National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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THE STANDARD.

THE ANDERSON EXTRADITION CASE.

PUBLIC OPINION IN ENGLAND.

THE London *Times*, after a careful statement of the facts in the case of the fugitive slave Anderson, whose extradition has been demanded by the Government of the United States of the Government of Canada—he having killed a man in Missouri who attempted to arrest his flight from bondage—says:

"In their hearts and consciences the Canadian authorities must have felt that Anderson slew his enemy in defence of all that man holds dear; they must have felt that to surrender him to his pursuers to be burnt alive—a fate probably reserved for him—would be a most dreadful responsibility, and yet, as judges bound to administer the law uprightly, they may have hardly seen how to evade the conclusion. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that they have taken refuge in indecision, and remitted the case successively from one court to another. First, the magistrate gave up the attempt, and referred the matter to the Attorney-General; then the Attorney-General, after two months' consideration, alleged his incompetence; and now the Court of Queen's Bench has cognizance of the question, by which tribunal it must finally be decided. Before this time, indeed, judgment has doubtless been given, though on which side it would be hard to conjecture.

"We suppose there will be hardly a man in England who will not hope for the success even of his terrible rescue, if things come to that extremity. The fate probably in store at this crisis of Southern fanaticism for a slave who not only ran away, but killed the white planter who pursued to overtake him, is too shocking to think of, and yet the Missouri agents may establish their case. The truth is, that such complications must forever be contingent upon institutions like that of slavery. Wherever an institution is a variance in its very essence with the moral instincts of our nature, the antagonism thus created will parade every question concerning it. All except slaveholders will judge this case by feelings which they will place above the law. They may not carry their convictions to the length of breaking the law, but in their hearts they will condemn it, and will sympathize with the offender. This is a conflict of laws, which can never be terminated by judicial determination or legal adjustment. It must prevail as long as slavery prevails, for slavery cannot prevail without enactments against which humanity rebels. Nature and law are therefore constantly coming into collision, and such conditions no peace can be reasonably expected."

In a subsequent article the same paper says:

"But are we, therefore, to surrender this man to the cruel fate which awaits him in the neighboring State? The suggestion is preposterous. That we, who look with such secure upon the Saxon Queen's Bench for delivering up a Hungarian nobleman who had trusted to her hospitality, should, in our strength and our grandeur, deliver up a wretched slave who had run for our soil as to the ark of freedom, may be argued as a logical necessity in a court of law, but is an obvious impossibility as a fact. How it will be we do not pretend to foretell. How the logical necessity will be shown to be a practical impossibility, we are by no means prepared to explain; *but very confident we are that this negro is at this moment as safe, in the prison of Toronto, From ever being sent before a Missouri jury of slaveowners as he would be if he were in the wilds of Central Africa.* Meanwhile, as we gather from the report, there is no immediate hurry, or any danger of any steps being taken to carry out the judgment. From the decision of the Queen's Bench, there is yet appeal, by the Canadian law, an appeal to the Bench of Judges, and thence again there is an appeal, as we understand, to the Privy Council in England. Although we may fear that upon the broad question of law the decisions of English lawyers must concur with that of the Queen's Bench of Canada, and although the ingenuity of counsel and of anxious judges may fail to discover any technical objection which may vitiate the proceedings, yet time will be afforded for the intervention of diplomacy, within the province of which a difficulty of this character specially falls. It is not because we have heedlessly gone into an engagement which involves an unexpected obligation to burn an innocent man, that we are, therefore, to burn him. It is not because we have blindly and unknowingly bound ourselves systematically to outrage all the common laws of God and humanity, that we are therefore now, as a matter of course, to do the first act and to take the first step by the same means as the Romans used to adopt when they desired to commit themselves to some nefarious enterprise—by the sacrifice of a victim. As a topic of transatlantic excitement, this slave case may have its interest, but on this side of the Atlantic we are too profoundly convinced of the unpractical character of the contest to be very anxious about it.

The London *Dispatch*, one of the most influential weeklies in England, speaks in terms still more emphatic. After depicting the disgust and indignation excited in England in consequence of the surrender to Austria, by Saxony, of Count Teleki, a nobleman who had borne arms against Austria in the Hungarian rebellion of 1848, *The Dispatch* says:

"Holding such opinions as these in the case of Teleki, can any man think it possible that the English nation would submit to the rendition of Anderson? Suppose the case tried in London instead of Toronto. Suppose the British Cabinet had been called upon to adjudicate in the matter. How long would they have wasted? And even though they might think the case technically within the treaty, can any man doubt what would be their decision? With America, above all other peoples, Great Britain desires to remain at peace; but, treaty or no treaty, there he is, at a touch him if you dare, would have to be, necessary, the reply to the Hungarian demand. No English minister, as he loves the honor of his country, as he would be saved from universal execration, hatred and contempt, would surrender a fugitive slave guilty of no other crime than that of winning his liberty by the death of his oppressor."

The London *Morning Star and Dial* of Jan. 3d, also speaks in a voice well adapted to stir the hearts of the English people and open the eyes of the Canadian Courts to the consequences which would follow a compliance with the demands of the Southern manstealers:

"The sacredness of British soil as an asylum for the fugitive slave is now in jeopardy. This is a circumstance which will occasion throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain a sensation no less profound than that which it has produced in that great Province which is menaced with this new and appalling danger. Canada has hitherto been the safe refuge of the peeled and hunted fugitive slave. One hundred of these unfortunate human beings cross the boundary line every month. Fifty thousand of them form communities in the western division of the colony—men, women and children, who, having undergone hardships of which we, in free England, can form but a feeble idea, have hitherto been enabled to thank Heaven for the protection and liberty which a residence upon British territory has ensured to their race. These privileges—nay, let us rather say these sacred rights—are now imperilled. As far as the decision of the majority of the judges in the Canadian Court of Queen's Bench is concerned, it has been determined that a fugitive slave shall be surrendered to the criminal authorities of the United States—surrendered, not even with a view to his simple reclamation, in a certain death, and that, too, in its most horrible form. Shall this atrocious deed be enacted? Shall this infamous precedent be established? Shall the glorious boast of England that, with regard to men held as slaves,

"If their lungs receive our air,
That moment they are free,"

become a miserable pretence, a drivelling figure of speech? These are the questions upon which our kinsmen and fellow-subjects in Canada are required to give an answer; and these are the questions, too, upon which the opinion of the British people must be given with a certain sound, but with no delay, hesitation and a unanimity worthy of the descendants of Granville Sharpe, of Clarkson, and of Wilberforce."

The opinion of Justice McLean, who, it will be remembered, dissented from the judgment of his associates upon the Canadian bench, is thus commended by *The Star and Dial:*

"Mr. McLean enunciated principles with which every Englishman will cordially sympathize. He declared that the slave, in endeavoring to make his escape, and in sacrificing the life of the man who sought by force and in a spirit of gross oppression to effect his capture, had committed no crime; that he had only obeyed a law of nature which had driven him to desperation. The learned judge laid down the doctrine of the British Constitution on this subject with a clear eloquence which was only eclipsed by the eloquence with which he asserted those moral principles that underlie the whole question."

We quote still farther from the same paper:

"Can it for one moment be supposed that the Extradition Treaty was intended to include that unhappy class of human beings who were expressly exempted from the operation of a similar law only four years ago? The fugitive slave is in a position analogous to that of a political refugee; and England might with as much justice deliver up to Austria or to Russia any Hungarian patriots who, while in vain to achieve the freedom of himself and his race, had waged war against a tyrannical government, and, in the attempt, had destroyed some of its miserable oppressors. The idea is too monstrous to be entertained.

"The friends of Anderson have appealed from the judgment of the Court of Queen's Bench to the Court of Error and Appeal, in which all the judges sit. There is, therefore, a hope that the decision may be reversed, and that the law of England, as well as the outraged feelings of the community, may be vindicated. If this appeal should fail, then, we are informed, it is possible that the question will be submitted to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. In that case, we can await in confidence the judgment of that great tribunal—a tribunal which numbers a Brougham and a Lushington among its illustrious ornaments. But it is possible that this may not be done, and that a warrant may be issued for the return of the slave. If that catastrophe should be which secure upon British soil to protect him, too shocking to think of, and yet the Missouri agents may establish their case. The truth is, that such complications must forever be contingent upon institutions like that of slavery. Wherever an institution is a variance in its very essence with the moral instincts of our nature, the antagonism thus created will parade every question concerning it. All except slaveholders will judge this case by feelings which they will place above the law. They may not carry their convictions to the length of breaking the law, but in their hearts they will condemn it, and will sympathize with the offender. This is a conflict of laws, which can never be terminated by judicial determination or legal adjustment. It must prevail as long as slavery prevails, for slavery cannot prevail without enactments against which humanity rebels. Nature and law are therefore constantly coming into collision, and under such conditions no peace can be reasonably expected."

If their lungs receive our air,
That moment they are free,

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PETERBORO, January 20, 1861.

At the request of many of the prominent Abolitionists of America, Hon. Gerrit Smith has recently made two visits to Canada, in reference to the case of the fugitive slave Anderson, who, as your readers know, is now in prison under a claim by the United States government for his extradition. In the last of those visits I accompanied Mr. Smith. On his first visit, some little time since, Mr. Smith had an interview with Anderson in his prison, and conferred with many of the prominent friends of the slave in Canada.

Mr. Smith left home on Monday, 13th inst., reached Toronto on Tuesday, and in the evening of that day, St. Lawrence Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with an audience eager to hear the distinguished speaker, while hundreds were obliged to retire, unable to obtain admittance. It was an audience that any man might be proud to address, composed as it was of the earnest and intelligent citizens of Toronto, including in its numbers a large portion of the best educated people, many distinguished clergymen, and a large number of the members of the Canadian Bar.

At seven o'clock, Mr. Smith, accompanied by Rev. Dr. Willis, President, and Thomas Henning, Esq., Secretary of the "Canadian Anti-Slavery Society," T. G. Hodgins, Esq., Rev. Dr. Richardson, and others of the distinguished citizens of Canada, entered the Hall and was received with great applause. Dr. Willis opened the meeting with prayer, and then, in a few appropriate and eloquent words, introduced Mr. Smith, who was loudly cheered.

Mr. Smith commenced his speech by giving the reasons for his presence among them, and a touching description of Anderson's case. He then entered upon a close and thorough legal and constitutional argument in reference to it, examining with much minuteness the stupid, cruel, and utterly illegal decisions of Justices Robinson and Burns. He examined the "Extradition clause" of the "Webster and Ashburton Treaty;" cited the cases of the slaves of the brig Creole, and of the seven slaves who escaped, some years ago, from Key West to the Bahamas; quoted the debates in the British Parliament on the passage of the bill ratifying the treaty, and read the opinions and pledges given by the Attorney-General of England and by Lord Aberdeen on that and other occasions; spoke of the interview between Lord Ashburton and Messrs. Tappan, La Roche, Sunderland and himself, on the day his lordship sailed from England, and of Ashburton's declaration that "Fugitive slaves were in no way whatever included in the Extradition clause"; and thus demonstrated that Anderson could be tried by British law only, and, by that law, must inevitably be set at liberty.

It was truly a magnificent effort, both for its keen analysis of the law points in the case, and the splendor of its illustration and delivery. I have often listened to Mr. S., but I have never before heard such sublime eloquence from his lips. The enthusiasm of the audience was unbounded, and it was indeed a treat to get, for once, away from the sneering and jeering of an American pro-slavery audience, and, even for one evening, be face to face with a people who are not ashamed of their love of justice, and who loathe slavery from the depths of their souls.

Mr. Smith spoke two hours, interrupted at frequent intervals with the heartiest applause. At the close of his speech, John Scoble made a few remarks, and then the entire audience rose and gave three cheers for "Gerrit Smith, Anderson, and freedom!"

The meeting closed with prayer, and then hundreds of the people gathered around Mr. Smith to take his hand and thank him for his noble words; and it was touching to see the fugitive slaves—some of whom he had helped on their way to Canada in times past—crowd around him with glistening eyes and grasp his hand with deep emotion. Take it all in all, it was a meeting almost without a parallel, one never to be forgotten by those who were present, and it will, doubtless, have a great influence on the final destiny of Anderson.

On reaching the street, three more cheers were given for "Gerrit Smith" by the crowd upon the sidewalk.

Immediately upon the rendering of the verdict of the Court in the Anderson case, the editors of the *Toronto Globe* took the matter in hand, and, in a series of very able and pungent articles, called the attention of the Canadian people to the injustice and illegality of such a decision: and Messrs. Willis, Henning, Hodgins, Richardson, Scoble and others of the leading men of the province, have been uniting in their efforts to awaken the public mind to a sense of the outrage upon law and justice which was committed by this verdict. In consequence of these efforts, several public meetings have been held in Toronto, Hamilton, and other places.

We do not have the pleasure of seeing the hero Anderson, as he had been removed to Brantford jail. While he was in prison in Toronto, the people treated him with great kindness. They furnished him, I understand, with a suit of clothes, and sent him many things to make his condition comfortable. There exists among all classes a warm sympathy for him, and no lawyer of any importance can be found who does not condemn the decision of the adverse Judges as an outrage upon justice and disgraceful to the fame of Great Britain.

Before we left Toronto, a lawyer there showed us an English law periodical, just published in London, which briefly reviewed Anderson's case and condemned the decision of the Court.

Under all the circumstances, it seems impossible that the brave fellow, whose only crime is that he dared defend his liberty and strike down the manhunter, should be given up by British Courts to suffer a death by torture at the hands of Missouri slaveholders.

It is most probable that Anderson's case will be brought up in the Court of Appeals till June next. Meanwhile, no honorable means will be left untried by the freedom-loving Canadians to have the infamous decision reversed.

The speech of Gerrit Smith has been carefully written out and published in *The Toronto Globe* of Saturday, the 19th inst. *The Globe* has a large circulation, not only in Canada, but in Great Britain also, and the able articles of the editors, and the speeches at the various meetings, have already been extensively read in England, and these will be followed by the very able argument of Mr. Smith. And thus the philanthropists of Great Britain will move in this matter promptly, and we can scarcely doubt that, in the end, British law will be fully vindicated and Anderson set free.

Yours, O. W. P.

THE YOUNG MEN IN THE CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

YOUNG MEN'S ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, }
LEEDS, England, 15 Nov., 1860. }

MR. HENRY A. HARTY, M. D.—*Dear Sir:* It is with feelings of the greatest pleasure that I hand you a copy of resolutions passed unanimously at a meeting of the above Society, held on Tuesday evening, November 6th, 1860. Will you kindly place it in such hands as will bring it to the attention of those for whom it is intended?

Perhaps, also, I may take this opportunity of expressing to you our great delight in welcoming to our English homes your brave and courageous pastor. Not only because of the high opinion we had formed of his personal merits, but because of the noble hand of Christ's disciples whom he represents.

We have long watched your course as a Christian Church with deep interest, rejoicing in each success you have been enabled to achieve. The insidious slander of your enemies and the hypocritical and deceitful conduct *of your professed friends* have of themselves commended you to our sympathy and favor, whilst the noble conduct of Dr. Cheever, your pastor, who, amid storms of obloquy and reproach, has maintained a consistent warfare against all slavery or oppression, has filled our minds with admiration and esteem. It needs not that *The Independent* should instruct us in our duty, or that *The Observer* should rain a cloud of dust to blind our eyes. Their utterances receive a proper estimate at our hands, and their slanders recoil upon themselves with tenfold power.

We rejoice much in the position you have assumed in the anti-slavery struggle. It has long been asserted that the American Churches are the bulwarks of American slavery. Sadly has this proved but too true—but you are called to higher mission—to raise Christianity on to a more elevated and dignified platform, and to wipe away the reproach which has gathered upon the Churches of your country. It is needless that we should impress upon you to maintain the position you have assumed. Never let slavery pollute the sacred precincts of *your* sanctuary—never let the defiler place his foot around your altar—never let the "abomination which maketh desolate" hide itself in your pavilion—and God will bless you, and the Christians of this country at least will sympathize with you, and ultimately, victory shrined in peace will be your heritage and blessing. Believe me, dear sir.

Yours, sincerely. WM. H. PULLEY, Sec'y.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That this Society hears with pleasure of the active and energetic support rendered to the Rev. Dr. Cheever, Pastor of the Church of the Puritans, New York, United States, in his conflict with the Slave Power, by his young men of his Church, who have ever stood by him in every season of trial. With increased joy do we record the fact of their being arrayed against slavery, feeling sure that, animated with a strong sense of Christian duty, they will, by dint of labor and perseverance, form an effectual barrier against that obnoxious spirit of oppression which is in America inoculating the whole Church with sin; and we would, therefore, with all sympathy and kindness, encourage them to continue faithful to a diligent discharge of their Christian duty amid a crooked and perverse generation, always abounding in the work of the Lord, until the abomination which maketh desolate be not only excluded from the Church but banished from the world.

WM. H. PULLEY, } Hon. Sec's.
JAMES WALKER, }

At a meeting of the Cheever Association of the Church of the Puritans, Dec. 13th, 1860, the above resolution was presented, and the following unanimously adopted in reply:

Resolved, That we, the members of the Cheever Association of the Church of the Puritans, do hereby express our thanks to the Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society of Leeds, England, for its cordial expression of sympathy with us in the conflict in which we are engaged for the abolition of slavery and the unmuzzling of the pulpit on this great subject. We assure them that, by the grace of God, we will continue faithful to the principles of justice, freedom and truth, for which we are contending, and will uphold our beloved pastor in his faithful proclamation of the whole Word of God against the great crime and sin of our land, even to the end.

We confident that the sentiment of the young men of England would have a powerful influence on the minds of youth of this country, and we call upon them to bring it to bear in every possible manner in behalf of our millions of our fellow-beings who are crushed under the heel of tyrany and deprived of every right, civil and religious.

THEODORE D. WARREN, President.

STEPHEN H. THAYER, Secretary.

CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

A CONVENTION, under the auspices of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, convened in this city on Wednesday, Jan. 23d, in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, where it held two sessions, meeting afterwards (in the evening) in the Third Reformed Presbyterian Church in Twenty-third street (Mr. Cheever's church). William Goodell was chosen President, and the Rev. C. H. A. Bulkley, of Paterson, N. J., elected as Secretary.

Rev. Henry T. Cheever, of Jewett City, Ct., the Secretary of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, read an address, showing the complicity of the American Church and Pulpit with slavery, and the need of such a society as that which he represented. We are permitted to copy from the address the following passage:

"Another reason that has availed to induce the formation of a new Society is this: that there has not been, until now, any distinctively religious or Church organization against slavery, undenominational in its type. The American Anti-Slavery Society, formed in the year 1833, was indeed an outgrowth of Christianity, a natural product of the union of humanity with the spirit of the gospel; and it ought to have been adopted and guided by the Church, at the time of its organization, into the cordial cooperation and control of her representative men in the ministry of all denominations. For it was essentially a religious movement, and the men who founded it were men of prayer, and men themselves within the bosom of the Church.

"To that Society will doubtless be awarded in history the prime agency in this greatest of modern reformations. Honor to its wise founders, and to the brave, grand, heroic men who have perseveringly sustained it, and who have done so much, in the face of unrelenting opposition, to disseminate anti-slavery truth by tongue and pen, and to keep the image of the slave before the eye and the ear of the nation, and to defend and conquer the liberty of speech and of the press, for which the whole country and all professions, especially those of the Christian ministry, are so deeply in their debt. Their reward is with them, in the pioneer work which they have done so well, of cutting and clearing for the principles of freedom to grow—principles, which they, too, have been the means to plant with enduring hand. Posterity will care for their fame. The future will raise their monuments more durable than brass.

"But the American Anti-Slavery Society, as a matter of fact, has never been the representative of the Churches. That is, Christian Churches and ministers have but in very few instances gone into it, or adopted it, as their vehicle of testimony against slavery. The Church has stood aloof, while the cause of human liberty and despotism in this country has waxed warmer and warmer, and the necessity of united and organized action against slavery has become more and more apparent. There has been no organization of anti-slavery Churches and ministers in existence.

"It has long, therefore, been felt by many Christian people, that a visible organization was needed in the bosom of the Church itself, that should be a witness for God against slavery, that should be uncompromise, the testimony of the Word of God and of true Christianity against slavery, and should rally under its banner Christian Churches of every denomination in the United States, and should be a visible acknowledged exponent and witness of true Church in behalf of the slave. Such a society is the acknowledged exponent and witness of true Church in behalf of the slave. Such a society this existing deficiency in the circle of Christian benevolence, and to make the voice of the Church heard more effectively in the moral war with slavery, has been one object in this organization. Hence its name; hence its office."

The time of the meeting was chiefly occupied in discussing a series of resolutions, of which the following are a part:

Resolved, That the present audacity of slavery, in demanding what mankind has never been willing to yield, its acknowledgment as a normal, necessary and divine institution, and in requiring what has never before been demanded, a constitutional guarantee for property in man, and in claiming from the right never yet allowed, "the right to root itself (in the words of Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans) wherever Providence and nature permit," is mainly owing to the practical infidelity, indifference or timidity of Christian pastors and Churches that would not rebuke the sin of slaveholding, in the name of God, and under the authority of the Holy Scriptures, by refusing Christian fellowship with the slaveholder and with all forms of slaveholding.

Resolved, That, as an antidote and offset to the late discourse of Rev. Henry J. Van Dyke on "The Character and Influence of Abolitionism," which was a most unpleasant and inefficacious blot upon the Presbyterian pulpit, and which is now sedulously circulated in great numbers among the men of the North, as a cheap way of fulfilling the recent boast of certain arrogant politicians to the men of the South—"Give us time, and we will not only wipe from our statute books the offensive Personal Liberty laws, but we will repeal the very abolition sentiment of New England"—the friends of the Bible and of the negroes are called upon to diffuse widely among the people such works as the late volume by Dr. Cheever, entitled "The Guilt of Slavery and the Crime of Slaveholding demonstrated from the Bible," the Hebrew and Greek texts, and the prize tract of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, showing how the Bible gives neither warrant nor allowance of chattel slavery, and the still later review of Mr. Van Dyke by Rev. A. Barnes, of Philadelphia. That this Convention, seeing clearly the baud of God in what we believe to be the judicial and retributive madness which has seized the South, and in the confused moral sense of the people of the North, are forced into the conviction that God is entering into judgment with the nation, for the long cherished sin of slaveholding; and from a deep sense of dependence on God only for its safety, and of the duty of every Christian to the enslaved portion of it especially, through the present distress, we earnestly recommend to the Churches, and to all praying people, that they observe a concert of prayer for the enslaved, and for our country, on the third Sabbath evening or third Monday evening of each month of the year 1861.

Resolved, That, in view of the increasing disposition, manifested by the revival of mob law in Boston, Philadelphia and New York, as well as its prevalence at the South, to restrict the exercise of liberty of speech, that dearest and most inalienable right of the citizen, and in view of the fact that this same spirit, if restriction, if suffered to proceed, is likely to end also in that of the press and the pulpit, thus destroying all the foundations of social, civil and religious freedom, we do most earnestly call upon every public adviser, every organ of opinion, every medium of popular communication, to lift up their voice and use their utmost power in staying at once this pregnant evil, and thus maintain the essential rights and principles of freedom.

Resolved, That, as self-preservation is the first law of nations as of individuals, the General government—whatever may be said of its power over slavery in the States during time of peace—has, in the present exigency, by the act of the Southern States, and by the express provision of the Constitution in case of rebellion or insurrection, the right to suppress rebellion and to abolish slavery, the cause of it.

Resolved, That we owe it to ourselves, as representatives of true freedom, and of its real spirit in the Churches of the North, to address a circular letter to

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WORKING IN CEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

Communications will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following rules: For publication, or relating to editorial matters, all letters should be addressed, PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.

Correspondence on business, or relating in any way to the pecuniary affairs of the paper, should be addressed, PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.

THE BOSTON RIOT.

ANOTHER success of the Mob-fever has seized upon the country. Or, rather, upon the North—for at the South it is the chronic, if not the normal, condition of this section. Sanguine persons have all along been willing and ready to hope and believe that the North had outgrown the distemper and that it would never again set in. We have never been of this number, for we have always regarded these outbreaks of popular violence as inevitable as long as slavery exists, or, at least, as long as the Union endures. They spring from precisely the same state of mind that leads to the lawless violences in the slave States. Slavery furnishes the motive, and the poor whites, the white trash—not always poor, as men count poverty, at the North—do the dirty work their betters bid them. Nothing can cure the disease but the removal of the first cause, slavery, or of the second, the interest which the Union gives the North in slavery. The Northern mobs, and their promoters in the be oth, are but the *Shirri* of Naples, the *gens* f Paris, the police of Vienna, who do rannyfor certain pay and provant, and ce must endure as long as the tyranny the given in our columns for some time past accou anti-slavery meetings broken up by mob-violence in various parts of this State, of Connecticut, and elsewhere, and this week we put on record the crowning villany in this kind up to the present time. The official account of the way in which the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was robbed of its utterance and its hearing in Boston will be found in another place, and will speak louder of the infamy of the parties concerned in it than can any comment of ours. For the first time since the Society was gathered, now on the brink of thirty years, have its sessions been broken up in the capital of Massachusetts. Disturbances more or less have often accompanied its sessions, but never to the extent of putting a violent end to them. And for a good many years its assemblies have been as quiet as those of the American Board of Commissioners. This year, the old turbulence, after keeping for a quarter of a century, has broken forth again with a fierceness fully equal to that of the ebullitions of 1835. The premonitions of its coming fury had been seen in the John Brown mob of December Third and the attempts to break up the religious services at the Music Hall whenever Mr. Phillips was to conduct them, but the full violence of the storm, and the hopelessness of protection from it at the hands of the authorities of the city or of the State, were not perceived in their full force until Thursday of last week. Then, after two sessions, disgracefully riotous through an organized and disciplined mob, the Hall which the Society had hired for their Anniversary was shut in their faces and the object of the mob accomplished for them by the act of the Mayor, Mr. Wightman.

The meeting opened in apparent tranquillity. The introductory religious exercises and the preliminary business met with no interruption, and those present flattered themselves that the flourish of trumpets which the enemy had sounded before themselves would only serve to attract a larger audience than usual. This effect it certainly had, for there has seldom been so large an auditory at the opening session of any previous meeting. And this of persons really desirous of assisting at the Anniversary. But this was only because the troops had not rallied in force so early in the day. It was soon evident that the body-guards of slavery and the Union were on duty as soon as the Rev. James Freeman Clarke had got into the thick of his speech and began to come to close quarters with the Power they served, their loyalty began to make itself manifest by growing demonstrations of disorder. But when Mr. Phillips began, the hubbub rose louder and louder, and, for a large portion of his speech, it drowned every word that he said to ears more remote than the Reporter's table. And after he had finished, neither the philosophic calmness of Mr. Emerson nor the fiery zeal of Mr. Higginson could gain more than an occasional and fragmentary hearing. Though the actors in the morning's drama were chiefly young lads, yet there were to be seen men of maturer years and of good standing in society giving them countenance and encouragement by their presence and approbation. The battle was begun by the light troops and skirmishers thrown forward as a cover for the heavier armed forces who were kept in reserve.

In the afternoon, the proceedings again began in quietness and Mr. Burleigh had been making his logical blows tell on the enemy, like Charles Martel upon the Saracens, for a good season before they aroused its fury, or perhaps before it had gathered in force. Then, however, it raged in good earnest and during his speech and that of Mr. Hoyt, the youthful counsel of John Brown, and it was only now and then by good luck, or in a moment of consentaneous exhaustion, that a sentence could be heard. And every sentence that could be heard, it may well be believed, only helped to make the flame burn more fiercely. The character of the mob was perceptibly changed and a larger proportion of older and more desperate persons than had made up the first morning could be detected among them. The riot was at its height, the crowd surging towards the centre from the edges and hurling down in the cushions from the galleries on the heads below, and howling in a manner worthy of Pandemonium, when his Honor, Mayor Wightman, entered upon the scene. He appealed to the rioters as his very noble and approved good masters, and before long commanded silence enough to be heard. He then stated that he held in his hand a letter from the Trustees of the Tremont Temple requesting him to disperse the meeting. This was received with shouts of applause from the mob and with exclamations of incredulity from the platform. This last knew the Trustees too well to believe them capable of such a breach of faith. And when the Mayor, though refusing to show the document, proceeded to read it, it was evident that they knew the nature of the contents better than he did. It was a simple statement of the fact of the riot, and a request that he would disperse the rioters and protect the property of the Trustees.

We think that this was an honest misunderstanding on the part of Mr. Wightman, for, as soon as he discerned the real nature of the demand made upon him, he came to the Vice-President in the chair and asked him what he wished to be done. That officer replied that he wished the front gallery to be cleared, that being the stronghold of the rioters. This the Mayor directed to be done. After it was accomplished he asked the Chairman what else he required. He was told a sufficient force of police to keep order, and a responsible officer to call upon should further measures be necessary. Both were furnished. The Mayor then gave the meeting into the hands of the Chairman, acknowledging the lawfulness of its object, but suggesting that no meeting should be held in the evening. In being assured that it was most improbable that the Society would consent to forego their evening session, the Mayor told the Chairman that the responsibility would rest on him, which he readily accepted, the Mayor promising a sufficient force of police to preserve order. Mr. Hoyt then resumed his speech, and the meeting proceeded with no more interruption than is allowed in an excited meeting. There was no organ- [illegible] nanity with the Southern lords of the lash, as would make a further dispersion necessary. The back of the riot, for the time being, had evidently been broken. When Mr. Hoyt ended the Society adjourned until the evening. Up to this point the Mayor had performed the part of a good magistrate, while within the walls of the Temple, and had he continued in the same well-doing, his foolish talk to Messrs. Hayes and Heywood, at their interview with him the week before, would have been forgotten.

Unfortunately, for his sake as well as that of the Society, he took other counsels. When these had came to their Hall, they found it shut against them by his orders, on the pretence that he had intelligence of an attack designed upon the meeting which he took this means to prevent. That such an attack was probable we can well believe; but we apprehend that the persons to be dispersed were the rioters and not the peaceable objects of the riot. From the experience of the afternoon we think it certain that a number of policemen as were then employed would have been sufficed to prevent actual violence. Certainly, a military company in waiting near by would have done so. At any rate, it was his clear duty to protect, to the utmost of his power, a lawful assembly of citizens, and not to disperse it. Had all his power been insufficient to save it from harm, he would have been free from blame, and the persons composing it would have met the consequences as best they might. After this high-handed violation of their rights, the Society declined using the Hall the next day, and exposing themselves to the indignity of being turned out of their own doors by the Mayor, or having them shut in their faces. And herein we think they did only what a decent self-respect demanded of them. They could not recognize his right to put them out of their own pr en he thought fit, by acknowledging his righ m in again at his pleasure. Thus the Ann ranny for certain pay and provant, and end by ir doing the work of the mob for them, b y preventing it from being held accordin plan. It should be added that the policeme re in attendance, previous to the appearance of the Mayor, were passive spectators of the riot, having been instructed, as we understand, to remain so unless actual violence was attempted. This only encouraged the rioters, of course, in the work they were doing. One of them, on being asked why he made no arrests, said, that if he did, he should be dismissed from the force, as the rioters were the friends of the Mayor. If permitted to do so, we believe they would have been ready to do their duty. We have no room, were it necessary, to consider whether the conduct of Mr. Wightman in the premises was the result of the vacillation of a weak mind or of a guilty complicity with the outrages of the mob. We think he can hardly escape one horn or the other of this dilemma.

Hopes had been entertained, after the extraordinary statements of the Mayor to Messrs. Hayes and Heywood, in advance, as to what his course would be, that Governor Andrew would feel it to be his duty to extend that protection to citizens of the State, in the exercise of a plain constitutional right, that the Mayor of Boston had declared he should not afford. We understand that His Excellency had expressed his readiness to do so, the week before. But, upon maturer consideration, he came to the conclusion, that he had no right to call out the military to keep the peace in Boston, unless upon a requisition of the Mayor, and that he had no authority to command the Sheriff of the County to do so, because that officer is elected by the people and not appointed by himself. While we cannot question the conscientious sincerity with which Governor Andrew holds these opinions, we are compelled, with all possible deference, to doubt their soundness. And we regret that he should have lost an opportunity like this, which comes to a man but once in a lifetime, of doing an action which would have won for him the admiration of the great mass of the citizens of his State, and of the weight, and, we believe, of the numbers of his city and of the world e are that his predecessor would have rejo e occasion, and would not have suffered s cular scruples to hinder him from seizing it ing it the means of dashing and brilliant We cannot but think that a successor o Adams, Caleb Strong and John Brooks appropriately employed in defending Freedom of Speech trampled under foot, in the streets of his capital, than in putting his militia in order for service against the Seceding States. A position, in its consequences infinitely more exasperating to the South than anything the Abolitionists could have said, while practically it is as mere a *brutum fulmen*, as if it were one to assist the Man in the Moon against an insurrection of Lunarians.

The Society, our readers will see elsewhere, despatched its business at its Rooms on Friday morning, and adjourned. Had the House of Representatives been pleased to grant them the use of their Hall, as was kindly moved by Mr. Fiske of Sherburne, of his own mere motion, they would have held a parting Session that night. But as it was refused, they went their way, well satisfied that they had done their duty, and well assured, from their long experience, that their cause was better promoted by the violence they had suffered than it would have been by the most patient and successful hearing they could have had.

CLAY IN THE HANDS OF THE POTTERS.—On the 19th of December, Cassius M. Clay was writing at his home in Kentucky to a friend in Indianapolis, after reviewing the condition of public affairs, announced his judgment as to the duty of the Republican party in the following terms:

"What shall I say? What shall I do? I listen—I hear the voice of conscience—the voice of God—of the great dead! The dead in the Revolution, bequeath, I live! 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' Well, then, I think old Ben. Wade's speech in the Senate is the true ground. Let us stand with my friends to the end. 'The Constitution, the Union, and laws—they must be preserved.' With old John Adams, 'living or dying,' I stand by the declaration."

Within twenty-four hours after the publication of this letter in the New York journals, the telegraph proclaimed that Cassius M. Clay was in Washington urging the Republican members of Congress to back down from their resolution to follow the advice contained in his own letter! This is *his* mode of "standing by the declaration." Why this sudden change of front? Our belief is, that Mr. Clay, having been disappointed in his aspirations to the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency (for he was weak enough to hope for, if not to expect, a nomination to one or the other of these places at Chicago), went to Washington to look after his chances for a seat in Abraham Lincoln's Cabinet. The "potters" of compromise there, understanding the point of his ambition, took him in hand, and, having flattered him with the idea that *they* would secure his appointment to the coveted place, easily moulded him to their will. In basely consenting to the expulsion of John G. Fee and his associates from Kentucky, Mr. Clay hoped to smooth his way to a nomination at Chicago; but he was disappointed there, and he may be disappointed in the results of his more recent treachery.

FREE SPEECH AT NEWTOWN, PA.—The announcement of Theodore Tilton's lecture at Newtown, Pa., on Friday evening, 25th ult., called forth from certain democratic circles significant threats that he would not be allowed to speak. To some of the public placards advertising the lecture was appended a notice that unmerchantable eggs would be in demand. The respectable people of Newtown, however, intimated that they should be able to conquer free speech, turned out in great numbers, and crowded the hall to its utmost capacity. Mr. Tilton spoke nearly two hours, with no other disturbance than some noisy demonstrations outside the building. His subject was, "Some Things that need to be changed."

RHODE ISLAND DISGRACED.—The Legislature of Rhode Island has repealed the Personal Liberty law by large majorities in the two Houses, thereby placing the State in a most humiliating attitude. The slaveholders, so far from being placated by such subserviency, feel the utmost contempt for the cowardice it exhibits. Rhode Island is ruled by the lords of the spindle, most of whom [illegible] in sympathy with the Southern lords of the lash, at heart in [illegible] ... to prevent anything being heard, such

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Phonographic report for The Liberator by J. M. W. Yerrinton.

ON Thursday, January 24th, at 10 a. m., according to appointment, the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society met at the Tremont Temple. At this hour the house was nearly full with as quiet and orderly an audience as could be desired, very many of whom were ladies. There was scarcely an indication of the riotous proceedings which followed. But at 11 o'clock, the gallery at the rear of the hall had become densely filled with a noisy and vulgar crowd, others of whom pressed in at the corner doors beneath the gallery, to the great inconvenience of those sitting there. They interrupted the speakers by groans and howls from time to time, giving occasionally three cheers for the Union, by way of variety.

FRANCIS JACKSON, the President, called the meeting to order. Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr., from the Committee of Arrangements, then proposed, as Assistant Secretaries, Charles K. Whipple, Wendell P. Garrison, and James M. W. Yerrinton; and also the following Committees:—

Committee to Nominate the Society's Officers for 1861:—Edmund Quincy, Dedham; William Abby, Newburyport; William Whiting, Concord; Benjamin Snow, Jr., Fitchburg; George Draper, Milford; Elias Richards, Weymouth; James M. Aldrich, Fall River; Joseph Ricketson, New Bedford; Josiah Hayward, Salem; Thomas J. Hunt, Abington; J. B. Swasey, Boston; Charles E. Hodges, Dorchester; Joseph A. Howland, Worcester; Lemuel Stevens, Plymouth; Jacob Leonard, Boston; William I. Bowditch, Brookline.

Business Committee—William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Maria W. Chapman, L. Maria Child, Mary M. Brooks, Sarah E. Wall, John T. Sargent, Charles C. Burleigh, David Lee Child, Adin Ballou, Parker Pillsbury, Andrew T. Foss, Lee Child, Adin Ballou, Parker Pillsbury, Andrew T. Foss, Henry C. Wright, Frederick Frothingham, E. H. Heywood, John B. Stephenson, H. Ford Douglass.

Finance Committee—Samuel May, Jr., James N. Buffum, Ebenezer D. Draper, Nathaniel B. Spooner, Eldridge Sprague, Miss Sallie Holley, Mrs. Benjamin Snow, Jr., Mrs. Frances H. Drake, Mrs. R. M. Randall, Joseph Merrill, Wm. L. Garrison, Jr.

Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr., then read the 94th Psalm, explaining that it was selected at the request of Mr. Garrison, who had not yet recovered from his illness.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

The Treasurer, EDMUND JACKSON, read his Annual Report, as follows:

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, in account with EDMUND JACKSON, *Treasurer.*

		Dr.	
1860.			
Jan. 1.	To cash paid expenses Annual Meeting.	$ 158	75
	" paid Francis Jackson, Treasurer American A.-S. Society	5,842	95
	" expenses at Framingham	34	00
	" paid J. M. W. Yerrinton, for reporting	71	00
	" donation to Wm. Still	100	00
	" 50 copies of *Liberator* sent to members of Congress	56	00
	" monthly printing office	239	37
	" R. F. Wallcut, one year's salary	445	04
	" S. May, Jr., Agent, Aug. 1, 1860	295	05
	" E. F. Heywood, Gen. Agent two terms, seven mos. and expenses	599	43
	" C. C. Burleigh, lecturing and expenses	198	70
	" A. T. Foss, lecturing and expenses	638	40
	" C. L. Remond, lecturing and expenses	92	08
	" Sallie Holley, lecturing and expenses	553	20
	" Oliver Johnson, salary and office rent, one year	586	77
	" printing, posting and circulating petitions	55	50
	Balance	1,254	24
		$11,200	53

		Cr.	
1860.			
Jan. 1.	By balance in Treasury	591	31
	Contributions at Annual Meeting	217	10
	Proceeds of Fair at Abington	100	00
	Proceeds of Fair at Lynn, 1858	47	56
	Col. at New England A.-S. Convention	390	18
	Collections 4th July at Framingham	84	20
	Collections 1st August at Abington	82	30
	Twenty-sixth National A.-S. Subscription	5,842	95
	Rent of office in Cornhill for the unexpired term of lease	150	00
	Received from subscriptions and donations, as published monthly in *Liberator*	3,46	
		$11,20	
Jan. 1, 1861.—	By balance to new account	1,25	

EDMUND JACKSON, Treasure

"Jan. 16, 1861.—I have examined the foregoing accou and find the whole number correctly stated. The first of the foregoing series of anniversaries held by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, which I have failed to attend—held "through evil report" and "much tribulation"—in storm and sunshine—in the midst of impending violence, or with undisturbed composure—but always hold hopefully, serenely, triumphantly. It is a great cross to me to break the connection at this crisis; especially as, judging from "the fury of the Adversary," the meeting, to-day, will be the most encouraging and the most potential ever held by the Society, whether broken up by lawless violence, or permitted to proceed without molestation. The cause is advancing, but the Cause, but God's—not ours, but human nature's—appealing to all that is just, humane, noble and true, and upheld by an omnipotent arm—it is beyond all defeat, unconquerable and immortal; "there fore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

May a divine patience, firmness, and spirit of peace be vouchsafed to all the friends of impartial freedom who may be present at the meeting to-day, not returning railing for railing, but looking calmly and joyfully to the end of this tremendous conflict with the powers of darkness—only the final liberation of every human being on the American soil, and thenceforward the commencement of an era of universal reconciliation, happiness and prosperity, such as the world has never yet witnessed.

Yours, to break every yoke,

EDMUND QUINCY, Esq.

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

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

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

2. Resolved, That (to quote the language of William Ellery Channing) "whoever injures a man, binds all men to remonstrate, especially when the injury is of a kind to speak for himself on behalf. The great bond of humanity is the last to be dissolved. . . . It is important that we should, each of us, hear our conscientious testimony against slavery, not only to swell that tide of public opinion which is to sweep it away, but that we may save ourselves from sinking into silent, unresisting acquiescence in the evil."

3. Resolved, That (again to quote the language of the lamented Channing) "communities are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke. On this subject, our fathers, in framing the Constitution, swerved from the right. Slaveholders have taken the lead of us in this path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk in it. . . . The free States ought to say to the South, 'On you the whole responsibility of slavery must fall. We wash our hands of it wholly. We cannot, directly or indirectly, become accessaries to this wrong. We cannot hold partners, or act as parol, or a watch, to keep your slaves under the yoke. You must guard your own fireside. If they escape, we cannot send them back. Our soil makes whoever touches it free. You must guard your own frontier. In case of insurrection, we cannot come to you, save as friends alike of freedom and of the Union. On this point, you are foreign communities. You have often said that you need not our protection, and we must take you at your word."

4. Resolved, That (to quote the language of the Representatives of the District of Darien, Georgia, in the first American Congress), "we do not wish that we are not legally entitled to any contracted or interested motives, but a general philanthropy for ALL MANKIND, of whatever climate, language, or complexion, we hereby declare our disapprobation and abhorrence of the unnatural practice of slavery in this country, and our ardent desire for its total abolition, by such means as may consist with safety and practicable expedience, and crucify every religious and generous feeling of human nature, and degrade man below men, and corrupting the virtue and morals of the rest, and laying the basis of that liberty we contend for (and which we pray the Almighty to continue to the latest posterity), upon a very wrong foundation."

5. Resolved, That (to quote the language of Henry Clay) "those who would repress all discussion tending towards liberty and ultimate emancipation, must do more than put down the benevolent efforts of this Society. They must go back to the era of our liberty and independence, and muzzle the cannon which thunders its annual joyous anthem. They must seize upon the slave trade, with all its train of atrocities. They must blow out the moral lights around us, and extinguish the greatest torch of all, which America presents to a benighted world, pointing the way to their rights, their liberties, and their happiness. They must penetrate the human soul, and eradicate the light of reason and the love of liberty. Then, and not till then, when universal darkness and despair prevail, can you perpetuate slavery, and repress all sympathies and all humane and benevolent efforts among freemen, in behalf of the unhappy portions of our race who are doomed to bondage."

Whereas, it is the 1st Article of the Constitution of Massachusetts, that "ALL MEN ARE BORN FREE AND EQUAL, and have certain natural, essential and inalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, possessing and protecting property; in fine, that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness"; and

Whereas, in support of this declaration, the people of Massachusetts require of their Senators and Representatives, and judicial and other public servants, to offer a solemn oath or affirmation; thus virtually binding themselves by the same adjuration, and to the same end; and

Whereas, all the abolitionism ever advocated by the American Anti-Slavery Society, or any of its auxiliaries, is comprehensively embodied in this 1st Article of the Constitution of Massachusetts; therefore

Resolved, That the people of this Commonwealth cannot reject or assail the anti-slavery movement, with reference either to its principles or aims, without repudiating their own Bill of Rights, subverting the foundations of their own State government, trampling upon their own heaven-attested rights, and covering themselves with the guilt of moral cowardice.

The reading of these resolutions elicited frequent cheers.

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

Speech of Rev. J. F. Clarke.

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Clarke continued—I believe, whenever attempts to interfere with freedom of speech here in Massachusetts, spits in the face of the mother who bore him. Whence comes our prosperity, but from that divine principle which has been won for us all by the struggles and the martyrdoms of the ages? [The disturbance in the gallery here becoming uproarious, Mr. Clarke paused for a moment and then said]—Don't mind them. If they want to make a noise, let them! It reminds me of a story I have heard of a woman who was beating her husband, and when somebody asked him if he was not ashamed to let his wife beat him, the man said—"O no! it amuses her, and it don't hurt me" (laughter). So, if they want to make a noise, let them do so, till they are tired. Freedom of speech we all believe in, except when somebody wants to speak who has something to say which is not popular, and then we don't want to hear it. But what is freedom of speech worth when what I have to say is popular, when everybody is willing that I should speak? The only time that we are bound to stand up for freedom of speech is when those who want to speak are unpopular. Then noble-hearted men say, "They shall speak; they shall speak; our rights are involved in their speaking; the rights of man are involved in their speaking" (applause and hisses). The only real difference between Massachusetts and Austria is, that in Massachusetts we can open our mouths and speak, and in Austria they cannot. That is the real, fundamental difference between Massachusetts and Austria. I remember that, when I was on the Lago di Maggiore, I was talking with the boat man who was rowing me—a noble-looking fellow—an Apollo-sort of a man—about the two sides of the lake—the Austrian side, Lombardy, and the Piedmontese side, Sardinia; and I said to him, You row on both sides—which side do you like best, the Lombardy side or the Sardinian side?" "Oh," said he, "I like the Sardinian side much the best." "Why?" "Because," said he, with his natural Italian language of illustration, "because there, in Sardinia, my mouth is open—so; but there, in Lombardy, it is shut—so." That is the difference. When you pass out of those States of Europe where liberty is repressed, where the newspapers are not allowed to utter their reflections, where there is no freedom of speech, and cross the line into Belgium or into Sardinia, you find at once an entirely different state of things—everything then is prosperous and progressive. Why, John Milton, and Locke, and Algernon Sidney, have built up the prosperity of Massachusetts by putting the foundations under her cotton mills—have made all her little villages ring with the joy of triumphal and successful industry, and the conquests of man over nature, because they convinced the Anglo-Saxon race that the mouth of a man ought to be open, even when he is defending unpopular truth. That is the basis of all our prosperity; and, therefore, I am here to-day, because *to-day* we are told that anti-slavery is unpopular; and when my friends said to me, "You had better not go there to-day?" I replied, "Why not?" "Why," said they, "it is not this a wrong time, is not this a bad time, to hold a meeting of that sort?" (Applause and hisses). "Why so? Because people wish to put it down?" "Is the right time to hold it, when the majority are on the side of the right? Is that the right time to stand up for it?" (applause).

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

[The rowdies in the gallery here set up a shout of "All up!" and gave three cheers for the Union, for Mayor Wightman, and anything else that the audience also them. The well-disposed portion of the audience also cheered to see what was going on, when Mr. Hinton, mounting a chair on the platform, said—"Let all the friends of freedom keep their seats. Don't stir from your seats at any rate." This request was complied with, and when the noisy rabble had become somewhat quieted, Mr. Clarke proceeded.]

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

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

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

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

Speech of Wendell Phillips.

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

MR. CHAIRMAN, I had hoped to address this meeting at a later hour, and that some other friends would have taken the centre of the morning; but in consequence of their occupation elsewhere, I shall trouble you now, and leave them the latter part of the session.

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

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

Mr. President, we stand to-day with the country itself, as far down as Mason and Dixon's line, one half converted to the maxims of this Society. [After a long pause.] The devil always goes out of a man in great wrath (laughter). I remember once, ten years ago, in Faneuil Hall, when we stood on the platform for two hours, and did not utter a word—and it was the best meeting we ever held (applause by those who could hear). Conceited as we are supposed to be, no man on this platform can make a speech equal to that—[pointing to the gallery] (applause). But there is a better speech even than that to-day. South Carolina speaks for us (applause); and our argument on this question is poor and vapid in comparison with hers. For, after all, the question is not free speech. You and I may live and outlive that. We have free speech enough [illegible] Washington see what [illegible] the [illegible] Union, or no Constitution, Union or no Union, [illegible] States, as long as they be slave States, shall be counted out of the Union (loud applause and hisses). We shall only accept the crisis, but thank God that it has come. So much for Union (applause). I am sorry for every merchant whose ledger balances on the wrong side; I am sorry for every laborer who has lost a week's or a month's wages; and if his Daniel Webster, as he called Caleb Cushing, and his Edward Everett, that has debased his country. [A VOICE, "Never!" and applause. The gallery screamed itself hoarse for Webster and Everett, and other idols of their worship.] State rights! God thank her own idol, if she is bankrupt to day. Slavery clustering for Webster, for the Union, and crouching for him out," interspersed with whistling and singing of [illegible] Mr. Chairman, we have plenty of time. We have the session, this afternoon and evening, and three sessions to-morrow. No occasion to hurry in the least. (Laughter.) South Carolina is waiting to hear from us (applause and South Carolina). The Southern States say that when they have organized their confederacy, they mean to leave New England out in the cold. Well, we will be glad to be there. I am only sorry that my friends there (pointing to the rioters) are out in the cold. New England gentlemen, this is a very momentous question—

[Here the repartees in the gallery struck up a song:

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

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

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

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

This is the largest anti-slavery meeting, said he, at ten o'clock in the morning, that I ever saw in the city of Boston. Six weeks ago, a hundred men came into and found us so small as to be able to turn us out of our seats. To-day, at least, we have possession of the platform and the hall (applause). Now, the question is between you and the men on the outside, which shall represent the capital of Massachusetts. I have a little pride in Boston. I would rather that we should be found in our own hands the appointment of our own positions. I hope we shall behave ourselves well to-day and show that we are worthy of it; for if we do not, there is a parcel of country folks up there on the hill who will make us behave ourselves (applause). Although I love Boston very well, I love Massachusetts better—because she is bigger (laughter and applause); and therefore I mean to stand here to-day, and endeavor, so far as in me lies, to show the world and the Commonwealth that Boston is on our side (applause); and, in spite of a few boys, Boston is a decorous and well-behaved community. I think we shall prove it in the end (cheers by the rowdies, and general uproar among them). I think that our twenty-seven, eight, or nine annual meetings have been wonder

have uttered pervade Eastern Massachusetts. It is no matter whether we number two hundred, one hundred, or fifty. The very meeting of this body, in defiance of all the wealth of the city, is a victory. The mob cannot do us out of this hall, though they may be able to conquer our voices. If we cannot live by law, we cannot live at all. This question is not one of argument, or eloquence, or words; with State street it is a mere question of dollars. But South Carolina knows that, in the long run, dollars do not rule in this country, but votes rule. You know, you know that Daniel Webster represented the dollars of Massachusetts. Edward Everett, to-day, represents the dollars of Massachusetts. He can be indorsed by every bank president and by every manufacturing corporation in Massachusetts; but they are not able to turn Charles Sumner out of his seat (applause). They may make money, but they cannot make public opinion: wealth is not the fountain of public thought.

[Here Mr. Phillips addressed himself for some time, in a moderate tone, to the reporters and friends immediately round him—a proceeding which seemed to provoke the rowdies at a distance to a curious silence.]

Abolitionists, look here! Friends of the slave, look here! These pencils [pointing to the reporters] will do more to create opinion than a hundred thousand mobs. While I speak to these pencils, I speak to a million of men. What, then, are those boys? (Applause.) We gave but the pen of the reporter in our hands. Whether they like us or not, they know that our speeches sell their papers (applause and laughter). With five newspapers we may defy five hundred boys. Therefore, just allow me to make my speech to these gentlemen in front of me, and I can spike all those cannon (applause). Why, if I should write out my speech, and give it to *The Atlas and Bee*, I need only stand and laugh at yonder noises. My voice is beaten by theirs, but my speech is not beaten. All hail, and glory to Faust, who invented printing, for he made mobs impossible! [Applause.] I appeal from the cradles of Boston to the press of the Commonwealth. These boys have got a holiday. Let us be glad their masters gave it to them. They only mistook the place to come to. The Common is the place for Election Day, not Tremont Temple. But what we want to send out to the country is the fact. You know that when the Billingsgate fish-women of Paris came into the galleries of the National Convention, they simply resolved that they were in perpetual session. Well, while newspapers are printed, so are we. Now, those fellows cannot last but one morning, while the Abolitionists can talk till doomsday. They have an unending gift of free speech (groans for the Abolitionists). Those boys have been singing, "We are going home," for some time; and if our speeches are so unpalatable and vituperative, I wonder they do not go. The doors are all open. But, after all, friends, let us rejoice in this blow. Twenty-five years ago, half in whispers, with bated breath, in halls that would hold only two hundred people, we cried DISUNION; and, to-day, the Rocky Mountains bring back the echo, and thirty States are sundered in the effort to free the slave (loud cheers). We debated, thirty years ago, whether we could raise ten thousand dollars in order to print anti-slavery tracts; now, the Charleston *Mercury* and the Louisville *Journal* print them for us (applause). Poor fellows! [pointing to the reporters] they have no organ—we have conquered! *The New York Herald*.

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

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

Mr. Phillips—An Abolitionist is a happy man, to have such a cheer as that, and a mob besides (laughter and applause). I hope all my blessings won't come at once. [A VOICE—"They will, if you live long enough; the hair is short." This remark called forth uproarious laughter from both sides].

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

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

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

Mr. Phillips—And now, having secured a little temporary quiet, suppose we go back to the consideration of the question which assembles this Society this morning, which is, the abolition of American slavery. There exists, as you know, ladies and gentlemen, in this fragment of the Union—several States having quitted it—the Union States having almost or entirely parted, and only the border States and the Mississippi States left to us—there exists, at this moment, throughout the North, the question, what mood of mind shall we present ourselves in to our Southern brethren? How shall we let them understand the position of the North? Our delegates in Congress—those from New England certainly—have done their duty like men. It is understood that the speech of Mr. Seward was read in the Senate, week before its delivery, and repeated (cries of "Good," cheers and hisses). New England said—"We wish no compromise—we will allow none. We have walked up to this spot by the toil of a quarter of a century. We are ready to meet the South on the broad question of abolition. We settle the whole question here. Either let it be laid out of politics, by the mere territorial settlement, or we settle the question on a broad basis." They are not for any compromise, whatever they may, what message shall Boston send to that faithful body of men? Shall we, who are not fettered by the responsibilities of party, who represent not party lines but the plastic opinion outside of them—represent, not the temporary moment, but the coming future—how shall we speak, at this hour, to the Union? I say it in no conceit, but in verity, and from sincere conviction. New England does the thinking for one half of the Union. We have sent our children to the valley of the Mississippi, and they look back to our codes and our great men for their models, for their examples. They look to our press, and largely to our pulpits, and entirely to our colleges, to send them the best thought of the age. We hold the magnificent West, with its unlimited wealth and its coming omnipotence, in our right hand. — We wield the star of empire takes its way." How shall it be wielded? Shall the slave rest in silence hopeful that from the counsels of the North will come the cause of his jubilee? It is for us at this hour to save the masters from the bloodiest insurrection that ever occurred. It is by standing on the Northern basis, and demanding that this source of weakness and danger, that this national sin, that this corrosive element, which threatens to, or has already dismembered our Union, shall be treated by statesmen. I have no word of censure for the great Senator of New York, still less, a word even of doubt for the incoming President of Illinois (cheers and hisses). I believe that, like an honorable man, he means to keep, and has told his friends to say that he means to keep in office the promises that were made for him in the canvass—and while Abraham Lincoln lives, and, spite of the rage of the men of Mason and Dixon's line, he will live to be buried in the grounds of the North, twenty or forty years hence (applause)—while he lives and dictates law to this country from the White House at Washington, as he will, on the 5th day of March, and if it cannot be done otherwise, Illinois will cover every square foot of the District with a living man and Republican (loud applause)—while he lives, I have faith to believe that not one blade of grass, not one atom of the soil of the Territories shall be poisoned by the footsteps of even the compromise of a slave. So much this Society has gained; and the rock which the third of a century has rolled up the mountain height is not to tumble back at the bidding of a mob. There it stands, anchored on the votes of eighteen hundred thousand freemen, who send Abraham Lincoln to Washington to do their bidding, and it will be done (applause). This is no boys' play. The babies of Carolina are not to speak to the grown men of Massachusetts. They are to be quiet in their cradles, and we will see that they are rocked to sleep, and meantime, Northern care and foresight shall tuck them up nicely, so that they shall not take cold (applause and laughter).

Our fathers pledged their odious and hateful oaths to their damnable conspiracy in 1787, that the slave of the Carolinas should be deprived of the right arm that God gave him in order to defend himself. They glued to the scabbard the sword of insurrection, and thereby they made it tenfold my duty never to let my tongue rest from demanding justice for the man they had disarmed. I stand here to-day to atone, by the sacrifice of a life, as far as possible, for the sins of my father (applause and hisses), and every man who forgets his father is bound to be here to-day (applause). A VOICE—"Three cheers for his father." ANOTHER—"Three cheers for the Union." Well, we are here, friends, to make those cheers deserved. We are here to make the Union worthy of cheers within hearing of Bunker Hill (applause and cries of "Good."). We are here to wipe out the three-fifths slave basis, the slave clause of recapture, the pledge against insurrection, and every black stripe from the parchment of 1789; and when we have done it, we will go down to that old cradle of liberty, and invoke Adams, and Otis, and Hancock to come and listen to our repentance, and to our jubilee together (applause). It is here we are to perform the lustration. Every lie bears bitter fruit, and it can be wiped out in an hour. The mistakes of a generation are not gotten rid of in a night? "Our fathers ate sour grapes, and our teeth are set on edge." State street managed and intrigued; she sent her representatives to get John Hancock swathed in flannel, to make it possible for Massachusetts to adopt the Constitution of 1787. The free thought of Massachusetts rejected it. The men of the country spit upon it. What were called the Democrats of that day? They trod it under their feet. State street—the men who made money by trade—went to Hancock, solemn and stately, in his Beacon street mansion, and said to him—"We cannot save this. The conscience of Massachusetts rejects it." And the old pet of the people put on his flannels, took his crutches, and came down with a compromise (God curse all compromises!) and made Massachusetts a member of the Union (applause and hisses).

[A VOICE FROM THE GALLERY—"God curse the man who said that!"]

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

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

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

[Want of room compels us, much against our inclination, to defer the remainder of the proceedings of the Massachusetts Society till next week.—*Editor.*]

GOOD NEWS FROM ENGLAND.—We have grouped on the first page some of the utterances of the British Press in relation to the Anderson Extradition case, now pending before the Canadian government. As indications of British opinion and feeling they are very encouraging; but we have now to record the fact, that the Court of Queen's Bench in London, upon the application of Mr. Edwin Lawrence, founded upon an affidavit sworn by Mr. Chamerovzow, the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, has issued a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring the prisoner to Westminster Hall. This writ, if it has not already arrived in Canada, is, of course, on its way over the sea; and we may expect soon to hear that Anderson is on his way to London. The chance of the slaveholders getting their clutches on him after that, is very small. We wonder if the new Administration at Washington will seek to placate the South by demanding his surrender from the British government?

Our Boston Correspondence.

FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, Jan. 27th, 1861.

THE daily papers have already made known to you what stirring times we had in this city last week. An unusually large number of persons were possessed with the spirit of rioting whereof had two or three kinds at one and the same time. These unclean spirits tore the possessed, and convulsed them sore, causing grievous outcries and howlings, and manifold contortions of body and limbs; yet went not the devils out of them! Perhaps this persistency of possession may indicate much, and long continued, and grossly aggravated sin, on the part both of them and their fathers.

In the order of time, I should speak first of a pleasanter topic than the raging of these possessed ones, though the latter also, like all other things, will work good to the righteous, and their cause.

The Twenty-seventh National Anti-Slavery Subscription-Anniversary, held in the Music Hall, was a complete and distinguished success. I will say only, in advance of the accustomed full description which you will soon receive, that in numbers, it even exceeded the large gathering of last year. All the prize speakers of Garrison and Phillips were added to the accustomed decorations of the balconies; that, in consideration of the inevitable continuity of social chat in a reunion of so many friends, the music of a fine orchestra was substituted for public speaking; and that the harmony of the occasion, of both sorts, was uninterrupted and complete.

This celebration took place on Wednesday evening, and many friends from other and distant places came, not only for its sake, but to attend the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, which was advertised to be held at the Tremont Temple, on the two days and evenings following.

The gathering on Thursday morning in the Temple was the largest morning meeting we have ever had, special topics last year, when a special effort was made to secure a large attendance at the opening session, by advertising several distinguished speakers for that particular time. Now, the advancing success of our cause, and the shaking of the whole country, and of each particular department of its interests, by the frantic struggles of slavery to reinstate itself, answered the same purpose. Our worst foe, indifference of the public in regard to slavery, is dead and buried, without hope of resurrection.

At ten o'clock, the time appointed for the opening of the meeting on Thursday, the great hall was three quarters filled, and filled by friends, half of them, as usual, being women. It was plain that no one had thought fit to emulate the infamy of Richard S. Fay and J. Murray Howe by preoccupying the hall, clamoring down the peaceful persons who had hired it, and then impudently pretending to be the meeting which they had violently displaced. All the opening services, the Report of the Committee of Arrangements, the choice of Secretaries and various Committees, the reading of the impressive Psalm which Mr. Garrison had selected in his sick room, the prayer offered by Rev. Robert C. Waterston, the Treasurer's Report and its acceptance, the reading of an excellent letter from Mr. Garrison, the vote that it be published with the proceedings of the meeting, and the reading of five resolutions by Wendell Phillips (a report, in part, from the Business Committee), all passed in silent attention, except the appearance of Mr. Phillips caused enthusiastic applause, followed by a few hisses from the outskirts of the meeting.

James Freeman Clarke, pastor of the "Church of the Disciples," first rose to speak, and was received with applause, which was redoubled when he named John Brown with honor, and repeated yet more vigorously when he pronounced Wendell Phillips as identified with the honor and the welfare of Massachusetts.

During these exercises more had been coming in, and the remaining space in and under the deep gallery which forms the base of the hall was now filled. Groans and outcries from this region, following the [illegible] clause at the mention of John Brown's name, showed that a large portion of these last comers were enemies, and that their purpose was to interrupt the proceedings of the meeting by their clamors. They continued to make occasional interruptions through the whole of Mr. Clarke's admirable speech, sometimes obliging him to make a considerable pause before he could again be heard.

Wendell Phillips, who next came forward to speak, received from the audience the heartiest and most affectionate of greetings. As the oceanlike sound of this welcome subsided, the groans and yells of the enemy were again heard, and were continued for some time.

This rabble was different in its composition from the crowd which assaulted the John Brown meeting. The well-dressed merchants and clerks of that occasion were very sparingly, if at all, represented here. They seemed to have sent their porters and errand-boys, with rowdies as could be raised from the streets and wharves; and these boys knew that their place well enough to stick to the rear of the hall, yelling, screaming and bellowing at intervals, but keeping as far as possible from the platform. Probably, indeed, none of them were capable of accepting the invitation given by the President, Francis Jackson, at the opening of the meeting, requesting those who wished to speak, whether far or against the resolutions, to come to the platform for that purpose. Reasonable language was perhaps altogether beyond their power. Yells seemed their vernacular, and the imitation of the lower animals their chief acquirement.

Who, think you, was the first person selected by these delicate monsters to be honored with three cheers? No other than Edward Everett. They had learned the name by rote when North street joined with Beacon street in electing Mr. Appleton, and they now repeated it similarly and correctly. But inarticulate bellowings seemed most congenial to them, and with these they frequently interrupted Mr. Phillips's speech.

About the middle of the forenoon, as if efforts had been made to send a reinforcement of rowdies, a crowd burst in at the two corners under the gallery, violently pressing forward the former occupants of those places. These joined with their yelling brethren above in giving the Three cheers for the Union—Three cheers for Crittenden—Three groans for Garrison—repeating the last several times. When these demonstrations gave out for breath, Phillips said—"Poor Union!"—and then vociferous groans and bellowings were renewed.

As the uproar thus made entirely prevented the mass of the audience from hearing, Mr. Phillips continued to speak in a moderate voice, saying that the reporters would give him a far larger audience, and that the speech would be read by ten thousand or two from hearing would awaken the interest of tens of thousands to read.

About 12 o'clock a report came that the High Sheriff of the County, with a force, was on his way to the meeting. Mr. Phillips stated this rumor to the audience, at the same time requesting the friends of good order to keep their seats and preserve silence.

After this, the mob made only occasional interruptions, and Mr. Phillips ended his speech in comparative quiet.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, was the next speaker. The three hearty cheers given for him by the audience were followed by cheers from the mob for the Union, repeated and continued so as to postpone, and often to interrupt, his brief speech. He, however, closed it in quiet, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Worcester, who followed him, spoke comparatively undisturbed, though uttering radical and energetic truths, until the hour of adjournment arrived.

The mob immediately evacuated their position, and ranged themselves in the street, merely making insulting comments upon the audience as they passed quietly out.

In the afternoon the meeting again assembled, and the mob again crowded the obscurer and remoter parts of the hall.

Mr. Quincy, one of the Vice-Presidents, occupied the chair, and read a letter of resignation from the President, Francis Jackson, who said that ill health, and the infirmities of advancing age, prevented such fulfilment of the duties and responsibilities of that office as he would wish to give. This letter was referred, by vote, to the Committee on the nomination of officers, and Charles C. Burleigh proceeded to address the meeting.

He spoke at first without interruption. When he intimated that violence should not be used to restrain the seceding States, but that it was now best, for the benefit of all concerned, to "let the Union go"—a storm of hisses came from the rioters; and when he afterward is counselled that "no compromise" with slavery [illegible] "let the Pacific" [illegible] shamefully guarantee the continuance of that wickedness on its Southern side, the yells and hisses were loud and continued. Three cheers for the Union, and three for the Union succeeded, and these performances were repeated, alternating with howls and bellowings, until Mr. Burleigh ceased, after speaking more than half an hour. During the latter part of this time, the mob seemed greatly annoyed by the quiet manner in which the speaker ignored their interruptions, speaking continuously, with no more effort of voice than he would make him audible to the reporters. His speech was an admirable one, as you will see in the official report.

During the latter half of Mr. Burleigh's speech, policemen had made their appearance in the gallery, quietly working their way among the crowd, so as to be interspersed through the whole mass of rioters. It seemed as if the Mayor had decided, however late, to fulfil his duty, and remove the disturbers, and that the police had taken a position in which they could act efficiently for the preservation of order. Soon, however, it appeared that this numerous body of policemen had no orders to act. They stood among the rioters while these were disturbing the meeting by alternate howlings, songs, and cheers for the Union, and even by throwing long cushions from the gallery seats down upon the heads of the audience below, without a single movement of interference. Indeed, a policeman told one who inquired why he did not arrest a disturber who was close at hand, that this would be only the signal for his own dismissal from office; that men of wealth and influence were the upholders of the mob; and that it was well understood among the police that these rioters were not to be interfered with.

At last, Mayor Wightman appeared in the hall, and after many ineffectual attempts to obtain silence, succeeding in obtaining it sufficiently to address the rioters, and then requested them to hear the presiding officer *whom they had elected*. Whether or not his Honor adhered to the truth in his subsequent remarks, this was an unquestionable fact. Mayor Wightman's election had been made sure by just such people as these, and he knew, with their front street and State street coadjutors, had chosen him for just such work as the disturbance of this meeting.

He proceeded to say that he had received a letter from the Trustees of the hall, desiring him to clear it, and to put an end to the meeting.

There were immediate cries of "False," "False," on the platform, where several of the Trustees stood, with the officers and members of the meeting, and a call was made for the reading of the letter.

His Honor complied with this demand and read the letter aloud, which proved clearly to be a request of the Trustees for the removal of the rioters, and not of the audience.

Even this timely manifestation of the truth did not shame the Mayor into acting like an honest man and a just magistrate. It merely changed the oppressive and cynical command which he came to utter into a request. He requested the officers of the meeting and their friends on the platform to withdraw from the hall. They replied that they were there in their own right, conducting their lawful business in an orderly manner, and demanded of him that he should exclude the disturbers, and enable the Society to proceed with its business.

Finding them fixed in this determination, Mayor Wightman had not the impudence further to gainsay it, but ordered his police to clear the gallery, which contained the main body of the rioters. Those insolent rascals, when the mandate was made known to them, called out to the Mayor to clear the platform first. The order had been given, however, and the thing was done, in the course of three quarters of an hour, the police *making no arrests*, but ejecting the mob without the slightest difficulty, thus showing what they could have done in any previous part of the day, had the Mayor chosen to order it.

Many ladies and others, members of the Society and of the meeting, were sitting in the side galleries when the above order was given. Most of those were turned out by the police, with the rioters. But before the last of them were sent away, the Mayor bethought himself to give an order which he should have given long before, that the ladies, and gentlemen accompanying them, should be permitted to remain in the galleries!

When this expulsion was completed, and the gallery doors secured, his Honor turned to Mr. Quincy, the acting President, and inquired if he wished the rioters beneath the gallery turned out. Mr. Quincy answered that they were now quiet, and that, as long as they continued so, he would much prefer to have them remain. In reply to questions by Mr. Quincy, the Mayor then acknowledged that the meeting was a lawful, orderly and proper one, and had a right to be protected in the transaction of its regular business. His Honor then retired, leaving thirty of the police, under the charge of a lieutenant, at Mr. Quincy's orders.

At 5 p.m. the meeting was again called to order, and was addressed by Mr. Hoyt, of Athol, who formerly went to Charlestown, Virginia, as voluntary counsel for John Brown. While he was speaking, a portion of the rioters again entered through a door beneath the gallery. They made various outcries and produced some disturbance, but not to the extent of the previous clamors to prevent the speaking as before, the police were not required to remove them. And at 5½ o'clock, Mr. Hoyt spoke under the continuance of the meeting, and the meeting adjourned to 7½.

Those who went to attend the evening meeting found, to their astonishment, that the Temple was closed by order of the Mayor, and that no meeting would be allowed there that evening.

Boston has been treated disgustfully and unjustly at last, as at first, by the Mayor, in spite of his brief intermediate interval of good conduct, the Board of Managers decided to throw upon him the responsibility of the interruption of the meeting, and to decline holding the next day's sessions, whether or not he repeated the arbitrary act of closing the Temple against them. It is reported that he did order it to be closed, having in vain requested the Trustees of that building to withdraw their permission to occupy it. It should be recorded to the credit of those gentlemen, that they prized justice and right more than even the security of their property; and that, in circumstances of threatened violence which have caused many to succumb to mob law, they stood firm, fulfilled their contract, and did all they could to protect the rights of their temporary tenants.

We have now to see what effect the reign of a Republican President will give any more security to freedom of speech in the States called free.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

BOSTON, Jan. 27, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE past week has been an historic one for Boston. We used to yield the palm for mob and brutality to New York; but since Mayor Wightman has taken up the business, and Beacon and North streets have associated to crush out free speech, Isaiah Rynders must look to his laurels, and the Empire Club is in great danger of being eclipsed.

One would think that the lesson which has been so often repeated might, by this time, be well learned; *i. e.*, that nothing helps an unpopular cause so much as persecution. In this very anti-slavery struggle, who shall say how much it is indebted to its enemies? The baptism of blood which marked its inauguration, the long ordeal through which it has been compelled to pass, more than anything else, have given to it its irresistible power and omnipotence. Without such aid, who so feeble as the Abolitionists? With it, they have a wakened consciences, defied wealth, overturned institutions, elected presidents, and shaken the continent to its foundations. We mark our progress by our seeming calamities. The murder of Lovejoy—the martyrdom of Torrey—Southern lynch law—the rifling of the mails—the destruction of anti-slavery presses—what could we have done without these?

Abolitionists have learned by this time to take persecution philosophically. If men are so anxious to spread our gospel of deliverance to the captive, we cannot feel too grateful (not to them but to the Lord) for their efficient services. The brutal insolently of a mob is more to be dreaded by their shortsighted stupidity. They thought to silence Mr. Phillips at the Music Hall on Sunday morning. How well they succeeded! The daily papers printed his address in full. *The New York Tribune* scattered it broadcast over the North, and *The Herald* carried it safely to the South, where *The Tribune* could not go. Before the week's close, every intelligent man had read and discussed it; and the rowdy notoriety from it interpolated into Congressional speeches. The rabble little understood what *slavery in all territory south of 36 deg. 30 min., and in all territory we may hereafter acquire*. The old compromise was simply a Congressional enactment, not binding on the people; and this is an amendment of the Constitution. In short, the Crittenden amendment is a monstrous proposition, and, sooner than submit to it, the free States had better, every man, woman and child of them, submit to martyrdom. The Congress will not consent to it. But it is greatly to be feared that when the slave States combined, *and out of the Union*, submit this proposition, the free States, or some of them, will accept it. If the people of the free States can be made to understand the question, there is yet hope of freedom; and if not, all hope is lost. I greatly fear that a National Convention would to-morrow submit to the demands of slavery.

The debate in the House of Representatives shows that there is a very strong Union sentiment left in the border slave States, but whether it is enough to overcome the wild fanaticism that now sweeps over the South, is very doubtful. The steady progress of secession unquestionably has its effect upon the Northern mind, and yet, if it does not create a panic, it gives rise to considerable uneasiness about the future. Cassius M. Clay, three weeks ago, was opposed to all compromise; and now he is here *urging a compromise upon the Republicans*. So far, without much effect; but no man can tell, in times like these, what a day may bring forth. I am still of the opinion, however, that no compromise will be agreed upon. Undoubtedly, the Adams compromise would easily pass, if the border State members would accept of it; but they will not. The Republicans who would vote for it would do so on the same ground that they voted for the Montgomery amendment to the Kansas bill two years ago, expecting to make a free State of New Mexico. But the slave States will not accept of the New Mexico-Adams-compromise. What object, then, could there be in passing it? In the course of the Northern Democracy of late greatly embarrasses the Republicans. They discover that the free States are full of traitors, and that they will have a hard fight at home before they can attempt to enforce the laws in South Carolina. A large proportion of the Democrats of the free States are as guilty of treason before God this day as the people of the seceding States. Of course this is an embarrassment to the Republicans, now in power. If there is separation, war will soon come, upon some point in dispute between the two confederacies. In the present temper of the South, she will not relinquish the Territory to the North without a war. Undoubtedly it would be the very maddest thing the South could be guilty of; but, after this secession movement, who is not ready to see the slave States rush into any folly, any fanaticism?

You will have seen Mr. Lovejoy's speech ere this. It was a most eloquent argument against compromises of every kind. It was really a greater speech than the one last winter, which raised such a row in the House. That was more declamatory—this a more powerful argument, and more truly eloquent. It was listened to with profound attention by all the members present.

Some of the bold speeches on the Republican side of the House seem to have deceived the North. I see *The Tribune* quotes from Mr. John Sherman's speech, as if that gentleman was *opposed* to a compromise. It is not so. The *tone* of the speech was warlike, for, in the end, but if you will look carefully you will see, in the very end of the speech, that Sherman is *for compromise*. Other men have done the same thing—made bold speeches in favor of executing the laws, and yet, somewhere in the course of their remarks, have indicated a purpose to vote for some one of the compromise projects before Congress. Should a compromise pass, these facts will assume a greater prominence than they do now; but if no compromise is agreed upon, the people generally will have the impression that no prominent Republican favored concession to the slave-masters. Let the exact truth be told. Many Republicans *are* for compromise. Thousands of Republican *voters* are for compromise. But the main body as yet stands firm. Not enough have given their assent to any "scheme of conciliation" to carry it through Congress.

The whole country waits for Mr. Lincoln and Lincoln, in the hope of a change for the better. If the government goes much longer in the direction that it now rapidly drifts, it will be upon the rocks of destruction, and all that Abraham Lincoln can do will be to recognize the new Southern Confederacy. AVON.

THE SENTIMENT OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of *The New York Times*, speaking of the hopes of the slaveholders of receiving sympathy and countenance from England and France, hears the following emphatic testimony to the anti-slavery sentiment which pervades those countries:

"In France—I need not tell you what it is in England—the sentiment is universal that the days of Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln, in the hope of a change for the better. If the government goes much longer in the direction that it now rapidly drifts, it will be upon the rocks of destruction, and all that Abraham Lincoln can do will be to recognize the new Southern Confederacy. AVON.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28, 1861.

THE present apparent lull in the secession storm is deceptive. It is the calm which precedes the hurricane, and within six weeks of this time we shall see a totally different state of things from that now existing. The cry of the South is for immediate action, for the *status quo* between the government and the seceding States is a treacherous, deceitful cry, and means simply that the Seceders *want time* to make all the necessary arrangements and preparations for war with the Federal government. Mr. Buchanan is perfectly aware of this, and still he cares so much more for temporary peace than for his country, that he consents to the arrangement. We are to have no attack upon the forts till he goes out of office, and that is sufficient for him. But the South, the seceding States, violate the *status quo* arrangement with perfect impunity, so far as the seizure of Federal arsenals and other property is concerned. In other words, the secret understanding between President Buchanan and the Seceders is, that the latter shall not attack Forts Sumter and Pickens till after the 4th of March, and the President will adopt the do-nothing policy. Meantime, the traitors go on investing these forts, and committing numberless outrages in other quarters of the South, and our President shuts his eyes, winks at the treason! There is no help for it at present—the Republicans are passengers in the boat, which is commanded and piloted by traitors, and can do nothing till after the 4th of March.

It is undoubtedly the purpose of the Seceders to make a tremendous demonstration early in March, before the new Administration can do anything towards the suppression of the Southern Confederacy. That is now their plan, and I have good reasons for believing that they have not for one moment relinquished the idea of taking possession of Washington. Their plans are kept very secret, but enough has leaked out within a few days to make General Scott very anxious about the matter. That there is a plot to take the Capitol and other public buildings, there can be no doubt. Military companies in Virginia, Maryland, and even in Kentucky, have been pledged to take part in the contemplated seizure. Nothing will prevent the execution of the project but the most ample preparations by the government to meet the invaders. As yet, but little has been done; but it is expected that nearly one thousand United States troops will be here by the end of February. But what defence can they make against ten thousand invaders? The government is doing very little under the circumstances.

Doubtless, the best thing that could happen for the North would be an attempt, even if it were successful, to take the Capitol. The war feeling would instantly be aroused in all the free States, to an extent that would not only retake possession of the Capitol, but would sweep slavery from Maryland and Virginia. There are several of the Southern States which contain more really fighting men than an equal number of free States. Slavery and a barbarous society in a free country naturally breeds a large class of brutal fighting men, who are ready for any foray, any lawless expedition; and doubtless the Gulf States, Missouri and Kentucky, can furnish, within a given time, more men accustomed to rough life than the free States. Our civilization does not create rough fighting men, and they are naturally a disinclined to resort to the sword for settling controversies with the sword. But once the sword is once aroused, and a war cannot be avoided, when fighting becomes the highest duty of the citizen—fighting for freedom and against slavery—then the North, the free States, will sweep everything before them, and the slave States will discover, too late to remedy their mistake, that they have aroused a sleeping lion.

I dwell upon this prospect of war, because it seems to me *inevitable*. On the other hand, there will be compromise or war. Unless the North is cheated into disgraceful concessions, the difficulty will be settled with the sword. There can be no such thing as peaceable secession. If an attempt were to be made to settle the question amicably with the Southern Confederacy, the very first question in dispute would have to be decided on the battle field. The South would demand Confederate States, and the North would demand Union States, and the North would not give it up to slavery. The Southern Confederacy would demand the rendition of fugitive slaves. The North would refuse it. In no possible event could a war be put off for a twelvemonth; and the free States are mad if they do not prepare for this great contest—the conflict of the age.

The Republicans are possessed of the spirit of the North, which can be seen through letters and editorials at this distance, I confess that it seems to me that there is greater danger of a compromise than of war. I know that a great deal of fault is found with Congress, and the admonition comes often from the press and the lecture room to the member of Congress, *to stand firm*, as if he were afraid to stand up. But I know dozens of instances where men who were utterly opposed to any compromises, and have taken high ground, yet they are trembling in their shoes *for fear of their constituents*. Many of these gentlemen are receiving thousands of petitions *from Republicans*, begging them to make terms with the border slave States, and yet they refuse, like brave, good men, to do wrong, even to oblige a majority of their constituents. More than one Republican member of Congress stands up to-day against a compromise, when he knows that a decided majority of his constituents are opposed to his course. It is high time that the people of the free States should understand this question of compromises. Many suppose that Crittenden proposes the restoration of the old Missouri compromise. No such thing. But, on the other hand, the entire South disdains to accept any such concession. The Missouri compromise simply *prohibited slavery north* of 36 deg. 30 min., and in all the Crittenden proposition *establishes and protects* human *slavery in all territory south of 36 deg. 30 min., and in all*

GERRIT SMITH'S RELIGION OF REASON. No. 4. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." "Whatever is true, can not but prosper; whatever is false, it is best it should be known that it may be shunned." New Ready. Price Five Cents. For sale by ROSS & TUSSEY, 121 Nassau Street, New York.

Special Notices.

NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.—Conventions, in the Sates of New York, to be addressed by REV. BERIAH GREEN, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Rev. S. J. MAY, AARON M. POWELL, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and others, will be held as follows:

PETERBORO, Saturday and Sunday, February 2d and 3d. The sessions of the Conventions will be held afternoons and evenings at 2 and 7 o'clock. Afternoon sessions free. Evening sessions, 10 cents.

☞ Let there be a grand rallying of the people. The friends in the several places will give free entertainment to those in attendance from the country.

NEW YORK STATE CONVENTION.—The Fourth Annual New York State Anti-Slavery Convention will be held at Ithaca, Tompkins Association Hall, Monday evening, Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and evenings, Feb. 4th, 5th and 6th. HON. GERRIT SMITH, LUCRETIA MOTT, REV. BERIAH GREEN, ERNESTINE L. ROSE, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, REV. S. J. MAY, AARON M. POWELL, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and others will address the Convention. Afternoon sessions will commence at 2½ o'clock. Admission free. Evening sessions at 7½ o'clock. Admission 10 cents.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The Second Annual New York State Woman's Rights Convention will be held at ALBANY, in ASSOCIATION HALL, Thursday and Friday, afternoon, evening and forenoon, February 7th and 8th. MOTT, ERNESTINE L. ROSE, ELIZABETH CADY ST

THE STANDARD.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARRINGTON: A Story of True Love. By the Author of "Wild Oats," "The Ghost," "A Chip from a Shell," "A Tale of Crime," &c. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. 1860. pp. 300.

This book is so good that, in spite of the uselessness of wishes, one cannot help wishing it were better.

A certain extravagance in the language is the first thing that strikes the reader. Some one has said that the adjective is the natural enemy of the substantive. The substantives in "Harrington" have a great many of these enemies to contend with; still more unfortunately, besides the undue multiplication of regular, normal, civilized adjectives, numbers of uncouth, barbarous, new-made and mis-made epithets are here accumulated, painfully detracting from the force of language already sufficiently energetic and expressive.

A like extravagance is to be found in some of the characters in this book. We readily pardon in a novel, the delineation of an amount of good, or an amount of evil, which we do not find realized among the people of the actual world. The novel, like the stage, should "hold the mirror up to nature"; but there are some parts of nature, in and out of human life, that we see quite enough of without a mirror, and a hook filled with scenes and characters merely commonplace would not be worth reading. A word-picture, specially to draw our attention, must paint something which is rare or peculiar enough to draw our attention in the actual world; and yet the artist must beware that his pursuit of the striking do not lead him into the unreal. We say of two portraits, each expressing a face unknown to us, that one looks real and life-like, and the other unnatural. There is an aspect of unreality about some of the characters in "Harrington."

We find there also, whether or not the author consciously attempted it, a seeming imitation of the manner or matter of some other writers. There is, in passages, an elaborateness and persistency of description, a seeming attempt to say all that can possibly be said in the way of delineation, which reminds you of one of the faults of Dickens; and no one can see and hear "Tugmutton" without noticing an unsuccessful effort to paint what was successfully painted in "Topsy."

But, in spite of these drawbacks, the book has a real and intense interest, springing partly from the ability of the writer, and partly from his hearty enthusiasm in favor of certain truths that have not yet grown into popular acceptance. Thus, he seeks to induce woman to aspire, more than she has ever yet done, to transcend the "peculiar sphere" in which narrow prejudices and false theologies have kept her confined, and to vindicate the humanity which she shares with man, by the exercise of more active thought, more persistent purpose, and more independent action. Finding the ordinary idea of marriage, and its ordinary realization, poor, and inadequate to the high possibilities and intentions of that relation, he writes "a story of true love," in which the parties who unite their destinies for time and eternity not only feel a present affection for each other, but show a fitness, each for the other, a disposition to aid each other in the actual business of life, and a willingness each to give and receive help in growing into constantly greater influences and excellence. Living in an age which has not outgrown the idea and practice of a legal subjection of woman to man, he freely paints some of the evil and vicious results of that custom. Living in a country which has undertaken (and thus far persevered in) the absurdity of joining freedom in political and social alliance with slavery, he pictures that absurdity, showing slavery as, in very many cases, it actually is, and as it always may be when the individual slaveholder is mean and base enough to take all the shameful opportunities which the law allows him. Living in a part of that country where slavery is not practised, but only supported, and where men have become so depraved by long intercourse with slaveholders as, for the sake of a paltry trade with them, to tolerate, and even assist, the worst excesses of their avarice and cruelty, he vividly describes these Northern doughfaces, and paints one large class of Boston merchants precisely as we see them at the present day, sunk into the lowest depths of moral degradation. Finally, living at a time in which some men and women resist such degradation, and, even when pecuniary interest and personal safety are risked by it, speak and act manfully in behalf of justice and humanity, he glowingly depicts these also, the Good Samaritans of the nineteenth century, the true salt that preserves this slaveholding and trafficking nation.

This book opens with a description of a scene in the Red River region of Louisiana, where we are introduced to one of the worst of slaveholders, and one of the most wretched and hopeless of slaves. The slave, however, succeeded in secreting himself in the hold of a Boston vessel, which sailed from New Orleans. After bearing hunger, thirst, and the foul air of his prison three days and nights, until he could hear them no longer, he discovered himself to the crew. He dreaded to do this, but it must be done; and his sinking heart derived some consolation from the thought—"Who'll send me back, after all I've done through? Who'll be mean enough to do it?"

The Boston shipmaster proves to be as base a man as the Louisiana planter. Having failed to fall in with a vessel by which he might send back the slave, he keeps him a prisoner in Boston harbor while waiting for his return. The Boston merchant proves equally base. The mate, fortunately, possesses a human heart, and gives the slave his liberty. By such good fortune as occurs often in novels, and sometimes in actual life, this wretched slave, skulking by night through the unknown streets of Boston in search of a hiding-place, meets with Harrington. This young man, a person of manly excellence, noble character and high literary culture, but of narrow fortune, secretes the fugitive in his single room, and provides for him there until circumstances render it insecure, when he is removed, for safety, to the House of Harrington's betrothed.

Muriel, the heroine of this story, and its feminine representative of "true love," lives with her widowed mother, and makes wealth, elegance and the highest refinement the means of ennobling life, instead of enervating it. She and Harrington, living in a period which manifested some of the noblest and some of the basest persons that ever Boston knew (the years immediately following the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law), had chosen the better part, and shared the highest thought, the noblest aspiration, and the most heroic class of action, to which that time gave birth. The ideas, the purposes, and the life then illustrated by such men as Theodore Parker, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, were such as they cherished and realized. They shared these men with enthusiastic admiration, as giving the best examples then extant of a life at once faithful to God and useful to man. They chose to share the obloquy which prejudice, superstition and selfish conservatism were accustomed to cast upon those eminent men; and when the opportunities came to do some worthy deed for justice, freedom and humanity, they showed themselves worthy followers of these heroic leaders.

The slaveholder who claimed our unhappy fugitive as his property chanced to come to Boston, on business, just after Antony had been taken under Harrington's protection. By mere accident, he there finds, and seizes, another fugitive from his plantation. This capture is made in the fugitive's own house, among the dwellings of his colored friends. But the audacious kidnapper not only fails to carry off his victim, but barely escapes with his life from the indignation of those whose presence in his house he had fled. This is one of the most exaggerated parts of the story.

By the indiscretion of Tugmutton, one of Antony's subordinate guardians, he is again seized by the inhuman captain, who confines him on an island in Boston harbor until his ship is ready to return to New Orleans. Thence he is again rescued by Harrington, in the John Brown manner, and placed in the city of Worcester, which our author represents as a city of absolute and ultimate refuge for fugitive slaves. In this enterprise, Harrington conquers a greatly superior force, and attains his chief object, but receives his death wound. This, again, is a credit which Boston has not deserved, none of its citizens (in these latter days) having yet resisted unto blood, striving against the particular sin in question.

Our readers may take, as a specimen of this book, a scene from the middle of it, between the fugitive, the owner and the mate.

loose from aboard my brig." foamed Captain Bangham, red with passion and pounding the desk with his fist.

The merchant sat in an armchair near the desk, looking at the captain, with innocence-laden jaws, his eyes sparkling with rage in his set blanched face.

"If I ever heard of such a thing in all my life, Bangham!" he exclaimed, stamping both arms of his chair with his palms, and glaring all around the little mahogany furnished office. "But where were you when this was done?"

"I! I!" Asleep in the cabin Mr. Atkins. Never knew a thing about it, sir, till this morning. Just for special safety I didn't have the brig hauled up to the dock yesterday, but lay in the stream. "Jones, says I, have your men kept a sharp lookout? I hope you haven't," says he, cool as you please. "I guess I'll take a look at him," says I, and so I went down and found the nigger gone, and a hole in the hole where I had the nasty devil tied up, and hegod, he was gone! I tumbled up on deck: "Jones, I shouted, 'where's the nigger?' 'I don't know where he is, sir,' says he, lazy as a ship in the doldrums. 'All I know is,' says he, 'that I rowed him ashore about midnight, and told him to put for it.' 'Rowed your men the nigger this morning?' 'No, I haven't,' says he, cool as you please. 'I guess I'll take a look at him,' says I, and so I went down and found the nigger gone, and a hole in the hole where I had the nasty devil tied up, and hegod, he was gone! I tumbled up on deck: 'Jones,'