

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, one of the fugitive slaves. He was received with tremendous applause. After some introductory remarks as to his want of ability to address such large and intelligent audience, having been for twenty years entirely without education, he said that thus was indeed a strange occasion. He had repeatedly looked around on the audience, and every time he had surveyed the meeting he had been much surprised with the strangeness of its appearance and object. Within the last two or three years, certainly within the last 18 months, large and enthusiastic meetings had been held in cities of the United States, to welcome to the New World refugees from Hungary, from the banks of the Danube, the Tiber, and the Nile, while here there were three thousand persons assembled to welcome refugees from the banks of the Mississippi. (Great cheering.) They had not made their escape from a monarchical government—not from a land over which a king, queen, or emperor reigned; but they were here flying away from the stars and stripes of America. They were here refugees from the land of their birth—democratic republican America. And what was their offence? what act had they committed, that they were here freer than they would have been in the United States? Simply because the people of the country were inconsistent—that they give the lie to their own Declaration of Independence, which alleged that all men were created free and equal. They were here this evening, because they would not be permitted to live in America, without being slaves. There was not a rood of soil in the States of America, on which William and Ellen Craft and himself could stand, or be permitted by law. There was not a foot of ground

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over which the flag of the United States floated on which they could stand without being doomed to the degradation of Slavery, and he thanked God that they were now on the soil that had seen the Bruces and Wallaces of former days. (Cheers.) He only wished that the slaveowners were here to-night, to see and know that the people of this great city had entered their protest against making slaves of any human being. So much had been said about the American Fugitive Slave Bill, that he should merely mention one or two facts connected with it, without entering into the subject. The law was in the first place unconstitutional in many respects. (Cries of hear, hear.) It was unconstitutional because it denied to the runaway slave the right of trial by jury. The Constitution said that every person should be secured against unreasonable search, but this bill allowed the country to be searched all over for the purpose of taking the runaway slave. The Fugitive Slave Bill also struck down the right of *habeas corpus*. He might examine many other equally obnoxious features of the Bill, but he would now turn to another point of the question. It was not merely for the amelioration of the condition of the slave that he was here to-night. No, he asked the slaveholder to strike the fetters from the limbs of his fellow-men; let the slave work for his own living. (Loud cheering.) To those who had no higher object than the amelioration of the condition of the slave, with regard to his food and clothing, he would leave the discussion of that question: but he was here to excite so far as he could, the influence of public opinion, against the institution of American Slavery that held three millions of his

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countrymen in bondage. (Cheers.) They were here to ask this meeting to enter not only their protest, but to let their feelings and sentiments go forth in such a manner as would tell the American slaveholders that they condemned the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill as much as they condemned the institution which had brought it forth. (Cheers.) And here let him say, that that Bill was enacted by the members of the American Congress, all of them professing to be free and independent people, and a great number of them members of religious bodies. It was brought forward by Daniel Webster, and supported by doctors of divinity and ministers, from Moses Stewart to Dr. Bonlard of St. Louis, who would carry him (Mr. Brown) back into Slavery if he could get him. (Cries, of "hear, hear.") If any act of a people could show that they were haters of liberty and lovers of wrong, he was certain that the people of the United States had given ample testimony in passing and attempting to carry out the Bill he had referred to. He sometimes thought that the people of this country acted very inconsistently in denouncing the institution of Slavery, which separated the husband from his wife, and the mother from her child; while, at the same time, the American slaveowner was received into European society. He knew of no code of morality by which the slave owner was received with open arms by the very same individuals who could applaud the draymen of Barclay and Perkins, for driving a General Haynau out of the country. (Cheers.) For was not the individual who could enslave Ellen Craft, and who after she had made her escape in a manner unparalleled by any man or woman,—could claim

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her as his property, pursue her to Boston, and then drive her from the land of her birth—was that individual not as mean and contemptible as the man who caused females to be flogged on the soil of Hungary. (Cheers.) He believed if the people of Europe were to say with one voice to the American slaveholders, “If you want to be received into respectable society here, you must first free your slaves,” he knew of no logic that would sooner convince these men of the sin of holding slaves. There were many dark features connected with the institution of Slavery which had never been brought before the people of Europe, and which he himself would not speak on, because he felt certain that the delicacy of the meeting would not permit it. It was perhaps enough for him to say that, during the twenty years of his life that he was a slave, every effort was made to shut out the light of knowledge from his mind, and everything that was calculated to raise him above the level of the brute creation, his owner well knowing that the first use he would make of geography, if he had been taught it, would have been to make his escape, if possible. In spite of obstacles, however, when his master got up one morning, and called on a certain slave to brush his boots and bring his breakfast, he found the slave had taken himself off, and was not to be found.— (Laughter and cheers.) He was grateful for the reception which he had met in this country, and he hoped it would go back to the United States that this evening three fugitive slaves had appeared before three thousand of the people of Glasgow, who, while in America, had to hide from the very laws and officers of the country whose duty it was to pro-

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