the dissolution of the American Union. Now, I have been told that I have come here to sever the cotton-growing States from the other States of the Union. I deny all this service! I am not to be bitterly paid in *British Gold*. Now to *each* and *all* of these charges, as to the one contained in the *Ledger*, my answer is, that they are absolutely false, and without a shadow of foundation. [Applause.] I am neither the agent of the Government of England, nor of any association or individual in Great Britain or the world. I have no mission from a living being in this country. I have no particular object to be accomplished by coming to this country; and as for being paid for anything I do here—I paid my passage out—I pay my expenses while on my tour, and I shall have to pay my passage home;—and the gold has not yet been found, in Peru or California, that is to buy my advocacy of any principle, that does not square with the rights of man, and with the declaration of American Independence. [Loud cheers.] Let it then be understood, sir, that my mission, whatever it is, in this country, is offered *to me as an individual*, for I am utterly alone."

Having thus disposed of the calumnies, the speaker reviewed at some length, the scenes at Faneuil Hall, and read extracts from several of the Boston papers of the next morning to shew the character of the opposition which was directed against him on that occasion, and which he treated lightly, opposition, it appeared—confined as it was to two or three hundred reckless individuals, he acquitted the great mass of the audience of any desire or willingness in favor or encouragement of the disturbance. He then vindicated, most satisfactorily and triumphantly, his right to be heard in the American people. That right might as well be tested in his person as any other, and no threat of violence would drive him from his purposes, nor would he quit or leave the country by compulsion

But we have not room to give even the heads of his discourse. In the course of it, he quoted the words from Jefferson and other distinguished Americans, at one time contributing the Daniel Webster of 1837 with the of 1850. In the closing portion of his address, he cited his case of Lafayette, a *foreigner*, who came here to mingle in our struggle for freedom, and pronounced an eulogy of Gov. Everett's splendid eulogy on him, the leading idea of which is, the value of LIBERTY *protected* by LAW.

When he concluded, the applause was rapturous in the extreme, and three times three cheers for George Thompson were given with a heartiness and enthusiasm such as we have rarely witnessed in that hall or elsewhere. Three more were given for the Chairman and Mayor. This would probably have closed the *exercises* of the evening, had not some one, in the dispersion of hackcloak, or three times three cheers for Faneuil Hall. This call was responded to only by the caller, but was received by the mass of the audience with mingled hisses and groans. The gathering then began to move to disperse, few seeming willing to go, and most of the people lingering, as if to enjoy still longer the fervid spirit which had animated the meeting.

We rejoice in this great and satisfactory demonstration. It was a spontaneous outpouring of the hearts and feelings of the intelligent masses, in favor of freedom of impartial liberty to the whole world. As such, it possesses an unusual interest, and must have had great influence for good. It shows that, however it may be in Boston, the people of the country are sound to the core, that they will neither submit to wear chains themselves, nor aid to fix them upon others—that, though the slave power may call upon them to cease discussion, it might as well call for spirits from the vasty deep, that will not come for calling. The day is gone by to cling of stopping free discussion, either by threatening or intimidation. The people have taken their stand on the side of everlasting Truth and Justice and they will MAINTAIN IT.

Mr. Edmund Quincy then came upon the rostrum, wagged his tongue, and shook his hands, hair and teeth at the crowd, but the groans that assailed him soon vanquished his fire.

Mr. Gorham followed, and then came forward; but it was 'no go.' Rings, about fifteen feet in diameter, [!] were made in the centre of the house, for the purpose of disturbing Mr. Wendell and Tom Hyers 'to go,' and then a party gave out Yankee Doodle, no particular metre, and all those who could 'puckey' were in such wonderful good spirits, that it was a jubilee. As he left the platform, the yells, COOS-HISSING and crowing were HORRIBLE.

Tuesday night, Wendell was the next victim: but he soon came down, as he might as well have tried a game of quoits with a whirlwind.

I will not shade the features of this audience by reading what follows. It professes to be an account of the reception given to my friend FREDERICK DOUGLASS. The writer concludes his report by proclaiming the proceedings to be "another very rich, and a lively and exciting little episode

Another journal gives the following account of my reception

GEO. THOMPSON stepped forward. On his appearance, there went up *a roar of the most triqhtful description*. It seemed indeed as if *Pandemonium screamed, and cow-cunningled into one!* *It was a combination of heaped up disgust; it seemed as if the people had cast out the contents of their stomachs!* Groans, growls, grunts and cries, commingled with cheers for the Union, Daniel Webster, Jenny Lind, Abby Folsom, Hyers, Wendell, Gorham, Quincy, &c. &c. Hard, sad-sounding whistles, imitation of the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks, and the quacking of ducks, were the order of the day. Some went out for him to go home, and have his own shoes; others inquired particularly after his health, and wished to know if he was not very sick; were solicitous as to the health of Queen Victoria's babies, and all seemed determined that he should not say a word. Some of the boys commenced the music, "Gentlemen:" then another roar, and the balance of his speech—no doubt very nice—was "Greek" to "Greeks." (Laughter, and the reader of this article), "this was the greatest and the funniest meeting ever held in Boston."

Take another account. After speaking of Mr. EDMUND QUINCY as an 'abolition popinjay,' Mr. GORHAM as 'a maniac,' and of the 3,000 peaceable citizens present as a 'mob,' the writer in the Ledger goes on to describe the reception given to Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS:

"Phillips was here interrupted by yells, screechers, and a general disturbance of 'Wendell, sit down!' 'Gammon!' 'Gas!' Call for Thompson. 'Get a rail!' 'Let him put his head in!'

The scene during the time I was before the audience is next described:

"Rings were formed in the centre of the hall, in which individuals were dancing to their place; hats were smashed, and ivory-headed canes flew briskly—then came a series of dances, with Indian war-whoop accompaniments!! THE WHOLE WAS A SCENE AND NO MISTAKE! Even the negro women in the gallery looked pale. GARRISON was cool. Ed. QUINCY was redeemed by his coolness and courage! very in style of speech, or offers my hospitality on his stage at Saratoga Springs. Jackson scratched his bald pate Douglass grinned. Meanwhile, the turbulent mass watched every movement of the leaders of the meeting; and no sooner would a hand or any one attempt to rise, than the roof would seem to be lifted with the thunder-tones of a thousand excited men. At 8 o'clock, Thompson again made a determined effort to get the floor, but he was urged to 'wait a little longer' by his friends. Three cheers for Daniel Webster—three for the Union! Lo! the gallant Gorham! groans for John Bull—and then a large company commenced whistling Yankee Doodle, which was excellently performed, and received great applause."

I will only quote one other short paragraph from another of the leaders of public opinion in Boston: This journal commences by account in the following manner:

"The Thompson Reception Meeting last evening at Faneuil Hall was one of the most disgraceful occasions on the records of modern history. *Such* a reception very few men ever yet had, *either over, upon or under the sun*. It was a mixture of groans, hisses, cries of MAN, STRANGE, UNCOUTH, HIDEOUS noises in all our borrd days. ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT BABEL WAS BROKE LOOSE, AND THE SLAVE FIENDS OF THE LOWER REGION OUT ON A FROLIC.

Such are the accounts given of the reception, not to break up a meeting of the friends of freedom, but to prevent, if possible, the delivery of an address, intended to be held in Faneuil Hall. Boston. It may safely be left to the calm judgment of the people of New England and of the world, whether there was reason to blush for the part taken on that occasion. If the city authorities, the instigators of the disturbance, and the leaders of the mob, and the actual perpetrators of the outrage, have easy consciences, still more may those who went there as the friends of peace and order, have no occasion to blush. If the actors in the scene and their advisers, together with the official leaders, have no cause for compunction, it will be very strange, for they have injured no cause but their own, no one's reputation but their own. As to myself, I feel no more of shame than of compunction at the conduct of those who are the enemies of fair play, and who, as far as they can, imitate those in another region of the world, whose "work and labor" are "hatred" and "violence" of the human race. No wonder that the apologists of Slavery at the South desire to put down free speech in the North.

I will, on this occasion, deal sparingly in my rebukes of such conduct as, under the tuition of certain parties in Boston, has disgraced the cradle of Faneuil Hall a few days ago. But I will crave leave to read a few lines from an oration delivered in *that hall* a week at my invitation, by a fellow-citizen of Ohio. At the very time that I was denied the shelter of a hotel in New York, for myself, my wife, and my daughter, I was enjoying the proscribed hospitality of one of the most accomplished scholars and orators in this country. Mr. Sparks, President of Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts Addressing a Boston audience from the very spot where I was assailed in the eyes of the marshal of the peace, thus spoke:

"And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of Liberty. What inspired his young heart with the good work? The love of Liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of life with the resolution to encounter the dangers of Liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the love of Liberty. Lafayette! Lo! he was the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, and of your pilgrim sires, was the rule of his life—the love of liberty protected by law.

"You have now assembled within these cathedral walls, to celebrate the birth of Freedom! and love to the birthday of your benefactor. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the living—the spirit of Lafayette, the spirit whose which we have beheld inscribed on its walls. Listen. Americans, to the lesson which come down to us on the very air we breathe, which we perform these dutiful rites! Winds, that wafted the pilgrims to the land of promise! Winds, that bore the shouts of the free of freedom! Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of your fathers! Ye ancient forests, break your long silence of that votive course! Speak, speak, marble lips; teach us,—THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW!

"These are thoughts that breathe in words that burn. But, unless we do so, the lesson conveyed by law on the 15th of November, 1850? Where was the respect for that 'votive course' which portrays the majestic spirit of Lafayette? Where was the respect for the law of his country, whose solemn admonition to his fellow-citizens was, 'to discriminate the spirit of liberty from that of licentiousness, cherishing the former, and avoiding the last'?

What were the echoes of that 'renowned hall' at the time when the scene resembled 'Bablis let loose,' or 'a frolic among the black fiends of the lower regions?' Echoes of the voices of your fathers? Echoes of your fathers? The voices of HANCOCK, and ADAMS, and GOUVERNEUR, and KING, and GERRY, and PAINE? Alas! for the honor of your renowned hall! The echoes of the execrable wails of that renowned hall reverberated on that occasion only with the brutal exclamations, the rifled tones, and cowardly whispers of a band of the meanest men—conspirators against the memory of Washington, the principles of Republican liberty, and the rights of every country, savage or civilized, of a freeborn man to be heard in his own defence. (Great applause.)

Let us see how these read together: 'Thompson is a big, burly, beef-and-pudding-eating, sharp-faced, lean, hungry, pseudo-philanthropic, Scotch-Presbyterian, quite good natured and amiable in his deportment.' This description would, I think, sufficiently perplex the unfortunate reader of Boston, if he should seek for the purpose of enabling him to put me upon canvass (Laughter.)

There is much less confusion in the narrative which record the reception given to Mr. Douglass. He came with a band of the 200 who forced their way into the hall. One journal informed its readers that 'Not short of ten thousand came to the meeting, mostly rough-looking, kick-up-a-duet spirits' attended; that they YELLED, SCREECHED, BRAYED and cheered; that when Mr. Phillips arose, 'the yelling was *terrific*'—enough to make the hair stand on end.' 'The greasy citizens broke out into alternations of groans and hisses, hisses and groans, and between their tones, with this special occasion, 'Mr. Phillips was as hoarse as a boatswain's mate, by his efforts to be heard by THIS MONGRE THAN TEN BRIGADES MADE.

Mr. Edmund Quincy then came upon the rostrum, wagged his tongue, and shook his hands, hair and teeth at the crowd, but the groans that assailed him soon vanquished his fire.

Mr. Gorham followed, and then came forward; but it was 'no go.' Rings, about fifteen feet in diameter, [!] were made in the centre of the house, for the purpose of disturbing Mr. Wendell and Tom Hyers 'to go,' and then a party gave out Yankee Doodle, no particular metre, and all those who could 'puckey' were in such wonderful good spirits, that it was a jubilee. As he left the platform, the yells, COOS-HISSING and crowing were HORRIBLE.

Tuesday night, Wendell was the next victim: but he soon came down, as he might as well have tried a game of quoits with a whirlwind.

I will not shade the features of this audience by reading what follows. It professes to be an account of the reception given to my friend FREDERICK DOUGLASS. The writer concludes his report by proclaiming the proceedings to be "another very rich, and a lively and exciting little episode

Another journal gives the following account of my reception

GEO. THOMPSON stepped forward. On his appearance, there went up *a roar of the most triqhtful description*. It seemed indeed as if *Pandemonium screamed, and cow-cunningled into one!* *It was a combination of heaped up disgust; it seemed as if the people had cast out the contents of their stomachs!* Groans, growls, grunts and cries, commingled with cheers for the Union, Daniel Webster, Jenny Lind, Abby Folsom, Hyers, Wendell, Gorham, Quincy, &c. &c. Hard, sad-sounding whistles, imitation of the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks, and the quacking of ducks, were the order of the day. Some went out for him to go home, and have his own shoes; others inquired particularly after his health, and wished to know if he was not very sick; were solicitous as to the health of Queen Victoria's babies, and all seemed determined that he should not say a word. Some of the boys commenced the music, "Gentlemen:" then another roar, and the balance of his speech—no doubt very nice—was "Greek" to "Greeks." (Laughter, and the reader of this article), "this was the greatest and the funniest meeting ever held in Boston."

Take another account. After speaking of Mr. EDMUND QUINCY as an 'abolition popinjay,' Mr. GORHAM as 'a maniac,' and of the 3,000 peaceable citizens present as a 'mob,' the writer in the Ledger goes on to describe the reception given to Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS:

"Phillips was here interrupted by yells, screechers, and a general disturbance of 'Wendell, sit down!' 'Gammon!' 'Gas!' Call for Thompson. 'Get a rail!' 'Let him put his head in!'

The scene during the time I was before the audience is next described:

"Rings were formed in the centre of the hall, in which individuals were dancing to their place; hats were smashed, and ivory-headed canes flew briskly—then came a series of dances, with Indian war-whoop accompaniments!! THE WHOLE WAS A SCENE AND NO MISTAKE! Even the negro women in the gallery looked pale. GARRISON was cool. Ed. QUINCY was redeemed by his coolness and courage! very in style of speech, or offers my hospitality on his stage at Saratoga Springs. Jackson scratched his bald pate Douglass grinned. Meanwhile, the turbulent mass watched every movement of the leaders of the meeting; and no sooner would a hand or any one attempt to rise, than the roof would seem to be lifted with the thunder-tones of a thousand excited men. At 8 o'clock, Thompson again made a determined effort to get the floor, but he was urged to 'wait a little longer' by his friends. Three cheers for Daniel Webster—three for the Union! Lo! the gallant Gorham! groans for John Bull—and then a large company commenced whistling Yankee Doodle, which was excellently performed, and received great applause."

I will only quote one other short paragraph from another of the leaders of public opinion in Boston: This journal commences by account in the following manner:

"The Thompson Reception Meeting last evening at Faneuil Hall was one of the most disgraceful occasions on the records of modern history. *Such* a reception very few men ever yet had, *either over, upon or under the sun*. It was a mixture of groans, hisses, cries of MAN, STRANGE, UNCOUTH, HIDEOUS noises in all our borrd days. ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT BABEL WAS BROKE LOOSE, AND THE SLAVE FIENDS OF THE LOWER REGION OUT ON A FROLIC.

Such are the accounts given of the reception, not to break up a meeting of the friends of freedom, but to prevent, if possible, the delivery of an address, intended to be held in Faneuil Hall, Boston. It may safely be left to the calm judgment of the people of New England and of the world, whether there was reason to blush for the part taken on that occasion. If the city authorities, the instigators of the disturbance, and the leaders of the mob, and the actual perpetrators of the outrage, have easy consciences, still more may those who went there as the friends of peace and order, have no occasion to blush. If the actors in the scene and their advisers, together with the official leaders, have no cause for compunction, it will be very strange, for they have injured no cause but their own, no one's reputation but their own. As to myself, I feel no more of shame than of compunction at the conduct of those who are the enemies of fair play, and who, as far as they can, imitate those in another region of the world, whose "work and labor" are "hatred" and "violence" of the human race. No wonder that the apologists of Slavery at the South desire to put down free speech in the North.

I will, on this occasion, deal sparingly in my rebukes of such conduct as, under the tuition of certain parties in Boston, has disgraced the cradle of Faneuil Hall a few days ago. But I will crave leave to read a few lines from an oration delivered in *that hall* a week at my invitation, by a fellow-citizen of Ohio. At the very time that I was denied the shelter of a hotel in New York, for myself, my wife, and my daughter, I was enjoying the proscribed hospitality of one of the most accomplished scholars and orators in this country. Mr. Sparks, President of Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts Addressing a Boston audience from the very spot where I was assailed in the eyes of the marshal of the peace, thus spoke:

"And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of Liberty. What inspired his young heart with the good work? The love of Liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of life with the resolution to encounter the dangers of Liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the love of Liberty. Lafayette! Lo! he was the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, and of your pilgrim sires, was the rule of his life—the love of liberty protected by law.

"You have now assembled within these cathedral walls, to celebrate the birth of Freedom! and love to the birthday of your benefactor. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the living—the spirit of Lafayette, the spirit whose which we have beheld inscribed on its walls. Listen. Americans, to the lesson which come down to us on the very air we breathe, which we perform these dutiful rites! Winds, that wafted the pilgrims to the land of promise! Winds, that bore the shouts of the free of freedom! Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of your fathers! Ye ancient forests, break your long silence of that votive course! Speak, speak, marble lips; teach us,—THE LOVE OF LIBERTY PROTECTED BY LAW!

"These are thoughts that breathe in words that burn. But, unless we do so, the lesson conveyed by law on the 15th of November, 1850? Where was the respect for that 'votive course' which portrays the majestic spirit of Lafayette? Where was the respect for the law of his country, whose solemn admonition to his fellow-citizens was, 'to discriminate the spirit of liberty from that of licentiousness, cherishing the former, and avoiding the last'?

What were the echoes of that 'renowned hall' at the time when the scene resembled 'Bablis let loose,' or 'a frolic among the black fiends of the lower regions?' Echoes of the voices of your fathers? Echoes of your fathers? The voices of HANCOCK, and ADAMS, and GOUVERNEUR, and KING, and GERRY, and PAINE? Alas! for the honor of your renowned hall! The echoes of the execrable wails of that renowned hall reverberated on that occasion only with the brutal exclamations, the rifled tones, and cowardly whispers of a band of the meanest men—conspirators against the memory of Washington, the principles of Republican liberty, and the rights of every country, savage or civilized, of a freeborn man to be heard in his own defence. (Great applause.)

Let us see how these read together: 'Thompson is a big, burly, beef-and-pudding-eating, sharp-faced, lean, hungry, pseudo-philanthropic, Scotch-Presbyterian, quite good natured and amiable in his deportment.' This description would, I think, sufficiently perplex the unfortunate reader of Boston, if he should seek for the purpose of enabling him to put me upon canvass (Laughter.)

There is much less confusion in the narrative which record the reception given to Mr. Douglass. He came with a band of the 200 who forced their way into the hall. One journal informed its readers that 'Not short of ten thousand came to the meeting, mostly rough-looking, kick-up-a-duet spirits' attended; that they YELLED, SCREECHED, BRAYED and cheered; that when Mr. Phillips arose, 'the yelling was *terrific*'—enough to make the hair stand on end.' 'The greasy citizens broke out into alternations of groans and hisses, hisses and groans, between their tones, with this special occasion, 'Mr. Phillips was as hoarse as a boatswain's mate, by his efforts to be heard by THIS MONGRE THAN TEN BRIGADES MADE.

Mr. Edmund Quincy then came upon the rostrum, wagged his tongue, and shook his hands, hair and teeth at the crowd, but the groans that assailed him soon vanquished his fire.

Mr. Gorham followed, and then came forward; but it was 'no go.' Rings, about fifteen feet in diameter, [!] were made in the centre of the house, for the purpose of disturbing Mr. Wendell and Tom Hyers 'to go,' and then a party gave out Yankee Doodle, no particular metre, and all those who could 'puckey' were in such wonderful good spirits, that it was a jubilee. As he left the platform, the yells, COOS-HISSING and crowing were HORRIBLE.

Tuesday night, Wendell was the next victim: but he soon came down, as he might as well have tried a game of quoits with a whirlwind.

I will not shade the features of this audience by reading what follows. It professes to be an account of the reception given to my friend FREDERICK DOUGLASS. The writer concludes his report by proclaiming the proceedings to be "another very rich, and a lively and exciting little episode

Another journal gives the following account of my reception

GEO. THOMPSON stepped forward. On his appearance, there went up *a roar of the most triqhtful description*. It seemed indeed as if *Pandemonium screamed, and cow-cunningled into one!* *It was a combination of heaped up disgust; it seemed as if the people had cast out the contents of their stomachs!* Groans, growls, grunts and cries, commingled with cheers for the Union, Daniel Webster, Jenny Lind, Abby Folsom, Hyers, Wendell, Gorham, Quincy, &c. &c. Hard, sad-sounding whistles, imitation of the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks, and the quacking of ducks, were the order of the day. Some went out for him to go home, and have his own shoes; others inquired particularly after his health, and wished to know if he was not very sick; were solicitous as to the health of Queen Victoria's babies, and all seemed determined that he should not say a word. Some of the boys commenced the music, "Gentlemen:" then another roar, and the balance of his speech—no doubt very nice—was "Greek" to "Greeks." (Laughter, and the reader of this article), "this was the greatest and the funniest meeting ever held in Boston."

Take another account. After speaking of Mr. EDMUND QUINCY as an 'abolition popinjay,' Mr. GORHAM as 'a maniac,' and of the 3,000 peaceable citizens present as a 'mob,' the writer in the Ledger goes on to describe the reception given to Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS:

"Phillips was here interrupted by yells, screechers, and a general disturbance of 'Wendell, sit down!' 'Gammon!' 'Gas!' Call for Thompson. 'Get a rail!' 'Let him put his head in!'

The scene during the time I was before the audience is next described:

"Rings were formed in the centre of the hall, in which individuals were dancing to their place; hats were smashed, and ivory-headed canes flew briskly—then came a series of dances, with Indian war-whoop accompaniments!! THE WHOLE WAS A SCENE AND NO MISTAKE! Even the negro women in the gallery looked pale. GARRISON was cool. Ed. QUINCY was redeemed by his coolness and courage! very in style of speech, or offers my hospitality on his stage at Saratoga Springs. Jackson scratched his bald pate Douglass grinned. Meanwhile, the turbulent mass watched every movement of the leaders of the meeting; and no sooner would a hand or any one attempt to rise, than the roof would seem to be lifted with the thunder-tones of a thousand excited men. At 8 o'clock, Thompson again made a determined effort to get the floor, but he was urged to 'wait a little longer' by his friends. Three cheers for Daniel Webster—three for the Union! Lo! the gallant Gorham! groans for John Bull—and then a large company commenced whistling Yankee Doodle, which was excellently performed, and received great applause."

I will only quote one other short paragraph from another of the leaders of public opinion in Boston: This journal commences by account in the following manner:

"The Thompson Reception Meeting last evening at Faneuil Hall was one of the most disgraceful occasions on the records of modern history. *Such* a reception very few men ever yet had, *either over, upon or under the sun*. It was a mixture of groans, hisses, cries of MAN, STRANGE, UNCOUTH, HIDEOUS noises in all our borrd days. ONE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT BABEL WAS BROKE LOOSE, AND THE SLAVE FIENDS OF THE LOWER REGION OUT ON A FROLIC.

Such are the accounts given of the reception, not to break up a meeting of the friends of freedom, but to prevent, if possible, the delivery of an address, intended to be held in Faneuil Hall, Boston. It may safely be left to the calm judgment of the people of New England and of the world, whether there was reason to blush for the part taken on that occasion. If the city authorities, the instigators of the disturbance, and the leaders of the mob, and the actual perpetrators of the outrage, have easy consciences, still more may those who went there as the friends of peace and order, have no occasion to blush. If the actors in the scene and their advisers, together with the official leaders, have no cause for compunction, it will be very strange, for they have injured no cause but their own, no one's reputation but their own. As to myself, I feel no more of shame than of compunction at the conduct of those who are the enemies of fair play, and who, as far as they can, imitate those in another region of the world, whose "work and labor" are "hatred" and "violence" of the human race. No wonder that the apologists of Slavery at the South desire to put down free speech in the North.

I will, on this occasion, deal sparingly in my rebukes of such conduct as, under the tuition of certain parties in Boston, has disgraced the cradle of Faneuil Hall a few days ago. But I will crave leave to read a few lines from an oration delivered in *that hall* a week at my invitation, by a fellow-citizen of Ohio. At the very time that I was denied the shelter of a hotel in New York, for myself, my wife, and my daughter, I was enjoying the proscribed hospitality of one of the most accomplished scholars and orators in this country. Mr. Sparks, President of Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts Addressing a Boston audience from the very spot where I was assailed in the eyes of the marshal of the peace, thus spoke:

"And what was it, fellow-citizens, which gave to Lafayette his spotless fame? The love of Liberty. What inspired his young heart with the good work? The love of Liberty. What nerved his youthful arm with strength, and inspired him in the morning of life with the resolution to encounter the dangers of Liberty. To what did he sacrifice power, and rank, and country, and freedom itself? To the love of Liberty. Lafayette! Lo! he was the great principle of your revolutionary fathers, and of your pilgrim sires, was the rule of his life—the love of liberty protected by law.

"You have now assembled within these cathedral walls, to celebrate the birth of Freedom! and love to the birthday of your benefactor. The spirit of the departed is in high communion with the spirit of the living—the spirit of Lafayette, the spirit whose which we have beheld inscribed on its walls. Listen. Americans, to the lesson which come down to us on the very air we breathe, which we perform these dutiful rites! Winds, that wafted the pilgrims to the land of promise! Winds, that bore the shouts of the free of freedom! Blood, which our fathers shed, cry from the ground! Echoing arches of this renowned hall, whisper back the voices of your fathers! Ye ancient forests, break your long silence of that votive course! Speak, speak, marble lips; teach us,—THE

## Domestic Correspondence.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LXXI.

THE ARGUMENT — *The correspondent pondereth—Anxious happenings—The Slaveeatchers' Meeting—Dietetic sagacity—A Faneuil Hall—Jack-knife dietary—Wendell Phillips and the Lowell Meeting—The correspondent deprecateth the yawning of the floor, and why—A new thing under the sun—The Chief End of Man—The Meeting—Abortive Appeal—The President—What Gen. Warren would have said, if he could—The Faneuil Party—Mr. B. R. Curtis—The Med Case—An unexpected Apparition—His Argument—The correspondent characteriseth Mr. Hallet's speech as also Mr. Bradford's—Politics vandalick—Pitcher Cunnipotence the Highest Law—Webster Wise Diplomatist—Strange Strange bedfellows—Wry faces—Facial Longitude—Lines and Notes—The forlorn hope—The correspondent promineth sport—He commendeth Mr. Manse's Waitership—General Taylor on Anti-Slavery Man—Vote wives of Abolitionists, &c. &c.*

BOSTON, DEC. 8, 1850.

LET me see what has happened since you had last the privilege of hearing from me! Not that there is not plenty and to spare. It is *l'embarras des richesses*, the multiplicity of happenings, that puzzles me as they press forward each urging its claim to be immortalized. But, on the whole, I think our great Slave-catchers' Meeting in Faneuil Hall deserves the precedence. It was something quite new, which, in this age of constant novelty and insatiable imitation, is what the Edinburgh Review might call "quite refreshing." Faneuil Hall has stood much in its day. Its constitution must have got used to almost anything by this time.

Like the Boston collar, commemorated in Medical books, which by long practice had accommodated his system to a diet of jack-knives (I believe he died at last of one going down the wrong way), Old Faneuil has had to submit to strange regimen in its time, and must have acquired, before this, the swallow of a box of turpentine, or his digestion of an ostrich. But it has had a variety of visitors, which will be allowed, when regarded as a wholesome circumstance. Patriotism of every kind from that of Seventy Six to the very fishy sort of the year Fifty. Piety of all descriptions, Federal-Democratic-Democratic, Eating, Drinking, Dancing, Pro-Slavery and Anti-Slavery. Sometimes, here, to be the latter, however, to keep the poor old thing sweet. Wendell Phillips, I remember, replying to Attorney General Austin, at the Lovejoy Meeting in 1837, who had said that Lovejoy "died as the fool dieth," declared that he would rather be the latter fool of the two than swallow up the recreant American." Now, I cannot but think it fortunate that the Old Hall has never contracted any habit of the sort; inasmuch as, if it should be unable to swallow up all the "recreant Americans" who speak in it, it would put the city Government to a greater expense in lumber for repairs, than is necessary, even, to spare to it (according to the calculation of Mayor Bigelow) the rare luxury of Free Speech.

But I think a Meeting there for the express and avowed purpose of preaching the Gospel of Slave-catching, if it succeeded in its object, of a Virtue and investing it with the authority of a Duty, to demand the Assembly's Catechism by giving for answer to the first question "What is the Chief End of Man?" the reply "To catch slaves and send them back forever," is somewhat new. The projectors are entitled to rank, according to Theodore Parker, in the first class of mankind, to wit of "inventors." Their success was answerable to the felicity of their conceptions. The Hall was well filled, but not so full as our Meeting for the reception of Jenny Lind. I should judge that at least a quarter part of those present were Abolitionists, Free Soilers and non-Slave-catching Whigs and Democrats. When the hour arrived, Mr. Thomas B. Curtis, a respectable merchant of this city, stepped on the platform and, extending his arms, exclaimed "Friends of the Union! Supporters of the Constitution!" But the appeal produced no response. His name was not in the bills, and the *claqueurs* had not their cue, so that this eloquent apostrophe fell like "a dead clam." He then nominated the officers, at the head of whom was Dr. John C. Warren (over 1,000 and this so far from Bunker's Hill. He was well received and made a short speech, in which he alluded to his hereditary connection with the Revolution and to his recollections of the bad times before the Constitution and of the good times since. I could not but think that if the patriotic sire had been invited to make a speech, as he may have been invited and implored to do from that platform, that of General Warren would have informed his venerable and most respectable relative that had he supposed the Revolution was to end in Slave catching, he should not have thought it worth while to go out to Bunker's Hill that summer's day to be shot.

When the Chair was taken, a young gentlemen whom I did not know, but whom I have since been told is a son-in-law of one of the Messrs. Curtis (of which respectable domestic circle, as Mr. Phillips remarked in his Lynn speech, I am the only member) was a family party, reserved (with the exception of a few invited guests), moved the Resolutions. Then Mr. Benjamin R. Curtis rose to speak to them. It will be necessary to tell your readers, so strictly provincial is profession reputation in this country, that this gentleman is a lawyer of the first eminence and is regarded by many as the leader of the Bar of New England. It is unfortunate for his permanent fame that his name is connected with the only adjudged case of his time that will make part of general history as the counsel for a slave-claimant. I refer to that of the slave-child Med, in which he argued the question that a master can sue for his runaway slave, and that a child born of a female slave begotten by a master into Massachusetts becomes *ipso facto* free. The opening of his speech was interrupted in a way he had not reckoned on. Very soon after rising he began to comment with much severity on portions of the Rev. Theodore Parker's speech, which he had conjured his strictures by saying rhetorically, that he should like to know what the reverend gentleman would say when called to give an account of himself in this matter! It so happened that the reverend gentleman in question was in the Hall behind the gallery, and, instantly rising, inquired whether the occasion was seized upon by Mr. John Jay to bring forward again the claim of St. Philip's and other churches to be admitted to the Convention. The effort, however, was again unsuccessful, and, re-shouldered judge by a majority of two thirds of the daily papers, that Mr. Jay stands almost if not quite alone in these convictions as the advocate of Christian equality in the Church. The pastor of one of the churches which thus stands so long a supplicant at the porch of the mother church is the Rev. Alexander Crummell, a young man of high promise, who, after having finished his education at the University of Oxford, England.—He is admitted without a question to the pulpits of English Churchmen, and takes his place in Society and in the University as a clergyman of the Establishment. It must sound strangely in English ears that such a man, whose character and attainments connected with his professional standing, are his sufficient passport everywhere there, is denied, solely and entirely because of his African descent, a seat in the Convention of the Church in which he is nevertheless an ordained minister.

ENLARGEMENT OF 'THE FREEMAN.'—We observe by the last No. of *The Pa. Freeman* that it is about to increase its size by one fourth, a determination come to by the Committee because the present limits of the paper are found altogether inadequate to the wants of the times. We should regard this as an evidence of the prosperity of the Pennsylvania Society did we not feel assured from other sources that that Society is steadily increasing in influence and in means. The price of 'The Freeman' is to be raised to $1.50 per annum, which will leave it even then a low-priced paper.

## Miscellaneous Intelligence.

—MASSACHUSETTS has 994,665 inhabitants by the Census, just completed—an increase of 256,905 since the Census of 1840.

—THE Thirty-fourth Annual Meeting of the American Colonization Society will be held in Washington, on Tuesday, the 15th of January next.

—EDUCATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—Governor Cobrock, in his recent message to the Legislature, says that over *twenty thousand* persons in South Carolina are ignorant of the *alphabet*.

—A Slave Population of three one hundred and fifty and two hundred negro slaves, belonging to Indians of the Seminole and Creek Nations, have eloped from their masters and some time in the last month. There can be no doubt endeavor to follow the route taken by Wild Cat, the Seminole chief, last summer, who conducted about 90 runaway slaves, from Fort Gibson, on the Rio Grande, somewhere near Presidio de Rio Grande. Fifty dollars per head is offered as a reward for their arrest.—[Galveston Civilian.

—THE OSSOLI FAMILY.—The recent report of the discovery of the bodies of this family, whose history and fate last summer is fresh in the memory of all, is, of course, incorrect. No trace of the parents has yet been discovered, but the lovely spot of our beautiful Cemetery is a small grave resting upon which is a slab bearing the following inscription:—

In memory of Angelo Eugene Philip Ossoli, who was born in Rieti, Italy, Sept. 5, 1848 and perished by shipwreck off Fire Island, with his parents, Giovanni Angelo, and S. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, on the 18th of July, 1850.—[Manchester N. H. Dem.

—CIVILIZED SLAVE DEALERS.—The Cherokees Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Seminoles, own a large number of slaves, negroes. These Indian tribes, and were removed from the South with the understanding of being surrounded by States, will again, in a short time, be surrounded with States and be hedged in with a dense white population. What will be the consequence? Why, it is plain enough to be seen, that in the Indian Territory, the Indians will be soon, if not required into a Territorial Government, and then be admitted into the United States, as a Slave State. What will the Indians do for slaves? Why, it is plain enough, that it is inevitable, so you may just make up your minds to grin and bear it.—[Fort Smith (Ark.) Herald.

—WE have before mentioned the considerable excitement still prevails there among the colored population. At a religious meeting some evenings ago, a strange colored person from Burlington came in, who was suspected by the congregation of being a spy of the Slave-catchers. He was arrested in the meeting house, after he had been induced to come without the church, considerable personal violence was used upon him before he could escape. He was then taken out and carried from a neighboring farm, and in no way implicated in the charge. The Grand Jury being in session, the facts were inquired into, and there was no evidence of large numbers of blacks.—[Newark Daily Adv.

—A MAN RESCUED FROM SLAVERY.—In October, 1842, Eli Brown, a free man, was kidnapped and sold into Slavery. In the summer of 1849 information was received by his friends that he had been seen at work in Red River County, Texas. The African Committee of Indiana Yearly Meeting (Orthodox) being informed of the facts, supplied a Burlington man with the requisite petitioners to go the distance of some 2,500 miles to endeavor to effect his release. Being furnished with the necessary authorities, signed by the Chief of the State of Indiana, they started on their mission Dec. 11, 1849 and having succeeded in finding the whereabouts of a bateau corps, they returned early in February, and restored the man to his father's house. The expense of the restoration amounted to $277 20 cents.—[Ind. Sentinel.

—MOB AND LYNCH LAW IN NEWBURYPORT, MASS. A weaver and lawless outrage was perpetrated in Newburyport on Saturday night, the circumstances are as follows. It seems that a man by the name of Cutler, a native of the British Provinces, published a short article in the Newburyport Herald, stating that a number of fishermen from that port, were accustomed to land on the British Provinces, and dry their fish, to secure the bounty, and then to prosecute the mackerel fishery. For this, Mr. Cutler was attacked while at his office table, dragged out, and tarred and feathered. He was received by a mob, beaten severely, then mounted on a cart or wagon, a sort of yoke put round his neck to keep him in an upright position, and then drawn through the streets, persons occasionally getting into the carriage, and insulting and beating the helpless victim. After a while he was released, and conducted by his friends back to his lodging. A physician was called, who found Cutler much bruised, and suffering from head and face, though, it is hoped not seriously injured. A meeting of citizens was held on Wednesday forenoon, upon the call of the Mayor, and a committee was chosen to choose a Committee of ten, to be joined with the Selectmen of the town, who were instructed to proceed to the extent of the law, the persons known to be engaged in this disgraceful proceeding.

—FREE NEGROES IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—The following statement is an extract from the *Washington correspondence of the Pittsburgh Gazette*:—

"Mayor Bowen, of this city, has just completed the returns of population for what remains of the Federal District. It is shown that the number of slaves in this city is over 3,000 and that so far from decreasing, as was supposed, they have increased by several hundreds since the last census. There are, however, if I recollect, in this class of persons, is about 60 per cent. A considerable increase has also taken place in Georgetown, but not so much as the number of free colored persons are somewhat greater.

"There are now about seven thousand of the latter in the district. It is common to hear some one spoken of as idle and worthless, and a curse to the neighborhood, inquire if he is a free man, and if so, upon public and private charity. These harsh and illiberal allegations are mainly untrue. As a class, they are orderly, quiet, industrious people, and if there are low in the social scale, and one good and sufficient reason for their condition, in that respect, is, that by our laws and customs they are kept down, and are virtually a proscribed class. Again, it is true, that they furnish more than their due quantum of proportion of convicts for our jail and penitentiary; but the reason for that, also, is as discreditable to us as the facts to them. Many are brought here, for crimes and misdemeanors, which, if committed in a black. Takes an example, the course pursued toward negroes who are seeking to get a livelihood by carting and transporting from plantation as porters about rail road depots. It seems to have been lately proved that they are entitled to employment. I have myself been frequently appealed to by these poor creatures to protect them from the interference of white men who have been hitherto employed by more respectable persons, to insult, beat, and oppress them in every manner, while attempting in the way to earn a living. Such treatment meets no resistance upon their part, in case of even the greatest outrage, is sufficient to place them under the ban of the public. They are, as they are not permitted to work, they must, of course, in many instances, take to dishonest courses to support themselves. Much more effectual means could be devised to multiply the proofs of the illiness and worthlessness of the free colored man.

"Our Mayor, a popular, humane and excellent man in his private character, has just issued a notice addressed to the authorities, to the effect that the negroes come forward, register their names, and give good and sufficient bonds, in a certain specified sum, to secure the city from the liability of maintaining them, they must be expelled from the limits of the Corporation. It is a little of a hard case, to be hearsh, but what can be more barbarous and cruel than this order, proceeding from the Chief Magistrate of the Metropolitan city of the nation, the City of the Earth? Where are the poor men to go to? They cannot go to Virginia, that has recently expelled portions of the District, by the cession of Alexandria County to Virginia, some four years ago, it is currently, and I suppose truly—I know it is—that the Slave States are driven over to this side of the Potomac, by the operation of Virginia laws. They cannot live to the other side of the Potomac, and the Slave States are the nearest to them. Many are born here, and have no other home. Take as an example, the course pursued toward negroes who are seeking to earn a livelihood by carting and transporting from plantation as porters about rail road depots. It seems to have been lately proved that they are entitled to employment. I have myself been frequently appealed to by these poor creatures to protect them from the interference of white men who have been hitherto employed by more respectable persons, to insult, beat, and oppress them in every manner, while attempting in the way to earn a living. Such treatment meets no resistance upon their part, in case of even the greatest outrage, is sufficient to place them under the ban of the public. They are, as they are not permitted to work, they must, of course, in many instances, take to dishonest courses to support themselves. Much more effectual means could be devised to multiply the proofs of the illiness and worthlessness of the free colored man.

"Our Mayor, a popular, humane and excellent man in his private character, has just issued a notice addressed to the authorities, to the effect that the negroes come forward, register their names, and give good and sufficient bonds, in a certain specified sum, to secure the city from the liability of maintaining them, they must be expelled from the limits of the Corporation. It is a little of a hard case, to be barbarity

## Miscellany.

From Howitt's Country Year Book.

### CURIOUS SECTS IN ENGLAND.

BRONSITES AND THORNITES.

I HAVE been much struck, as every stranger must be, who traverses that singular county, with the religious people of Cornwall. They are a hearty and long and zealous among its swarming, and then half-wild population. He was rudely treated by them on many occasions: but at length he succeeded in gaining an acknowledgment over them, and civilized and christianized a vast number of them. Nothing is more striking in that populous country of mines than the still abounding number of Methodists. Where there is no church, there is sure to be a Methodist chapel: and where there is a church, there is a chapel twice as big.

If you chance to be crossing one of their gray moors in an evening, among the cottages so numerously scattered over them, you will be continually coming to one in which a prayer-meeting is holding: and it is curious to pause and peep in at the little window, and see the hot air quivering with the people that it seems ready to burst. There is the fire and the old dresser, and shelves with its rows of plates shining in the firelight, and the table in one end of it bowed heads: while some one is pouring forth a most zealous supplication, responded to by exclamations and groans as zealous. In those occasions you may hear language and metaphoric illustrations which nothing but the mother-soil and pure growth of the district and people could give birth to.

"Brother!" exclaimed one of these crude miners, as I stopped a moment in passing such a hut: "brother, how excellent a thing is prayer! How often have we kneeled down with hearts as hard as the bricks under our knees, and spirits as dry as the dust in the climbs between them, and presently we have taken up half-a-ton in our hearts!"

I was lying one Sunday on the top of an old stone wall, near Boscastle, proceeding myself from the sun, partly with my umbrella, and partly by the shade of a small tree—which, by a rare chance, happened to be growing on that treeless coast—when two young men passed me, and gave me a most pious salutation. I looked at them, and made myself certain that they were Ranters or Primitive Methodists, as they are called in the midland counties. They had on blue coats with broad collars, and broad-brimmed hats, having a certain resemblance to the Quaker costume: but yet never to be mistaken for the Quaker costume. As the female Methodist dresses much like a female Friend, yet, by a knowing eye, can never be confounded with the female Friend—the colors and materials of her dress, and the shape of particular cross-plaits in the crown of her bonnet, betraying the difference.

Wishing to learn something of the numbers of the Primitive Methodists down there, I quickly got up and followed them. I soon found that they were Methodists, and going to preach in two villages not far off: but when I asked them if they were Primitive Methodists, they said:

"Primitive Methodists, sir; what are Primitive Methodists?"

"Oh, Ranters, I mean—we call them Ranters?"

"Ranters, sir; what are Ranters?"

"What, don't you know what Ranters are?"

"No, sir."

"Then what do you call yourselves?"

"Oh, we are Byronites, sir."

"And what are Byronites? In what do you differ from the Wesleyan Methodists?"

"Oh, we don't differ at all, sir; we are all one, sir."

"Then, why do you differ?"

"Why, Mr. Byron did not consecrate with the Conference, and he left the old connection; and so we followed Mr. Byron."

A little farther on, I saw a great number of people pouring out of a chapel, and I stopped, and, addressing a little knot of them, said:

"Well, I suppose you are Byronites?"

"No, sir, we are Thornites." (Thornites.)

"Oh, and pray what are Thornites? In what do you differ from the Byronites?"

"Oh, we don't differ at all, sir; we are all one, sir."

Then I again asked—"Why do you differ?"

"Oh, Mr. Thorn left Mr. Byron, and so we followed Mr. Thorn."

"Really! that was it? I suppose you read your Bible?"

"Yes, sir! oh, yes, sir!"

"Well, there is one text that I wonder you have not happened to meet with."

"What is that, sir?"

"Why, there are for Paul, and some for Apollos, and some for Cephas, but I am for Jesus Christ." You seem to be following after your preachers, and not after principles."

"Oh, very good, sir—all very good, sir."

And so I left these very acquiescing Thornites, wondering what John Wesley would have made of them.

MULOCKITES.

If the fame of Byronites and Thornites has not reached many of my more rural readers, it is probably that of the Mulockites may. Lord Byron, in his Journal, tells us, that a certain Mr. Mulock had called on him at Pisa, and evidently wished to convert to him some new kind of Christianity."

This Mr. Thomas Mulock is, or was, a gentleman of good family and education. I think he had been Private Secretary to George Canning, and had the best prospects. He wrote poetry of no mean order, and, forsaking his connection with Canning, and his brighter world prospects, had lectured on English literature in most of the capitals of Europe. In Paris he had ventured to speak so plainly his opinion of the character and career of Bonaparte, that the officers who had served under him sent the lecturer word that, if he repeated such sentiments, they would feel obliged to call him to account. He, by declining this message, he repeated the lecture vehemently, read the letter, and treated it as a threat of assassination. The man had evidently no lack of nerve, and had his religious notions been as strong as it was boldly maintained, his "new kind of Christianity" might have become popular. As it was, he at one time fixed on the Mulockites, and the Staffordshire Potteries as the theatre of his religious campaign; and there he for a season made a great noise. We were told much of this extraordinary man, and, accordingly, we went to hear him. The scene was such only as could be met with in England or America.

The place of worship was a large upper room in a china factory—the people of that district can only have a familiar idea of the kind of room. It was, perhaps, thirty or forty yards long, and ten or dozen wide, and of proportionate height. Its walls were bare and whitewashed. In this great naked room, about half-way from each end, and near the wall, between two windows, stood the apostle of this "new kind of Christianity," at what served him as a desk for reading his book—the Bible. This was no other than a three-legged, round deal table, such as you see in common public houses, and upon this a large desk, with a bit of green baize on it, and in it a thin box, which was set on its side, so that the lid opened toward him, was kept his hymn-book and his candles. About fifty people formed his audience, and at least of whom were ladies of the known wealth and of elegant appearance; the rest were potters in their working clothes, with their wives and children. The curious organ-case was not there, but seated on stools made of planks supported on piles of bricks; and the chandeliers which lighted the room were of an equally original and ornate description. They consisted of two laths each, nailed crosswise, suspended from the ceiling by a piece of string, and having three nails driven into each end of the lath, to form sockets for the candles.

In the midst of this great room, thus singularly furnished, stood Thomas Mulock at his unique reading desk. He was a young man of gentlemanly and even handsome person, of about the middle size; he was clad in a blue dress-coat, with gilt buttons, a buff kerseymere waistcoat, which at that period was much worn, and white trousers; his linen was beautifully fine and clean; his hands adorned with rings, and delicately formed; and, altogether, he presently bly reminded you of Coleridge, when he also preached in a similar costume, that he "might not have a rag of the woman of Babylon on him."

The discourse of Mr. Mulock was a most rambling harangue, of the rankest antinomianism. He plainly informed you that "he was the man, and that wisdom would die with him." According to him, all the world was lying in ignorance, and that light from Heaven had fallen only on his head. You were led almost to believe that, since the days of the apostles, nobody had even got a glimpse of the true faith till it was revealed to Thomas Mulock. It was certain that nobody at that time knew what real Christianity was but himself. He assured us that all the preachers—the Christian world, so called—all over, were preaching what they did not understand; and all the missionaries, to every region of the globe, were running before they could learn, and, on a business which they knew nothing about. The only honest man that he had heard preach was the clergyman of Stoke, where he was then preaching, who candidly confessed that he knew not God."

THE ROEITES.

Mr. Mulock did not inform us why Christianity, after having once being delivered to the Saints, was again so entirely and unintelligible lost, for so long, many ages, until the coming of this line-coated prophet: nor why he who alone could comprehend its mysteries, was there to be disregarded by about not tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell; God knoweth. Such an one caught up to the third heaven."

The last of the local sects which I shall notice here, is the sect of the Roeites.

Calverton, a retired village, in Nottinghamshire, has had the distinction of producing two men whose names have travelled beyond its own boundaries—Lee, a gentleman who having paid his addresses to a young woman who had occupied herself by knitting fine stockings, and being refused by her, vowed that he would invent a machine that should spoil her stockings, and accordingly contrived the stocking-frame, and given birth to the staple trade of Nottingham, and, by consequence, to Byron's "Song of the Luddites," who made himself the apostle of a new sect, which, however, never spread beyond his own village, yet, for a few hours, was very lively.

John Roe was disgusted with the religions he made himself acquainted with, and still looking about for one to which he could yield his heart and his hope, he was, at last, so greatly admired all those of their customs which asserted a freedom from the Establishment; but he did not see the reasonableness of other sects, and, finally, he was, by his friends, forced to form a new sect, to be styled the Reformed Quakers. John and his disciples resolved to marry and bury among themselves, and to have no tithes. They had found that they wanted the legal authority which the Quakers had obtained long before. The parish authorities demanded the security that their children should not become chargeable: but they refused to do any thing of the kind, asserting that they only had to do with God, and that they would suffer anything that the magistrates might please to inflict, rather than implicate one atom of religious liberty. The consequence was, that the Roeites had to bury their children in their own ground, and to bring them home to Jam Jail. There they continued some years, maintaining their testimony, as George Fox would have it, and suffering much for it. It was, indeed, a serious reality they were out the patience of the magistrates, who were glad to get rid of them as well as they could. The Roeites, however, maintained, that if their son doors were open, and that they might walk out at their pleasure. But no; like Paul and Silas of old, they said, "The magistrates have put us here, and they shall come and take us out."

John and his fellow-martyrs triumphed. The magistrates were fain to go and make themselves very agreeable, and to request the holy apostles of religious and matrimony most politely to do them the favor to adjourn from those walls, which they had so long incarcerated with their presence, and to leave their dwellings and their desiring friends at Calverton, which very civil request John and his brethren were pleased to comply with, and issued forth with due dignity exactly at noonday.

Having read this account in "Clough's History of the Quakers," or in "Gough's History," or in some such book, many years afterward, and learning that John Roe was still living, and illuminating Calverton with his doctrine, I walked over there one Sunday, and inquired of the first man I met, where the "Roeites"—Roeites" said a young farmer. "Oh! I know whom you mean. You mean the *Deformed* Quakers! I know where they live, sir."

To the chapel we went; and if John's disciples could be said to resemble Quakers at all, the young farmer was mistaken in the sort of Quaker he meant. The scene was such as none but those who have peeped a little into the nooks of the world, could imagine to exist in England.

The chapel was a barn, standing in a very retired corner, among the village orchards, and half-hidden by their trees. The holes and slits in the walls which are left to let the sparrows in, had been built up, and doors and windows introduced. Within, it had all the attributes of a very plain chapel—its loft in which sat the choir, and its pulpit, resembling, however, to a Friends' meeting-house. My guide conducted me to the loft, where I could see the whole congregation, and preserve myself from being seen. It was the congregation consisted of about thirty people; but John Roe was not yet arrived. My guide, in a stentorian voice, announced his arrival, as his head very deliberately on the front of the loft, and began, in a short period, to give evidence that he was fast asleep, by a very decided snore. I looked at him, and began to fear lest he should be asleep. He said,—"Yes; I have been here before," and so laid down his head and resumed his dose. It was a sultry day in July, and the greater part of the congregation seemed similarly disposed.

Presently a loud peal of thunder, and the dashing of rain against the windows, and the windows, seemed to arouse all the sleepers, and just then in walked John Roe and his wife.

I would give something now for a sketch of them at that instant, for two such picturesque objects, to a certainty, are not now to be met with. John was a rather small man, with a most venerable aspect. He could, at his best, be only eighty years of age. His hair was long, as white as snow, and combed in flowing locks on his shoulders. He was clad in the old Quaker dress, and, as John Roe, in this hidden village, was old-fashioned when he was a lad; the most conspicuous part of which was his drab coat, cut in the Quaker fashion, with very long skirts and ample skirts, and adorned with plated buttons of the size of dollars. His wife was a tall woman, apparently not more than sixty; and must have been a beauty in her day. She had a mob cap, and a black silk gipsy bonnet, with a crown not more than two inches deep, secured on the top of her head, by a black silk handkerchief, which they gave her a remarkably long and taper waist, stood up high above her bosom; and her gown was plaited in so as to hang perfectly straight down from the top through the pocket-holes, that it might not dangle in the way of the thunder-shower, or to show, perhaps, as it had a beautiful ankle, it would be pretty. Black stockings, high-heeled shoes, and large buckles, completed her costume.

John Roe advanced slowly into the middle of the chapel foot, and looked round on his people with an air of as much dignity and self-complacency as that with which the most popular preacher could survey the most crowded and fashionable assembly, or as that with which an Archbishop could look on a titled crowd assembled to hear him in Westminster Abbey. He was in the very circumstances to gratify his wife, with as much evident pride, shook the thunder-drops from the skirts of his coat, wiped them away from his shoulders, and, with a handkerchief, which hair was long, as white as snow, and combed in flowing locks on his shoulders. He was clad in the old Quaker dress, and, as John Roe, in this hidden village, was old-fashioned when he was a lad; the most conspicuous part of which was his drab coat, cut in the Quaker fashion, with very long skirts and ample skirts, and adorned with plated buttons of the size of dollars. His wife was a tall woman, apparently not more than sixty; and must have been a beauty in her day. She had a mob cap, and a black silk gipsy bonnet, with a crown not more than two inches deep, secured on the top of her head, by a black silk handkerchief, which they gave her a remarkably long and taper waist, stood up high above her bosom; and her gown was plaited in so as to hang perfectly straight down from the top through the pocket-holes, that it might not dangle in the way of the thunder-shower, or to show, perhaps, as it had a beautiful ankle, it would be pretty. Black stockings, high-heeled shoes, and large buckles, completed her costume.

John Roe advanced slowly into the middle of the chapel foot, and looked round on his people with an air of as much dignity and self-complacency as that with which the most popular preacher could survey the most crowded and fashionable assembly, or as that with which an Archbishop could look on a titled crowd assembled to hear him in Westminster Abbey. He was in the very circumstances to gratify his wife, with as much evident pride, shook the thunder-drops from the skirts of his coat, wiped them away from his shoulders, and, with a handkerchief, which John ascended into the pulpit. There was now a great bustle with the production of hymn-books.

A man with a pitch-pipe gave out the hymn, and blew a note which was so shrill, so piercing, and we had vocal music, *con fuoco* enough. Then some one below gave us a prayer and another hymn; after which John Roe rose, and, with a little pitch, gave a sermon, but a running commentary on the transgression. But if the commentary was a running one, it was nothing but a running commentary, for it must confess that I could make neither head nor tail of his discourse. Something he said of "a voice out of a cloud" but his delivery was nothing like a voice in a cloud; and of "another and a tower much of prophecy." And he asked us whether we thought this voice was the truer word of prophecy, or whether we were to look for another? He did not answer the question, and scarcely anybody was awake to answer for themselves.

The heat, the drowsy hum, the droning of the old man's voice, had comfortably composed the congregation. I looked round, and could not avoid smiling at the sleepers. The young farmer was present, twenty at least were sound asleep. They were "a bodkin."

By John's pulpit were ranged two seats, on which sat the chief singers. Themselves, too, the only awake was the man with the pitch-pipe. He was actively looking out in his book for the next hymn, and, having found it, began to lean to those before him lustily on their backs with his thumb, to call their attention to the place; most of whom, being wide awake and fatigued to death, gave a great start, and one nearly pitched forward on the floor. Behind these two seats was a third, considerably elevated, and fastened to the wall. On this, close to the pulpit, and conspicuous to all the assembly—when awake—sat a stout countryman in a dark waistcoat, and with a red handkerchief about his neck, and a red handkerchief down his breast, about a foot in length. By his side sat his son, a great lad of twelve or fourteen years of age; he was fast asleep, with the back of his head against the wall, his mouth wide open, and his head performing a regular rolling on the wall from one shoulder to the other. Presently, his father observing his condition, gave him a sharp jog in the side with his elbow, and as he opened his astonished eyes, he slyly drew from his waistcoat pocket a large apple, and slipped it into the lad's hand. The lad raised himself up with a great stare, rubbed first one eye, and then the other with the back of his hand, and then assumed extraordinary grimaces with his mouth at the same time; deposited the apple in his pocket, laid his head against the wall, and, in a minute, was fast asleep. Sleep now reigned triumphant; the young farmer snoring gloriously at my elbow, and resisting every attempt to rouse him, and the old man of John Roe droning on as drowsily as an old mill-wheel.

Luckily, at this moment a swallow flew in at an open window. Twit! twit! went the swallow. Twit! twit! was the cry made to some lads who happened to awake. Up started one, and snatched at the bird: up went the hat of another, with a shout of "Twit! twit!" and, in a minute, the alarmed creature twitted louder and louder, and flew to and fro with the utmost rapidity; the boys were all in motion; the people awoke, and, finally, John stopped his drowsy drone; even the young farmer's snoring snapped off at once; the pitch-pipe blew lustily the key-note; and another vigorously-sung hymn restored us all to composure, to the open air.

I made some inquiries among John's people as to their peculiar tenets, but I could learn nothing distinctive; all were "Quakers," and expressing the sind were *Reformed* Quakers, and would marry and bury themselves. I was told in the village that John's society had been greatly checked by his preaching, being lent him a considerable sum of money, not on his note, but on his word—such was her faith—and, when the time arrived, John was not able to pay him. "That the Lord commanded the children of Israel to borrow of the Egyptians all that they could, but gave no commandment to pay back again."

"What!" says the old dame, "do you make an Egyptian of me?"

"Yea, and others of his disciples," does he make Egyptians of us?"

And the society began rapidly to diminish. Yet this singular little sect cannot have ceased in their generation, for, "in the nineteenth century," and though John Roe has long been dead, I am told his mantle has fallen on other shoulders, and that the Roeites may still be found in the village of Calverton.

When to these odd demonstrations of the vagaries of human nature we add those of the believers in human nature, and of the Mormonites, and of the professors of the Unknown Tongue, we do not wonder that there are those who would have all men compelled to be Christians, and, if of the right sort, that these follies to the immense amount of good which religious liberty and religious toleration have poured over society! We record these things as we do those of gambols of a frolic-some child in a free country, which soon work themselves out, and are for the most part, harmless—the bubbles on the surface of a deep stream, which, if we do not metamorphose them into the great stream of life and knowledge and human improvement, they will burst. The clouds sail over us, and are gone; the eternal sky still smiles above us in its purity. The falling stars, as we idly term them, are annihilated orbs, and the Milky Way, the stars themselves burn on unmoved in the serene ocean of infinitude. We can smile at the most wondrous dreams of Swedenborg, the worst absurdities of the Mormonites, the peculiarities of Mulockites and Roeites; for we know that they are optional and evanescent; but the whips and thumbscrews and dungeons and gibbets of those that last for ages and make cripples, not merely of those on whom their force is tried, but of their children, even to the third and fourth generations.

From the 'District School as it was.'

### LEARNING TO SPELL.

THERE, the class have read; but they have something else to do before they take their seats. "Shut your books!" says the master, and they shut their books and begin to spell. The child cares no more in his heart about the arrangement of the vowels and consonants in the orthography of words, than he does how many chips he can shove another at the game of chip-chip, or how many times he can make a stone go skip-skip, and jump-jump, on the water. He is at the head of foot of his class; whether the money dangles from his own neck or another's.—This is the ambition of the spelling-class. The ambition is awakened, ambition roused. There is something like the tug of strength in the wrestle: something of the alternation of hope and fear in a game of chance. There has been a stirring excitation for the trial. Observe this class any day, half an hour before they are called up to read. Yet a little while, and they will be called up to the column, and what a flutter of lips and hissing of utterance! Now the eye twinkles on the page to catch the sound of the word that is to be called for; while the orthography is syllabled, over and over again in mind, until at length it is syllabled on the memory. But the time of trial has come; they have only to read, "Spell, Jonas!" "Spell, Jonas, come and read!" "O dear, I haven't got my spelling lesson," mutters Charlotte to herself. She has been just looking at the first line of the lesson, she fingered a little too long at her books and trammels. The lesson seems to her to have as many letters as any lesson in the book. Well, Charlotte is in! She got up above George in the forenoon, and she would not get down again for anything. George, who is coming from her seat as she possibly can be and keep moving, has just been a chink in her book with her finger, and every now and then, during the reading exercise, steals a glance at the lesson.

But the reading is over, and what a brightening up, as was said before, with the exception, perhaps, of two or three of the boys, who have had no honorable extremity of the class called the foot! That boy at the head—no, it was a boy; but Harriet has at length got above him; and, when girls get up, they do not like to come down, if they can. Once out the "pride of place" into their hearts, and how they will queen it! Then they are more conscientious in giving up the place to lower them in the eyes of others, and seem the least like disgrace. I have known a little girl to cry the hard cry of a child, because, through the whole of the week, on losing her place at the head. Girls are more likely to arrive at and keep the first place in the class, in consequence of a little more help from mothers at home, and, it may be, from that they generally have a memory more fitted for catching and holding words and other signs adapted to the ear, than the boys. Well, there, at the head has studied her spelling lesson, until the is so confident of every word as the unerring Fate hangs on the lips of the Sibyl. Every word in the column in the order it stands without the trouble of "putting it out," she has been over it so many times. "Spell, Jonas, get up again if you can," thinks Harriet. I pity you, Jonas, for the hard-hearted by that will blow over your proud castle in the air. Old Boreas, the king of the winds, will order out a storm to blow down the castle. Jonas, you let it be not be thought that all those foot lads are deficient in intellect. Look at them when the master's back is turned, and you will see enough of intellect and cunning to convince you that they might surpass even James and Harriet, had some other faculties been called into exercise beside the mere memory of verbalities.

The most extraordinary spelling, and indeed reading, in the school was a boy whom I shall call Mamouna Wordwell. He was mighty and wonderful in the acquisition and remembrance of words—of signs without the ideas signified. The alphabet he acquired at home before he was two years old. What exclamation of parents! what acclamation from admiring visitors! "There was never anything like it." He had almost accomplished his abs before he was thought old enough for school. At an earlier age than usual, however, he was sent; and then he went from *Ache* to *Adonomen* in the first morning he went to school. He took the rest of us to go over the same space. Astonishing how quickly he mastered column after column, section after section, of obstinate orthographies. Those martial terms I have just used, together with our hero's celerity, put me in mind of Cæsar. So I will quote from the spelling book, "I came, I saw, I conquered." He generally stood at the head of a class, and, in some matters, was not a little proud of his superiorities! they studied hard some of them, but it did no good. Memorus Wordwell was born to be above them, as some men are said to be born to be above mankind." At the public examination of his first winter the people of the district, and even the minister thought it marvellous that such memorious words should be so readily and so much a leetle mite of a boy!" Memorus was mighty, also, in saying those after spelling matters—the Key, the Abbreviations, the Prefixes, the Tables, the Pronouns, and the Verbs. He was a little man, of about the middle size, and, in consequence of his great memory, he was very imperfectly understood and some of them not understood at all.

Pronunciation—how many hours, days, and even weeks, have I tugged away to lift us it were, to roll up into the stone-heavy memory, the mawkly long, Latin, unintelligible pronunciation of this little! Only survey (we use the word when speaking of considerable space and height) the mountain of pronunciation, the conceit of which I will endeavor to locate in these narrow bounds. I would have my readers of the rising generation know what mighty labors we underwent in our days of five, six, and seven years old were set to perform.

Punctuation is the art of pointing, or of dividing a discourse into periods by the proper stops, and of regulating the cadence or elevation of the voice."

"There, I have labored weeks on it, and I feel always had the Pronouns at the front of mind not to be able to commit to memory what I did not understand. My teachers never aided me with the least explanation of it, or even pronounced it, or put out other of the reading of a similar character, which was likewise to be committed to memory. But this and all was nothing, as it were, to the Verbs! Verbs! Verbs!