

have not the slightest doubt; but let us hope that St. Domingo will not be polluted by the footprint of an American slave. If the Haytiens still retain the spirit that animated the head and heart of Toussaint L'Ouverture and his companions, I feel certain that slavery will not be reinstated on the first soil pressed by the feet of Columbus in the New World. When Napoleon's expedition neared St. Domingo, in 1798, Toussaint, the great negro chief, viewed it from his mountain-tops, and said, 'France sends her troops here to put the chains again on our limbs. But not France, with all her troops of the Rhine, the Alps, the Nile, the Tiber, nor all Europe to help her, can extinguish the soul of Africa. That soul, when once the soul of a man, and no longer that of a slave, can overthrow the pyramids and the Alps themselves, sooner than be crushed down into slavery.' These bold words of Toussaint were most ably backed by Christophe Clavaux, and that great, good, bad man, Dessalines. When Christophe was summoned to surrender the city of Port au Prince, he replied, 'Go tell your General that the French shall march here only over ashes, and that the ground shall burn beneath their feet.' To a second demand, he replied, 'The decision of arms can admit you only into a city of ashes, and even on these ashes I will fight still.' Then, my friends, let us hope that these words, spoken half a century ago for freedom, have not been forgotten. I trust and believe, that when the people of St. Domingo shall be called on to defend their rights, they will be found worthy representatives of the men who drove the French from the island fifty years ago. The past, we are told, is the clue to the future, and the wisest prophet is he who reads most attentively the page of history. If this be true, then it will be well for the slaveholders of this blood-stained Union not to attempt to reenslave the only free and independent government of colored people in existence.

While Slavery has been gaining ground in America, Liberty has been marching onward in Great Britain. Since the day that Magna Charta was wrung from the iron hands of King John, down to the present, Liberty has been progressing in the British empire. The serfs throughout England were emancipated in 1574. Two centuries afterwards, Granville Sharpe gained for the cause of freedom, through his servant, Summerset, the decision that has rendered the soil of Britain sacred to liberty. England has abolished the slave trade, and set her own islands free; and her people now sympathize with the down-trodden of this land. Yes, monarchical England has done that which Republican America refuses to do for humanity. The people of Britain feel much for the bondmen of this country. They should feel, and they have a right to speak. You have received from them every thing good that you have—your good laws, your education, your books, your literature of every kind, your religion, and even your very lives. Why not go on and copy her in abolishing negro slavery? The English people have a right to advise you on this subject, and you should not feel yourselves too great to take this advice. Neither should you be ashamed to cease doing wrong when it is pointed out to you.

It affords me delight to hear, in this meeting, the names pronounced of that circle of tried and true friends with whom it was my privilege to cooperate in promoting the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden, and also to testify to the beneficial influence of Mrs. Stowe's mission, and the belief entertained in its good results upon those for whom the funds were contributed.

My opportunities for becoming acquainted with the institutions of Great Britain have been greater than almost any other American, white or colored. I have travelled through nearly every town, village and hamlet in the United Kingdom; and not once, during my sojourn of five years, was I ever insulted on account of my complexion. When the colored man gets from under the stars and stripes, he is beyond the influence of that withering and biting prejudice that is to be found throughout these United States. No matter whether walking on the banks of the Rhine, the Seine, the Thames, or the Clyde, my manhood has always been acknowledged. But I no sooner landed in America, than I again felt the effects of this prejudice. [Here Mr. Brown narrated some telling incidents on the subject of prejudice.]

Notwithstanding all this, he added, though in England there was every inducement for his remaining, he preferred to return home, and share the suffering with his brethren, and the labors of those pledged to their deliverance.

In conclusion, Mr. Brown said, that though he was depressed at the pro-slavery tone and action of the government, he felt as though the motto of anti-slavery was 'upward and onward;' and he believed the time would come, when, instead of being there to welcome one who had been born a slave and was enfranchised by British gold, they would welcome those who had been enfranchised by law and the feeling of the people.

WELDELL PHILLIPS then came forward, and was heartily cheered. He said—I rejoice that our friend Brown went abroad; I rejoice still more that he has returned. The years any thoughtful man spends abroad must enlarge his mind and store it richly. But such a visit is, to a colored man, more than merely intellectual education. He lives for the first time free from the blighting chill of prejudice. He sees no society, no institution, no place of resort or means of comfort from which his color debars him. After mentioning some amusing instances of the surprise of Americans at this absence of prejudice abroad, he said, we have to thank our friend for the fidelity with which he has, amid many temptations, stood by those whose good name religious prejudice is trying to undermine in Great Britain. That land is not all Paradise to the colored man. Too many of them allow themselves to be made tools of the most subtle foes of their race. We recognise, to-night, the clear-sightedness and fidelity of Mr. Brown's course abroad, not only to thank him, but to assure our friends there that this is what the abolitionists of Boston endorse.

Mr. Phillips proceeded:—I still more rejoice that Mr. Brown has returned. Returned to what? Not to what he can call his 'country.' The white man comes 'home.' When Milton heard, in Italy, the sound of arms from England, he hastened back—young, enthusiastic, and bathed in beautiful art as he was in Florence. 'I would not be away, he said, 'when a blow was struck for liberty.' He came to a country where his manhood was recognized, to fight on equal footing. The black man comes home to no liberty but the liberty of suffering—to struggle in fetters for the welfare of his race. It is a magnanimous sympathy with his blood that brings such a man back. I honor it. We meet to do it honor. Franklin's motto was, *Ubi Libertas, ibi patria*—Where Liberty is, there is my country. Had our friend adopted that for his rule, he would have stayed in Europe. Liberty for him is there. The colored man who returns, like our friend, to labor, crushed and despised, for his race, sails under a higher flag; his motto is, 'Where my country is, there will I bring Liberty.'

What the Jew was once, the colored man is in our own age, the test of its religion and its liberty. In the middle ages, you had to look at the Jew to discover how much real religion and knowledge of civil rights existed around him. The colored race furnishes that test to-day. Uncle Tom is the Shylock, in this respect, of our Shakespeare. The colored man's claim tries the sincerity of Father Mathew—the sagacity and honesty of Kossuth. How stern the trial, the lustre of Mazzini's fidelity, the only European radical who has stood the test, may show.

Mr. Phillips went on to speak, in this connection, of the Church and State, and of the probability that Hayti would become the battle-ground of this question, when it might be a colored man's duty to hurry there, and throw in his lot with the noble islanders who first vindicated in this hemisphere the colored man's right to the sovereignty of the soil he tilled.

In conclusion, he made some criticisms on the great men of our history, and noticed the recent advice of

Mr. Winthrop, that Boston should erect statues to Hancock and Adams, adding, 'May such statues be like those of the old gods, a refuge and hiding-place. You remember the well-known story of Samuel Adams, when, returning home one evening, he found a colored girl sitting at his fireside. His wife told him she was a slave girl, which a friend had given her. "Here she is free," was his reply. "No one who crosses this threshold remains a slave." Let Boston set up no statue to the noble old man till she is willing that all her limits shall be his threshold, and that no one who enters his home shall remain a slave.'

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON tendered a warm tribute to Mr. Brown for his sublime heroism in returning again to the land of slavery, and proceeded in his usual earnest and impressive manner to point out to the audience the stupendous and complicated wickedness of their government, as exhibited towards the colored race.

The *Telegraph* furnishes the following sketch, which is accepted in the absence of a full report:—

Mr. Garrison dwelt at considerable length upon the pro-slavery interpretation of the Bible, as it is given at the South, where he said their God was a God of slavery. For his part, he had made up his mind to be for no other God than the God who goes for liberty. So in regard to Christ; the Christ they have at the South is one who stands by the auction-block and sanctions bidding off husbands and wives in lots to suit purchasers.

If the Bible goes for slavery—which he did not believe—it never came from the God of Liberty. But if it is for freedom, there can be no affinity between the God who goes for slavery and the God who goes for freedom. There must be, then, a dissolution of religious union, if we will stand by our principles. We believe anti-slavery to be of God; therefore we can not walk with those who believe it to be of the devil.

Slavery swallows up all parties at the South; there must be such a union of the friends of freedom at the North, or the Union is doomed. He said, I don't care where you stand in religious or political convictions; I never made an issue with the Whig or Democratic party with regard to the government, nor did I ever raise an issue with any man on account of his religious opinions. But I have to say, Whigs, Democrats, Presbyterians, Methodists, all, there is one thing we are bound to do, and that is, to stand by the cause of liberty till liberty triumphs. Our issue should be, liberty now, and liberty forever, cost what it may, and the God of Liberty over us all.

Mr. Garrison was listened to with much interest. His stirring rebukes and eloquent appeals elicited hearty approbation.

Charles Jenox Remond's much-regretted absence was in consequence of indisposition.

During the evening, the enthusiasm was augmented by the cheering in response to the mention of familiar anti-slavery names, both in Europe and America.

The meeting adjourned with hearts evidently encouraged for the glorious work yet to be completed in breaking the tyrant's yoke, and letting the oppressed go free.

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THE RECEPTION AT THE MEIIONAON,
FRIDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13, 1854.

Owing to prior engagements of parties interested, this meeting, for the reception of our long-absent friend and co-laborer, WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, was held at an earlier day, and with less display of arrangements than had been anticipated; but the large audience evinced by their enthusiasm a gratifying interest in the Man and the Hour.

It was a blending of colored and white anti-slavery friends, in honor of one who has exhibited rare devotion, zeal and integrity in the cause they all love so well; and, in compliment to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, their time-honored President (FRANCIS JACKSON), was unanimously called to the Chair.

Wm. C. NELL introduced Wm. WELLS BROWN with the following remarks:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—Our meeting this evening forms one link in that golden chain of associations which unites in a signal manner the faithful band of American anti-slavery men and women with their ever-vigilant and efficient co-laborers in Great Britain, France, Germany and elsewhere in the old world.

From the year 1833, when WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, the honored and acknowledged pioneer of our cause, performed his first anti-slavery mission to Europe, it has been the high privilege of friends in Boston to bid God-speed to several others on departing—and when returning, to take note of the event, as on this festive occasion.

Five years since, our guest left his native land to sojourn beyond the broad Atlantic wave—during which time, in glorious contrast with some others identified with him by complexion and condition, he has never lowered the tone of anti-slavery testimony, nor elevated sect above humanity, but on all and every occasion his voice has been heard, his hand been seen, in proclaiming and defending the cause of the crushed and bleeding slave. For this, among other merits; Wm. Wells Brown, we cherish a grateful recollection of your mission.

Permit us to anticipate your unfolding to us, this evening, a brief chapter of 'Places you have seen and people you have met.' The oft-repeated but none the less acceptable European every-day protest against color-phobia—a peculiar institution of Christian, republican America—and from your own 'sunny memories of foreign lands,' we may glean some incidents in the philanthropic tour of Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose wonderful book of the dark-browed son of toil and the angel-child Eva elicited the sympathies of lord and peasant—even to that 'material aid,' which, as a faithful almoner, she is now dispensing to 'help the cause along.' We shall hear from that hero of many an anti-slavery battle at home and abroad, PARKER PILLSBURY, and the WELLS, HAUGHTONS and MERRILLS, the PEASES, ESTLINS, and others in that brilliant constellation of representative men and women devoted to the cause of emancipation; and last, but O, how far from least! GEORGE THOMPSON and MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, whose honored names are ever welcome to our ears.

It would not be in keeping with the proprieties of this hour to moot the question of purchasing a man from his self-styled master. We have to take cognizance of the heart-inspiring fact, that WILLIAM WELLS BROWN is to-night, and henceforth, a free man—no longer a fugitive slave, but ransomed from American chattelhood by British philanthropy. We rejoice that he is as free as the bird that cleaves the air, or sings on the branches.

Let us thank God that *Enoch* can not translate you, our brother, back to slavery. You are now beyond *Price*.

In behalf of this meeting and the friends of our common cause—as an earnest of their satisfaction in view of your course abroad, and safe return home—it is my happiness to tender you the right hand of fellowship. May your past services prove an earnest for the future; and so consecrating them, may you and our beloved GARRISON live to see the day when our guilty land will no more be trodden by a tyrant or a slave, and you both gladden by your presence, and inspire by your voices, the multitudes assembled to usher in the Jubilee.

Mr. Brown, on rising, was greeted with long and loud applause, and addressed the meeting as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—It is now five years since I had the pleasure and the privilege of addressing a Boston audience. Since I was last here, many changes have taken place. The Fugitive Slave Law has been enacted, and the soil of Massachusetts, which was dedicated to liberty in 1776, has become the hunting-ground of the slaveholder. This is indeed the martyr age for America. We hear American orators on every Fourth of July talk of our glorious Revolution; but the revolution that was commenced seventy years ago is yet to be finished. The streets of Boston, through which Hancock, Adams, Otis and Warren walked, and the ground made sacred to freedom by the tread of their feet, have been polluted by the footprint of the slave-catcher from the South. Thomas Sims and Anthony Burns have been torn from the altar of freedom, and taken back to be worked, lashed and scourged on a Southern plantation, to satisfy the unfeeling men of the South. New territory has been thrown open to slavery, that it may spread and gain influence. Yes, slavery has received a license to run wild on the virgin soil of Nebraska and Kansas; and now our Southern masters are looking towards Cuba and Hayti. That they will eventually have Cuba, I