

#### THE SHAM FREEDOM OF AMERICA.

At the late annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, the Rev. Henry Garnett, a coloured gentleman, spoke as follows:—

What was America's plea on behalf of slavery? Standing up with unblushing front before the world, she said she was not responsible for slavery, but Great Britain was responsible. She, the mother country, it was falsely said entailed upon America the whole responsibility of slaveholding, and America would gladly get rid of it if she could, (cries of 'Shame!') Would an English audience believe this? He would not. The Americans were accustomed to say, that the English understood not the principles of liberty and equality. They would point to their Declaration of Independence. Well, look at it as it floated upon every breeze of heaven. These very principles England held as affecting all men created equal, and endowed with inalienable rights. How did the Americans carry out the principle they had themselves laid down? In 1776 there was a provision made in England for levying a tax upon America. The proclamation was made in Boston, and they instantly commenced a universal plan of drowning all the tea sent from England that lay in their harbours. So much tea was drowned at the time that the harbour was nothing less than a gigantic teapot. Now what was the reason of this? Because England had trespassed upon American liberty. America was standing firm to maintain a great principle—namely, that she would not endure the impost of the tax. The tax was opposed with the utmost zeal. At last the nations fought. The battle commenced at Concord, was carried on

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at Lexington, and reached to Bunker's Hill, until it extended to the south, and the whole country was in arms; the result being victory on the part of the Americans, and all for the sake of maintaining those great principles for which she started. With all these things before the Americans—with these significant historical facts staring them in the face—is it to be said that they are now lost to this great question of liberty and freedom? Look again, and a few years after this battle and victory the scene becomes changed,—thousands of their fellow-men are hurried to the decks, put on board vessels crowded with grape-shot to discharge from the cannon if a brother man do but raise up his arm to rescue from slavery (hear, hear). Now, Boston was called the Cradle of Liberty. If it were the cradle, they had managed to rock the cradle so hard that it had killed the baby (loud laughter and cheers). But he would say a word with regard to the ministers of the United States. Without being carried away by the heat of excitement, he would say that the stronghold of slavery,—the bulwarks of American slave rather—were founded within the American church (hear, hear). It had been said, and there was, unfortunately, too much truth in it, that were there no slavery in the American church, there was not power enough, within the operation of the laws of that church, to keep it in existence a single day (hear, hear). But that detestable law had passed, and the deed was done. At a period when mankind were adorning the Crystal Palace, and nations were gathered thither from various parts of the globe to pay their tribute to England, what had America done for the world? Calling herself the

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mother of Republicanism, she found France following her example, and she said, Look at France, she is our child. But let them compare America with France. Seventy years had passed in the Republic of America, and during these seventy years of probation, some beautiful specimens of laws had presented themselves! Among others the Fugitive Slave-law. And France,—what had she done with her Republic? Why, on the contrary, she proclaimed throughout her colonies the freedom of the slave and struck off his chains and his shackles. (Great cheering.) Now what was it that supported in America this abominable system? Who was it, that by pen and ink sustained it? Men who denied the existence of a God?—No. Men who were carried away with infidelity?—No, not professedly so. But it was the Rev. Moses Stuart, Professor in Andover College, and the Rev. Dr. Cox, who had before stood on that very platform, though other places were more appropriate to him then. Dr Cox was a warm supporter of the law on all points. He was subject to mental changes, and had lately performed a somersault from absolutism to colonisation. He said that what the law established as property to a master, that was property. Was it possible that such a course of reasoning could be adopted and acted upon? The words which had been read were of striking emphasis—‘If one prayer would emancipate all the slaves in America, and over the world, I would not dare to utter that prayer.’ Dr Lord, of Buffalo, said and acted upon the rule—‘When a slave comes to me, it is *prima facie* evidence he is a bad man.’ But why so?

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'Because he has run away.' (Cries of 'Oh, oh! Shame!') Sometimes, however, the slave did get away, and he passed over the river to Canada, smiling, as it were, in the face of heaven, lifting up its hands and ready to receive upon its bosom the panting fugitive slave. He places his feet upon the soil, he turns his back upon the flag of his country, and when in the land of freedom, there is not sufficient power in all the dominions of America to drag that man back again to his native soil. (Cheers). An individual cried 'No, no,' when the question was asked, could such a man be received into English churches? He would venture to say that no Englishman would suffer them to enter an English Church, or sit at their communion tables. You could not make these slaveholders believe that the acts were criminal to kick their slaves at one moment, drive them at another, and, when they escaped, bring them back again into slavery: having done this, they would come with hypocritical gesture, and say, 'God knows we love your souls.' Such conduct was painful as it was contemptible. Neither were they in America asleep upon this matter. The people were beginning to take the subject into their own hands, and the franchise was extending, and the day was expected when America would become the home of the brave, and would not have to hide her face in shame and contempt, to do which she was now compelled. (Loud cheers.)

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