

**GREAT MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL.
 SPEECHES OF SAMUEL J. MAY, FREDERICK
 DOUGLASS AND WENDELL PHILLIPS.**

*Reported for the Liberator, by F. W. LEEDS, Jr., Stenog-
 rapher.*

THURSDAY, May 31, 1849.

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention resumed its sitting in FANEUIL HALL, this evening, at half past 7 o'clock, EDMUND QUINCY in the chair.

The President, in calling the meeting to order, requested a calm and respectful attention of the audience to the speeches that might be delivered; after which,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON arose and addressed the meeting. He said:—

Mr. Chairman, I rise merely to offer a resolution, to be added to those already before the meeting. Within a few days, I have had the intelligence of the death of a beloved friend and co-adjutor on the other side of the Atlantic—one of the earliest advocates of the anti-slavery cause in the old world upon the principle of immediate emancipation—one who labored for the freedom of the West India slave, long before our attention had been called to the condition of our own fettered countrymen. He was truly a most estimable man, and he won for himself the love, admiration and gratitude of a large circle of the friends of human freedom and progress. He is now dead; but though dead, the glorious example which he gave in behalf of human rights—of the working-men of Great Britain—of the cause of tee-totalism, of peace, and especially of the slave—will never lose its efficacy, so long as goodness and virtue can be remembered. I allude, Mr. Chairman, to the death of JOHN MURRAY of Scotland. The life, the soul of the anti-slavery movement, across the Atlantic, has always been in Scotland; and had it not been for Scottish anti-slavery,—indomitable, quenchless and persevering to the end,—the anti-slavery of England proper would have faltered in the conflict, and must unquestionably have failed to effect the redemption of the West India slaves. But the little band of Scottish abolitionists always stood ready to rekindle the torch of emancipation expiring in other parts, to grapple with and triumphantly overcome all obstacles to success, and to make every needful sacrifice; and of all men in Scotland who were first and foremost to maintain abolition principles, in an uncompromising and intrepid spirit, JOHN MURRAY was ever conspicuous. I will read the following resolution as a tribute to his memory, which the Convention, I doubt not, will delight to pass in honor of his virtues:—

[See the resolution as recorded in the official proceedings of the Convention in the preceding column.]

There are friends here, Mr. Chairman, who have been on the other side of the Atlantic, who knew JOHN MURRAY intimately, who have partaken of his hospitality, and by communion with him were greatly strengthened in the prosecution of the work of delivering the American bondman—who can fully endorse all that I have said with regard to him, and pay a more fitting tribute of respect to his memory. Perhaps in the course of the evening, my friend FREDERICK DOUGLASS will take an opportunity to perform this mark of respect.

The question being taken upon the resolution, it was unanimously adopted.

SPEECH OF REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

Rev. SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse, N. Y., was next introduced to the Convention. He spoke as follows: I feel it good to be in Boston. How good it is, no one but a son of Boston, who has been exiled from the State of his birth and early affections for years, can fully realize. It is good to be in this hall; and for one, I feel that there is not a place upon the earth which throngs with associations more quickening to

the lovers of liberty than Faneuil Hall. (Applause.) It is regarded in every part of our country as the cradle of liberty. Here the noblest sentiments in behalf of freedom and humanity have been uttered; here the deepest purposes in behalf of freedom and humanity have been brought into being and resolved upon. Would to God that there were nothing any less honorable to it to be spoken. These walls have resounded to sentiments of a far different character. In this hall, words have been uttered which, as well said at the time of their delivery, ought to have blistered the lips of an American. But let it pass. Blessed be God, we live in a free country, where even the abettors of error may be heard—where even the atheist may speak his thought; and the man who would trample his fellow-man in the dust, and convert him into property, may make defence of his abomination if he can; for there can be no fear of error in a country like this, where the press and speech are free. Yes, we believe most fully, that if truth and error have but a chance to grapple, error will be overcome and conquered.

The recollections that crowd upon my mind as I stand on this spot, after an absence of many years—at least, they seem to me many years—and recollect the advance that has been made in the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden, are peculiarly gratifying. Well do I remember when this hall was closed against the advocates of human liberty. Well do I remember the time, in 1835, when fifteen hundred of the most influential and wealthy men in this city signed a petition for the opening of this hall to the delivery of sentiments antagonistic in their tone to the sentiments uttered by those who are only pleading that the great principles of the Declaration of our Independence might be carried out in the conduct of the nation. I say, fifteen hundred gentlemen of this city petitioned for the opening of this hall, that an opposition might be manifested to the advocacy of human freedom; thereby waking up against us a spirit of violence that had well nigh bathed our native soil with our own blood.

But, Sir, these days have past, and we now recall the unpleasant remembrance only to rejoice in it as evidence of the progress which has been made in the glorious cause we have espoused. Look at our country now—not by any means what she ought to be—not by any means at the high pinnacle of prosperity that our hearts, in the fondness of our confidence in the American people, foretold it would reach—still, when we contrast the present with the past, how gratifying the transition! Almost every where north of Mason and Dixon's line, and in some places even south of it, those sentiments which have been execrated in times past, even in this hall, may be uttered without let or hindrance or molestation from any one. Can we not be grateful for the progress that has been made during the last twenty years, though we may naturally feel that comparatively little has been done, considering the length of time that has elapsed? But I rejoice to stand in this hall to-night. I rejoice to see such an assembly here. Notwithstanding the numerous demands that have been made on the attention of those interested in the various religious associations of our country, they have still been found disposed to come to this place in preference to any other, to listen to the sentiments that shall be uttered, and to respond, doubtless with unfeigned cordiality, to the demands that may be made on them for higher efforts and more determined and earnest exertion in carrying on to a completion the work which has been so gloriously commenced. Those of you who have attended the previous meetings of this Convention, have heard living epistles from the South, that must have spoken to your hearts as no-written words could have done, calling on you, if there be a spark of humanity in your souls, to kindle it up anew until a fire still more intense than any that has yet burned within shall be in progress, and urging you on to efforts and exertions that are hourly needed to rid our country from such a curse as the institution of slavery. If you have attended the meetings of this Convention, you have seen men and women, children of God, presenting every appearance of humanity on their persons, telling the story of their escape from Southern oppression—escapes made not only at the risk of a still more cruel bondage, but at the risk of their lives. Never will the story be forgotten in our country or throughout the world, of the man—whom I trust you will all be permitted to see—who, that he might escape from Southern oppression, consented to a living entombment. He entered the box with the determination to be free or die; and as he heard the nails driven in, his fear was that death was to be his portion; yet, said he, let death come in preference to slavery! And is there one in this house who has a heart to feel, that can look on such a man as Henry Box Brown, and affirm that he may not enjoy the rights of a man in a country like ours? I happened to be in the city of Philadelphia—I have told the story to the Convention already, but I will tell it again—in the midst of the excitement that was caused by the arrival of a man in a box. I measured it myself;—*three feet one inch long, two feet long, and two feet six inches deep. IN THAT BOX A MAN WAS ENTOMBED FOR TWENTY-SEVEN HOURS!*

The box was placed in the express car in Richmond, Va., and subjected to all the rough treatment ordinarily given to boxes of merchandise; for, notwithstanding the admonition of '*this side up with care,*' the box was tumbled over, so that he was sometimes on his head; yes, at one time, for nearly two hours, as it seemed to him, *on his head,* and momentarily expecting that life would become extinct from the terrible pressure of blood that poured upon his brain. Twenty-seven hours was this man subjected to this imminent peril; but, through the blessing of God, such was the intensity of the love of life and liberty in his bosom, that it seemed to set at defiance all the principles of physiology itself, and to live without air, that he might for one moment, at least, breathe the air of liberty. (Great applause.) Does not such a man deserve to be free? Is there a heart here, that does not bid him welcome? Is there a heart here, that can doubt that there must be in him not merely the heart and soul of a deteriorated man—a degraded, inferior man—but the heart and soul of a noble man? Not a nobleman, sir, but a NOBLE MAN! Who can doubt it?

Sir, I confess when I see such nobleness in a man of another hue from my own, I almost wish I could change my complexion for his. (Applause and hisses.) I have been hissed before. (Great applause, and a voice said, 'Lo good company.') Well might the arrival of such a man, in such a condition as that, excite an intense interest in the city of Philadelphia.

