PAPERS

RELATING TO

THE GARRISON MOB.

EDITED BY

THEODORE LYMAN, 3D.

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HARDLY a night passes in any of our large cities without greater violence done to person and to property than occurred in the so-called "Garrison mob." Although its results scarcely entitle it to the name of a riot, it has more historical importance than can be claimed by some battles. This wretched street fight was indeed the first muttering of that awful storm which was to burst over this country a quarter of a century later.

In October of 1835 there had come to Boston Mr. George Thompson, a Scotchman, who proposed to speak publicly in favor of the abolition of negro slavery. This was a discussion which few people then heard patiently, especially from the lips of a foreigner; and a considerable excitement followed.

There was to be a meeting of the Female Anti-slavery Society, and the Mayor, Theodore Lyman, Jr., sent a messenger to Mr. Garrison, editor of an anti-slavery paper called the Liberator, to ask if Thompson would then speak; because, in such a case, it would be necessary to provide additional police. Mr. Garrison replied that Thompson would not be

present, and consequently no unusual precautions were taken. The meeting took place at the rooms of the Society, No. 46 Washington Street, in the afternoon of October 21st.

The Mayor was soon told that the few constables on the spot were not enough to preserve order, and he went in person with more men. The mob became larger and more threatening, but was prevented by the police from entering the building. Mr. Garrison, considering his person in imminent danger, escaped by a back window into Wilson's Lane, where he was seized and roughly handled by the rioters, and was dragged into State Street. There he was rescued by the authorities, and taken into the Old State House, a portion of which was then used as a City Hall. As night was drawing on, and the mob seemed likely to grow too strong for the constables, it was thought best to place Mr. Garrison for safety in the jail, and to this end he was committed, *pro forma*, as implicated in a riot. He was taken from the City Hall, placed by dint of hard fighting in a carriage, and driven safely to the jail. The next morning he was set free, having sustained certain damage to his clothing, but none in his person.

Such is a sketch of this riot, and one that all parties will assent to as true. But there are other and important points which are by no means so easily settled. The following newspaper articles will bring out, quite emphatically, some of these points, and will serve to introduce a general consideration of the affair.

2505

No. I.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser of Wednesday, November 3, 1869.]

THE GARRISON MOB.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser: —

In your report of Mr. Phillips's lecture on the Question of To-morrow, he is made to say, concerning the Garrison or "Gentleman's" riot, "He saw the Mayor of the city, cap in hand, almost on his knees, entreating the men who were his social companions to have the kindness to obey the laws."

I beg to say that the above statement is false. The Mayor of the city, with the slender police force of that time, rescued Mr. Garrison by main force, and saved his life.

This statement I make for the information of the present generation. Those who knew the Mayor knew also that he was not a man to go on his knees to anybody, certainly not to mobs.

It seems a little hard, when there are so many *living* men at whom Mr. Phillips can throw mud, that he should not confine his pastime to them.

Very respectfully,

THEODORE LYMAN.

No. II.

THE GARRISON MOB.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser: —

I see the present Mr. Theodore Lyman denies the correctness of my statement as to his father's conduct at the Garrison mob. I said that Mayor Lyman "besought, instead of commanding, that day, and was, metaphorically speaking, on his knees to the mob." His son disbelieves this, because such conduct would be very unlike his father. He was in his cradle that day. I was in Washington Street. I *saw* his father beg and sue; I *heard* him beseech and entreat that mob to disperse and preserve order. He never once commanded or sought to *control* it. He never vindicated his office by even attempting to rally a force and *maintain* order. Had he issued one command, even one that was disobeyed, he would have done all that in him lay to redeem Boston, and I should have honored him. I saw him consent, if not assist, at tearing down the antislavery sign and throwing it to the mob, to propitiate its rage. The city was mine as well as his, and I hung my head, ashamed of it and him.

He was lamentably wanting on that occasion in all that befits a magistrate. He broke his pledge, made a week before, to the Female Antislavery Society. The only order he issued that day was one ordering its members, legally met in their own hall, to disperse. He never commanded the mob to disperse.

The Mayor did well in giving Mr. Garrison the only refuge which Boston, under such a mayor, could furnish, — its jail. He would have done his duty had he vindicated, or died in the attempt to vindicate, Mr. Garrison's right to speak what and where he pleased, and to sleep under his own roof in safety.

Then his career would have stood an honor to that generation and an example to all coming ones. He had ample means to control that mob. Ten men shot and sent to deserved graves would have scattered the mob in ten minutes. I could name a dozen men who would have been equal to that emergency. Mr. Hayes, lately of the Boston police, standing in Lyman's place, would have reversed the record of that hour. Mr. Garrison would have slept that night at home. Some of the gentlemen mobocrats would have slept in graves, and some would have filled Mr. Garrison's cell in the Boston jail.

Twenty years ago I said, "The time will come when sons will deem it unkind and unchristian to remind the world of acts their fathers take pride in." That hour has come. I refer to old shames, not to insult the dead, but to control the living. I have no ill-will toward Mayor Lyman. His services to the cause of education are an honor to his memory; and, if report can be trusted, he bitterly repented his weakness on that shameful day.

But evil-doers have one motive more to restrain them, if they can be made to feel that their children will blush for the names they inherit. I bring these

things up to show the world that reformers have terrible memories, and that, even if base acts win office and plaudits to-day, the ears of the actor's children will tingle at the report of them half a century hence.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

November 3, 1869.

No. III.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser of Monday, November 8, 1869.]

THE GARRISON MOB.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser: —

Mr. Wendell Phillips must take a flattering view of his past life when he assumes that any judicial mind will accept his statements as reliable.

Although I was "in my cradle" when the Garrison riot took place, and was therefore unable to raise my infant voice in beseeching the multitude, I have not written without various and abundant documentary evidence of the truth of my assertions, — assertions further confirmed by letters since received from an eyewitness.

I have also a minute account of the whole affair in the handwriting of the Mayor, whose word, I may be allowed to think, is not more prejudiced than, and certainly as generally reliable as, that of Mr. Phillips, who says he was *present*.

I will not fill your columns with a matter merely personal, by printing letters or other testimony. I will simply state that I am prepared to prove to the satisfaction of any reasonable person, —

1. That the Mayor did not humble himself before the mob, but that, on the contrary, he told them, from the door of the Old State House, that the law should be maintained if it cost him his life.

2. That he did not assist in, or consent to, the throwing of the Liberator sign to the mob.

3. That, with his own hands, and not without personal risk, he rescued Mr. Garrison from a furious crowd.

4. That he did a very sensible thing in keeping Mr. Garrison in jail overnight; and that Mr. Garrison himself, at that particular moment, was the person who most clearly appreciated this happy contrivance.

5. That the Mayor never "repented" his action, but always felt grateful to have been able to overcome so considerable a crisis without loss of life.

In conclusion, allow me to say that I do *not* blush for my father; but, in a spirit of Christian charity, I would gladly blush for Wendell Phillips, were he not past all such help.

Very respectfully,

THEODORE LYMAN.

No. IV.

THE MOB OF 1835.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser: —

Mr. Theodore Lyman considers my testimony of no value. If it concerned only a private matter, I should ask no further hearing. But the mob of 1835 is one of grave interest and importance. I will not, however, burden your columns with evidence; but, choosing one of the statements he says he can prove, I will show your readers how utterly he is mistaken on that point, and leave them to draw their own inferences as to the other assertions he makes. The sacrifice of the sign "Antislavery Rooms" was a decisive act, showing, far better than words could, the attitude of the Mayor towards the mob. I said Mayor Lyman consented to it, if he did not assist in it. His son says he is prepared to prove, —

"2. That he [Mayor Lyman] did not assist in, nor consent to, the throwing of the Liberator sign to the mob."

Let us see how the evidence stands. The mob took place October 21, 1835. The Boston Atlas of October 22, 1835, says: "Several gentlemen, *at the suggestion of the Mayor*, took down the sign bearing the words 'Antislavery Rooms,' and threw it into the street. It was dashed into a thousand splinters in a moment."

The New England Galaxy of that week says: "'Down with the sign!' (Antislavery Rooms) was at

length shouted, and two or three gentlemen, *at the request of the Mayor*, took it down and lowered it into the street, where it was speedily demolished."

Mr. Lucius B. Marsh, No. 210 Warren Avenue, Boston, writes me this morning: "I saw Mr. Harry Williams leave the Mayor's office (Old State House), and he went directly to the stairs which led up to the Antislavery Rooms, followed by a large number of people, who evidently knew, or seemed to know, the programme. (One of them carried a hammer.) Mr. Williams in a moment or two appeared at the window with his friend with the hammer. Mr. Williams opened the window, and they both commenced to take down the sign. He handed the sign towards the sidewalk, where it was broken to pieces. Mr. Williams then said: 'Fellow-citizens, I have been directed by his Honor the Mayor to take down this obnoxious sign. And you are now requested to go to your homes.'"

Mr. J. B. Palmer, No. 91 Devonshire Street, says in a letter to me, dated also this morning: "Mr. Williams appeared at the window of the Antislavery Rooms, and said that, by the *order of the Mayor* the sign would be removed, or words to the same purport. This I am positive of. The sign was loosened, ... jumped on, broken in pieces, and carried off by the mob."

Mr. N. B. Chamberlain, No. 310 Washington Street, in a letter to me, just received, says: "I can assure you that I went with Harry Williams to the Old State House, and met Mayor Lyman on the steps, during the afternoon of the Garrison mob.

Mr. Williams asked permission to take down the antislavery sign. I protested against such submission to the mob, repeating my protest as often as Mr. Williams urged the measure. Mr. Lyman appeared exceedingly agitated, and in fearful doubt what to do; but at last reluctantly consented. Mr. Williams immediately left, I following to the stairs of the Antislavery Rooms. Mr. Williams went up with hammer in hand, appeared at the window, and commenced tearing down the sign. It was soon accomplished, when he exultingly declared the work done by order of the Mayor."

This afternoon I have been favored with the following note from my friend Mr. Garrison: —

"In case you make any rejoinder to Mr. Lyman's reply to you in the Advertiser of this morning, I desire you to state, in my behalf, that the assertion of Mr. L. in regard to my having been sent to jail by his father, at the time of the mob in 1835, — 'Mr. Garrison himself, at that particular moment, was the person who most clearly appreciated this *happy contrivance*,' — is without any foundation. A happy contrivance, indeed, to shut up an innocent man in jail in order to save his life, and omit to arrest any of the rioters who were seeking his life! And this a faithful discharge of official duty by one sworn to execute the laws of the Commonwealth! You are certainly right in your criticisms of Mayor Lyman's conduct."

I leave the decision on this point to your readers.

Yours respectfully,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

November 8, 1869.

It is proper first to see what charges Mr. Phillips brings forward. In his lecture he made only one, which I will call —

A. That the Mayor meanly entreated rioters to obey the laws (see No. I.).

In No. II. it will be found that he has *added* as follows: —

B. That the Mayor never sought to command the mob, nor did he issue any order.

C. That he consented, if he did not assist, at tearing down the antislavery sign, and throwing it to the mob, to propitiate its rage.

D. That he broke his pledge (*what* pledge ?) made to the Female Antislavery Society.

E. That he ordered said Society to disperse.

F. That he had ample means to control the mob, and should have shot ten men; but did not control, and did not shoot.

Before considering these charges, it will be well to introduce two or three accounts of this affair. The first of these (No. V.) is in the handwriting of Mayor Lyman, and was found among his papers. The second (No. VI.) is an article signed "Abolitionist," published in the Liberator, November, 1835. It was written by Hon. Samuel E. Sewall, in reply to a singularly scurrilous attack on the Mayor, in the same paper. Mr. Sewall is well known as one of the "Original Abolitionists," and his testimony is particularly important, because he was in the building during the riot and assisted Garrison in his escape. The third account (No. VII.) is that of Mr. Garrison himself. A few passages, which do not af-

fect the present discussion, are omitted. The original will be found in Mrs. Stowe's "Men of our Times," page 172.

No. V.

ACCOUNT BY MAYOR LYMAN,

IN HIS OWN HANDWRITING, FOUND AMONG HIS PAPERS.

I think it was on the 18th of October that a notice appeared in the Transcript, a daily evening paper, that a meeting of the Female Abolition Society would be held in the Society's room in Washington Street on the 21st instant, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and that addresses might be expected from leading friends of the cause. In the course of the morning of the last-mentioned day an anonymous handbill * was distributed, stating that Thompson would address this meeting, and calling on the citizens to "snake him out" and carry him to the tar-kettle. Neither the author of the handbill nor

* THOMPSON, THE ABOLITIONIST.

That infamous foreigner known as Thompson will hold forth this afternoon at the Liberator office, No. 48 Washington Street. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to snake Thompson out. It will be a contest between Thompson and the friends of the Union. A purse of 100 dollars has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens, to reward the individual who shall first lay violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar-kettle before dark.

Friends of the Union, be vigilant.

Boston, Wednesday, 12 o'clock.

the mode of its circulation was, at the time, known, or could be traced.

In the forenoon of the 21st instant I sent one of the Deputy-Marshals * to the Liberator office, a well-known Abolition paper, in order to ascertain whether Thompson was in town or not. The officer was assured by Garrison, one of the editors of the paper, that Thompson was not, and that he would not be present at the meeting in the afternoon. On receiving this information I thought that, as Thompson was the object of popular disfavor, no serious disturbance of the peace was to be feared at a meeting it was known he did not attend. I took, therefore, no other precaution than to have a small number of police-officers assembled for the afternoon. More especially I conceived there was no danger of a riot, as, but a short time before, the same Society, I believe, held a meeting, where quiet and order were maintained by a few constables, though a number of noisy, ill-disposed persons attempted to interrupt the proceedings.

During the summer and autumn, the public mind being in a very heated, irritable state, the city had now and then been menaced with a riot. On seeing meetings announced that I thought likely to lead to tumult and disorder, I had, on several occasions, expressed that opinion to the persons concerned, at the same time admitting their right to hold these meetings, and acknowledging that it was my duty and purpose to protect them in the exercise of their right. I expressed these sentiments to some gentle-

* See No. XIV.

men of the Methodist connection, when it was publicly announced that Avery,* who had been recently tried in Rhode Island for a murder of a very aggravating description, would preach on a week-day evening; once, also, to some members of the Colonization Society, and twice, at least, to members of Abolition Societies. Some of the meetings proposed took place, others did not; and though there was once or twice a good deal of noise and crowding, nothing like a riot occurred.

In the afternoon of the 21st I went to the Mayor and Aldermen's room a few minutes before three o'clock, and as I passed across Washington Street, seeing that a number of people had assembled in the neighborhood of the Abolition Room, I sent Mr. Pollard to the spot with several officers, with instructions to send for me if he thought necessary. I was soon informed that the crowd was increasing very rapidly, and that the Society could not proceed in their business. In fact, on reaching the ground, I found the street literally full opposite the door leading to the Society's room, which was on the third story. Of this door and passage-way I took possession, by the aid of the officers already on the spot and of the few that came with me. I placed myself on the third or fourth step of the staircase, where I could see all in the street opposite the door, and some distance to the right and left. The crowd greatly increasing, and the excitement exceedingly

* A clergyman tried for the mysterious murder of a young woman, but acquitted, both by the court and by his own sect. He died in Ohio during the past year. — Ed.

so, I stated to the people within the sound of my voice, that Thompson was not in town, supposing that this declaration might induce some to go away and render others more quiet, but it had no such effect. The mob becoming more boisterous and inflamed, I was well satisfied that we were menaced with a serious riot. The passage-way was, however, maintained by the officers, but by no means without the exercise of great strength as well as spirit. Having no doubt of what was approaching, I went up stairs with the intention of representing the state of things to the females assembled, and of advising them to withdraw. I found twenty or thirty persons (perhaps one half lads) crowding about the door of the room. I was not aware till that time that these individuals were in the building, but I suppose that they entered before Mr. Pollard reached the spot. And in consequence of the dense throng now in front, it was very difficult to get them out. On entering the room, I found twenty-five or thirty women assembled there, mostly white, but some negroes and mulattoes. They were all seated except the chairman; but, on speaking to them, several rose and came towards me. One said in substance, that if it was necessary to die in that cause, they might as well die there and then. Not considering these women in any danger of their lives or of personal injury, — at the worst, exposed only to insult and to be the spectators of a disgraceful riot, — I smiled and replied, "At any rate they could not die there." Another said that they would withdraw, if I would secure them a passage. To effect this I went down

stairs to the street door, and after some difficulty a lane was opened in the crowd through which the women passed. There were some groans and some hissing by the mob, but more laughter. The women appeared to be very willing to leave the room. I heard no objection expressed beyond the remark, already mentioned, in regard to martyrdom.

But the mob did not disperse. On the contrary, they now began to cry vehemently, even furiously, for Garrison. At this time I did not know that he was in the building. It was now perhaps four o'clock,* and the afternoon was dark and cloudy. We had the prospect before us of a most stormy night. I had no police beyond what was necessary to keep the street door during daylight, and to guard the upper rooms of the building, nor any means of procuring an additional force till after dark, and in season to prevent immediate and great outrages and damage both to persons and property.

Thompson not being in town, Garrison now appeared to be the object of popular vengeance. I ascertained, also, about this time, that there were two or three gentlemen in the building that were his friends, and that felt very solicitous for his safety, but they said that he could not get out on the roof or escape by the rear. A person, also, that I thought owned the building or property in it, was very anxious for Garrison's removal, for fear of injury to the premises by the mob. Up to this time I had left my position on the staircase but once. Seeing, however, more and more of the menacing, raging

* The sun sets, at that season, a few minutes past five. — Ed.

state of the mob, which, as far as I could judge from the place where I stood, increased continually in numbers, and being exceedingly anxious for Garrison, for whom a cry was often raised, I went up again to the upper part of the building, and in the Abolition Room I now saw Garrison, and about him his friends that I have mentioned. There were also in the same room several individuals that had obtained admittance before the passage-way was occupied by the constables. Whether the latter knew Garrison or not I cannot say. I spoke to him, however, and as his friends had told me that there was no means of escape for him by the roof or the rear of the building, I asked him if he could not find a place in the garret where he could remain concealed. He said that he would see, and went up the attic stairs with alacrity. This is all that I said to Garrison during the afternoon.

I returned to my position at the bottom of the staircase in the passage-way, which I did not again quit till the mob rushed up Washington Street.

From the time that the females withdrew I observed that the sign of the Society now and then attracted the notice of this angry mob, their ill-temper displaying itself in the shape of shouts and yells. I suppose it was the only thing they could see that reminded them of the object of their vengeance. I thought, too, that as soon as it became dark, it might occur to these rioters, that, if they could get stones (and there were plenty there, as State Street had been recently macadamized) they would commence a pelting of this sign, and from the sign proceed to

the windows of the building, and then, perhaps, to the constables and others engaged in maintaining order. I therefore sent a person up the stairs to see if this sign could be taken into the room from the window. Instead of that being done, the man was interfered with by some of the lads and men, already mentioned as being in the building, the sign-board torn off the hooks and thrown down into the street.*

In the mean time Garrison had escaped. By the aid of his friends he got out of the back window of a bookseller's shop upon a shed in the rear of the building, and thence fled to Wilson's Lane. I was informed of this fact as soon as the escape was effected, though I did not witness the transaction. I thought the danger of a boisterous night was now much diminished; Garrison, I supposed, was safe, and I had little doubt but that sufficient men could be assembled in season to prevent, at any rate to check and stop, serious mischief.

* I think that Garrison in one of his papers in the Liberator says that I "ordered" the ladies to retire from the Abolition room. "An Abolitionist" says, "he *urged* the ladies to retire." "An Abolitionist" is Mr. Samuel E. Sewall. He was in the building the whole time, but neither he nor Garrison were in the Abolition room at the time I went in; but Mr. Sewall was as likely to have correct information from the ladies themselves as Garrison. He was doubtless as much in their friendship and confidence. He states the fact correctly.

Garrison, I think, also says, or intimates, that I directed the sign of the Society to be thrown into the street.

"An Abolitionist" says, the Mayor, "in *sanctioning* the removal of the Society's sign." This is far from saying that I ordered it to be thrown into the street. Mr. Sewall was very active the whole afternoon in efforts for Garrison's security, and finally did a great deal towards aiding him to escape. He probably *saw* what was done about the sign. Garrison could not, for he was concealed. He must have heard from others, or imagined it.

Perhaps ten minutes after I was told that Garrison had escaped a person informed me that the mob had caught him. I said, "No, he has been gone eight or ten minutes." The gentleman repeated his remark, and said that he was in the upper story of the building looking out of a back window, and from the movement of the crowd he was satisfied they had found him. I thought this very improbable, not knowing that Wilson's Lane was beset. While speaking, however, to Mr. Pollard, I observed the whole crowd in front of the building turn and run up Washington Street. I no longer had any doubt but that Garrison, or some one, was found. I left the passage-way instantly, told the officers to follow, and ran with the mob. When I reached the street on the north side of the City Hall, I looked down and saw a vast throng passing to the south along the head of State Street. I continued on past the Post-Office.

On my way from the Liberator office to the City Hall, — a short distance, say one hundred and fifty yards, — several persons said to me, "They are going to hang him; for God's sake, save him!" — at least, ten or fifteen said this. I turned down the street south of the City Hall, and there I saw Garrison, without his hat, in the midst of what seemed a prodigious concourse of people. I rushed to his rescue. I met him a little to the east of the south door of the Hall. He was in the hands of two men, one holding him with great strength on each side. As soon as I reached Garrison, he looked up (before, his head was bent to the earth) and smiled. I said to the

men who held him, "Take him into my office." I placed myself before him and backed, as well as I could, towards the steps of the Hall. After a short struggle, and in the midst of a vast deal of noise and clamor, we reached the steps. Going up the steps, I sank partly down on a man that had fallen. Garrison was forced into the City Hall, and the doors were shut. This was only effected by the use of great physical strength. The mob made no attempt to come in at the south door, but great numbers ran round and entered at the north so as to fill the lower hall. Garrison was, however, carried up stairs. I took my station at the foot of the staircase leading to the Mayor and Aldermen's room. The crowd was extreme for a minute. I spoke to the people and said in substance, that the law must be maintained, the order of the city preserved, and that I would lay down my life on that spot to effect these objects. These remarks were well received. The crowd continued intense in the street on the south side of the Hall. I therefore went to the window over the south door, and got out on the ledge or cap over that door, where I was able to stand, though the position was anything but safe. I here again spoke to the people very much as in the Hall. These remarks were also well received. The mob now appeared to be waiting for a movement on the part of the city authorities. It was nearly dusk, and the moment was critical; for if Garrison was kept in the City Hall till night, no one could doubt but that there would be a great tumult. The mob had, in the first place, been roused to fresh vigor by having

found Garrison, and then greatly inflamed by having had him taken out of their grasp. After careful deliberation no suitable place could be thought of but the jail. Sheriff Parkman, who was present, said that he would commit him as a rioter. The usual law paper was made out, and Garrison agreed to go to jail on the condition (as I was informed by Parkman) that he should not be subject to any expense. A carriage was procured, and, after a prodigious deal of resistance on the part of the mob, he was placed in it; and, after a second severe struggle, the carriage was driven off. The hackman luckily had good horses, and had good courage himself, for in the course of a hundred yards or so he got his horses into a gallop, and then, instead of going towards the jail, he drove towards Cambridge bridge. The mob (or a part of it) followed the carriage, but the manœuvre of the hackman distracted them, and a large portion stopped in Bowdoin Square.

Running the greater part of the way, I reached the jail before the carriage, which, however, soon came up, but not before between two and three hundred persons had assembled there. But a line was made to the jail by officers, and, on the door being opened, Garrison seemed to bound from the carriage to the jail door with a single leap. Mob about the jail then dispersed.

I went to my office and took all the precautions in my power for the quiet of the town during the night, having all the watch on the alert, and having officers placed in the neighborhood of Garrison's

house and the Liberator office. The night passed off without disturbance, though there was a very large collection of people on Washington Street till towards ten o'clock.

Throughout the whole of this riot Garrison acceded cheerfully and readily to the measures proposed for his security and protection.

The property destroyed on this occasion, so far as I have been informed, was a panel of a door broken in, a wooden partition somewhat injured, and the sign of the Society broken up. The whole to the amount, perhaps, of fifteen or twenty dollars.

Garrison himself received no personal injury. His trousers were torn, and I believe he lost his hat.

Mr. Pollard, the city marshal, remained the whole time by the door of the building while the mob were in Washington Street; Sheriff Parkman in the upper rooms. Being in the office when I was sent for early in the afternoon, he volunteered to go and aid in keeping the peace. He contributed much to that object by the courage he displayed, as well as good-nature, which never left him, though he was once or twice roughly handled. It was intended that Sheriff Parkman should go to the jail in the carriage with Garrison, but he could not be got in.

No. VI.

ARTICLE, BY HON. SAMUEL E. SEWALL, SIGNED "AN ABOLITIONIST," PUBLISHED IN THE LIBERATOR IN NOVEMBER, 1835.

CONDUCT OF THE MAYOR.

MR. GARRISON: —

I read with deep feelings of pain and regret an article in the last Liberator, signed "Hancock," in which the writer charges Mr. Lyman, the Mayor of Boston, with being a co-operator with the mob in this city of the 21st ult., and makes a show of labored argument to substantiate his accusation.

I am neither the eulogist nor the apologist of Mr. Lyman. But I believe that he was as sincerely desirous of suppressing the riot as any man in the city, and adopted such measures as seemed to him calculated to effect the object.

If he committed any errors on the occasion, it is just that they should be pointed out, but with the kindness and courtesy which are due to every man who means to do his duty. To those who are disposed to judge harshly of his conduct in a new and difficult emergency, I would say, Have you ever attempted to put down a mob yourselves?

The writer of the piece referred to argues, in the first place, that the Mayor was accessory to the mob, from his previous conduct.

He says that the Mayor exerted all his private personal influence for some time previous to Homer and Palmer's call for the mob, to dissuade Abolition-

ists from holding public meetings. Is it fair from this to conclude that the Mayor wished for mobs? His desire obviously was the very reverse, that is, to persuade the Abolitionists to forego their meetings, and thus afford no excuse for mobs. The writer ought to have added in this connection, if he was aware of the fact, that Mr. Lyman always said, if the Abolitionists chose to have meetings, in spite of the excited state of public feeling, he would defend the right of free discussion at the peril of his life.

Mr. Lyman's next offence is, that he was chairman of the proslavery Faneuil Hall meeting.* I regret that he should have aided on that disgraceful occasion; but I am not aware that he or any other person who addressed that assembly was in favor of mobs. Now, although the tendency of such a meeting, when the public mind was in a state of effervescence, was probably to encourage lawless violence against Abolitionists, yet it seems to me most uncharitable to charge men like Mr. Lyman, whom we know to have been always opposed to such violence, with a design to promote it, without some more direct evidence to substantiate the charge.

In regard to the gallows erected before Mr. Garrison's door, it would, it seems to me, have been proper for the city government to have made efforts to detect the offenders who placed it there. But I cannot say that the city authorities were in favor

* "A meeting not called for the purpose of exciting a *mob* against the Abolitionists, — but for the *expressed* purpose of discountenancing them . . . . . , — a meeting the call for which was signed by some of the most upright and pious men in this city."

"ANOTHER ABOLITIONIST," in the Liberator, November, 1835.

of mobs because they might think the course I approved unnecessary or inexpedient. The gallows, it should be recollected, was very promptly removed by the city officers.

Hancock next contends that the conduct of the Mayor, between the direct call for the mob and its assembling, shows him to have been accessory to it. Hancock contends that when the Mayor knew of the call for violence, he was bound to say that the ladies should have their meeting, and if appearances demanded, he was bound by the laws of the city to have called out the military, and to have lined the streets with bayonets and cannon. Here, it seems to me, Hancock is altogether wrong. I do not know whether there is any law of the city which authorizes the Mayor to assemble a military force, because a mob is anticipated. But supposing there is such a law, the occasion did not seem to require a military force to be assembled in anticipation of the meeting. The Mayor, I believe, had made such arrangements as he thought would be sufficient to quell the mob, if any should arise. Was he bound to do more? He was promptly on the spot, soon after the commencement of the tumult, with the City Marshal and constables, — a force which he probably supposed was sufficient for the emergency.

The conduct of the Mayor during the mob is charged as proof of his being accessory to it. But does Hancock give us any detailed account of the Mayor's conduct at this time, in support of the charge? O no. He offers a long *imaginary* (!!!) dialogue, which he says he thinks is a just inference

from the Mayor's conduct during this period. A more unfair course than that adopted by your correspondent could scarcely have been conceived of.

The Mayor is held up to ridicule and contempt by words put into his mouth which he confessedly never uttered. Suppose a man on trial for any offence, and a witness should undertake to tell what he thinks, judging from the prisoner's conduct, he might have said. Would such a witness be listened to for a moment? Yet this is the mode in which Hancock proposes to try the Mayor.

Perhaps I might conclude without any further answer to this branch of the accusation. But let us examine the real course of the Mayor's conduct, and see if it affords any proof of his co-operating with the mob.

He urged the ladies to retire.

Whether this was the most judicious course or not I shall not stop to inquire. I believe many Abolitionists think it was right for the ladies to quit the room. It certainly affords us no reason for doubting the Mayor's good faith, that he recommended this course.

The Mayor, with his officers, certainly cleared the building of the rioters, and defended its entrance afterwards, for a long time, against repeated and violent assaults.

He thus protected Mr. Garrison's life, and the property of the Society, and so far, it seems to me, he deserves commendation.

I will not, for a moment, justify the Mayor in sanctioning the removal of the Society's sign. But I

have no doubt he acted honestly, in the hope that this course might pacify the mob, and tend to prevent further outrage. For such an error of judgment, it seems to me most uncharitable to charge him with being leagued with the mob.

The Mayor has been very much blamed for not taking the course for suppressing the riot which is directed by a recent statute.* I know not what his motive was for this neglect of duty. I certainly shall not attempt to justify it. Yet, taking the whole of his conduct on the occasion into view, and knowing that he was, in fact, using exertion to oppose and disperse the mob, it seems to be absurd to contend that he could feel any sympathy with a lawless rabble, who were endeavoring to prostrate his authority.

In the *imaginary* dialogue, Hancock most unfairly represents the Mayor as having betrayed Mr. Garrison's escape from the building, and thus induced the crowd to pursue him. The charge is wholly groundless.

When Sheriff Parkman stated to the multitude that he could not find Mr. Garrison in the building, it was supposed by those who saw Mr. Garrison escape out of the window that he was already safe from pursuit. The communication was made for the purpose of dispersing the crowd. No intimation, I am confident, was given by the Mayor or Sheriff Parkman that Mr. Garrison had escaped from the building. The conduct of the Mayor after Mr. Garrison was brought to his office seems to

* See page 62. — Ed.

have been dictated by an anxious desire to promote his safety. His measures at this time seem to have been in the main prompt and judicious. I should have preferred that Mr. Garrison should have been sent out of town rather than to the jail. But the great object of saving Mr. Garrison was successfully accomplished. The Mayor is charged by Hancock with false imprisonment of Mr. Garrison. But I believe Mr. Garrison went voluntarily to the jail.

The conduct of the Mayor since the mob is next arraigned. He is blamed for not exerting himself to bring the rioters to justice. If he is blameworthy in this, it is a blame which he shares with many other citizens, including some Abolitionists. For it is competent for any citizen to prosecute these offenders.

However, I admit that the city government is to blame for not having made suitable efforts to detect the rioters and the publishers of the handbills. But I cannot infer from this that they were friendly to the mob, but merely that in their opinion it is not advisable for the city government to act on the subject. Dislike to abolition principles has probably had an influence in leading to this conclusion. Yet however much I disapprove of the silence in which our city authorities have passed over an enormous and high-handed *violation* of the laws, I cannot conclude from thence that they either encouraged or approved of the riot.

I must conclude. We should be just even to our opponents. We should endeavor to judge charita-

bly of their conduct, and not ascribe it to the worst possible motives. In looking at the course which they have pursued, we should be ever on the watch not to be carried into false judgment by party feelings. While truth compels us to extenuate nothing either in friend or foe, we should be equally careful to "set down naught in malice."

AN ABOLITIONIST.

BOSTON, Saturday, November 21, 1835.

No. VII.

ACCOUNT BY MR. WILLIAM L. GARRISON,

TO BE FOUND IN MRS. STOWE'S "MEN OF OUR TIMES."

As the meeting was to commence at three o'clock, P. M., I went to the hall about twenty minutes before that time. Perhaps a hundred individuals had already gathered around the street door and opposite to the building, and their number was rapidly augmenting. On ascending into the hall, I found about fifteen or twenty ladies assembled, sitting with serene countenances, and a crowd of noisy intruders (mostly young men) gazing upon them, through whom I urged my way with considerable difficulty. "That's Garrison," was the exclamation of some of their number, as I quietly took my seat. Perceiving that they had no intention of retiring, I went to them and calmly said, "Gentlemen, perhaps you are not aware that this is a meeting of the Boston *Female* Antislavery Society, called and intended exclusively for *ladies*, and those only who have been invited to address them. Understanding this

fact, you will not be so rude or indecorous as to thrust your presence upon this meeting. If, *gentlemen*," I pleasantly continued, "any of you are ladies in disguise, — why, only apprise me of the fact, give me your names, and I will introduce you to the rest of your sex, and you can take seats among them accordingly." I then sat down, and for a few moments their conduct was more orderly. However, the stairway and upper door of the hall were soon densely filled with a brazen-faced crew, whose behavior grew more and more indecent and outrageous. Perceiving that it would be impracticable for me, or any other person, to address the ladies; and believing, as I was the only male Abolitionist in the hall, that my presence would serve as a pretext for the mob to annoy the meeting, I held a short colloquy with the excellent President of the Society, telling her that I would withdraw unless she particularly desired me to stay. It was her earnest wish that I would retire, as well for my own safety as for the peace of the meeting. She assured me that the Society would resolutely but calmly proceed to the transaction of its business, and leave the issue with God. I left the hall accordingly, and would have left the building if the staircase had not been crowded to excess. This being impracticable, I retired into the Antislavery office (which is separated from the hall by a board partition), accompanied by my friend, Mr. Charles C. Burleigh. It was deemed prudent to lock the door, to prevent the mob from rushing in and destroying our publications.

In the mean time the crowd in the street had augmented from a hundred to thousands. The cry was for "Thompson! Thompson!" But the Mayor had now arrived, and, addressing the rioters, he assured them that Mr. Thompson was not in the city, and besought them to disperse. As well might he have attempted to propitiate a troop of ravenous wolves. None went away, but the tumult continued momentarily to increase. It was apparent, therefore, that the hostility of the throng was not concentrated upon Mr. Thompson, but that it was as deadly against the Society and the Antislavery cause. The fact is worthy of special note, for it incontestibly proves that the object of these "respectable and influential" rioters was to put down the cause of Emancipation, and that the prejudice against Mr. Thompson was only a mere pretext.

Notwithstanding the presence and frantic behavior of rioters in the hall, the meeting of the Society was regularly called to order by the President. She read a select and appropriate portion of Scripture, and offered a fervent prayer to God for direction and succor, and the forgiveness of enemies and rioters. It was an awful, sublime, and soul-thrilling scene. . . . . The clear, untremulous tone of that Christian heroine in prayer occasionally awed the ruffians into silence, and was heard distinctly even in the midst of their hisses, yells, and curses, — for they could not long silently endure the agony of conviction, and their conduct became furious. They now attempted to break down the partition, and partially succeeded; but that little band of women still

maintained their ground unshrinkingly, and endeavored to transact their business.

An assault was now made upon the door of the office, the lower panel of which was instantly dashed to pieces. Stooping down, and glaring upon me as I sat at the desk, writing an account of the riot to a distant friend, the ruffians cried out, — "There he is! That 's Garrison! Out with the scoundrel!" &c., &c. Turning to Mr. Burleigh, I said, "You may as well open the door, and let them come in and do their worst." But he, with great presence of mind, went out, locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and by his admirable firmness succeeded in keeping the office safe.

Two or three constables having cleared the hall and staircase of the mob, the Mayor came in and *ordered* the ladies to desist, assuring them that he could not any longer guarantee protection, if they did not take immediate advantage of the opportunity to retire from the building. Accordingly they adjourned, to meet at the house of one of their number, for the completion of their business; but as they passed through the crowd they were greeted with "taunts, hisses, and cheers of mobocratic triumph, from gentlemen of property and standing from all parts the city." Even their absence did not diminish the throng. Thompson was not there, the ladies were not there; but "*Garrison* is there!" was the cry. "Garrison! Garrison! We must have Garrison! Out with him! Lynch him!" These and numberless other exclamations arose from the multitude.

For a moment their attention was diverted from

me to the Antislavery sign, and they vociferously demanded its possession. It is painful to state, that the Mayor promptly complied with their demand! So agitated and alarmed had he become, that in very weakness of spirit he ordered the sign to be hurled to the ground, and it was instantly broken in a thousand fragments by the infuriated populace. The sign being demolished, the cry for Garrison was resumed more loudly than ever. It was now apparent that the multitude would not disperse till I left the building, and as an egress out of the front door was impossible, the Mayor and some of his assistants, as well as some of my friends, earnestly besought me to escape in the rear of the building.

Preceded by my faithful and beloved friend, J. R. C., I dropped from a back window on to a shed, and narrowly escaped falling headlong to the ground. We entered into a carpenter's shop, through which we attempted to get into Wilson's Lane, but found our retreat cut off by the mob. They raised a shout as soon as we came in sight; but the proprietor promptly closed the door of his shop, kept them at bay for a time, and thus kindly afforded me an opportunity to find some other passage. I told Mr. C. it would be futile to attempt to escape,—I would go out to the mob, and let them deal with me as they might elect; but he thought it was my duty to avoid them as long as possible. We then went up stairs, and, finding a vacancy in one corner of the room, I got into it, and he and a young lad piled up some boards in front of me to shield me from observation. In a few minutes several ruffians broke

into the chamber, who seized Mr. C. in a rough manner, and led him out to the view of the mob, saying, "This is not Garrison, but Garrison's and Thompson's friend, and he says he knows where Garrison is, but won't tell." Then a shout of exultation was raised by the mob, and what became of him I do not know; though, as I was immediately discovered, I presume he escaped without material injury. On seeing me, three or four of the rioters, uttering a yell, furiously dragged me to the window, with the intention of hurling me from that height to the ground; but one of them relented, and said, "Don't let us kill him outright." So they drew me back, and coiled a rope about my body, — probably to drag me through the streets. I bowed to the mob, and, requesting them to wait patiently until I could descend, went down upon a ladder that was raised for that purpose. I fortunately extricated myself from the rope, and was seized by two or three of the leading rioters, powerful and athletic men, by whom I was dragged along bareheaded (for my hat had been knocked off and cut in pieces on the spot), a friendly voice in the crowd shouting, "He sha'n't be hurt! He is an American!" This seemed to excite sympathy in the breasts of some others, and they reiterated the same cry. Blows, however, were aimed at my head by such as were of a cruel spirit, and at last they succeeded in tearing nearly all my clothes from my body. Thus was I dragged through Wilson's Lane into State Street, in the rear of the City Hall.

They proceeded with me in the direction of the

City Hall, the cry being raised, "To the Common!" whether to give me a coat of tar and feathers or to throw me into the pond was problematical. As we approached the south door, the Mayor attempted to protect me by his presence; but as he was unassisted by any show of authority or force, he was quickly thrust aside; and now came a tremendous rush on the part of the mob to prevent my entering the hall. For a time the conflict was desperate; but at length a rescue was effected by a posse that came to the help of the Mayor, by whom I was carried up to the Mayor's room.

In view of my denuded condition, one individual in the Post-Office below stairs kindly lent me a pair of pantaloons, another a coat, a third a stock, a fourth a cap, &c. After a brief consultation, the mob densely surrounding and threatening the City Hall and Post-Office, the Mayor and his advisers said that my life depended on committing me to jail, ostensibly as a disturber of the peace. Accordingly a hack was got ready at the door, and I was put into it, supported by Sheriff Parkman and Ebenezer Bailey, the Mayor leading the way. And now ensued a scene which baffles all description. As the ocean, lashed to fury by a storm, seeks to whelm a bark beneath the waves, so did the mob, enraged at their disappointment, rush like a whirlwind upon the frail vehicle in which I sat, and endeavored to drag me out of it. Escape seemed a physical impossibility. They clung to the wheels, dashed open the doors, seized hold of the horses, and tried to upset the carriage. They were, how-

ever, vigorously repulsed by the police, a constable sprang in by my side, the doors were closed, and the driver, using his whip on the bodies of the horses and the heads of the rioters, happily made an opening through the crowd, and drove with all speed to Leverett Street.

In a few moments I was locked up in a cell, safe from my persecutors, accompanied by two delightful associates, — a good conscience and a cheerful mind.

Now to consider the original charge, —

A. *That the Mayor meanly entreated the rioters to obey the laws.*

Mr. Phillips is extremely vague in his accusation. He says (No. II.) he was himself in Washington Street, but does not mention the time, nor does he say where the Mayor was when these degrading pleadings were uttered. Such obscurity is characteristic of bad testimony the world over.

From the accounts already introduced, it is plain that the Mayor was *either* in the entry of the Antislavery building *or* on the steps of the Old State House, and in either case a person in Washington Street might have seen and heard him. He was for a long time in the entry of the Antislavery building, but, in his own account, there is no mention of an address to the crowd, beyond the statement that "Thompson was not in town" (page 17). The following letter contains an important allusion to this point.

No. VIII.

LETTER FROM MR. HENRY GUILD* TO THE EDITOR.

Having read the controversy in the papers between yourself and Mr. Phillips, and having been an eyewitness to the circumstances referred to, and a convert to the Antislavery cause from that date, I believe I can bear witness to your father's efforts to subdue the mob and rescue Mr. Garrison.

My impression is that the Riot Act was read under the windows of the Antislavery rooms; at any rate, I recollect distinctly your father warning the mob to disperse; this was before the seizure of Mr. Garrison, who was taken from Wilson's Lane, with a rope around his body (not around his neck, as has been often stated), and carried up State Street, on the north side, and down on the south side of the Old State House; and it was on the way down, and near the old pump that the police force, not more than ten or fifteen men, made a raid upon the mob and took him from them.

I could not say what part your father took in the arrest of Mr. Garrison from the mob, but I was informed, shortly after, that Mr. Garrison, in relating his experience in a public meeting, stated that he never was so glad to get into a jail in his life. I think your father did all that lay in his power, with a mere handful of men at his command; and although, as I said before, I am, and have been, an Antislavery man, I am also a lover of justice.

* Manufacturing Jeweller, Winter Street.

These few recollections have been scratched down hastily. I could give you a more extended and particular account if you should think it worth while to call upon me.

Boston, November 13, 1869.

Mr. Guild was then a clerk of Mr. Quincy Tufts, in a neighboring store, and he ran out to see what was going on. He says, "I recollect distinctly your father *warning the mob to disperse;* this was *before* the seizure of Mr. Garrison," therefore it was while the Mayor was in or near the entry of the building, and it was (perhaps) while Mr. Phillips was hanging his head with shame; which act seems to be the only support he gave to the law and the authorities on that important occasion. Such men as Colonel Sever ran in and took rioters by the collar; but Mr. Phillips hung his head.

But perhaps the entreating "almost on his knees" took place later, at the Old State House. The Mayor writes, "I said in substance that the law must be maintained, the order of the city preserved, and that I would lay down my life on that spot to effect these objects" (page 22). The following letters bear directly on this point.

No. IX.

LETTER FROM MR. JOHN H. THORNDIKE* TO THE EDITOR.

In this morning's Advertiser is a letter over the signature of Mr. Wendell Phillips, which contains such gross misstatements as to what occurred at the time of the "Garrison Mob," that I am impelled to write you what I know upon the subject. I would not say that Mr. Phillips intentionally says that which is not true, for it is fair to suppose that one of his excitable temperament, and taking the part which he did in the antislavery movement at that time, neither "*saw*" nor "*heard*" correctly. Upon the afternoon of that day, as I was walking down Washington Street, on the way to my office in State Street, I saw, when near Joy's Building, a large crowd of people, and curiosity led me on to the corner of Court Street. I asked a laborer there what the matter was; he answered that there were two or three men up there preaching to a lot of women about slavery. I went a little farther, and found myself next to Mr. John L. Dimmock, who appeared to be doing what he could to allay the excitement which was momentarily increasing. Men had crowded up the stairs of the building where the meeting was held, and there was much loud talk by some of them in the mob. Cries were distinctly heard, "Tear down the sign!" Mr. Dimmock said to two men whom he

* Lately President of the Water Board.

spoke to as if he knew them, "You had better take in that sign," and very soon one or both of them were at work doing it. When this was done I set out again for my office, and just as I reached the last corner of the Old State House there was a rush of some dozen men close together from Wilson's Lane, and in their midst a bareheaded man with a rope round his neck. Instantly others surrounded them, most of whom appeared to be well-disposed citizens, crying out, "Don't hurt him," and directed the bareheaded man (who I afterwards learned was Mr. Garrison) to the south door of the Old State House. Your father, Mayor Lyman, met them at the door with only one or two on either side of him, and under his direction Mr. Garrison was passed up stairs. When the most excited of those present tried to follow, he pressed them back, declaring in a clear and loud voice, "You can go no farther, and any man who passes here will have to pass over my dead body." Upon this, satisfaction was manifested by cheers and clapping of hands. He came in a moment after to the window over the entrance and again spoke to those remaining, asking them as good citizens to disperse, which they did. From that time I have had the highest respect for your father, standing there as he did, almost alone, fearing no one and caring for no one, bearing on his countenance and in the energy of his manner a determination to protect the man and maintain the peace.

Boston, November 6, 1869.

No. X.

LETTER FROM MR. OTIS CLAPP* TO THE EDITOR.

The reading of your letter this morning on the "Garrison Mob" revived my recollections of the scene.

I happened to be standing on the south corner of State and Washington Streets when the mob came up Washington Street, with General Lyman and his officers surrounding Mr. Garrison, who turned him into State Street, and up the steps into the Old State House (then the City Hall), when the door was closed and guarded. This action produced great excitement among the mob, which increased in fury each moment, and threatened to break down the door. Soon after, General Lyman stepped through the window on the roof over the door through which they had entered City Hall, and addressed the multitude.

He asked all to aid in keeping the peace, and advised all to quietly retire. The laws, he said, so far as rested upon him, *must* and *should* be obeyed, if he died in the attempt; or words to this effect.

His figure, as he then appeared, when he straightened himself up and spoke, is impressed upon my mind as though it was within a year, and the fire with which he declared his determination rings in my ears to this day. The effect upon the multitude was electric, and all was hushed for some moments;

* United States Assessor.

when parties began to gather in quiet groups, and talk over the matter.

I watched this transaction with intense interest, as it was my first lesson in the management of mobs; and I have always felt that General Lyman's action in this matter was in the highest degree manly and courageous.

As there are not many living witnesses of this scene, I presume, it has seemed to me well to say thus much upon the subject.

Boston, November 3, 1859.

No. XI.

LETTER FROM COL. JAMES W. SEVER TO THE EDITOR.

I take great pleasure in stating to you in writing, at your request, the substance of a verbal communication made to you a few days since in reference to the "Garrison Riot," so called, which occurred in this city on the 21st day of October, 1835.

Passing down State Street on the afternoon of that day, I encountered a large mass of people coming round the eastern end of the Old State House from the direction of Wilson's Lane, having in custody William L. Garrison, in his shirt-sleeves, and without a hat, having a rope around his waist.

As they turned towards Washington Street they were met by the Mayor and a force of constables. At this moment the cry was raised, "To the Frog Pond with him!" followed by an appeal to the bystanders to assist the Mayor, when, among many

others, the late Colonel Thomas C. Amory and myself aided in the rescue of Mr. Garrison from the crowd, and in placing him within the *south* door of the Old State House, which was at once closed.

Immediately afterwards the Mayor appeared at an open window over the door, from which he earnestly addressed the excited populace, advising and commanding them to disperse and go peaceably to their homes, — avowing his determination to maintain the peace of the city at all hazards, and notifying them in the most emphatic terms that, if any attempt should be made to force an entry to the building, it should be done only over his body.

At the close of his address he was heartily and very generally cheered.

An intimation having been given by some of the constables to those who had aided the authorities that a carriage had been ordered to the *north* door, and that assistance might be required there, we immediately repaired to that point, where we found the constables in the act of putting Mr. Garrison in a carriage, and the crowd rapidly increasing, and endeavoring to prevent it, some trying to overturn the carriage, large numbers hanging on to the wheels and calling out to "*Cut the traces!* cut the reins!" An individual drew his knife and made an attempt to do this, when he was seized by myself and thrust aside. The driver effectually applied his whip, and with difficulty succeeded in breaking away, when he drove rapidly up Court Street to the jail, followed by the mob.

I have delayed this communication in the hope of

finding the letter which I addressed to my father, in which, on the evening of this day, I gave a minute account of the events and occurrences of the day, "quorum *parva* pars fui"; but I have not been able to put my hand upon it.

I have, however, a most vivid recollection of these occurrences as I have narrated them, and no one could have witnessed them without the conviction that the utmost coolness, good judgment, and intrepidity were conspicuously exhibited by General Lyman on that occasion, and that he fully met all the claims upon him as the Chief Magistrate of a great city.

Boston, February 1, 1870.

Now here are three persons who write of their own prompting and without collusion, twenty years after Mr. Lyman's death, and who never read the private manuscript quoted above; yet they all confirm his words in a remarkable manner.

In the face of this testimony, Mr. Phillips would have us believe that this Magistrate did, in that very hour, at some place not designated, employ servile pleadings with these same rioters. About a matter so distinct in itself, such opposite statements are not to be reconciled by attributing them to faults of memory or of hearing. Either, then, Mr. Phillips bears false witness against his neighbor, or these three persons have, without previous consultation, all told exactly the same falsehood. The reader is at liberty to render judgment on the evidence.

Charge B. *That the Mayor never sought to command the mob, nor did he issue any order.*

Colonel Sever (No. XI.) expressly says, "*commanding* them to disperse and go peaceably to their homes"; and the words and spirit of the other documents (Nos. IX., X., &c.) fully bear out this expression. In the Liberator of November, 1835, "Another Abolitionist" says, "He declared that the law should be supported, if it cost him his life, and *ordered* them [the rabble] to disperse." Mr. Phillips (No. II.) says, "Had he issued *one* command, even one that was disobeyed, I should have *honored* him." I hereby call on Mr. Phillips publicly to make good this his written promise!

Charge C. *That he consented, if he did not assist, at tearing down the Antislavery sign and throwing it to the mob, to propitiate its rage.*

That the sign was taken down and thrown to the mob and broken up are facts needing no proof; that the Mayor ordered the sign to be taken down I do not deny, for he expressly says, "I sent a person to see if this sign could be taken into the room from the window," &c. (No. V. page 20); but that he ordered it *thrown to the mob,* or consented thereto, is a petty and malignant supposition which can only be admitted on the most emphatic evidence. The newspaper sentences quoted in No. IV. are no evidence; such reports are only hearsay. The testimony of Mr. L. B. Marsh does not touch the point. Even supposing that Mr. Harry Williams removed the sign and spoke those exact words, they do not convey the meaning that the Mayor ordered the

sign *thrown down*. Those who remember Mr. Williams as well as I do will be inclined to smile at seeing a person of his singularly eccentric and "independent" character quoted as one who would be likely to do as he was "directed." Mr. J. B. Palmer reports the words of Williams thus, "By order of the Mayor the sign would be *removed*"; and this statement (by whomever uttered) was a correct one. He did order the sign taken into the room, for sensible reasons referred to in the passage above; and Mr. Phillips is shooting at rovers when he brings an array of witnesses to prove a point that nobody denies.

What I offered to prove was (No. III.) that the Mayor "did not assist in, or consent to, *the throwing of the sign to the mob*." Mr. N. B. Chamberlain (No. IV.) reports that he and Harry Williams met the Mayor on the *steps of the Old State House*, and that the latter, "agitated and in fearful doubt," consented to have the sign taken down. This report may be summarily dealt with. He says he saw and talked with the Mayor on the steps of the Old State House. If so, he talked with what the demonologists call a "vicarious image," because Mr. Lyman *was not there*. As Mr. Phillips and Mr. Garrison, both principal parties in this dispute, have called themselves into court as witnesses (Nos. II., IV.) it is proper that another principal should be heard. The Mayor may justly be supposed to know *where he was* on that day; and, since he had no motive for falsehood in this particular case, his word should have authority. He says (page 18), "Up to this

time I had left my position on the staircase *but once*" (to confer with the women); and again (page 19), "I returned to my position at the bottom of the staircase, in the passage-way, which I *did not again quit* till the mob rushed up Washington Street." That is to say, he was constantly in the Antislavery building from the outset of the riot until Garrison was taken; which period, of course, includes that referred to by Mr. Chamberlain. Evidently, then, Mr. Chamberlain talked to somebody whom he mistook for the Mayor. Mr. John H. Thorndike (No. IX.) testifies that Mr. John L. Dimmock really played the leading part, and said, "You had better take in" (*not* throw down) "that sign." Mr. Garrison (page 34) says the Mayor was so alarmed that, in very weakness of spirit, he ordered the sign hurled to the rioters. Unfortunately, Mr. Garrison was just then hiding in the garret, and so his testimony is nothing; but Mr. Sewall, who uses the measured language of a trained lawyer, says (page 28) Mr. Lyman *sanctioned the removal*, which is the exact truth.

In fact, the case is simple enough to any person of common sense. The Mayor deemed it wise to take the sign into the room; he sent somebody (no matter whether Williams or not) to do it; this person, either from folly or because others interfered, (and this again is of no consequence,) threw the board into the street.

To live in 1870 and to look back with a clear eye to 1835 is difficult. Consider the position of a good citizen in 1835. Slavery existed, and it is the great-

est mistake to think it was not *then* lamented as an evil and a sin. But the question was *how to get rid of it.* The wise said: If we open the question, the master will strain the negro's bonds tighter; if we persist, there will be civil war, and that is a horror with which no one has a right to charge his conscience.

And what is to-day the fact of history? It has pleased God to lead us to liberty over the dead bodies of half a million men. Were our fathers weak tremblers because they shrunk from giving their children to the sword? They could not know that war *would* bring about liberty. Therefore they deprecated agitation, when there was no good plan for action. And in so doing they were *right,* — absolutely right! And the Extremists, who went beyond patient argument and charitable thought, were wrong.

When we were brought to the terrible pass of civil war, the sober-minded and prudent, — in fact, the men of action, — seeing the inevitable upon them, rose in their might, and they — and they alone — fought the good fight and saved the Union and freed the slave. If any one doubts this, let him think of the names of Grant, Meade, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan; of Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, Fessenden, Adams, Andrew. And let him find, if he can, the name of an Extremist who really DID anything notable in the struggle.

Charge D. *That he broke his pledge made to the Female Antislavery Society?*

This, in its vagueness, reminds one of the cele-

brated accusation hurled by Dr. Johnson against the fishwôman, that "she kept an isosceles triangle in her back garret." We may pass over this charge, until it gets its specifications.

Charge E. *That he ordered said Society to disperse.*

Mr. Phillips (No. II.) and Mr. Garrison (page 34) say he ordered the meeting to disperse. Neither of them saw anything. Mr. Phillips was hanging his head, on the pavement; Mr. Garrison was seeking a refuge in the upper story. Mr. Sewall (page 28) says he "urged the ladies to retire," and, as a warm friend of Mr. Garrison and a man of high integrity, we may safely assume that he was at pains to find out the truth. Mr. Lyman (the only witness *present*) agrees to Mr. Sewall's account, and says (page 17) that he went up stairs to advise them to withdraw; and, further on, "The women seemed very willing to leave the room. I heard no objection expressed, beyond the remark already mentioned, in regard to martyrdom" (page 18).

There is nothing hard to understand in all this. Here were a score of women in a room; the street was filled by a noisy and threatening mob; night was coming on; at any moment stones might be thrown through the windows, or an attempt might be made to force the doors. Was it not, in such a case, the part of a considerate gentleman to advise and urge women to withdraw? And was it not a sensible thing in them to seek a place of safety?

Charge F. *That he had ample means to control*

the mob, and should have shot ten men; but did not control, and did not shoot.

This charge may best be considered under two heads, — (*a*) the means to control the mob; (*b*) the propriety of shooting ten men.

The means of controlling mobs are the police and the military. In 1835 Boston had *no police*, as we now understand that word. There were about thirty night watchmen who went on duty for alternate nights, making some sixty men in all. They were under the orders of the Captain of the Watch, who was an officer independent of the City Marshal. During the day they pursued their callings, most of them being teamsters or truckmen; and it was only at night, when they reported for duty at their watch-houses, that they could be certainly counted on. When the Mayor says (page 23) that he had "*all* the watch on the alert," he means that the whole of the men, instead of one half, were put on duty during the night of the riot. Of day patrolmen there were none; but there were fifteen constables who had offices in the city, and who gained their living by keeping order in the courts, serving *subpœnas*, writs of ejectment, and the like. Of these there were *five* who were generally, but not always, employed by the city to patrol the disorderly quarters during the day. They were under the orders of the City Marshal, who, in 1832, had been authorized to command all "constables in the service of the city." It is fair to assume that the Mayor could, at any time, send for these five men during the day; but, beyond them, he had to rely, in sudden emergencies,

on such of the ordinary constables as could be found, and were not too old for duty, and on such of the night watchmen as could be found, and were willing to leave their work.

In 1835 the population of Boston was 78,603, and the available *day* police was *six* men, including the City Marshal. In 1869 the population, within the old limits, was not far from 200,000, and the regular police, exclusive of constables, about *four hundred and fifty* men, all well armed, and subjected to a military discipline under their captains, lieutenants, and sergeants.*

The reader will now understand the words of the Mayor (page 18), when he says he had "no means of procuring an *additional* force till after dark."

The following letter will be found to refer incidentally to the police of that time.

as he would have been had it not been for the prompt and spirited interference of Mr. Lyman, the Mayor. . . . . Went down twice in the evening to tender my services to the Mayor, but they were not needed."

On that afternoon I was at my office, No. 27 State Street, which commanded a view of the entire length of Wilson's Lane: my attention was attracted by the shouts of a multitude. On going to my window I saw a crowd approaching, with Mr. Garrison in its midst. As I was President of the Council, I rushed down and forced myself into his immediate vicinity, and remained at his side until he was placed in a carriage, and drove off. My opinion of the action of your father is stated as above, in the record I made on the same evening.

In judging of the situation of the Mayor, it should be remembered, that the action of the mob was unexpected; that the whole police force at that time consisted of a few superannuated constables, whose principal duty was to attend the courts; and the night watchmen who were not on duty. As to calling out the militia, he had no time to do it, even if it had been advisable, which it was not. Fears were entertained that there would be another outbreak at night, and a number of citizens enrolled themselves as special constables and reported during the evening to the Mayor for orders, which, fortunately, he was not obliged to give.

No one who knew your father as I did could ever have suspected him of a want of energy, spirit, or courage.

Boston, January 7, 1870.

Mr. Guild (No. VIII.) speaks of the force that rescued Garrison as "not more than ten or fifteen men," and these embraced the Mayor, the Sheriff, the City Marshal, and apparently some citizen volunteers (not, however, including Mr. Wendell Phillips). If this force was "ample" to control two or three streets full of angry people, it is quite clear that our present day police is conducted on an extravagant scale, and should at once be reduced to thirteen patrolmen, which would be the relative proportion to the population.

(*b.*) *The propriety of shooting ten men.* One is led first to ask, How were they to be shot? The authorities were having a hard time in keeping the building clear. They had no guns or pistols; scarcely good stout sticks. It would not have been a very usual course to send about and ask for volunteers, with fowling-pieces and king's arms, to fire promiscuously into the crowd. As to calling on the militia, that method will presently be considered. But this much may be said in regard to shooting in general, — a bullet does not pick and choose; it will go through a good man as likely as through a bad one. Now there were in that mob many good men, friends of order and friends of Mr. Garrison. The Mayor testifies (page 21) that ten or fifteen persons cried out, "They are going to hang him; for God's sake, save him!" and Mr. Garrison (page 36) speaks of sympathy showed him by persons in the crowd. There comes to us, then, this solemn question: Does Mr. Phillips advocate killing certain worthy citizens, in order that his ten mobocrats may be sent to their

deserved graves? Perhaps he thinks the good men had no business there, and that they should have gone home, as he did, leaving the regular authorities, and the rioters, and Mr. Garrison, to settle it among themselves as best they might.

As to calling out the militia, and getting the ten men shot out of hand, the Mayor had no more authority to do it than had Mr. Phillips himself. The legal process by which the militia could be got on the ground would have taken all night for its execution.

It may be profitable here to examine the law in regard to the conduct of the military in quelling disturbances.

(1.) *By what process could a Mayor call out the militia to suppress a mob?*

Mayors of cities had no *statute* authority, under the laws of the Commonwealth, to issue orders *directly* to the militia, until the year 1840. (Ch. 92, sec. 27.)

Previous to that time, judges of certain courts, and the sheriff of any county, within his precinct, could issue warrants to the military officer commanding the battalion or company nearest the scene of disturbance, to quell the riot. (Rev. Stat. 12, 134. But the Act of 1840 added, in explicit terms, "the Mayor of any city."

By the constitution of Massachusetts (1780, ch. 2, sec. 1, art. 7), the militia were placed entirely in the control of the Governor as commander-in-chief, and this would effectually cut off any common-law duties of mayors under the English system.

Moreover, the Acts of 1787, ch. 59, point out the manner in which the Mayor shall act in case the militia are needed, viz. he shall notify the Governor as commander-in-chief that the militia are wanted, and here his power ends.*

One or two English cases are, however, instructive on this point, viz. Rex *v.* Pinney, 5 Carrington and Paine's Reports, 254. Here the judge said, "It is no part of the duty of a magistrate to go out and head the constables, neither is it any part of his duty to marshal and arrange them; if he gives the military orders to act, it is all that the law requires of him."

This was an information against the Mayor of Bristol for alleged negligence in quelling a riot, and seems conclusive as to the point that in England much discretionary power is given to the military.

* The following is the language of the Acts of 1787, ch. 59, relative to more speedy and effectual suppression of Tumults, &c., &c.

"SEC. 2. *Be it enacted*, &c., That if in the opinion of the sheriff, or any two of the justices either of the Supreme Judicial Court, or of the Court of Common Pleas in any of the Counties of this Commonwealth, it shall be necessary for the suppression of any insurrection existing or apprehended, as aforesaid, in said County, that a force shall be instantly raised and called forth for that purpose; and if, by reason of distance, the necessary aid cannot be obtained by order of the commander-in-chief, it shall be the duty of such sheriff or justices to certify the same under his or their hand to the major-general or commanding officer of the division, wherein such county lies, or the commanding officer of some regiment or corps in the vicinity, and to request him or them to detach the whole or such number of the militia under the command of such officer for the support of the civil authority, as the said justices or sheriff may think necessary to defeat the purposes of such insurgents, and to apprehend and safely keep them for trial, and, as soon as may be, to give notice of such application to the commander-in-chief, that he may take the necessary orders thereon, and it shall be the duty of such major-general or commanding officer to detach such number of the militia, as shall be requested as aforesaid, armed and equipped according to law; the militia so

To sum up the first proposition then: in 1835, a Mayor *per se* could not call out the militia, having power only to suggest to the Governor that an exigency had arisen calling for military force.

(2.) *Under what circumstances may magistrates fire on a mob, and after what preliminaries?*

This question is a broader one than the other, and one in regard to which the authorities are somewhat conflicting.

By the English Statute 2 Geo. I. c. 5 (commonly called the Riot Act), it was provided that, "if any riotous assembly did not disperse within one hour after proclamation" (made in due form provided in the act), "the officers of the law should seize and apprehend them" (enumerating sheriffs, mayors of cities, &c., &c., as such officers); and "if any persons

detached and collected shall afford their assistance to and be under the control of the civil officer or magistrate, unless in case of a rebellion declared by the legislature."

At this time, and until after 1835, there was no form prescribed for the certificate "under the hand of said officers," but the Revised Statutes gave one in substance, as follows: —

SEAL.

WARRANT.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. — SUFFOLK ss.

To A. B., COMMANDING FIRST DIVISION M. V. M.

WHEREAS, it has been made to appear to me, C. D., Sheriff of said County, that there is threatened a tumult, riot, and mob of a body of men, acting together by force with intent to offer violence to persons and property, and by force and violence to break and resist the laws of this Commonwealth in said County of Suffolk, and that military force is necessary to aid the civil authorities in suppressing the same. Now, therefore, I command you to parade (specifying the force) in due form according to law. Hereof fail not at your peril, &c., &c.

Some such form as this was probably used in 1835.

so unlawfully, tumultuously, and riotously assembled, or any of them, should happen to be killed, maimed, or hurt in the dispersing, seizing, or apprehending, by reason of their resisting the person so dispersing, seizing, or apprehending, the said officers shall be held harmless from all private action or criminal prosecution on account of the killing or maiming as aforesaid."

This statute only embodied the common law, for Blackstone in his Commentaries (IV. 180) declares that the powers of magistrates were the same before the Riot Act; it would seem, therefore, that magistrates would be safe in obeying their own convictions. The decisions, however, do not bear out this idea.

In 1768 (after the Riot Act), Mr. Gillam, an excellent magistrate of the County of Surrey, was tried for his life at the Old Bailey, for ordering the militia to fire, in a riot in St. George's Fields, after long and patiently enduring the provocations of the rioters, and twice reading the Riot Act; of this case we have, unfortunately, no full report, as the Nisi Prius Reports did not begin until 1810, or thereabouts. As the result of this, during the Lord Gordon riots, the civil officers were unwilling to take any responsibility; and they were therefore severely blamed.

This case shows the tenor of the judicial decisions in the matter; for every English court has been very careful in its construction of the act,— never justifying firing on a mob unless it is proved to be a last resort.

The act itself justifies killing or maiming only when the rioters resist the seizing, &c., &c.

According to the authorities on justifiable homicide, no officer, civil or military, is justified in firing on a mob and killing a rioter, unless he is satisfied the riot can be quelled *in no other way*. Judge Hoar, in his charge to the Suffolk Grand Jury in 1854 (17 Law Reporter, 168), speaks of this point; he intimates that so many lives are risked by any discharge of fire-arms by military, the innocent often suffering with the guilty, that officers should wait to the last moment before firing.

To sum up: no order to fire should ever be given while the authorities feel that *any* expedient remains untried; and they are so strictly responsible in their exercise of discretionary power, that they are personally liable to indictment for murder if they show any negligence, or too great zeal.

Now as to the preliminaries to be observed before firing. In England the Riot Act, or that part embracing the proclamation, must be read as near the riot as the officers can come with safety, and then, if the mob does not disperse within one hour, the military may fire.

This custom has, however, never been generally adopted in this country.*

* On April 8, 1835, a statute was passed following almost literally the words of the English Riot Act, the following being a brief abstract of it: —

An Act more effectually to suppress Riots.

CXL. 1835.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted*, &c., &c., That if persons to the number of twelve or more, armed with dangerous weapons, or if persons to the number of thirty or more, armed or unarmed, shall be riotously, tumultuously, or unlawfully assembled in any city, town, or district in this

In this country, therefore, the preliminaries before firing would vary in each case, and cannot be defined in general terms; the law, however, would demand that proper warning should be given to a mob before they are fired upon, and on a trial of soldiers for homicide by firing on mobs, it would be a question for the jury whether proper warning was given.

Having considered the charges preferred by Mr. Phillips in Nos. II. and IV., I would gladly have left the discussion in its simplicity, and without extending it to other persons. And this might have been done, were it not for the note of Mr. Garrison at the end of No. IV. Therein he not only denies that he was willing to go to jail, but uses this sweeping expression, "You are certainly right in your criticisms

Commonwealth, it shall be the duty of the mayor of such city (selectmen, justices of the peace, &c., &c.) to go among such persons, or as near as may be safe, and to command them to disperse; and if they do not disperse, said officers may take them in custody; said officers may also command all bystanders to assist them, and persons refusing shall be deemed rioters and treated accordingly.

Sec. 2. *Be it enacted further*, That it shall be the duty of the mayor and aldermen of any city, and every justice of the peace, and selectmen of any town or district, and the sheriff of the county or either of his deputies, whenever any persons shall be unlawfully assembled as aforesaid, to immediately proceed to the place of their assembling, or as near thereto as safely may be, and to take such measures as are herein provided, to disperse such assembled persons; and each and every of the aforesaid magistrates and officers, who, knowing of such unlawful and tumultuous assembly, shall neglect or refuse to proceed as aforesaid, or who shall wilfully or negligently omit to exercise the authority with which he is invested by this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable to pay a fine not exceeding $300 for every offence, to be recovered in any court competent to try the same.

Sec. 3. That if any persons assembled as aforesaid, after command given to them to disperse as above, shall refuse or neglect to do so with-

of Mayor Lyman's conduct," — which can mean nothing less than that Mr. Phillips is right in his charges, A to F inclusive!

I wish Mr. Garrison could be kept out of this part of the discussion. He has shown himself a notable man, perhaps even a great one. He had a high and noble idea which was pursued, with an almost heroic constancy, to its triumph.

No one can be surprised that Mr. Garrison felt indignant, after his experience in the riot. Nothing can be more annoying, or harder to bear, than that mingling of the tragic and the ludicrous which accompanies maltreatment by a cowardly and mischievous mob. But he should not vent his feelings on the magistrate who honestly defended him; or

out unnecessary delay, *any two* of the magistrates or officers aforesaid may require the aid of a sufficient number of persons, in arms or otherwise, and may proceed to take such measures as in the judgment of such two magistrates or officers are expedient to disperse said tumultuous assembly, and to seize and secure the persons composing the same; and if any such persons, or any other person then being present, as spectators or otherwise, shall be killed or wounded by reason of the efforts of said two magistrates or officers to disperse said assembly, said officers and magistrates shall, as also persons acting under their direction, be held guiltless and justified in law; but if said magistrates or officers are killed, the rioters shall be answerable therefor.

Approved by the Lieutenant-Governor, April 8, 1835.

By comparing the above with the Riot Act, it will be seen that the words of the two are almost identical, and as the Riot Act was in 1835 a part of our common law, this act is plainly nothing more than an explicit statement of the common law doctrine on the subject.

It is undoubtedly this act which is referred to by "Abolitionist" in the Liberator (page 29); but he does not make clear what *use* the Mayor could make of the act, since he already had asked the aid of good citizens, had requested and commanded the crowd to disperse, and had personally, and with his constables, struggled as hard as he could with the mob.

carp at the means by which his person, perhaps his life, was saved.

Nobody thinks, or even pretends, that Mr. Garrison was sent to prison to punish or disgrace him, or to make him appear ridiculous; he was sent there for safety. Mr. Phillips talks sheer nonsense when he demands that Garrison's right to sleep under his own roof in safety should be "vindicated." No one denied his *right* to do it; the question was whether he *could* do it on that particular night. Mr. Garrison (No. IV.) speaks indignantly of "shutting an innocent man up in jail in order to save his life." Very well; should the innocent man be left out-of-doors in order to *lose* his life? The Mayor's first duty was to protect this man; and in so doing he was to run no risks, he was to see that the man was returned to society alive and well. It was for him to judge how strong his police was and how strong the mob was, and to place the man in such conditions as *guaranteed* his safety. And for all this he was responsible under his oath.* The real fact is, that Mr. Garrison, in the moment of peril, was only too glad to go to jail, or to any other place that promised security. But, when the danger was over, he began to doubt whether he had exhibited proper dignity, and had got as much martyrdom as

"In the celebrated Doctors' Mob of 1788, in New York, the physicians and medical students of that city were confined two days in the common prison for protection from the populace. I think you [Garrison] complain without reason of a mere formality, necessary in consequence of the requirements of the law, and not intended as a gratification to the mob or as an injury to your feelings. I refer to the charge made against you as a disturber of the peace."

"ANOTHER ABOLITIONIST" in the Liberator, December, 1835.

was his due. Hence his outcry about false imprisonment, and the studied care with which, in his account (No. VII.), he strives to exhibit his own conduct as remarkably calm, while that of the Mayor is described as weak. He further tries to speak as lightly as may be of the Mayor's part in the rescue; indeed, when he says (page 37) that a tremendous rush was made to "prevent his entering the hall," one would infer that he was then *rescuing himself.*

It is not easy to prove the mental condition of a man at any particular moment; nevertheless, there is documentary evidence sufficient to show us what were his real sentiments during, and directly after, the riot. The Mayor, whose testimony is as admissible as that of Mr. Garrison, says (page 23), "The usual law paper was made out, and Garrison agreed to go to jail on the condition (as I was informed by Parkman) that he should not be subject to any expense"; and again (page 24), "Throughout the whole of this riot Garrison acceded cheerfully and readily to the measures proposed for his security and protection."

Mr. Sewall (page 30) says, "I believe Mr. Garrison went *voluntarily* to the jail." Mr. Garrison himself writes in the Liberator (December 12, 1835), "It is true that I made no objection to leaving his [the Mayor's] office"; and, inasmuch as he "left his office" for no other possible purpose than to go direct to the jail, we may accept this as a sort of Celtic euphuism, to be translated thus, "I went to jail, and was glad of the chance." As a commentary on

this translation, there may be added an extract from the letter of Mr. Guild (No. VIII.), "I was informed, shortly after, that Mr. Garrison, in relating his experience in a public meeting, stated, that he never was so glad to get into a jail in his life."

More than this, he was (for a very short time) positively *grateful* to Mr. Lyman, although he soon after diligently disclaimed any such emotion. The following letter, with the indorsement thereon, will explain this assertion.

effect. I ought, however, to add that, in requesting the communication, nothing is further from my thoughts than to make any public use of it. Having lived for many months a life of great solitude and retirement, I have passed a portion of that time in looking over and arranging the numerous papers in my possession relating to the various and multifold affairs in which I was engaged, during the two years I held the office of Mayor. Finding many concerning the most important event that occurred while in office, — and, while reading them, the conversation I had with you and Mr. Cobb [?] recurring fresh to my recollection, — I feel desirous to file away, with those I already possess, any communication you will take the trouble to make to me on that subject.

I am, &c.

WALTHAM, October 19, 1837.

Will you have the goodness to direct your answer to this Post-Office ?

[Indorsement on the copy.]

The within is a copy of a letter to Knapp, one of the editors or publishers of the Liberator. To my knowledge the original note was carried to the office of the Liberator, but I *never received any answer to it.*

It is perfectly and distinctly fresh in my recollection that Knapp told me, on the occasion mentioned in this note, that Garrison told him, the night of the riot, 21st October, 1835, that he, Garrison, owed his life to my exertions to protect and rescue him from the hands of the mob.

It is also as fresh in my mind that Sheriff Parkman told me, the day after the riot, that Garrison made the same statement to him respecting my conduct.

THEODORE LYMAN.

The following official paper will prove how accurate was the memory of Mr. Lyman.

No. XIV.

STATEMENT BY ASSISTANT-MARSHAL WELLS.

BOSTON, 1835.

I have deemed it expedient, for various reasons, to make a record of the following facts: —

A meeting of the Boston Female Antislavery Society was notified to be held at the rooms of the Massachusetts Antislavery Society, No. 46 Washington Street, on the afternoon of October 21, 1835, at which time several addresses would be made. In consequence of the strong prejudice existing in the minds of the citizens of Boston against the proceedings of the Abolitionists, especially those of Mr. George Thompson, the Mayor of the city instructed me to ascertain from the Antislavery office if the said Thompson was to address the meeting, or if he had left the city; at the same time to inform them of the object of the inquiry, which was, that if Thompson was to make an address, that the Mayor might be provided with sufficient force to quell the riot which would immediately ensue, or if he had left the city, that he might state that fact. On receiving these instructions, I immediately called

at their office, and obtained an interview with William L. Garrison, one of the leading Abolitionists and editors of the Liberator. He seemed rather to question the authority of the Mayor thus to interfere in their affairs, but on my assuring him that the only object the Mayor had in view, in eliciting the information, was to do all he could to preserve the peace of the city; and also, stating to him that, in case Mr. T. did address the meeting, it was feared a riot would take place, and that blood might be shed, he gave me the desired information, but it seemed to me with great reluctance, undoubtedly thinking that a different motive other than the true one prompted the inquiry.

I should not omit to mention that subsequently to the morning interview* *both Mr. Garrison and Mr. Knapp told me that he (Mr. G.) owed his life, under God, to the Mayor.* I more readily make this last statement, having understood that Mr. Garrison has indulged in very violent and ungrateful language upon the conduct of the Mayor of the city on that day.

This *is*, as near as I can recollect, the substance of the interview with Mr. Garrison on Wednesday, October 21, 1835. I had further conversation with Mr. Garrison on the expediency of holding their meetings during the highly excited state of the community on this occasion, but which I do not think relevant to the present statement.

CHARLES B. WELLS,
One of the Assistant-Marshals† of the City of Boston.

* That is to say, after the riot had occurred. — Ed.

† At that time there were two Assistant Marshals, and their duties corresponded pretty nearly to those of our present Health Officers. — Ed.

Mr. Charles B. Wells has this day informed me that he wrote the paper to which this certificate is attached.

I am personally well acquainted with Mr. Wells; he has been in the service of the city over thirteen years.

I know the paper to be written in his handwriting, with which I am also acquainted.

SAMUEL F. McCLEARY, *City Clerk.*

Boston, February 14, 1848.

The foregoing testimony conclusively proves, —

1. That Mr. Garrison went cheerfully, and of his own free-will, to jail, as to a proper place of safety.

2. That, at one time, he was deeply grateful to Mr. Lyman as the preserver of his life.

By what process of reasoning he brought himself to believe that he was *not* frightened, and did *not* wish to go to jail, and was *not* saved by the Mayor, is unimportant. His friends will perhaps speak of his conduct as a change of belief; I should be inclined to express it by the more simple term, ingratitude.

I have spoken of the matter of Mr. Phillips's charges; and it remains only to speak of their *manner*.

In his lecture of November 1st, the style of his attack on the Mayor is his normal one, it might be called his average every-day abuse. (No. I.) When brought suddenly to defend himself, his old legal instincts rise within him, and a certain un-

wonted caution is to be observed. The Mayor is no longer "almost on his knees," but is, "*metaphorically speaking*, on his knees"; and he is at pains to summon witnesses to make his case good. (Nos. II. and IV.)

A couple of weeks later he delivered what he was pleased to term a repetition of his discourse, at Steinway Hall in New York. Here he failed not to make up for any little constraint he might have felt in Boston, as the following sentences will show: —

Boston Lecture, Nov. 1.	*Newspaper Discussion.*	*New York Lecture, Nov.* 16.
"He saw the Mayor of the city, cap in hand, almost on his knees, entreating the men who were his social companions to have the kindness to obey the laws."	"Mayor Lyman besought instead of commanding that day, and was, metaphorically speaking, on his knees to the mob."	"I saw the Mayor, the representative of law and magistracy, entreating, suing like a spaniel, beseeching like a beggar, this crowd of his social companions, to respect the law. I saw the turbulent defiance, the derisive laugh, with which his good-natured appeals were received. I saw him descend lower and lower in his appeals to the mercy of the mob, that they would spare his office."

Whence these additions, — this increased venom? Do they reveal the uncontrolled indignation of a patriot against meanness and incompetency? or do they betray the anger of a coward, who seeks to exasperate the living by insulting the dead?

Who was this person who is spoken of as a

spaniel, a beggar, and a panderer to the worst passions of mobs?

Perhaps Carlyle might have called him "an inarticulate man"; for he never got on platforms to tell how good he was, or how bad others were. He was one of those whose right hand did much, and the left knew it not; one who never turned the poor from his door; one who was a leader in many movements for the improvement of mankind. Even Mr. Phillips, tingling though he was under the public exposure of a base calumny, was forced to say of him, "His services to the cause of education are an honor to his memory."

Such actions go to make a good citizen. He, however, did something more. First in this country he established the principle that young culprits are not to be cast, like lost felons, into a common prison, but are to have a chance for better lives. He founded the State Reform School, and endowed it with seventy thousand dollars of his money. Only after his death was it known who had conferred this benefit on the Commonwealth.

The Rebellion was Mr. Phillips's opportunity. Here was the harvest-time of the seed he had sown for many seasons. How feebly did he put in the sickle!

Yet he had good models to follow. If Thucydides writes true history, Mr. Phillips has copied closely the oratory of a demagogue who lived more than two thousand years ago. Cleon, the Athenian leather-dresser, had that very way of saying what

ought to be done, in the most violent and most dogmatic words the Attic dialect could furnish. But Cleon could do more than talk. Witness his conduct in the affair of Pylos. "Give me," he said, "the troops now in the city, in addition to those in Pylos, and I will die for it, but within three weeks I bring you those Spartans prisoners of war!" * "You shall command," shouted the Demos, thinking it the best joke of the season. Cleon went to Pylos, stormed the Spartan camp, and was back again with his prisoners within the time fixed. Doubtless he was a demagogue, and a dangerous one; but he was no poltroon, and met his death at last on the field.

Mr. Phillips, with a burst of Cleonian eloquence, cries out that in the war he sees salvation, and that every act of his life moves him to give it a hearty and hot welcome.†

Why, then, did he not go to the war? Was he a non-resistant? Non-resistants do not wish ten men sent to bloody graves for maltreating Mr. Garrison. Was he sick or feeble? An orator who can pace a

* —— *ταῦτα δὲ ἔχων ἔφη πρὸς τοῖς ἐν Πύλῳ στρατιώταις ἐντὸς ἡμερῶν εἴκοσιν ἢ ἄξειν Λακεδαιμονίους ζῶντας ἢ αὐτοῦ ἀποκτενεῖν.*

—— *καὶ τοῦ Κλέωνος καίπερ μανιώδης οὖσα ἡ ὑπόσχεσις ἀπέβη· ἐντὸς γὰρ εἴκοσιν ἡμερῶν ἤγαγε τοῦς ἄνδρας ὥσπερ ὕπέστη.*

Θουκυδίδου Ξυγγράφης, IV. 28, 39.

† On April 21, 1861, he said in Boston: "Every act of my life has tended to make the welcome I give this war hearty and hot. . . . . The first cannon-shot upon our forts has put the war-cry of the Revolution on her lips. . . . . No man can prevail against the North in the nineteenth century." He also spoke of the "Abolitionists who thank God that He has let them see salvation before they die." — SCHOULER'S *Massachusetts in the Civil War*, p. 113.

stage by the hour and shout slander to two thousand people, might well sit on a horse and cry "Forward!" to a brigade of infantry. Was he too ignorant or too old? General James Wadsworth was the older man, and knew no more than he of military art. I saw General Wadsworth with his gray hair, as he rode, at the head of his division, into the thickets of the Wilderness. And there, in the forefront of the battle, he fell, — a simple gentleman, who did not think he could do more good by staying at home.

The War was Mr. Phillips's opportunity. Brave deeds would have compelled men to bury under laurels the memory of his slanderous abuse and murderous eloquence. But he lost that opportunity: and posterity will remember only his eloquence, his bitterness, his injustice, and his cowardice.