

Anthony Burns in Boston

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of the people's indignation. They succeeded. They enforced obedience to the most damnable edict that ever disgraced the land, and "gave Scripture for the[deed]." The people began to feel that they must "obey the law, while it is law, and strive for its repeal, or anarchy would ensue, and the government be at an end." Their indignation was laid aside, to be expended in a *holier* cause, for they wished to remain good citizens, and must, as a matter of course, obey the injunctions of Paul (?) and the Boston clergy, or the majority of them. Rev. Mr. Grimes, a worthy pastor of the Baptist church lost some of his most valuable members. Other colored churches suffered equally. But the law must be carried out, even though ministers be snatched from the pulpit, to satiate, for the time being, the hungering and thirsting of the wolf for blood. Whether or not the fugitive slave-hunting ministers have, ere this, repented or not, we do not know; but one thing we do know, and that is, "God is not man that he should lie, nor the son of man that *he* should repent."

But Mr. Burns is in Boston, and has had an enthusiastic reception in Tremont Temple. He made a very sensible speech on the occasion. Whether or not Dr. Adams was there taking notes to be used as an *addendum* to his next edition of his "*South side view of Slavery*," we are not informed.— We, however, select the following extract

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from the speech of Mr. Burns, and, with all due deference, suggest that its insertion in the next edition of his work might be of considerable pecuniary advantage, and also attest the truthfulness (?) of the whole book. Will some friend of the Doctor's hand him the following extract?]

"I am glad to see my friends, my brothers and sisters, that I am so blessed by the kind providence of God to be in your assembly here this evening. It is well known to you all, I suppose, without my saying it, that I certainly was once in Boston before, (laughter.) I do not need at this time nor at any other time that the militia should carry me out again.

"It is well understood, and has been for a good many years, within the South, that there was a North. (Applause.) I heard the old heads talking some years ago, when I was a small fellow of the revolutionary war. They said that the northern men were endeavoring at a certain time to deliver the colored people from bondage. This was looked for, and many died looking for the promise. I bore these things in mind, and they grew up in me. I said that if I ever grew up to be a man, I would try to reach this place which they call the North.

"In the mean time he said that he hoped he had become a Christian, and then he was the more impressed with the importance of being free in body and soul. He thought

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"In the mean time he said that he hoped he had become a Christian, and then he was the more impressed with the importance of being free in body and soul. He thought

he had a duty to perform in telling others to flee from the wrath to come; yet being in bondage he could not do it. He grieved over his condition, and it was his prayer and supplication that He would deliver him out of bondage. It seemed that God heard his prayer. Being blessed with an opportunity to make his escape, he did so, and came to Boston, where he felt as in a free land— He said he did not report himself as a fugitive, but wanted to earn his living without being a burden to his friends. He looked out for a little occupation and had been in business about a month when one evening while passing along the street, thinking of no harm he heard somebody running behind him, who clapped his hands upon him. Said he, 'Go back—you are the fellow that broke into the silversmith's shop.' Said I, 'You are mistaken.' He told me the name of the street, but I said I had never been there.— 'But you must come along, and if you are not the one we want,' said he 'we will let you alone.' After I started, I found there was some six or seven had had hold of me, and they carried me almost off my feet.— They set me down in the Court House and I waited for the gentleman that they said was robbed to come in. But the men did not talk about him at all, and he did not make his appearance for some time. The scenes that followed, until his going down to the Cutter were passed over.

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"After the trial, on his way to the vessel, he said he found the people in the streets, marching from almost every quarter. O, didn't I look brave? Yes. (Laughter.)— Just before he was carried out he said he took especial notice of a couple of captains who came in. They strutted around me in the Court House, some of them said, is this the lion? Another said, is this the fellow that has been keeping all this to-do in Boston? Well, he is a mighty lion. My heart was melted in tears, feeling there was no dependence but in Christ Jesus, my Lord. All my hopes were then fixed in him, saying, Lord, I believe in thee; I believe it was thou who brought me from bondage in a distant land and I believe thou wilt go with me wherever I go. Feeling so strong in Jesus, the fear of man was taken away— The manner in which he was carried to Virginia has been before stated.

"He was promised many fine things and fed with fine fancies till he got to Norfolk— He was there put in prison for the first time in his life. There was no bed, no stool, no water in his room. He did not get any thing to eat nor any water that day. He stayed in Norfolk two nights and a day, and was then taken to Richmond, where he was put in the Traders prison, and remained a week. He was then taken to the jail and had the shackles put on him. His room there was very small, and he was kept there four months

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during the hot weather. The bracelets on his wrists wore through his skin. In this condition he said he remembered how Daniel had been put in the lion's den and had been delivered, and how prophets and apostles had suffered and been delivered; and then his faith was strong in God, who he believed would deliver him.

"At the end of four months he was taken from the jail to be sold at a public auction to go to a southern State. For a long time after he was put upon the block nobody would bid for him. This scene as described by Mr. Burns, was very interesting. Some, walking around him, said, is this the mighty Bostonian? Is this the lion? Some inquired what he thought of the Yankees. Did he think they were fine fellows or rascals?—The auctioneer, he said, became quite excited because he could not get any satisfactory bids. One man said, He is a fine, likely, portly looking nigger; I think if I had such a good looking nigger I could make twenty or thirty barrels of corn. (Laughter.) I did not say much to that. By degree the bids run up, and the more they run up the more mad some of the spectators grew—Some said, take down the nigger; some said, burn him; some hang him. At last he rose to \$905, and was struck off to David McDonald, a trader, belonging to N. Carolina.

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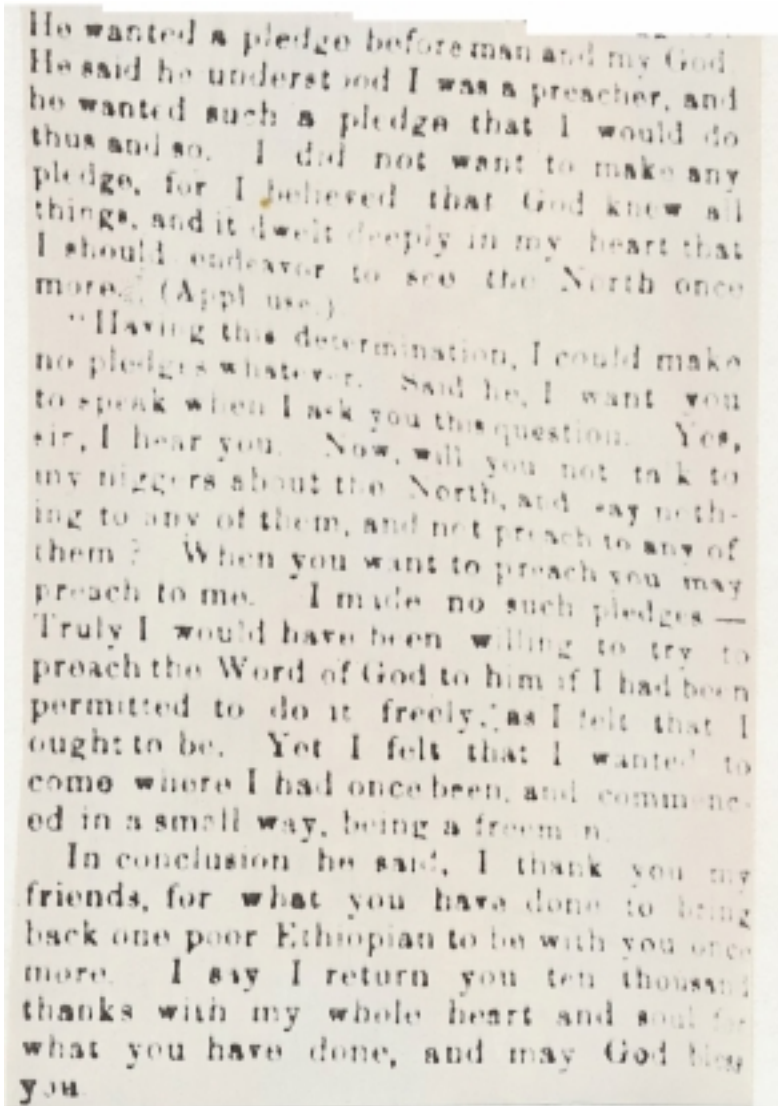
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He wanted a pledge before man and my God
He said he understood I was a preacher, and
he wanted such a pledge that I would do
thus and so. I did not want to make any
pledge, for I believed that God knew all
things, and it dwelt deeply in my heart that
I should endeavor to see the North once
more. (Applause.)

“Having this determination, I could make
no pledges whatever. Said he, I want you
to speak when I ask you this question. Yes,
sir, I hear you. Now, will you not talk to
my niggers about the North, and say nothing
to any of them, and not preach to any of
them? When you want to preach you may
preach to me. I made no such pledges—
Truly I would have been willing to try to
preach the Word of God to him if I had been
permitted to do it freely, as I felt that I
ought to be. Yet I felt that I wanted to
come where I had once been, and commenced
in a small way, being a freeman.

In conclusion he said, I thank you my
friends, for what you have done to bring
back one poor Ethiopian to be with you once
more. I say I return you ten thousand
thanks with my whole heart and soul for
what you have done, and may God bless
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