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EDITOR, WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

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The Liberator.

LETTER FROM JAMES HAUGHTON.

34 ECCLES STREET, DUBLIN, 28th Oct., 1850.

TO HENRY C. WRIGHT:

DEAR FRIEND—The work which the world's reformers have to accomplish seems to be piled mountains high before them, as they go forward in their path of duty. You, as one of them, have your share of labor that is given them to perform; and I am happy to see that your "wheels are unwrung"; you are still pressing gallantly forward in the front ranks of the anti-slavery host, and I am glad to find you in health, and strength, and courage, to bear you up under difficulties, you must have much to cheer you on, in the sympathy you meet from generous souls and hearty co-workers, whom you find sustaining and cheering you in your field of labor. I admire the perseverance of the little band of true-hearted abolionists with whom you are acting; and although I cannot see how the great end you have in view is to be attained, yet I have faith to believe your efforts will, at no very distant day, be crowned with success. Surely, violence and wrong will not always be consequents in the world. We have so much wickedness to contend against at home, so much of misery to alleviate, which is caused by the mistakes of pride and power, that man-stealers and their abettors on your side of the water may, with some shadow of justice, fling back upon Europe her animadversions of their actions; yet America has, on a rec:nt occasion, made such a stride on the road of self-abasement, has so far outstripped us in the career of iniquity, I cannot but think her people will ever under the expression of indignant European public opinion. I doubt if the annals of mankind exhibit so infamous a proceeding as your recent legislation for the recovery of runaway slaves. We stand mute in amazement at that gigantic villany which has decreed that a whole nation of civilized men should, in the present age, transform themselves into bloodhounds, to track the footsteps of the fugitive from bondage. The thing is so monstrous, that one can hardly believe in the reality of such diabolism. There is, however, a redeeming feature in this iniquitous passage in your annals, which will yet cover the American people with honor. You will not submit to the decree that has gone forth. The tyrant has overshot the mark, and kindled an indignant flame in the heart of your republic, which will, I fondly hope, result in the overthrow of slavery. We shall ever look with anxiety for the news which every packet will bring us from your shores, and greatly will the friends of freedom here rejoice, if the tide of indignant public opinion, which has set in against your Fugitive Slave Bill, shall not alone fill the hearts of its concectors with dismay, but sweep away, in its resistless course, all those barbarous spheres Negro freedom in the South, and against Negro equality in the North, which have been reared up by the most advancing people upon earth, against the rights of humanity, and in defiance of the justice of heaven.

Samuel said to me, when we heard of the devilish enactment, that it was not likely the man-stealer would act on it, to any great extent, for this reason: that he would fear to return into slavery men who had tasted of the blessings of freedom; as these might light up in the bosoms of their brethren in bondage a longing desire for liberty, such as would cause them to overleap all fear, and give them nerve to work a terrible vengeance on their tyrants. And deplorable as such a result would be, no lover of the right could help sympathising with, and wishing success to, the slave, now transformed into a man, and awakened to a true sense of the dignity of his nature. His longing for liberty in one's heart the value of those principles of Christian Non-Resistance which we fondly hope are to fill the world with Peace, when the bloodhound is on the track of his victim. One might almost as well expect mercy from the hungry tiger, or the famished wolf. To ask a Douglass or a Brown to submit patiently under such circumstances, is more than we can expect from humanity; and the man who would transform such men into the midst of his human chattels, would be a fool, as well as a villain. May wise counsels than those which now govern your General Government and your State Legislatures, avert the sad calamity which the present course of events in your country seems to point to. It is really saddening to reflect on the condition of degradation to which American legislators have reduced their country, in the estimation of the rest of mankind. The true love of liberty has not an abiding home any where, yet the moral tone of nations is not so low as to prevent a feeling of deep indignation at the fact, that the men who talk most loudly about freedom have deliberately turned their portion of this fair earth into a hunting-ground, upon which the panting fugitive from the house of bondage can find no resting-place, and upon which the lawful owner of the soil dares not, without the risk of severe pains and penalties, perform the offices of humanity to his perishing brother. Americans, you must at once get rid of this foul stain upon your escutcheon, or you can no longer hold up your heads among freemen; even our dogs will turn to bark at you, if you walk abroad with this brand upon your foreheads.

I thank you, my friend, for the papers you have sent me, and I hope you have received those I have occasionally forwarded you, and which I have sent to the care of Mr. Phillips. These will have given you some account of my doings here. I might say much to you about Ireland, for we are full at the brim of topics of deep public interest. We have the Catholic Hierarchy divided on the question of a mixed education of our people, a portion of them intelligently advocating the principle, that our young men, of various religious denominations, should be brought together in the school-room of the college, there to learn practically, that 'God has created of one blood all the nations of men that dwell upon the face of the earth'; another portion of them, striving to bring us back to those gloomy days in which the soul was so shrouded in the dark cloud of bigotry, that man could see no virtue outside their own sect. Just as our Queen's Colleges have succeeded in dispelling the dark cloud spread over our country by religious intolerance, an attempt is made to destroy their usefulness; but the attempt will ultimately fail. Then we have the Irish Tenant League agitating the country from end to end, to procure an alteration in the arrangements between landlords and tenants. The object is a worthy one, but the means adopted for its attainment are so thoroughly opposed to sound economic principles, that complete failure must be the result, unless the party change their tactics. Then, again, we have our noble Temperance reformation, holding up her spotless banner, and inviting all to come and take shelter under its peaceful folds. Those who hear it aloft, and who proclaim that, until their victory is won, no attempts at reform in other directions can be successful, are still few in number. Not many rich men, not many of the clergy, or the nobles, or the merchants of the land, are with us; still we have a goodly array of the people at our backs, so that the vice of intemperance is pretty well held at bay. Here, in Dublin, you would still acknowledge that our population is a sober population. The people still rally round Father Spratt. He is constant in his desires to keep them in the path of teetotalism. We cannot boast of much progress in our good work; indeed, I am an other fool that I am, the enemy gains ground upon us, of late; yet I do believe that a good work has been done in Ireland, through the instrumentality of the Temperance reformation, and that that work will be durable in its usefulness. I do often, very often, mourn over the fall of Father Mathew from the proud and lofty and glorious position upon which he stood, and obtained the homage of the wise and good in all countries, and my abhorrence of slavery is but the more deepened, when I consider it was its unholy influence which finally dimmed the lustre of a name once so honored. I am sometimes ready to give up the work of human improvement in despair, when I see the lights of the world—the honored among men—unfaithful to high principle. Miss Bremer is one of the stars whose lustre has been tarnished by her encomiums on the departed slaveholder, and, if history speak true, the most bloody-minded warrior. If I err not, the warcry of General Taylor in Mexico was, 'Give them hell, boys!' Miss Bremer saw him in the midst of his family, among whom, I doubt not, he allowed his natural feelings of affection to expand, and shed a happy influence around him. In such a scene, one might be oblivious to the cruelties even of a Haynau; but Miss Bremer should have remembered that the world would read her eulogy, and she should have borne in mind that it was her duty, as a public instructór, to warn mankind against the blandishments of the man-stealer, and not in any degree to conceal his criminality. Your censure of Miss Bremer, although severe, is just.

I must send you this through the Liberator, as I know not where to direct to you, you are such a wandering star; and my paper is so completely filled I have no room to give you news of any friends here, or to make inquiries myself after friends at your side of the Atlantic. Suffice it to say, that we are all in usual health, and that I will ever love you and those who with you are laboring for the overthrow of slavery in your land.

I remain affectionately your friend,

JAMES HAUGHTON.

BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the B. F. A. S. Society, held on the afternoon of Oct. 30th, at No. 4 High street, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the present is a period of unusual discouragement, though full of new incentives to exertion, in consequence of the recent action of the government of the United States, particularly in the passage of the act known as the Fugitive Slave Bill.

Resolved, That the Fugitive Slave Law is an unjust, inhuman and atrocious law; that, if it be constitutional, the Constitution itself deserves the same epithets; but, in any event, we recognize a higher law, and an older Constitution, to which our allegiance is due, and in obedience to which, we will, by voice and pen, and by such other means as are in our power, endeavor to effect the repeal of the wicked law, and to prevent its enforcement upon any of the 'scattered and peeled' fugitives from the house of bondage.

Resolved, That, notwithstanding the darkness of the hour, we know that the dawn is advancing; yet still our efforts must not be remitted, nor our vigilance abated; and we now, therefore, humbly, but sternly, consecrate ourselves anew to the holy cause in which we are enlisted.

Resolved, That we deplore the recreancy of the distinguished Senator, whose words for liberty once rang from Plymouth Rock, and who might by such words have arrested the downward career of his country; or, at least, have signalized his own fidelity to the principles of his earlier days. And that we also deplore, and behold with shame and sorrow, the vote of Samuel A. Eliot, the late Representative from Boston, in favor of the Fugitive Slave Bill; that we regard his election as a misfortune, and his resignation as both proper and timely.

Resolved, That we think both justice and reciprocity require the passage of an act by the Legislature of Massachusetts, which shall, in some small degree, counterpoise the laws of the Southern States for the arrest of colored seamen; and that such act should, in substance, provide that every slave-catcher found on this soil shall be detained until one of our colored citizens imprisoned at the South shall be discharged in exchange for him.

Resolved, That we hear with a thrill of joyful expectation the arrival on these shores of that persecuted friend and advocate of liberty, George Thompson; and that, while we welcome him to our country, our homes, and our hearts, we feel that we are doing honor to a man who does honor to human nature.

Resolved, That we cordially pledge ourselves to assist by contributions and purchases, and by personal attendance, if in our power, the Seventeenth Anti-Slavery Fair.

Resolved, That we will renew our subscription for one hundred numbers of the Liberator for the coming year, to be distributed by a committee chosen at this meeting.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—

President—THANKFUL SOUTHWICK.
Vice Presidents—Helen E. Garrison.
Foreign Cor. Secretary—Anne W. Weston.
Domestic Cor. Secretary—Henrietta Sargent.
Recording Secretary—Sarah H. Southwick.
Treasurer—Mary Willey.
Counsellors—Mary May, Hannah F. Adams, Ann R. Brownell, Adeline J. Fuller, Hannah Tufts, Mary Willey.

WEYMOUTH AND BRAINTREE ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The annual Fair of the Weymouth and Braintree Female Anti-Slavery Society commenced on the evening of Monday, Oct. 28th, and closed on Saturday. The receipts were $192.76. The expenses, $7.25.

We esteem this our most successful sale, not merely in respect to its pecuniary result, but because it has attracted an unusual number of visitants, and has succeeded in securing a much larger amount of interest and sympathy than on any other previous occasion. Many not hitherto considered abolitionists have manifested so kindly a feeling, that we are induced to hope in coming time for a more energetic and intelligent co-operation. Now, if ever, do events call for increased numbers and fresher energies.

It is a delight our pleasure and duty to return the very grateful acknowledgments of the Society to several individuals to whose kindness we are exceedingly indebted. We would particularly thank Mr. Moore, the Superintendent of the Old Colony Railroad, for the use of the Ladies' Room at the depot; F. A. Kingsbury, Esq., for a valuable donation of books; Messrs. Loud & Co., for the coal used at the Fair; and Messrs. Richards & Dowse, for various acceptable donations. We would also express our thanks to the Committee of the Universalist Society, for the use of their church for Mr. Phillips's address, and to Mr. Tower, the sexton, for his gentlemanly services. For various acts of assistance from other friends of the cause, whom we will not now particularize, we are none the less grateful.

The success of the Fair was greatly increased by the excellent music with which we were each evening favored. We beg the gentlemen who gave us their services so cheerfully to believe that we are fully sensible of their kindness.

On Thursday evening, in connection with the Fair, Mr. Phillips gave an eloquent address on the Fugitive Slave Bill, to a crowded assembly. The presence of George Thompson, Esq., added greatly to the interest of the occasion, his former labors in this neighborhood being 'freshly remembered' by many of the abolitionists present.

We trust that in another year, our efforts may be still more effectual, and the results more encouraging, yet we are magnificently paid for our labors in any case, if we secure the approbation of our own consciences, and shall find our endeavors, however insufficient, accepted of Him who has promised that a cup of water given in His name shall not fail of its reward.

A. W. WESTON, *Secretary.*

FAREWELL SOIREE TO GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ., M. P.

Precious to his embarkation for America.

In last week's Liberator, we published the proceedings of a meeting held at the London Tavern, Oct. 16, for the purpose of bidding farewell to the Honorable Member for the Tower Hamlets, previous to his leaving England for the United States. For two of the speeches made on the occasion, we had not room. We publish them below.

Mr. WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, upon rising, was received with the most enthusiastic cheers, again and again repeated, accompanied by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. The applause having subsided, he spoke as follows:—Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen,—I feel more exquisite pleasure at being present to-night at a meeting, held, in part, at least, to bid farewell to my distinguished friend who has just introduced me to you, than I can possibly express. I have good reason to call him my friend, because, when I arrived in this country, he was the first man who gave me an introduction to the people of Great Britain. He received me, not only because I was a fugitive slave, but also because I came here on a mission in behalf of my enslaved countrymen. He felt the right hand of friendship, because I was identified with three millions of the population of America who are deprived of their inalienable rights by unrighteous laws, enforced by the people of a professed Christian republic. I rejoice to be here this evening, because our friend is about to leave England for the United States. I look with extreme satisfaction upon his visit to that country, because I know the effect his labors produced there fifteen years ago, and what a change has been brought about in the American public opinion, through the instrumentality of himself and others. While residing in the United States—for the greater portion of my life I was in the iron yoke of slavery (hear!—but I had scarcely made my escape from the Southern to the Northern States, before I heard, resounding in every direction, the name of Geo. Thompson, as one of the ablest, most powerful, and most fearless men who ever stood up to advocate the claims of the oppressed in that or any other country. At the time of his first visit, there existed such an universal pro-slavery spirit throughout the United States, that he was obliged to leave the country on account of the persecution to which he was subjected, as well as the imminent danger with which his very life was threatened. He was hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, because he dared to identify himself with the heroic few who then advocated the claims of the slave. Side by side with the Martin Luther of America—William Lloyd Garrison (loud cheers) he went forth in opposition to the popular opinion; in defiance of the pro-slavery spirit which pervaded the country, and publicly advocated the cause of the down-trodden African.

I was pleased to hear the honorable Chairman express his gratification at the presence of so many ladies. It led me to think of the wonderful contrast between Mr. Thompson's present position, and the circumstance in which he was once placed in Boston. Fifteen years ago, a few women assembled in that city, to hear a lecture from our distinguished friend; and, for this offence, because they dared to identify themselves with the anti-slavery movement, they were surrounded and mobbed by 5,000 "gentlemen," so calling themselves, dressed, not in fustian, but in good broadcloth. Because these twenty-five or thirty women met together for that purpose, they were mobbed by these 5,000 Boston gentlemen. Mr. Garrison was dragged through the streets with a halter round his neck, and Mr. Thompson was driven from the shores of the United States! Yet, although the fire of persecution burnt fiercely around him, he held fast to the cause of liberty. His attachment to the principles of liberty never forsook him: and those principles have so spread in the United States, that now, instead of twenty or thirty women, there are 300,000 American friends of freedom, who fearlessly raise their voices in behalf of the persecuted bondsmen. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Thompson is about again to visit the United States; but he will not be hunted in 1850 as he was in 1835: he will be regarded with very different feelings by the people of that country now. I know that the last accounts from the United States have brought intoration of the passage of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill by the American Congress. (Cries of 'Shame.') The men by whom that wicked act was committed have triumphed for a while, but although they have made the laws, they do not represent the will of the entire American people. (Hear.) It is by men pecuniarily interested in the continuance of the system, aided by a few Northern dough-faces, that the slave power of America is sustained. Certain Northern politicians, in building for offices, have indeed sold themselves to the slave power; and foremost in the ranks of these apostates, I regret to say, is the once great Daniel Webster, (hear,) a man whose eloquent speech in defence of slavery has blasted his former fame, and caused him to be regarded by the friends of freedom as the most enemy that liberty and humanity have ever had, from the days of Herod down to the time of Marshal Haynau. (Loud cheers.) Although this Fugitive Slave Bill, and other infamous measures of legislation, have been passed by the American Congress, there is a shoot of freedom among the people of the free States, which will induce them to give my friend, identified although he has long been with the cause of abolitionism, the most enthusiastic welcome the moment he lands upon its soil. Yes, there is a spirit of freedom, which will not permit the odious laws which the United States legislators have enacted to be put into operation in the New England States. (Cheers.) I have had abundant evidence that such is the case; notwithstanding the Congress has given to the slaveholder the legal power to chase the poor fugitive from the South into the free States, to capture him, and carry him back to slavery, yet I know that the slave-owner dare not, for example, set his foot in the city of Boston, and attempt to drag away a colored man as his slave. (Cheers.) I speak upon this subject with strong emotion, because I am myself a slave. What can I say in praise of America or her institutions? I know that here, in monarchical England, I am regarded and treated as a freeman. (Cheers.) I finally recognized as a freeman, and the more kindly and generously welcomed because I am an oppressed man; but in my own country—in republican America—I am in the eyes of the law, doomed by the treatment of a large body of the people, nothing more than a chattel personal—a piece of property, and should I return with my friends to the United States, I should be liable, by right, by the law of the land, to seize and carry me off into hopeless slavery; and any person who should give me a morsel of food upon landing on the shores of America would be legally subject to a fine of £200 for so doing. (Loud cries of 'shame!') But I rejoice to know that there is a better feeling prevailing among the American people than that which enactment the American legislature, and that, in the free States at least, there is a power stronger than the laws, the power of public opinion. (Cheers.) I am happy to be here this evening, because I know that my friends in the United States will inquire of Mr. Thompson what I am doing in England, and whether I have been true to the principles of that mission upon which I was sent to this country. When he informs them that I was present at this splendid gathering, to bid him an affectionate farewell, that a full crowd will be on act which will meet with their approval. My friend, upon introducing me to your notice, observed that his identifying himself with me would not be a very favorable recommendation of him to the American people, but I know there are hundreds of thousands there who will thank him for the act; who will know that he has been my friend and advocate wherever they would have deemed George Thompson out of his place, if he had not a fugitive slave by his side. (Cheers and laughter.)

Previous to my leaving America, a farewell meeting was given to me, at which the colored people,—mostly fugitive slaves,—committed me to my care, and charged me to proceed straightway to him as soon as I should land in Great Britain. They passed a resolution, unanimously and enthusiastically inviting Mr. Thompson to visit the United States, and gave three long, loud, and hearty cheers at his name. Although few of them had ever beheld his face, they knew his history: they had been informed of his heroic labors in their behalf, and they therefore enshrined him within their inmost souls. (Cheers.) I am glad that I am privileged to stand here this evening, to speak to so large and magnificent assemblage of men and women, because I feel it my duty to spread anti-slavery principles wherever I can. It is by the dissemination of those principles in this country, and among the slaveholding and slavery-advocating Americans to become conscious of the deep feeling of disgust and indignation of the people of England at the existence of slavery in a country professing to be the most free and enlightened republic on earth, that we hope to shame them out of it, if we cannot induce them by any other means to abolish the great national curse. But while the United States thus oppresses the slave, and creates a new and numerous body of slave-catchers for his recapture, I exult in the knowledge that, although they might hunt him completely out of the United States, there is one spot in America where he can be protected, and that is in the British possessions in North America. (Hear.) No matter that the United States Court decree him a slave; let him but reach Canada, and he is safe from the slave-hunter, his bloody-hills and blood-hounds.

I am proud of having this opportunity of speaking on behalf of my three millions enslaved countrymen, as well as my six hundred thousand oppressed fellow-country bondsmen. I trust that the number of those who have, like myself, made their escape from the house of bondage, may be ten multiplied. At this moment, there are in Canada from 25,000 to 30,000 fugitives from American slavery, (cheers,) who have fled there for the paternal protection of the mother country, and taken refuge beneath the shade of the British flag. The panting slave does not direct his steps to California, nor the easterly portion of the American territory, but he flies from every spot over which waves the stars and stripes of the American republic, and sits himself down within the dominions of the British crown; for there he knows he can rest secure, protected not only by the open opposition of the people to their laws, but by the very laws of the country themselves. Yes, sir, I do indeed feel the importance of my position here to-night, when I remember that I am standing before the British public as the representative of 3,000,000 of my own countrymen, with whom I am identified by oppression and personal suffering, as well as by the tenderest ties of nature. At the present moment, I have a beloved mother and sisters, and brothers, and friends, are linking their chains upon some rice, cotton, or sugar plantation. (Cries of 'Shame!') Is there any man then present, who can feel so deeply, or appreciate so fully, the importance of the departure of my friend Mr. Thompson for the United States, when I know that his personal presence, as well as the powerful influence of his eloquent pen, will give a most powerful impetus to the cause of African emancipation there? I know that the American friends of freedom will hail his arrival in an event that will give increased energy to the anti-slavery movement, and speed the coming of that longed-for day when the chains shall fall from the limbs of every slave in the land. It does, indeed, appear passing strange that I, an American, born and brought up in the United States republic, should stand in the centre of the British metropolis, with vastly greater freedom than I can enjoy, dare to do in my own country; that while English laws recognize and protect me as a man, American laws treat me as a chattel, a piece of property, and would sanction my being placed upon the auction-block and sold to the highest bidder, like a beast of the field, or an inanimate substance. (Hear.) What can more strikingly demonstrate the guilty inconsistency of the American people, than their active support of a despotism the most revolting, notwithstanding their loud talking in behalf of liberty the most universal? (Hear.) While they boast of their sympathy for the French Republicans, and ostentatiously parade their deep interest in the gallant struggle for Hungarian liberty, and that amongst these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that at the same time they daily lacerate the backs of men, ay, and women too; that they do even more; they sell them and their children by the pound, and dispose of God's image in the market as swine are trafficked for in this country. (Cheers.) Yes, of all people in the world, the Americans are indeed the most inconsistent. I will conclude my remarks by an anecdote illustrative of the difference between profession and practice, which forms one of the most striking traits of the American character. A meeting was held, in a county in New Hampshire, the consider the expediency of erecting a new poor-house. The people were much divided in opinion upon the subject, some wanting a new building, others considering the old one good enough for the purpose. After several meetings, they finally came, by a small majority, to a vote in favor of the new house. A committee was appointed to arrange the details. There was a very cute Yankee, who, in common with other members of the committee, saw the strife and bitterness that would be occasioned by carrying the vote into effect. He said, 'Leave it to me—I will settle the question to the satisfaction of the parties.' He accordingly drew up four resolutions:—First—Resolved, That we build a new poor-house. Second—Resolved, That we use the materials of the old house to build the new one. Third—Resolved, That we erect the new house on the spot where the old one now stands. Fourth—Resolved, That we keep the paupers in the old poor-house until the new one is built. (Loud laughter.) Such is the mode in which the Americans practically carry out their professed resolutions in favor of freedom. (Loud cheers.)

JOHN TWEAITES, Esq., then came forward and said—Sir Joshua Walmsley, ladies and gentlemen—I have always been extremely edified by the conduct of the President of this Association until this evening, (laughter,) but I am afraid if he pursues his present course, so far as I am concerned, he will get out of my books. I came to this meeting laboring under considerable bodily indisposition, but I determined to make a struggle to be here, in order that I might testify my respect for my friend, and the zealous friend of the Association, George Thompson. (Cheers.) Being very anxious to hear him, being somewhat afraid of hearing myself, and being in making a long, as I am accustomed to do, a good, speech. (Hear.) I am glad to have had an opportunity of being present with you to bid him farewell for a second time. I am sure that while he is away, we shall greatly miss him. (Hear.) I trust, however, that his absence will bring out some other spirit, if not as powerful, yet who will be able to render good service to the cause of reform—that other George Thompsons may rise up to fight the great battle in which we are all engaged. It not unfrequently happens, that the loss of one good and great man brings into action the dormant services of others. Talent, like the diamond, sometimes lies encrusted in clay, until some accidental circumstance brings to light the hidden treasure; so I trust in the present case, the absence of one diamond may be the means of discovering many others, and that when Mr. Thompson returns, he will find return to the original country, he may find many worthy sons to act with him on the platform of the people. (Hear.) I feel great pleasure in being present this evening to bid my friend farewell. I hope that Providence will long spare him to labor for the good of his fellow-man. (Hear.) I hear—that the God whom he has served so long and so faithfully will uphold him and enable him, when he arrives upon the soil of America, boldly to lift up his voice against that horrid system that oppresses our fellow-men, degrades a race, of whom we have such a bright example with us this evening. But in our zeal against slavery we must not fail to remember the National Reform Association. Let us, with redoubled energy, demand the abolition of a foreign country, forget the evils of our home growth. Let there be redoubled energy in the cause of reform on our own shores, and compensate for the loss of our friend George Thompson, and be able, when he returns to England, to point him to the progress we have made in the interim, so that we may not only welcome him back to our ranks and our hearts, but give him gratifying proofs of our having, during his absence, imitated his example of untiring industry and burning zeal for the good of the people. (Cheers.) I am glad that we have been able to enlist the ladies upon our side; I am sure they will prove our most powerful auxiliaries. (Hear.) It is also gratifying to me to observe, that we are cementing a stronger bond of union than previously existed between the various classes of the people. We have at length learned the great lesson, in the mastery of which we have been such dull scholars, that, notwithstanding our conventional divisions of upper, middle, and working classes, after all, we have really but one interest and one name—the People; and it is for us now to see that our power is used and put on to unjust legislation. Let us all perceive that we have but one common interest, and the people will soon compel us to do what we long before ought to have done—to recognize their just and legitimate rights. Let us put an end, at once and forever, to the notion, that the middle and working classes have isolated, or antagonistic interests. I trust that our friend, Mr. Thompson will return from his noble mission, not only with satisfaction to the bosom of his family, and to his place in the Council of this Association, but having cause to bless the Creator for having, during his absence, stirred up the souls of the people to unite for their common good.

Some your worthy President will hereafter abstain from calling on me to address such meetings as this. (Cries of 'No, no,') otherwise I shall probably shrink from attending them. (No, no,) and he will thereby deprive me of a great pleasure. I have only now to express my unfeigned satisfaction for having had the opportunity of being present to bid our friend farewell for a season. I repeat my fervent wish that he may return in renewed health and vigor to aid us in bringing about the consummation of our great and glorious cause. We intend to have a Soiree at the Bridge House Hotel, Southwark, on the first of next month, on a magnificent scale, where we hope to have a large attendance of ladies. Some friend will then, perhaps, show them how much they are paying in taxes upon their tea, and other articles of domestic consumption, so that they may perceive what encouragement we give to our country, indirectly, to the taxes of the country. If they become fairly enlisted in the cause of financial reform, they will never suffer their husbands to run, or their wife by the thorough financial reformers, and enrol themselves members of our Association. If we can thus cause the junction of the husband and wife by the fireside in the cause of reform, we shall have the most effective instrument of political power that we could possibly possess. [Cheers.]

Refuge of Oppression.

From the Daily Mail, of Saturday.

The Great Mass Meeting last evening in Faneuil Hall.—Reception of George Thompson.—Speech of Abby Folsom from the Gallery.—Insults from Hundreds of Colors.—The Meeting dissolved by the Police.—&c. &c.

The city papers, for a few days past, gave publicity to the following card:—

[Here follows the notice of the Reception Meeting intended to be given to Mr. Thompson in Faneuil Hall.]

Not short of ten thousand of the funniest, noisiest, leather-lunged, 'kick-up-a-dust' disposed spirits of Massachusetts, were in the gallery, and the way they yelled, screeched, crowed, brayed and cheered was dre-o-e-adful upon the vocal organs and fine feelings of thin-skinned people. The meeting was duly organized about 7, P. M., by the choice of Edmund Quincy as Chairman, and the performances began by the veterans of the abolition business. Some Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips and twenty to about half the way through, when the 'noise and confusion' became so troublesome that Garrison ended in lamb show. Wendell Phillips next took the rostrum, and sawed away dreadfully, but it was no use, for the yelling was terrific—enough to make the hair of a giant man stand upon end. Dan'l Webster was loudly called for, but he wasn't to be had. Marshal Tukey, Abby Folsom, and about every other remarkable individual of the day, from Buff Cooley to Abby Folsom—John Smith, the only man never-to-be-forgotten individual who was supposed to have butted ye Bull off the Batter-ut!

Jenny Lind was loudly cheered, and Lola Dodge had also a 'call'; but as most of the fine famed individuals were forthcoming, the greasy citizens broke out into alternations of groans and hisses, hisses and groans, as best suited their tastes upon this especial occasion.

Mr. Phillips 'hung' on, with a great show of 'bottom,' but the spunk of the grandfather of the Bull stands for the pleasant course, when listened to with attention.

'Three cheers for the Continental Congress.'

'Three cheers for Daniel Webster!' And these cheers were hearty and boisterous enough, in all conscience. Mr. Phillips was repeatedly requested to—

'Sit d-o-w-n!'

'Give it to him, Mr. Brown!'

'Take a bottle of Mrs. 'Tilley's Co-o-ough Syrup,' and you will be all right.' Mr. Brown was hearty.

Mr. Phillips was as hoarse as a bullfrog in a bog in his efforts to be heard, by this worse than ten bedlams' scene. He had said, at the end, five minutes was all he asked to be heard in, and would then give way to his friend, Mr. Thompson. Mr. Thompson! But the five minutes were 'up,' and Mr. Phillips was now called to *time!* Finding it fruitless to withstand or attempt to withstand the noise of the furious and boisterous mob, he left the meeting, Mr. Phillips retired, and then the mass went into innumerable cheers.

Mr. Edmund Quincy then came upon the rostrum, wrapped his long cloak, and shook his hair, and teeth at the crowd, but the groans that assailed him soon vanquished his fire. He 'caved in,' and then the mob went off again into boisterous cheering and loud and vociferous calls for 'order!' Three cheers for the Union! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Mr. George Thompson then came forward, and his features were a mixed picture of the course essayed to say something, but it was no go. Rings—about fifteen feet in diameter!—were made in the centre of the house for some 'fun' to commence. Boys and Tom Thumbs were 'up to go,' and then a party gave out Yankee Doodle, no particular metre, and all those who could pucker went in and whistled the thing off as near as they could.

Thompson—who, by the way, is a big, burly, beef and pudding eating gentleman, and they say a man of winning eloquence, when he could get his arms, and man of winning eloquence, when he could get his arms, and the attention of the noisy demonstration in praiseworthy coolness, but the moment he attempted to speak, he was hissed and groaned at awfully.

Mr. Thompson, at last, saw that some of the crowd had real Dorkins or Shanghoas in their breeches, for the crowing was equal to the hissing. The hubbly show and the hubbly shouting, Mr. Thompson 'sickened of 'Expediency' with his colleagues, and they seemed anxious to stand up to the trough—fodder or no fodder.

But it was no use, not the first red. The 'sovereigns' had made up a case against Thompson, and he had to give in. As he left the platform, the yelling, groaning and crowing were horrible!

The police came in, but so no breach of the peace was actually being made, they took off their badges, and hung around and mingled.

Mr. W. H. Channing next arose, but he soon 'caved.' Then up 'rix' Abby Folsom, and the way she did give the noisy fellows, jesse was in her rich and racy style. The mob cheered and cheered Aunt Nabby, and the old lady fired off her biggest guns, and went on so that great fears were entertained lest she should tear her dimity. Abby was hauled down, and then the mob gave the colored ladies—with

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION 'A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL.'

☞ Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves—first, the protection, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons.... To call government that was constituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIO NAL GOVERNMENT.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, PRINTERS.

which the galleries were crowded—three roaring cheers.

Theodore Parker was the next victim, but he soon came down, as he might as well have tried a game of quoits with a whirlwind, as to have got in a word there, edgeway.

Fred. Douglass's black phiz was next exhibited, but the mob was down on Fred; 'hot corn,' 'charcoal,' and other vegetable compounds filled the air; and a number of the black and white ladies, all jumbled up together in the galleries, tried to faint, or looked as though some of them wished they had been home attending to the cake, churning and patching department of their several domestic quarters. And we here take the responsibility of saying, any white female (black fly, not ugly enough to pass for a colored 'passon' the *yaller janders*, not addicted to snuff or brimstone, married or single, who would attend one of these noisy, indecent, ungentlemanly, public gatherings, nit no great shakes, nohow nor nothing.

Hereupon, Captain Adams, the biggest policeman in the city, scrambled upon the rostrum, and said the meeting was dissolved by order of the Chief of Police, and the people must leave the house. The gas was shut down, and the vast multitude passed out into the streets, cheering and yelling as they went.

Thompson, Douglass, etc., managed to slip off under the galleries before the meeting closed, under cover of Abby Folsom's limpooning of the boys for crowing like roosters and bridling like mares. There was reason to fear that Thompson would have been mobbed if he had not slipped out in time, and before the mass knew it. Altogether, it was a very rich, lively and exciting little episode in the city, not rather dull life in our usually gay and lively city.

Several hundreds who were unable to enter the hall from the first crowd, remained outside during the meeting, and occasionally joined in the terrific cheers for 'Daniel Webster and the Union.'

At the dissolution of the meeting, a rush was made upon a carriage which was standing near the Hall, amid loud yells of 'Here's Thompson!' but the carriage was empty. Thompson, Douglass, *et alia*, had made their escape some half hour before.

From the Boston Times of Saturday last.

Tremendous Excitement in Faneuil Hall—Enthusiastic Welcome to George Thompson—The Abolitionists Utterly Broken Up!

George Thompson, member of the British Parliament from the borough of Tower Hamlets, City of London, has been silenced by the indignant voices of Boston for ever in their own sacred birthright, FANEUIL HALL! The Abolitionists, headed by Garrison, Edmund Quincy, Wendell Phillips, and that black disgrace to human nature, Fred. Douglass, had determined to give a fawning welcome to a man, who slobbered selected Faneuil Hall as the scene of their insult to American Freemen and the American Union. A crowd in Boston was circulated yesterday, and at six o'clock last evening, the people began to assemble. At seven, the floor of the hall was filled with the citizens of Boston, of all classes—from the hard-working mechanic down to the Long Wharf merchant.

At seven, the hall was densely crowded—the galleries filled with women, a large proportion black, a great many old maids, and a few pretty girls. The aisles and the street in front of the hall, was also crowded. From the remarks of the people, it was evident that the meeting would be *rather* enthusiastic.

At seven o'clock, Edmund Quincy took the Chair, and was received with tremendous expressions of disgust. A large crowd on the floor commenced singing the well known and excessively popular chorus, 'We won't go home till morning!' In the midst of this, Wendell Phillips mounted the rostrum, and attempted a speech—but not a word could be heard two feet from the platform.

There he stood vainly gesticulating—his hands and arms swaying around, but he could not say three words, without being interrupted by yells of derision, such as 'Gammon!' 'False!' 'You're a traitor!' Soon the crowd began to cry for Thompson! Mr. Phillips said—'In a moment, gentlemen,'—but the rest was drowned in the roar of the crowd. Mr. Phillips remained on the platform for about half an hour, and in the whole of that time, nothing could be heard, but the words we have quoted above. Finally, thinking that he could effect nothing, he gave way, and

GEORGE THOMPSON stepped forward. On his appearance, there went up a roar of the most frightful description. It seemed indeed as if ten thousand screams had been commingled into one! It was a combination of hooting and groaning, it seemed as if the people had let out the pent-up rage of centuries. Hisses, groans and cries, commingled with cheers for the Union, Daniel Webster, Joseph Grimaldi, Tom Folsom, William Shakspeare, and Richard the Third, cat-calls, whistles, imitation of the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks and the quacking of ducks, were the order of the day. Some ladies, being pinched for him to go home and save his own slaves, others inquired particularly after the state of the natives of British India; it was three were solicitous as to the health of Queen Victoria's babies, and all seemed determined that he should not say a word. The outpouring expression he made was, 'Gentlemen!' then another roar, and the balance of his speech—no doubt very nice—was lost forever. Thompson is a grey-haired, sharp featured man, about five ten inches in height, and looks something like McGill, of the Exchange, only not near so good looking. He seems like one of those lean, hungry demagogues portrayed by Shakspeare.

As he stood on the platform before the excited crowd, it seemed as if they could with difficulty refrain from lynching him, yet still he stood with a sickly smile, gesticulating to the excited elements kindled at him. The scenes on the floor beggar description. In one place stood Elizur Wright, of the *Chronicle*, fanning a lady in the mouth, and violently declaring that the people were a set of rowdies sent there by Webster whigs, and, as he said, 'tools of the aristocracy.' We heard him call one man, who had not said a word, but was quietly leaning against a post—'You're a rowdy, sir!' 'You are a gentleman,' was the only answer, and in a moment after, Elizur was knocked down and trampled in great shape. He was pulled and twisted about, and a ring was made for him, in which he executed a very bad imitation of an opera polka!

Meanwhile Thompson still remained upon the stand, and was reinforced by Quincy and Francis Jackson—the appearance of the trio was only the signal for more noise, and 'confusion worse confounded' reigned supreme. Finally Thompson gave way—his withdrawal was the signal for renewed joy in the crowd, who immediately gave three cheers for Mistress Abigail Folsom, the popular actress, a conspicuous position in the gallery. That estimable lady benignantly waived her hand, and proceeded to make a speech—only a few words of which were audible. She was going on all mornings organized like this, and she didn't appear to be very favorably impressed in favor of Mr. Thompson. After a while she got out her last down, and the boys gave her three cheers. Theodore Parker then attempted to make a speech—but somebody recommended to him the use of a hard medicine called 'Hydro Hyperion Fluid'—he stood there for a few moments, frantically gesticulating, pointing first to the portrait of Washington—then to Peter Faneuil—but all in vain—the people would not hear him.

Then Parker Pillsbury essayed his chance, but he was also hooted down. A large party commenced whistling 'Yankee Doodle,' which was popular airs, others sang negro refrains, others—but the scene baffles description. The women now began to grow frightened, and left in droves. Elizur Wright had managed to get upon the stand, and made a few feeble remarks, which were altogether private, for nobody but himself knew what they were about, and then he sat down. Then Fred. Douglass showed himself amid a perfect storm of hisses. He stood grinning for a while, and finally frightened by a shower of little missiles he retired.

It now became evident to all, that the meeting was decidedly broken up, and the leaders of the abolition fanatics began to fear for their own safety. The lights were turned, and Mesrs. Thompson and Douglass escape d under cover of the darkness, and the people still lingered, and Captain Sam Adams, commander of the police force, mounted the platform. The captain was received with mine cheers, and perfect quiet being restored for the first time that evening, he said:

Gentlemen—I am requested by the Marshal to inform you that this meeting is now adjourned.'

The Captain's speech was the only one heard during the evening, and we have reported it in full.

A large crowd lingered round the hall for an hour after the adjournment, but at ten o'clock every thing was quiet.

The police in large numbers were in the hall, but no arrests were made—they ejected two men who were pugnaciously boisterous.

Altogether, this was the greatest and the funniest meeting ever held in Boston.

From the Boston Herald.

George Thompson Presented from Speaking in Faneuil Hall!—Indications of a Decided!—Great Tumult and Uproar!—The Disunionists Defeated!

The reception of George Thompson, a member of the English Parliament, and a notorious abolitionist, was advertised to come off in Faneuil Hall at seven o'clock last evening.

The President—a sort of abolition popinjay—rose with much nervousness, and adjusted his gold specks, blinked around his audience, as if he had been confered upon him, and congratulated the vast audience that they had met to welcome that great advocate of freedom, GEORGE THOMPSON!

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, the maniac leader of the Disunionists, appeared upon the platform, and endeavored to convince the meeting that this 'Thompson was not a Simpleton!' He then read a long written panegyric of the Englishman, which partook amazingly of the qualities of soft soap. The auditory finally got tired of Garrison's stuff, and called for Thompson. Garrison then bowed out, and gave a history of Thompson's life, from his birth down to the present. Garrison then went on to say, that fifteen years ago, Mr. Thompson came to this country with the spirit of a Howard; but the pseudo pulpit, and the people were down upon him! He was hunted for his life—he was obliged to make a clandestine escape from Northampton! 'Shall Old Garrison, the Boston of 1835 is not the Boston of 1850?' [The negroes in the Hall here gave three cheers.] 'The Massachusetts of 1850 is not the Massachusetts of 1835?' [Groans of 'louder!' 'louder!' Garrison's voice was drowned, but he managed to stumble through with the document which he held in his hand. The Abolitionists to grow uproarious, and when nearly concluded, Garrison could scarcely be heard. Cries of 'sit down!' 'Bouse 'em up!' rang through the hall—until finally some one called for three cheers for Daniel Webster! and three such tremendous hurrahs never before shook the walls of old Faneuil Hall. Then came three cheers for the Union, three cheers for Henry Clay! and three more for Webster. A great uproar ensued—the crowd in the hall swayed to and fro like big waves, while all manner of noises filled the air.

The President of the Abolitionists endeavored to introduce Mr. Thompson, but his remarks were drowned in the tumult. Cheers for Webster were repeatedly given, and Mr. Thompson, the President threatened the audience with the terrors of the police, three cheers were given for Marshal Tukey! Quincy got pretty mad, and, when he was so hoarse he couldn't talk, he squatted in his chair, covered with perspiration.

Wendell Phillips then attempted to still the elements of discord, and he made a powerful pull at Thompson; but he made a poor show. Wendell is about the only man of the Garrison gang whom the masses will ever hear; but last night, he failed to get the ear of the people. Portions of his speech was all dumb show—pure pantomine! All that could be heard was cheers for Webster and the Union. After considerable time, however, Phillips was heard to say—'This is an honor to George Thompson! when the doors of Faneuil Hall are thrown open to him as the noblest atonement for the odium cast upon him!' Here he was

Phillips was here interrupted by yells, screeches and war-whoops—cries of 'Wendell, sit down!' 'Gammon!' 'Call for Thompson.' 'Get a rail!' 'Let him put his head to soak.'

GEORGE THOMPSON was finally introduced to the assemblage. He is a fine-looking man of 45 or 50 years of age, with a cultivated and sensitive countenance, his deportment. He was at first saluted with three cheers by the negroes and abolitionists, which were followed by groans and hisses from the majority of those present.

'Gentlemen! gentlemen!' was all that could be heard from the Englishman. He stood by the side of a music stand, which he seized frantically during a tumonus manuscript. But no act of violence was attempted—no missile was thrown—although the multitude seemed determined that Thompson should not speak, every one was in good humor, and the only object was to drown the speaker's voice by cheers for Webster, Winthrop, the Constitution, and the *Boston Herald!*

Mr. T. mounted the rostrum at twenty minutes before eight o'clock, and after half a dozen unsuccessful attempts to speak, he seemed inclined to back out. The poor man didn't seem to know what to make of the proceedings, and finally grabbed his manuscript speech, and tried to leave the platform. But Garrison and Quincy insisted that he should remain, and he yielded. He commenced again, 'Gentlemen!' but it was a dead failure. He then quietly seated himself in a chair, called for a glass of water, and seemed disposed to bear all like a martyr.

Rings were formed in the centre of the floor, in which individual and general fights took place; hats were smashed and trampled upon, and coats torn loose—then came a series of dances, with Indian warwhoop accompaniments. It was hell let loose, and Pandemonium let out to play—demons in the gallery looked pale. Garrison was very sad. Ed. Quincy was exceedingly mad. Theodore Parker seemed very devout and engaged in prayer. Phillips was in a quandary. Jackson shook his bald pate. Douglass raved. Meanwhile, the turbulent mass watched every movement of the leaders of the meeting, and no sooner commenced to move or any one else attempt to speak then the roof would seem to be lifted with the thunder-tones of a thousand excited men. At eight o'clock Thompson again made a demonstration of speaking, but he was hooted, but he was urged to 'wait a little longer' by his friends.

Three rousing cheers for Daniel Webster—three for the Union, and three for the Constitution, were given John Bull—and then a large company commenced whistling Yankee Doodle, which was excellently performed, and received great applause.

Abby Folsom attempted to make a speech in the front of the south gallery, and she was called on for a speech. After about nine cheers for Abby, she was allowed to commence—she was quietly listened to the right of speech, but was seromely interrupted in lovely very sentence. Said she—'the roar of the lion is majestic, is sublime in his native deserts; but not so his grunt, under the lash of the drivers, on a menagerie; this roar is symbolical of free speech, his grunt is like unto a speech made under the direction of a chairman and the committee of managers—and then she inveighed against the officers of anti-slavery meetings, because she—meaning the martyrs Abby—had been often dragged from their presence by the police.

Three hisses went on. Gentlemen cried 'Police!' but there was no police. Finally, after an hour's vain essay to speak, Thompson retired from the stand, vanquished and disgusted. The multitude had triumphed—the Englishman who had lauded our country was not suffered to let the walls of Faneuil Hall echo to his voice—and twenty hearty cheers went up from a vast assemblage for all.

Rev. Theodore Parker now appeared, and appealed to the patriotism of the assembly, and pointed to the portraits of Washington, Adams, and others whose names are held in veneration by the Americans, but without success. He pulled off his overcoat, but concluded that he might as well dress himself again.

Elizur Wright, Jr., then feebly followed Mr. Parker, and told the meeting that if Boston did not boast of a free Hall, it did boast of a free Press! He gesticulated very violently, but silently—but it wouldn't do. The meeting didn't seem to care whether he was an editor of a free press or not—they would tolerate nothing but cheers for the Union.

Mr. Fred. Douglass then arose, and, he was honored to make himself heard. The noise and confusion did not abate, and after tiring himself in the attempt to make himself heard, he sat down as an American citizen, etc.—he sat down. Douglass was hissed and hooted in a very uproarious manner throughout the time he appeared on the platform. During the time Douglass was on the stand, some one in the crowd threw a cent at his head, which struck a gentleman standing on the platform, under the ear. Mr. Douglass could hardly be heard by the audience, as he amused himself by pointing his fingers at them in a sneering and contemptuous manner. The audience showed their contempt for him by refusing to hear him.

After Douglass had disappeared, some fifty of the audience commenced whistling Yankee Doodle, and made the hall vibrate with this old continental air. They kept time with their feet, and at the end of every strain, they gave cheers for the Union, Webster, Bigelow, and others. A gentleman, whose name we could not learn, ascended to take down the troubled spirits—and after giving vent to considerable passion, he thought he might as well leave the platform—and he did so.

The lights were lowered, making the hall quite dark. During the suspension of the light, Mr. Thompson and his friends left the hall. The crowd remained, awaiting a speech, but they were doomed to disappointment. A few minutes before nine o'clock, Capt. Sam Adams of the police appeared on the platform, and was received with cheers.

soon as silence was restored he said—'Gentlemen, I am instructed by the Marshal to inform you that the meeting has adjourned.' Loud groans followed this announcement, and the crowd left the hall cheering the Union, Webster, President Pillsmore, Harry Clay, etc., in very good spirits, and were unbounded in their denunciation of the men who are trying to sow the seed of discord among the people of the American Republic. At ten o'clock, the square in front of the Hall was clear, the persons who had composed the meeting having peacefully retired to their homes.

From the Boston Daily Bee.

The Great Thompson at Faneuil Hall!—Cradle of Liberty in an Uproar!—The American Eagle Astonished!—A Little of Everything to Pay, and no Work Done!

The Thompson Reception Meeting last evening at Faneuil Hall was one of the most wonderful occasions on the records of modern history. *Such* a reception very few men ever had, and hope that either over, or on under the earth. We never heard such unearthly, inhuman, strange, uncouth, hideous noises in all our born days. One would have thought Babel was let loose, and all the black fiends of the lower region out on a frolic.

The programme opened the great show with a series of groans, hisses, cat-calls, and brimstone resolutions, which few heard, and nobody seemed to care much about. While the first one, which was marvellously long gaited, was being read, three most uproarious cheers were given for Daniel Webster, the American eagle, and the man with a white hat.

At the conclusion of the resolution, by which the meeting did not appear to be much enlightened or pleased, Wendell Phillips attempted to make a speech which was nearly prevented by various calls, such as 'Three groans for Gov. Briggs,' 'Six groans for English Slavery,' 'Two cheers for the man with the high shirt collar,' 'Two for Abby Kelley,' 'A round for the man in the high-heeled boots,' with sundry other warm and poetical sayings. Mr. Phillips thinking it too hard work to row against this furious tide, sat down very much agitated. After wiping his nose, he appeared very much relieved.

Calls now being made in succession for Mrs. Foster, Father Lanson, Lucretia Mott, Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Thompson, the latter took the rostrum, and attempted to speak. At this moment, three tremendous cheers were given to Daniel Webster, three to colored woman with a white bonnet in the gallery, and nine more to the man whose corn had been nearly squashed.

After facing this volley of cheers, and groans, and hurrahs and shouts for half an hour, Mr. Thompson sat down in a chair which had been passed to the rostrum. Three more cheers were here given for Daniel Webster and the Union, and also for the short man with spectacles. After in vain waiting for the troubled waters to calm, and listening to all sorts of groans, and cheers, and sundry noises of an indescribable nature, the lights were put nearly out, and the audience with much reluctance left the hall without hearing the great speech which has been cooking for six months. We presume the reason of this may be found in the next Liberator, and very possibly, Mr. Thompson's speech that wasn't delivered in Faneuil Hall. There were many impatient people in the Hall, and it became necessary for the Police to take one man to the lock-up.

What the result of this demonstration will be, we shall see. One thing, however, may be put down, viz: that Boston is a growing country, and that it is most time to issue a new and enlarged map.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, NOV. 22, 1850.

RECEPTION MEETING

FOR GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ. M. P., AT WORCESTER—ADJOURNED FROM FANEUIL HALL!

LET THE HEART OF THE COMMONWEALTH SPEAK!

On account of the riotous proceedings, by which the meeting in Faneuil Hall, on Friday evening last, was broken up, that meeting was adjourned, by special and urgent request of citizens of Worcester present, to WORCESTER, and will be held in the CITY HALL there, on SATURDAY NEXT, (TO-MORROW,) November 23d, commencing at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., WM. L. GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and others, will address the meeting.

A special train of cars will leave the Depot of the Boston and Worcester railroad, for Worcester, on Saturday, (the 23d,) at 8 1-2 o'clock, A. M. Returning, leave Worcester at 4 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

TICKETS for the excursion, at HALF THE USUAL FARE, may be had at 21 Cornhill, or at the Ticket Office.

On behalf of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON,
WENDELL PHILLIPS,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, } *Committee.*
EDMUND QUINCY,
SAMUEL MAY, JR.

☞ As a withering rebuke to Boston, in which mob law has been allowed by the authorities to rule supreme, it is to be hoped that a numerous delegation of the friends of freedom and order in this section will avail themselves of this opportunity to testify their abhorrence of a demon-spirit of persecution, and to hear one of the noblest advocates of humanity now living. Let the train be a long and crowded one, and all be prompt at the time and place. It was a happy thought to take an appeal from aristocratic and mobocratic Boston to the heart of the Commonwealth. We have no fears as to the verdict.

LECTURES BY GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ., M. P.

At the earnest invitation of numerous friends, this distinguished philanthropist and eloquent orator has consented to deliver a course of

FIVE LECTURES

in Boston, to commence on Tuesday evening, the December 3d, and to continue on Friday, the 6th; Tuesday, the 10th; Friday, the 13th; and Tuesday, the 17th of December.

The first three Lectures will embrace the *History, Condition and Prospects of British India*; the last two will be on the *Reform Movements of Great Britain*.

Further particulars will be hereafter announced.

Tickets for the Course, One Dollar each. Single Lectures, 25 cents. For sale at 21 Cornhill, and at the several Bookstores.

☞ The indecent, cowardly and base attempt to prevent Mr. Thompson from being heard at Faneuil Hall will undoubtedly serve to increase the desire to hear this gifted man, and secure a large audience for this valuable course of lectures.

EXPLANATION. As an act of simple justice to Mr. Thompson, it is proper to state, that although the 'Chronotype' obtained for publication the speeches prepared by him in manuscript to be delivered in Faneuil Hall and at the Belknap-street Church, Mr. Thompson would just as readily have given copies to those speeches to any other paper applying for them. The scandalous and uncalled for attacks of the Chronotype upon the personal friends of Mr. Thompson, with whom he is specially identified, make this explanation necessary.

☞ We understand that a reception meeting is contemplated to be given to Mr. Thompson, in Lynn, on Wednesday evening next.

CONGRATULATORY MEETING TO GEO. THOMPSON, ESQ. M. P., IN FANEUIL HALL.

DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS OF THE WEBSTER WHIG PARTY.

In the last number of the Liberator, we had the pleasure of announcing to our readers that on the evening of Friday, Nov. 15th, a meeting of the friends of reform would be held in Faneuil Hall, to welcome back to our shores George Thompson, after an absence of fifteen years. We have no doubt that this announcement was hailed with real satisfaction by a large majority of our fellow-citizens, who felt that it would be an opportunity of expressing our high sense of that distinguished gentleman's public career during his long absence from us, and our delight at being honored again with his presence among us. I feelings akin to these, we have no doubt, caused the assembling, last Friday evening, in Faneuil Hall, of one of the largest audiences that have ever thronged that world-renowned Hall. Full half an hour before the time announced for the commencement of proceedings, every available space was crowded to its utmost capacity, and even the stairs were thronged with persons anxious but unable to obtain admission to the Hall.

At a quarter to seven, the Committee of Arrangements, accompanied by the speakers and the distinguished guest of the evening, entered the room; and as soon as Mr. Thompson was recognized, he was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause from all parts of the hall, mixed with a few hisses from a party of boys and Webster-boys, who were gathered in the centre of the floor.

Mr. Francis Jackson then came forward, and announced that the Committee of Arrangements proposed the following gentlemen for the officers of the evening:—

President—EDMUND QUINCY, of Dedham.

Vice Presidents—Bourne Spooner, of Plymouth; E. L. Capron, of Worcester; Andrew Robeson, of New Bedford; Rev. John Pierpont, of Medford; James Russell Lowell, of Cambridge; John T. Sargent, of Boston; Charles F. Hovey, of Boston; John Bailey, of Lynn; S. G. Shipley, of Boston.

Secretaries—Henry I. Bowditch, of Boston; James N. Buffum, of Lynn; Joseph Mason, Jr., of Boston.

The appointments having been confirmed by the unanimous vote of the meeting, and the various officers having taken their respective stations, the President opened the meeting as follows:

You are aware, my friends, that this meeting is called to welcome back our fellow-citizen our distinguished friend, George Thompson, after an absence of fifteen years. (Great applause.) I thank you, my friends, for this testimony which you have given of the pleasure you feel at this announcement, evincing as it does the feelings that have assembled you together to-night. I shall not occupy any portion of your time this evening, having neither the ability nor disposition to make such a purpose on such an occasion; but I shall at once proceed to the regular arrangements of the evening. You will first be addressed by Mr. William Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. Garrison, on rising, was received with mingled cheers and hisses. He said it devolved upon him to read a detailed account of the public career of George Thompson, since his last visit to America; and for this reason, and from the fact that he was at present laboring under the effects of a severe cold, he should not indulge in any remarks of his own. Mr. Garrison then proceeded to read the following

ADDRESS.

In the hall consecrated to human liberty and equality,—endeared by revolutionary associations and famous throughout the world,—the friends of Reform, International Amity and Universal Emancipation have assembled, on this occasion, to welcome to these shores George Thompson, Esq., of England, now happily present, and to testify their high appreciation of his character as an intrepid reformer and a world-wide philanthropist.

A brief historical sketch of the public career of Mr. Thompson will show on what grounds he is regarded as worthy of all honor, wherever he may travel, whatever country he may visit, by those who love oppression, revere justice, love freedom, and acknowledge the brotherhood of the human race. This sketch seems to be especially demanded at this time, in consequence of the indecent and dastardly assaults upon him by various public journals, and in order to remove the numerous misconceptions which prevail as to his object and efforts, whether at home or abroad.

By birth, George Thompson owes nothing to rank or fortune. Of respectable but humble parentage, he belongs to the masses in England, who are suffering under hereditary usurpation, borne down by the heavy burdens of tyrannical power, the prey of governmental harpies; who are struggling against fearful odds for the redress of their wrongs and the restoration of their rights; from whom he has never allowed himself to be divorced, for one moment, on the score of sympathy and destiny; and to whose cause he has generously consecrated talents of the brightest order, elegance of the most attractive character, all the extraordinary gifts with which a gracious Creator has so liberally endowed him. As respects his position and attainments, he is emphatically a self-made man. With abilities, which, if they had been devoted to the accumulation of wealth or to personal aggrandizement, would have placed him for himself governmental patronage or an independent revenue, he has trampled under his feet all the temptations of official authority, spurned the flattering offers of a blood-aristocracy, resisted every effort to corrupt his integrity, and crucified himself to all considerations of worldly emolument; so that of none can it more truly be said, he is 'that noblest work of God, an honest man.'

Twenty years ago—in the early period of manhood—his sympathies were enkindled in behalf of the lacerated and manacled slaves in the British West Indies; and their cause he continued steadfastly to espouse until every fetter was broken, and full hundred thousand human chattels were in one hour transformed into freemen.

From 1830 to 1834, he was engaged as the traveling lecturer of the London Anti-Slavery Society, under the auspices of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, Macaulay, Cropper, and other eminent philanthropists, and so adapted the powers of his speech, his appeals excited the highest enthusiasm, and produced an irresistible effect. By his agency, anti-slavery societies were multiplied, and effective laborers in the cause secured throughout the United Kingdom, and a popular agitation commenced and consummated unequalled in the records of any philanthropic movement. So enraged and alarmed were the West India slave proprietors at his triumphant progress, that they brought into the field against him a champion of the slave system, subtle, intelligent and eloquent, to follow Mr. Thompson from one end of the kingdom to the other, with the avowed purpose of counteracting putting him to flight. In every instance, however, in which the parties measured weapons with each other before a British audience, Mr. Thompson received the popular verdict, and covered his brow with laurels; and Mr. Borthwick—the name of his antagonist—soon finding out that he was wrongly engaged in a bad cause had discovered before then, that discretion was the better part of valor, was not reluctant to retire from a conflict in which success was impossible, and defeat inevitable.

It is not exaggerating in the slightest degree the labors of Mr. Thompson at this memorable period—it is not detracting aught from any of the noble men and women who gave themselves unreservedly to the work of abolition—to say that to him is due, in an eminent degree, the credit of emancipating the bondmen in the West India colonies, in consequence of his extraordinary efforts to enlighten and quicken the public mind of Great Britain in relation to that detestable system.

In 1834, the chattel form of West India slavery having been abolished by Parliamentary enactment, and a temporary apprenticeship substituted in its place, Mr. Thompson was requested by the New American Anti-Slavery Society,—in consequence of his experience in the work, his philanthropic spirit, and his great power of eloquence and persuasion,—to take up his residence in this country, and labor with the same Christian zeal for the liberation of those who were clanking their chains on the American shore, that he had exhibited for the redemption of the enslaved in the British colonies. Accordingly, turning his back upon honorable and lucrative prospects at home, and exiling himself from the land of his birth, he came to us in the spirit of a Howard, irresistibly drawn hither by his humane sympathies, and animated by the purest feelings of regard for the honor, stability, freedom and prosperity of our republic. It was no wild adventure, no rash decision, that induced him to identify himself with the little band of despised and persecuted friends of impartial liberty on this side of the Atlantic; but he was animated by a Christ-like spirit to go about doing good, to testify against prevailing sin, to vindicate the sacred rights of our common humanity; and by helping to remove from this country its foulest stain, its direst curse, to secure for it the richest blessings of Heaven. The certainty of being branded as 'a British emissary,' of being misunderstood, calumniated, buffeted, on the right hand and on the left—was intelligently perceived and calmly regarded by him, but it had no power to intimidate. As a professed believer in Christ, the crucified, it was not for him to confer with flesh and blood, or to shrink from bearing the cross, or to cease promulgating the gospel of freedom, on account of national prejudice or geographical boundaries. To him the field of humanity was the world; and by a divine authority, he felt himself justified in laboring in any part of that field for the salvation of the lost—to undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free.

For the fourteen months that he remained in this country, every where resting his claim to be heard solely on the ground of a common Christianity, and making his appeal to the consciences and hearts of the people, he was incessantly held up to popular scorn and execration by the public press; his motives were impeached, his mission foully misrepresented, his character basely belied; his meetings were invaded by lawless mobs; the pulpits of the land anathematized him; the religious journals assailed and villified him with fiendish malignity; brickbats were hurled at his head, tar and feathers were pronounced his only suitable apparel, and he was hunted for his life as though he had been a beast of prey. Undaunted by the dangers which surrounded him, he stood serene, erect, unswerving; until, at last, yielding to the urgent entreaties of his friends, who saw that nothing but his departure could save his invaluable life, he bade farewell to our country, and returned to England, to engage in whatever struggle for the oppressed might there need his sympathy and aid. It was precisely fifteen years ago, in this present month of November, that he was compelled to make a clandestine flight from this city to New Brunswick, and with barely time to spare he was across the Atlantic at a most inclement season of the year—such was the madness of the times.

But let the past be forgotten. The Boston of 1835 is not the Boston of 1850. Massachusetts in 1850, is not, thank God! the Massachusetts of 1835. Let this crowded hall of noble hearts and generous spirits testify to the great and magnificent change in public sentiment which has taken place since that disgraceful period. Let the uprising spirit of liberty, from Maine to Iowa, against the infernal claims and imperious demands of the Slave Power, bear witness to this change. As for the traffickers in human flesh, let them minimize.

'Let them bind, if they will, the swift cloudes as they run—
The storm-bolt—the whirlwind—the tempest of hail—
Turn back the red light to its home in the sun—
Stay the rain that rides on the wing of the gale!
But—Freedom—God wills it—the fetters must crumble,
The Spirit of Freedom gone forth in our land;
Or letter the Truth, as she moves through the world,
Must hide her bright sword, and her banner unfurled.

Her course is resistless, her strength decreed—
Though the priest and the Levite pass by and are dumb;
On her ground of mercy to man shall she speed,
Till the day of his perfect redemption shall come;
While the blackness of darkness its banner shall wave,
And the clamm'd howl the requiem o'er Tyranny's grave;
And the last galling chain, on that terrible day,
In the breath of God's wrath shall be melted away.'

On his return to England, Mr. Thompson lectured in various parts of the kingdom, with his usual power and success, on the subject of universal emancipation, from February, 1836, till the middle of 1837.

During the succeeding year, he gave himself to the task of abolishing the oppressive system of negro apprenticeship in the British colonies, which ceased on the 1st of August, 1838.

Meanwhile, the system of holding of chattel slavery extirpated in the colonies, in October, 1838, Mr. Thompson next took up the cause of the 150,000,000 natives of India, ground to the dust by the exactions of the East India Company, and victimized by the Home Government; and, without fee or reward, devoted himself to the mission, pleading the cause of this immense mass of suffering humanity, and awakening in their behalf the liveliest sympathy.

In 1839, he became the travelling Secretary of the British India Society, and so continued till the latter end of 1840.

In 1841—2, he was engaged in holding public meetings for the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and was scarcely second to Cobden himself in meritorious and successful effort to give untaxed bread to the impoverished millions of England. He assailed those Laws on the ground of their inhumanity and immorality, and caused to be registered against them a Christian verdict, to regulate, blight the spirit of a grasping land monopoly has since labored to do.

In 1843, at the solicitation of a distinguished native of India—Dwarkanauth Tagore, then in England—Mr. Thompson visited that country, and travelled in various portions of it, in order to make himself better acquainted with its actual condition. On his return home, he boldly grappled with the colossal power of the East India Company, face to face, and has ever since stood forth the acknowledged advocate of the claims of the natives of India, from whom he has never received one farthing by way of remuneration. Instead of becoming acquainted with the case of the Rajah of Satara, a native prince, remarkable for his noble qualities, and most unjustly deposed by the British power,—Mr. Thompson espoused it, without hope or expectation of reward, until the tamented death of the Rajah; since which time, he has struggled to obtain justice for his heir. The king of Delhi employed him in his court on extraordinary honors, and appointed Mr. Thompson as his agent to expose the wrongs inflicted on him and his people by the British Government; and, if possible, to secure full redress. That trust Mr. Thompson has discharged with signal ability and untiring perseverance.

In 1844—5—6, occupied as he was in lecturing in every part of the kingdom on the great question of India, Mr. Thompson gave much occasional aid to the Anti-Corn Law and Anti-Slavery movements, besides attending general and special courts at the India House, in London, on the subject of India Reform.

In 1846, he was honored with the freedom of the city of Edinburgh, as the consistent advocate of Reform, and the vindicator of the rights of the oppressed, without distinction of country or color.

In 1847, Mr. Thompson was returned to Parliament for the metropolitan district of the Tower Hamlets, by the largest majority ever known on a contested election—this victory being the more signal, inasmuch as it was gained over two nominees of the Government, one of whom occupied a high official position under the crown, was a member of one of the first Whig families, and related by marriage to the sovereign on the throne. Mr. Thompson's constituents exceed in number half a million, and embrace multitudes of the laboring classes, who are occupied in the varied pursuits of trade and commerce, together with a large number of the leading merchants and bankers of the city of London. Before his election Mr. Thompson consistently avowed himself at the hustings to be the uncompromising opponent of the ascendance of Church and State—the advocate of universal suffrage—and the abolition of the property qualification to sit in the House of Commons. From that period till the present time, he has continued to be a member of the House, voting for every motion to reduce the public expenditure—for peace as the friend of peace and international amity for the reduction of army and navy, and the substitution of arbitration for the sword—speaking and voting in a minority of fifteen in favor of the Rights of the People's Charter—and voting to the eleventh hour, by every means sanctioned by parliamentary usages, the constitutional measures of the Government for the suspension of the constitutional liberties of the misgoverned and oppressed people of Ireland.

Mr. Thompson was one of the originators of the National Reform Movement, and is now specially consecrating himself to the cause of universal suffrage. No man more fully enjoys the confidence of the working classes in every part of Great Britain—no man is more deserving of that confidence—than himself. In Hume, Cobden, Bright, Cobbett, Wakefield, and all who form the people's party in the House of Commons.

It is for reasons like these that the friends of Reform and Universal Emancipation,—rejoicing at the transient visit of this meritorious man to the shores of Massachusetts, at the present time,—deem this a fitting place and occasion to acknowledge their deep indebtedness to him, to express their admiration for his talents and appreciation of his labors, to sympathize with him in his noble design to seek to extention of the laboring classes of England to equal rights and privileges, and the abolition of slavery throughout the world; and to make some small atonement for the insults and injuries heaped upon him, through popular ignorance or malevolence, during his former sojourn among us.

Welcome, then, friend of the people, brother of the human race, to our hearts and homes! Welcome, for of the tyrant, terror of the slave-trafficker, enemy of injustice throughout the world! Welcome, in the name of the down-trodden millions in India, enslaved and plundered by British injustice! Welcome, in the name of the colored population of this country, whether bond or free! Welcome, in the name of the disfranchised and suffering classes of all Europe! Welcome, in the name of the friends of liberty, equality, fraternity, in all countries! Welcome, in the name of all past heroes, martyrs and saints, who have given themselves for mankind! In the sacred name of Christ, the Redeemer, whose spirit was universal, whose mission it was to bind up the brokenhearted and to set at liberty them that are bound, welcome! welcome! welcome!

'Where Mammon hath its altars,
Wet o'er with human blood,
And Pride and Lust debases
The workmanship of God—
There shall thy praise be spoken,
Redeemed from Falsehood's lien,
When the fetters shall be broken,
And the *slave* shall be a man!'

For some time, Mr. Garrison was allowed to proceed, with occasional cheering and hissing. Towards the conclusion of the address, however, a big, bloated fellow in the centre of the Hall, with more power of lungs than brain, amused himself by roaring, at the top of his voice, 'Lodore' commenced again and ran in a tone that implied no intention on the part of the individual to listen himself or allow others to do so. On Mr. Garrison's concluding,

Mr. Wendell Phillips came forward to address the meeting. By this time, the mobocracy gathered in the neighborhood of the Hall seemed to have organized a plan of opposition to the objects of the meeting, and Mr. Phillips's appearance was the signal for the outburst of a scene of uproar and confusion that has rarely been seen in any city of the Union. In rapid succession, cheers for 'Daniel Webster,' 'the Union,' 'the Constitution of the United States,' 'Abby Folsom,' 'the Boston Convention,' and other appropriable thing, were called for and tumultuously given by this cluster of grown up boys. Rings were formed and burlesque dances executed, and 'Hail Columbia' and 'Yankee Doodle' whistled by a concerted band of some fifty brainless performers. In the midst of all this disorder, Mr. Phillips was calmly endeavoring to obtain a hearing, but in such confusion, it was almost impossible for a single word of his address to be heard. The following was all that could be heard at the reporter's table:

My friends, this is certainly a most important occasion. There never was assembled in Faneuil Hall an audience met on an occasion like this. I wonder—three cheers for Daniel Webster,' and the rest of the sentence lost in confusion.] I had hoped we had met to-night to redeem the honor of our city in the matter of free speech, by the reception we should give to our distinguished guest, George Thompson. [Cries for 'George Thompson,' and uproar.] None more anxious than I am to welcome George Thompson. I agree with you entirely, that it is the noblest welcome you can extend—the welcome of your applause and your votes. Fellow-citizens, let me remind you of the difference of circumstances—[Interrupted by '

it will be the most glorious of all triumphs—the triumph of a repentant people over themselves. [Cheers, applause, and hisses.] Yes, this night Boston does herself honor. I am glad, I am grateful, and you too, fellow-citizens, should be so, to stand here and wipe out the darkest and most odious stain on the history of our beautiful city. The Mayor of Boston fifteen years ago begged—yes, begged of the people to keep the peace; the authorities entreated the populace to maintain peace. To-night, every man will keep the peace himself. [Cheers and disturbance.] My friends, we have not often meetings like these, and before I sit down, let me assure our friend behind me that we are anxious to extend a hearty welcome to him. Many elsewhere envy us the privilege of being here, to meet one who sits on this platform that the eye of no man who blesses him, that the ear that has once heard him bears admiring testimony to it, and that paint his hears admiring testimony to it, and that the city which he now visits is glad to fill these walls and give him the most grateful and candid hearing, even when he comes to rebuke us for our great national sin. [Cheers and hisses.]

During the whole delivery of Mr. Phillips's address, there was the most violent and determined interruption. Towards its conclusion, the President, Mr. Quincy, advanced and said:—

Gentlemen,—I am happy to inform you that the hope that his presence will aid you in observing good manners. If you do not like our proceedings, you are at liberty to depart. This is our house for to-night, and you have no right to disturb us, and you will do so at your peril.

This address, however, had no effect, the noise continuing unabated. On the appearance of Mr. Thompson on the platform, he was greeted with the heartiest and most enthusiastic cheering, and at first it appeared probable that he would be listened to. He began, however, no sooner commenced, 'Citizens of Massachusetts,' than the storm again burst forth with renewed violence, cheers being given for Daniel Webster, mixed with the shrill notes of whistles, the excited mass in the body of the house being in a state of violent commotion. 'Ladies and Gentlemen,' resumed Mr. Thompson; but again the increasing confusion compelled him to stop. 'Gentlemen, I do not wish to trespass upon you; I am not there to use my hearing.' This was all Mr. Thompson attempted to utter, so tremendous was the disturbance in the crowded hall. The crowd now began to amuse themselves by scuffling, cheering for 'Jenny Lind,' 'Winchrip,' &c. Mr. Thompson having for some time waited for the storm to subside, took a chair that was handed to him.

For what subsequently transpired up to the hour of adjournment, see the reports of the Herald, Rec, Mail, and Times, in the preceding columns. Suffice it to say—a meeting of five thousand persons, (four-fifths of whom were strongly desirous of hearing Mr. Thompson, a large majority of whom were his warm friends and admirers, and every many of whom had come from near and remote places to the distance of a hundred miles expressly to see and hear him,) was riotously broken up, in the presence of the Mayor, the City Marshal, and the police, who allowed the rioters to go on with perfect impunity, and thus virtually placed themselves at their head. No one is left us for comments.

In accordance with the urgent solicitation of gentlemen present from 'the heart of the Commonwealth,' the meeting was adjourned to be held in Worcester on Saturday next, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M. The following is the speech which Mr. Thompson prepared to deliver on the occasion.

SPEECH OF MR. THOMPSON.

If I was not deeply conscious that in all that concerns the character, prosperity, and future greatness of this country, I felt a warm and friendly interest, I should deem myself unworthy of the honor and privilege I now enjoy; and the thought that I was sinning your kindness and betraying your confidence would deprive me of all power of addressing you on such an occasion.

But, painfully as I feel my inability to speak to you in a manner worthy of this place and of this audience, I can, so far as my motives are concerned, and the objects I have in view in visiting this country are in question, look calmly upon the thousands of living beings before me, and upon the countenances of the illustrious dead behind me, and say—I am not unworthy to stand before an assembly of the citizens of the United States—a free man among free men.

Urged by youth upwards, I have cherished sentiments of the profoundest admiration for the names and deeds of your venerated patriots. My delight has been to live with you, as a people, through all the events that have made you a great nation. The vindication of your rights among my own countrymen has been the object of my idolatry. I have watched your revolutionary struggle—I have exulted in the conquest and maintenance of your independence—I have prayed for the perpetuity of your institutions;—and I can and do to-night thank God, that for more than three score years and ten, you have furnished to the nations of the earth the lesson and the example, that it is alike the duty, the prerogative and the glory of men to govern themselves.

Though born in another country, under a monarchical government, I have nevertheless labored to promulgate those truths, upon which your own liberty and independence are based. I have ever maintained that the people were alone only legitimate source of all governing power. While I have held that governments are of divine origin, since without Law the Universe would relapse into chaos, I have maintained, equally, the divine right of the people to choose for themselves the form of government under which they would live, and to elect the persons by whom the laws should be administered.

Rejecting the doctrine held by those, who, though dead, yet speak to you from the canvass on these walls, I have, through evil and good report, asserted that taxation without representation is tyranny; and have interpreted representation to mean, the right of every man, unstained by crime, to have a vote in the election of the makers of the laws.

My idea of a popular representative assembly has always been, that it should be the express image of the mind and will of the people; that it should not only, in the first instance, be called into being by the votes of the people, and of the entire people, but that its representative character should be preserved, by quickly recurring dissolutions; that its several parts should be periodically resolved into the elements from which they spring, and that it should be reconsecrated by the people, and so be an ever-living and vital emanation from the people, embodying not only their past, but their present sentiments and wishes on all matters touching their interests and their rights.

When pointing to the errors and excesses committed by the people, I have ever declared my preference for a House elected under the phrenzied excitement of the hour, to one destitute of contact and sympathy with the great body of the community.

With these views, and having at the same time unfaltering faith in the ultimate triumph of the intelligent and well-directed moral power of the people, my mission has been to labor among the masses.

At the beginning of my brief career as a public man, I identified myself, voluntarily, wholly, inseparably and forever, with the cause of the people. I have never sought the interests of classes; but always, as I understood it, the welfare of the many, and the rights of the million. Whatever of influence and popularity I have gained in my own country, I owe to the confidence and support of the people, and I have sought to manifest my appreciation of their good will, and my sense of responsibility and duty, by employing my additional ability, so obtained, to the advancement of the people's cause.

Sent by the people into the Senate, I have voted for every measure calculated to diminish their burdens; to emancipate their industry; to remove the obstructions in their way to the attainment of cheap knowledge; to incite them to virtue, and energy, and perseverance; to enlarge their constitutional liberty; and to give them the power of exercising a controlling influence over the government of the vast empire to which they belong, and in the resources of which they have a right to participate.

Judge, then, with what satisfaction I find myself in a country, where the principles I have labored to make known and apply are established, and with one unhappy exception, carried out. Judge what my joy must be, to find that in proportion as those principles have been faithfully and impartially acted upon, the people of this country have advanced in happiness, in prosperity, and in power. Judge what my joy must be, to find myself in this hall, from which these principles of old went forth, to quicken into political life, and to fan into patriotic fervor, the spirits of an oppressed and abused people.

Oh, ye canonized sages of the Revolutionary era! permit a Briton to thank you for the work that you did for your land, for humanity, and for the world!

Oh, ye sons and daughters of revolutionary sires! suffer one who comes from that country, whose proudest boast in coming years will be, that she was the mother of this mighty nation, to implore you to set worthy your high descent; and suffer me also, free from suspicion, from scandal, and from reproach, to share your recollections, to sympathise in your achievements, to exult with you in the glorious prospect that lies before you in this wide-spread land of your inheritance. I will not be fastidious, I will wish you, from my soul, a brother's 'God speed!'

Fifteen years have passed since my former visit to these shores. They have been years of *progress*, both in the old world and in the new. In England, I am happy to say, our course has been onwards. Upon no great question has there been any retrograde step. The great work of the abolition of slavery has been consummated. Eighty years ago, it was judicially decreed, that a slave touching the soil of England shall be free. Since that period, the islands of Great Britain have been 'all hallowed ground.' No fugitives from bondage have been dragged from our altars or from our hearths. We have endeavored to fulfil the Levitical law, by offering the slave to dwell in security in our midst; and there have never been wanting those, who, in obedience to the Christian precept, and in view of a great example, have been ready to shelter the wanderer, to feed him when an hungered, to clothe him when naked, and to recognize and entertain the Savior, in the person of the meanest and lowest of his brethren. Still, thank God! the language of Cowper is true:—

'Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.'

Soon may it be so in every country, calling itself Christian and free! Contemporaneously with the United States of America, the African slave trade was abolished; and subsequently, after a struggle of twenty-five years, the act for abolishing colonial slavery was obtained. Nine years later, an act was passed by the Government of India, declaring slaveholding illegal and felonious throughout the whole of our vast Eastern possessions.

Truth demands the confession, that oppression and injustice, in a thousand forms, are still to be found in all parts of the British dominions. While the lovers of freedom, and the friends of philanthropy, have been laboring to extirpate the foul systems of slavery and the slave trade, and in other ways have been seeking to meliorate the condition of their fellow-subjects and of the human race, others of my countrymen have been waging unholy wars—have been trampling on the rights of those who are their brothers in various parts of the world; and have been sustaining institutions and monopolies injurious to the interests, and in violation of the rights of the people.

These are admissions which, however humiliating, every candid Englishman is bound to make. He is bound also to receive meekly the reproofs of those nations that have been emancipated from the last claim of the industrious and meritorious millions.

Still, permit me to repeat it, our course has been onwards. Since I was among you, we have successfully assailed the confederated aristocracies and landocracies of England, who were the inventors, the framers, and through thirty years the selfish and short-sighted supporters of the execrable Corn Laws. It would be impossible to overstate the value and importance, present and prospective, of the victory. It revealed the power and omnipotence of an intelligent and united people. It mitigated the horrors of a desolating famine in Ireland. And when I speak of that visitation, let me also express a nation's gratitude to this country, for the munificent pity, and most noble and seasonable assistance, rendered in the hour of calamity and want to the people of Ireland. The abolition of the Corn Laws has cheapened the food of the people. It has opened our ports to the harvests of the world. It has extended our commerce with all grain-producing countries. It has established a sound regulating principle, the benefits of which are felt through all the trading and monetary transactions. It will fix the real value of land throughout Great Britain, and the value of capital and labor employed upon it. It will settle the all-important question of rent. It will ultimately work the deliverance of the farmers of England from their bondage to the aristocratic proprietors of the soil. It will bring the agricultural class into the ranks of the financial and parliamentary reformers, and will unite them in sympathy, in interests, and in effort, with the other portions of the people.

The abolition of the Corn Laws will do still more than this. It will necessitate a revision of our laws of Primogeniture and Entail—our Probate and Legacy laws—and many other laws designed for the exclusive benefit of the rich—laws which have upheld the domination of a class, and have operated to the impoverishment and oppression of the rest of the community.

Let it not for a moment be supposed by any on this side of the Atlantic, that there is the faintest prospect of a return to the protective laws which have been recently swept away by the reformers of England. There is not one man amongst us, regarded by the people as worthy the name of an able or safe statesman, who would venture to propose the re-imposition of taxes upon food, or the restoration of the old and now forever exploded protective policy.

The termination of our seven years' war with the bread-taxers of England has set the energies of the nation free to be enlisted in other causes of a reformatory character. We have not been slow to employ these energies to the achievement of other triumphs.

Our *Financial* system has for several years been undergoing rigorous investigation, and the people are by degrees learning the secret of how the money goes, and who get it. We are insisting on a system more remarkable for our patience under taxation. At present, our taxation for local and State purposes (including a State church,) is not less than four hundred millions dollars a year, exclusive of those voluntary taxes which, according to their means, dispositions and opinions, the people impose upon themselves. The history of the world contains no record of a people taxed to the same extent. This question is now being inquired into, and every day's discovery tends to convince the people that the whole system of expenditure is based upon the desire of the tax-loving few to enrich themselves at the expense of the toiling many. In this work of financial reform, we do not fail to draw out most striking illustrations and contrasts from this country. We trust you will never put it in the power of our tax-eaters to quote your example in support of their extravagance.

The question of Finance has led us naturally to the consideration of the subject of *War*. We are paying annually $140,000,000 as interest upon a debt contracted in wars which the Prime Minister of England has recently acknowledged were both *unjust* and *unnecessary*.

At the end of thirty-five years of peace, we are paying $80,000,000 for the maintenance of warlike establishments. The effect of the present agitation of this question is, to teach the people the folly and mystery of war-making. They are fast learning that their true interests lie in the direction of peace, and not of war: that it is no more to the profit of a trading nation to go to war with its neighbors, than it is for the interest of a tradesman in Washington street to keep a ball-dog to attack every customer that comes to his shop door. Our people are learning the true value of those alliances which in times past have been so much boasted of, and are beginning to perceive that alliances, to be of any real worth, must be based upon the sentiments and substantial interests of nations—that mere diplomatic, formal, written alliances are worth nothing—that they are, of no real value, whether written or unwritten, which are the offspring and growth of mutual interests and mutual good feeling—that such only are founded in nature, and likely to be beneficial and permanent: that the alliances formed on the mere will and caprice of Sovereigns, or on the views and wishes of their ministers, or which rest on family connections, and are unombined with the general interests of the nations represented, are frail, fickle, unsubstantial and valueless.

The question of peace and war has led to the still more important question of the *sacredness of human life*, and the conviction of that being, of whom it is the express object of war to destroy—a being formed in the same image, gifted with the same faculties, created for the same destiny with ourselves; a being with powers

That cannot ripen here,
But ask infinity to bring them forth,
And find enough for their immeasurable scope.

The day is coming, I trust, when, in my country and in this, Man will be regarded as something more than a piece of soulless, unreflecting mechanism—a thing of cogs and springs and pulleys—that feels not, hopes not, worships not,—and may therefore be destroyed without compunction, just as any other material instrument, or a steam engine; but as a living, moving, conscious, thinking, hoping, fearing, rejoicing, responsible being; the inestimable workmanship of the Divine hand, and as such to be educated and reserved for higher purposes than to be destroyed by war, or employed to be the destroyer of his fellow-man.

The question which of all others is exciting the deepest interest in the minds of the people of England, and is also the one which has most attraction for me, is the question of *Representation*. This question must henceforth be paramount, until the people are in possession of their Constitutional rights, and have the control of the election of Members to the House of Commons.

The present state of our representation is a libel upon the intelligence and an insult to the common sense of the people. With a population of thirty millions of inhabitants, we have but one million six hundred thousand adult males, we have not more than 750,000 electors, and those so distributed, that the vast majority of them are under influences of one kind or another, which corrupt their principles or cripple their independence.

An uninformed foreigner might suppose, that these 750,000 electors, who enjoy the rare privilege of sending 625 men to the House of Commons, to make laws, not only for the British Islands, but for our extended empire in the four quarters of the globe, with 250,000,000 of inhabitants, had been carefully picked out, like grains of precious wheat from bushels of weeds and less chaff. He might suppose that they had been sought after as with a candle, and chosen for their stern political virtue, their cultivated and discriminating intellect, and their unconquerable independence. Above all, he might suppose that these men possessed beyond all their fellow-citizens a knowledge of public affairs, and of the wants of our country, and were therefore the fittest persons to proceed, on behalf of the nation, to the choice of those who should sway the destinies of the British empire.

The fact, I blush to say, is far otherwise. Making allowance for many good men in all parts of the country, who exercise the franchise honestly, and with a view to the common weal, you shall not find in all society besides, a class of men more abject, more soulless, more sycophantic and subservient, more utterly unprincipled in their politics, more corrupt, more ready to be the agents in the work of corruption, more intensely selfish, or more regardless of the interests of others, than those who control the elections in the vast majority of the parliamentary boroughs of the United Kingdom.

How, you may be disposed to ask, does this come to pass? Are the men I have described, worse in their original elements than others of their fellow-men? Are they more cold-hearted, more grasping, more selfish than others? Are they more corrupt by nature? Are they incapable of becoming men who could feel a pure and patriotic interest in the result of an election? I answer, No. Their characters are formed by the system under which they live. It is our system which has made them what they are, slavish, servile, corrupt creatures which we find them. It is the system, which has made the peer in his feudal castle, and the millionaire in his modern mansion house, the lords of the consciences, and the votes of thousands upon thousands of the electors of the United Kingdom.—It is the system that has put it in the power of the London merchant or wealthy banker, to go down into our constituencies, and with the aid of local mercenaries and electioneering pimps to buy and debauch his way into Parliament. It is the system that has elevated into consequence and power the small solicitor in the country town, and has enabled him to become the recognized conveyancer of the Borough. It is the system that has enabled Parliamentary agents in the Metropolis, to open ledger accounts with three-fourths of the boroughs in the country, and to become, through their provincial confederates, the wholesale chapmen of Satan in the Parliamentary market. A system of stock representation could hardly be invented, more directly calculated to make men crouching slaves—to give electors the power of trafficking their votes, or to raise up a host of political Donsteriswives, than the system under which the English House of Commons is at this time elected. This system is fertile in dunghills, out of which springs, with frightful luxuriance, under the warm sun of every general election, all kinds of rank weeds and poisonous plants. It is a stagnant reservoir of putrid water, breeding from year to year every pernicious exhalation, and all sorts of noxious reptiles, to shed their venom on every election into the regions of pollution and iniquity, and which are only to be traced by the filthy slime they leave behind them.

Such is the system we are now seeking to abolish, and in the place of it to have one that shall give to every man with a local habitation and a name, a vote—shall apportion representation to population—shall shorten the duration of Parliaments—shall give the secrecy, the shelter and the security of the ballot—and shall get rid of the present monied qualification for a seat in the Legislature. In this work we shall obtain a new Reform Bill, and under it a House of Commons that shall actually and nationally be the creation of the people; that shall really, and not in name only, represent the people; that shall not be a control upon the people, but a control *for* the people; that shall continually feel its responsibility to the people; that, by being periodically resolved into the mass from which it sprang, shall be a truthful reflection of the mind and will of the people, we are only seeking that which the Constitution designed the people should have, and which the freedom, security and happiness of the people demand.

Such a house we think would not be reluctant or slow to revise the Civil List of the Crown, and purge it of its follies and extravagancies. Such a house, we think, would amply the pruning knife to the Pension List, and save the people's pockets, by striking off the names of sundry political paupers, who live the lives of splendid mendicants on the hard earnings of the industrious poor. Such a house, we think, would not be startled at the proposals of Mr. Hume or Mr. Cobden, for the reduction of men in the army and navy, and save the productive classes the expense of keeping in mechanical and demoralizing idleness, men who are not required for the defence of the country. Such a house, we think, would listen to the demands of the Colonies for self-government, and relieve our dependencies from some of those official personages, who are appointed, less with a view to the welfare of our fellow subjects abroad, than with a view to the relief of the pockets of their friends at home. Such a house, we think, would find some other way of governing Ireland, than by the Coercion or Curfew laws, and would substitute those only are of

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

STANZAS,

On reading the Fugitive Slave Bill.

[Written Oct. 9, 1850.]

Just Heaven! and has it come to this—
Has Slavery so mightly grown,
That Freemen men must be the hounds
To hunt the flying bondman down?

Must we, despite the plain commands
Of conscience in each freeman's breast—
Despite our Christian duty—yield
Obedience to the law's behest?

Must we our doors unwilling close—
Must we our hands unwilling lend—
Refuse the fugitive a home,
And back again to bondage send?

Nay, more—must we perforce comply,
When called upon to bind in chains
The black man, free as you or I,
Who ne'er has suffered Slavery's pains?

Yes—says the law—NO!—says the man,
Who listens to that voice within,
Which, heeded, from a whisper swells,
And thunders 'gainst the damning sin.

NO!—says the man, who yet believes
That Freemen's rights and Freedom's cause
Are sacred, and should be preserved
Inviolate, by human laws.

NO!—say we all, with heart-felt words,
Though we may be compelled to see,
We cannot—will not be the tools
Of this accurs'd Iniquity.

Nor long, we trust, will the sad scene
Afflict the world's astonished sight;
The grasping Wrong o'erleaps itself,
And hastens on the reign of Right.

The reign of Right must surely come,
Nor chains nor laws its course can stay:
'Fly swifter round, ye wheels of Time,
And bring, with speed, the welcome day!'

From Zion's Herald.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL.

Send from the South your minions,
Ye men that gladly see
Bound once again with pinions
The arm that now is free.

Ay! let your bloodhounds yelling,
Be heard on Northern plains,
To free New England telling
Of Slavery's galling chains.

Yet think not freemen slumber,
That Christian hearts are steel,
To sit and calmly number
The pangs your victims feel.

The mighty mass uprising,
With justice in their van,
Will crush the truth-despising,
Who fall beneath their ban.

Freemen! from mount and valley,
From hill-top and from plain,
To aid the fleeing rally,
Forge not anew his chains.
In the name of truth eternal,
In the name of holy right,
Banish the wrong infernal,
Hurl it to deepest night!

JUVENIS.

East Weymouth, Mass.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

THE HOUSE OF FRIENDS.

BY WALTER WHITMAN.

'And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thy hands? Then he shall say, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.'—ZECH. xiii. 6.

If thou art balked, O Freedom,
The victory is not to the manlier foes;
From the house of thy friends comes the death-blab.

Vaunters of the Free,
Why do you strain your lungs off South'ward?
Why be going to Alabama?
Sweep first before your own door;
Stop this squalling and this scorn
Over the mote there in the distance.
Look well to your own eye, Massachusetts—
Yours, New York and Pennsylvania:
I would say yours to Michigan,
But all the salve, all the surgery
Of the great wide world were powerless there.

Virginia, mother of greatness,
Blush not for being also mother of slaves.
You might have borne deeper slaves—
Dough-faces, Crawlers, Lice of Humanity—
Terrific screamers of Freedom,
Who roar, and bawl, and get hot in the face;
But, were they not incapable of august crime,
Would quench the hopes of ages for a drink—
Mack-worms, creeping flat to the ground,
A dollar dearer to them than Christ's blessing:
All loves, all hopes, less than the thought of gain;
In life walking in that as in a shroud:
Men whom the throes of heroes,
Great deeds at which the gods might stand appalled,
The shriek of a drowned world, the appeal of women,
The exulting laugh of united empires,
Would teach them never in the heart,
But only in the pocket.

Hot-headed Carolina,
Well may you curl your lip!
With all your bondsmen, bless the destiny
Which brings you no such breed as this.

Arise, young North!
Our elder blood flows in the veins of cowards—
The grey-haired sneak, the blanched poltroon,
The fagged or real shiverer at tongues
That nursing babes need hardly cry the less for—
Are they to be our tokens alway?

Fight on, hand braver than warriors,
Faithful and few as Spartans;
But fear not most the angriest, loudest malice—
Fear most the still and forked fang
That starts from the grass at your feet.

PITY.

Woman may err—woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate;
But for one woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by endearing truth,
By love supremest in adversity.
Theirs is the task to succor the distressed,
To feed the hungry, to console the sad,
To pour the balm upon the wounded breast,
And find dear Pity ever for the bad.
Blessings on woman! In the darkest day
Their love shines brightest; in the perilous hour
Their weak hands glow with strength our souls to stay.
Blessings upon them! and if man would shower
His condemnation on the few that err,
Let him be calm, and cease his soul to vex:
Think of his mother, and for sake of her
Forgive them all, and bless their gentler sex.

Reformatory.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS READ AT THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

LETTER FROM E. A. LUKENS.

NEW GARDEN, O., Oct., 1850.

DEAR FRIEND:

You have kindly invited me to address a letter to the Convention about to assemble at Worcester, for the purpose of discussing the claims and condition of women; and as it is now impossible for me to be there in person, I hasten to comply. Deeply, however, do I regret this alternative, as I belong to that very large class, whose activity is indicated only by excessive pleasure in seeing others labor; and gladly would I, on this occasion, sit at your feet, (if that were not too humble an attitude,) and be taught of the way, instead of writing at this distance from you, and without any thing to communicate but simple and heartfelt wishes for the fulfilment, in your case, of the beautiful promise, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.'

Perhaps the women of Ohio never astonished themselves more than when they found themselves first in the grandest and boldest progressive movement of the age; the first, at least, to meet in *Convention* to consider a subject which involves the deepest, dearest, and most vital interests of human life; while Massachusetts, our elder, stronger, and more enlightened sister, was listening dreamily to the rising murmur against wrongs which all the ages have heaped upon woman, and *nodding* over it, as she would over a rather dull novel.

We remember that upon your coast lies Plymouth Rock; that upon your soil perished the last remnant of the martyrs red of martyrs, and from thence arose again their spirit, to be incarnated anew in the persons of the '*twelve*,' and marvel that you did not long ago call upon us, and all other true friends, for aid again to

'Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea.'

It is useless to exaggerate the amount of difficulty to be encountered, and quite as much so to conceal the fact that mountain waves of opposition must be met, and icebergs of indifference. I may have exaggerated in calling this 'the grandest movement of the age;' but what error is older and therefore more formidable than that of claiming woman among the mere cares and dependencies of man? what *thought* more thoroughly incorporated into all the laws and arrangements of society? The system of chattel slavery is, of course, fouler and more horrible; therefore will have fewer advocates, and be sooner thrown off as a loathsome excrescence from the rapidly renovating body of society. No poet will wreathe the monster's brow with flowers; no sculptor will steal for its chiselled type the grace and spirituality that belong to immortal beauty; while poet, painter and sculptor, preacher, lawgiver, and man of science, all unite in crowning tyranny and voluptuousness, weakness and ignorance, while they appear masked as *protection* on our side; religious, graceful and chaste submission on the other.

Our wrongs as women are few, compared with those of the slave; but well may we claim the right now to speak in his defence, as well as our own, while the treachery to both, of great and powerful men, stalks abroad and vaunts itself. Well may we pause to reprove those who would strike down the arm uprais'd to 'undo the heavy burdens.'

This is peculiarly an age of increasing labor, desperate struggle, and 'high endeavor,' on the part of reformers. All men are awake, and it is useless to lay weights upon the eyes of women any longer, or give her sleeping potions. It is no time, if any other has been, when she should be restricted in her bounds of respite from household labor, to the ornamenting of her person, gossip over the tea-table; or, for employment to her mind and pen, magazine stories, which in general are only refined gossip, while her father, husband and brother are sternly engaged in life's high conflicts; always in arms, like the Knights of Brankesome, who

'Carved at the meal with gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through the helmet barred.'

There will doubtless be female Don Quixottes and American George Sands—who can imitate her in every thing but her transcendent power and genius—to bring ridicule upon this enterprise; but we should not thereby be deterred from urging forward this movement now.

I rejoice that your Convention will not be marked by the unpleasant feature in ours, which gave offence to many—the exclusion of men from your deliberations. I think we should, as far as possible, take a definite position, and especially avoid every thing that has the appearance of antagonism to man. Our interests are emphatically one in this matter, and we shall never take a decided step in advance, without moving harmoniously. The 'spheres' of man and woman continually intersect each other and blend together, so that it is impossible to move in one without affecting the other.

Once more, dear sister, may all blessed and strengthening influences be upon your Convention! And I pray that words of love and power may go out therefrom, that shall set free the long chained and benumbed soul of woman, (as, in olden time, words of magic were said to,) and give it an impulse toward perfect development that shall be felt through ages yet to come.

Yours truly,

E. A. LUKENS.

LETTER FROM MARGARET CHAPPELSMITH.

NEW HARMONY, Ill., Sept. 20, 1850.

I believe that among the women of this country, there is a much larger number of elevated minds than is to be found among the women of my own country; and I should rejoice in the introductions that you so temptingly offer me, but I must wait some other opportunity.

I have long noticed, with great pleasure, that women here are induced by their education to study all subjects; that they are not frightened from certain topics by the fear of being called 'blue stockings,' or 'female pedants'; and I have hoped, and still have some hope, that men here, unlike the generality of the men of England, have a faith that woman of cultivated intellect, capable of depending on her own exertions, may make a loving wife, a trusty partner, and a mother worthy to be trusted with the important charge of offspring. I have feared that this being much more general here than in England, is somewhat abraded by the observation (limited, I admit) that I have made during my stay here. I have some fear that the principal advance in this respect, in this country, is a universal respect for female talent as a source of national pride; but that men, even men of sound knowledge in other respects, are so miserably deficient in knowledge on this subject, are such bad observers of facts in every way surrounding them, that they prefer taking to their bosoms the pretty creature whose *ignorance* makes her dependent, and whose submission is mistakenly calculated on as being more certain because she cannot reason on her duties, or on how to promote the best happiness of life. In England, it appeared to me to be necessary to convince the men of their folly and degradation in this respect, before there could be any hope of effecting reforms among the women; for I fear that so long as men prefer timid women, who shrink from having an opinion of their own, so long will the majority of women insensibly mould themselves to what the men desire; and mothers will not have the courage to doom their daughters to an unmarried life, by making them beings that men would be afraid to have;—though, had mothers a firm conviction in the consolations and in the powers of intelligence, they would defy the folly of men, and would educate daughters who would, at last, vanquish men's prejudices, and bestow a happiness that ignorance, however loving and submissive, can never give.

I do not, at present, know enough of society here to say that my fears are well-founded. I shall be most happy to find they are not. I care not for that education which gives merely literary talent; I covet that which gives independence of thought, which will enable a woman to examine all subjects before she adopts a belief regarding them; and that will enable the purpose of discussing the claims and condition of women; and as it is now impossible for me to be there in person, I hasten to comply. Deeply, however, do I regret this alternative, as I belong to that very large class, whose activity is indicated only by excessive pleasure in seeing others labor; and gladly would I, on this occasion, sit at your feet, (if that were not too humble an attitude,) and be taught of the way, instead of writing at this distance from you, and without any thing to communicate but simple and heartfelt wishes for the fulfilment, in your case, of the beautiful promise, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.'

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This is peculiarly an age of increasing labor, desperate struggle, and 'high endeavor,' on the part of reformers. All men are awake, and it is useless to lay weights upon the eyes of women any longer, or give her sleeping potions. It is no time, if any other has been, when she should be restricted in her bounds of respite from household labor, to the ornamenting of her person, gossip over the tea-table; or, for employment to her mind and pen, magazine stories, which in general are only refined gossip, while her father, husband and brother are sternly engaged in life's high conflicts; always in arms, like the Knights of Brankesome, who

'Carved at the meal with gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through the helmet barred.'

There will doubtless be female Don Quixottes and American George Sands—who can imitate her in every thing but her transcendent power and genius—to bring ridicule upon this enterprise; but we should not thereby be deterred from urging forward this movement now.

I rejoice that your Convention will not be marked by the unpleasant feature in ours, which gave offence to many—the exclusion of men from your deliberations. I think we should, as far as possible, take a definite position, and especially avoid every thing that has the appearance of antagonism to man. Our interests are emphatically one in this matter, and we shall never take a decided step in advance, without moving harmoniously. The 'spheres' of man and woman continually intersect each other and blend together, so that it is impossible to move in one without affecting the other.

Once more, dear sister, may all blessed and strengthening influences be upon your Convention! And I pray that words of love and power may go out therefrom, that shall set free the long chained and benumbed soul of woman, (as, in olden time, words of magic were said to,) and give it an impulse toward perfect development that shall be felt through ages yet to come.

Yours truly,

E. A. LUKENS.

LETTER FROM MARGARET CHAPPELSMITH.

NEW HARMONY, Ill., Sept. 20, 1850.

I believe that among the women of this country, there is a much larger number of elevated minds than is to be found among the women of my own country; and I should rejoice in the introductions that you so temptingly offer me, but I must wait some other opportunity.

I have long noticed, with great pleasure, that women here are induced by their education to study all subjects; that they are not frightened from certain topics by the fear of being called 'blue stockings,' or 'female pedants'; and I have hoped, and still have some hope, that men here, unlike the generality of the men of England, have a faith that woman of cultivated intellect, capable of depending on her own exertions, may make a loving wife, a trusty partner, and a mother worthy to be trusted with the important charge of offspring. I have feared that this being much more general here than in England, is somewhat abraded by the observation (limited, I admit) that I have made during my stay here. I have some fear that the principal advance in this respect, in this country, is a universal respect for female talent as a source of national pride; but that men, even men of sound knowledge in other respects, are so miserably deficient in knowledge on this subject, are such bad observers of facts in every way surrounding them, that they prefer taking to their bosoms the pretty creature whose *ignorance* makes her dependent, and whose submission is mistakenly calculated on as being more certain because she cannot reason on her duties, or on how to promote the best happiness of life. In England, it appeared to me to be necessary to convince the men of their folly and degradation in this respect, before there could be any hope of effecting reforms among the women; for I fear that so long as men prefer timid women, who shrink from having an opinion of their own, so long will the majority of women insensibly mould themselves to what the men desire; and mothers will not have the courage to doom their daughters to an unmarried life, by making them beings that men would be afraid to have;—though, had mothers a firm conviction in the consolations and in the powers of intelligence, they would defy the folly of men, and would educate daughters who would, at last, vanquish men's prejudices, and bestow a happiness that ignorance, however loving and submissive, can never give.

I do not, at present, know enough of society here to say that my fears are well-founded. I shall be most happy to find they are not. I care not for that education which gives merely literary talent; I covet that which gives independence of thought, which will enable a woman to examine all subjects before she adopts a belief regarding them; and that will enable the purpose of discussing the claims and condition of women; and as it is now impossible for me to be there in person, I hasten to comply. Deeply, however, do I regret this alternative, as I belong to that very large class, whose activity is indicated only by excessive pleasure in seeing others labor; and gladly would I, on this occasion, sit at your feet, (if that were not too humble an attitude,) and be taught of the way, instead of writing at this distance from you, and without any thing to communicate but simple and heartfelt wishes for the fulfilment, in your case, of the beautiful promise, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.'

Perhaps the women of Ohio never astonished themselves more than when they found themselves first in the grandest and boldest progressive movement of the age; the first, at least, to meet in *Convention* to consider a subject which involves the deepest, dearest, and most vital interests of human life; while Massachusetts, our elder, stronger, and more enlightened sister, was listening dreamily to the rising murmur against wrongs which all the ages have heaped upon woman, and *nodding* over it, as she would over a rather dull novel.

We remember that upon your coast lies Plymouth Rock; that upon your soil perished the last remnant of the martyrs red of martyrs, and from thence arose again their spirit, to be incarnated anew in the persons of the '*twelve*,' and marvel that you did not long ago call upon us, and all other true friends, for aid again to

'Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea.'

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