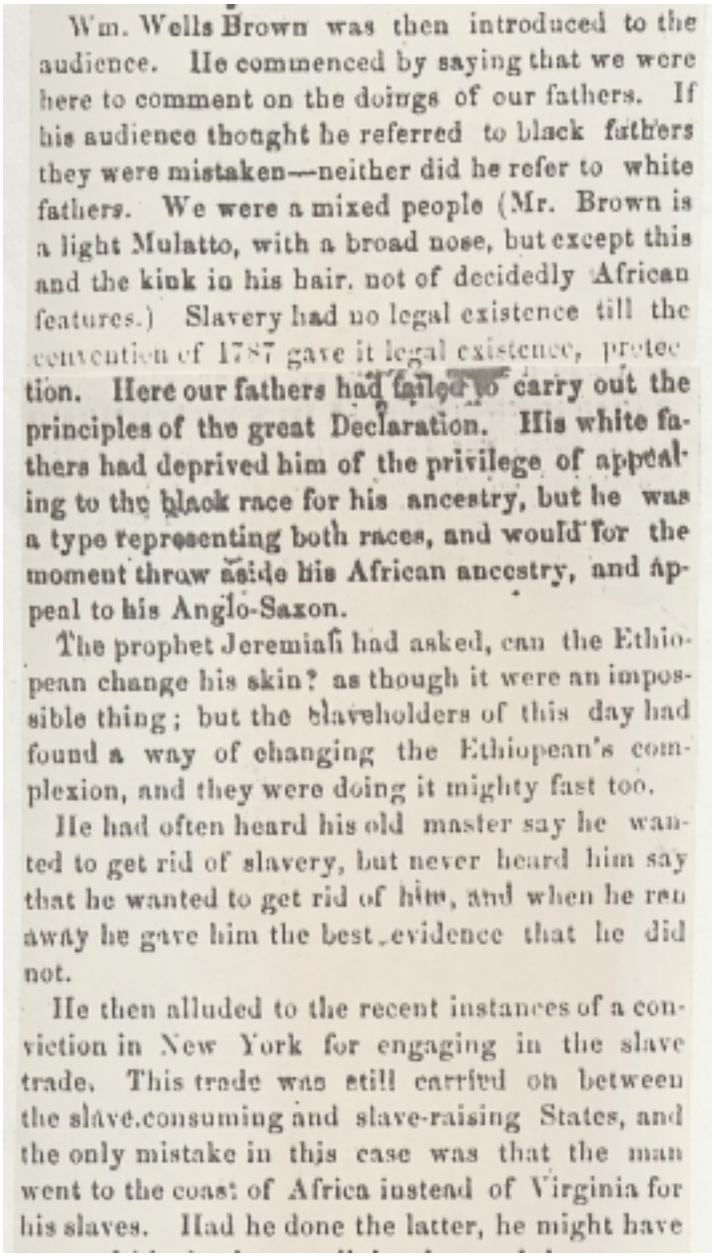
Wm. Wells Brown was then introduced to the audience. He commenced by saying that we were here to comment on the doings of our fathers. If his audience thought he referred to black fathers they were mistaken—neither did he refer to white fathers. We were a mixed people (Mr. Brown is a light Mulatto, with a broad nose, but except this and the kink in his hair, not of decidedly African features.) Slavery had no legal existence till the convention of 1787 gave it legal existence, protec tion. Here our fathers had failed to carry out the principles of the great Declaration. His white fathers had deprived him of the privilege of appealing to the black race for his ancestry, but he was a type representing both races, and would for the moment throw aside his African ancestry, and appeal to his Anglo-Saxon.

The prophet Jeremiah had asked, can the Ethiopean change his skin? as though it were an impossible thing; but the slaveholders of this day had found a way of changing the Ethiopean's complexion, and they were doing it mighty fast too.

He had often heard his old master say he wanted to get rid of slavery, but never heard him say that he wanted to get rid of him, and when he ran away he gave him the best evidence that he did not.

He then alluded to the recent instances of a conviction in New York for engaging in the slave trade. This trade was still carried on between the slave.consuming and slave-raising States, and the only mistake in this case was that the man went to the coast of Africa instead of Virginia for his slaves. Had he done the latter, he might have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pursued his business religiously, and been a respectable member of a Southern church.

He then alluded to the recent work of Dr. Adams, of Boston, on Slavery. The Doctor had visited the South, and been affected by its great hospitality. Dr. Fuller, of South Carolina, had received him with so much kindness that the very next morning after his arrival, in writing home, he says: "A slight frost has nipped my Anti-Slavery." The effect of this hospitality he illustrated by an anecdote. Shortly after his escape from Slavery, he went to lecture in a certain town in Massachusetts. The clergyman of the place, who was very conservative, at first refused the use of his vestry room, or even announce the lecture from the pulpit; but afterwards, as a matter of policy, proffered both the church and the hospitality of the house to the lecturer. The speaker did not like to accept the latter, because the clergyman be longed to the same church with his 'ole massa," and he had a good many hard things to say in his lecture about him and the church, but he buttoned up his coat, and resolved to go and do his duty.—This was just after he had left slavery, and he had not got rid of his awe of the white man, or learned to look him in the face.

When he entered, the lady of the house met him kindly, and set out the rocking-chair for him.—Such a rocking chair he had never seen before. It had a kind of spring wire, gutta purcha, India-rubber bottom, and when he got into it he began to tremble and shake all over, and his head swam so that he had to hold on to the frame-work to keep

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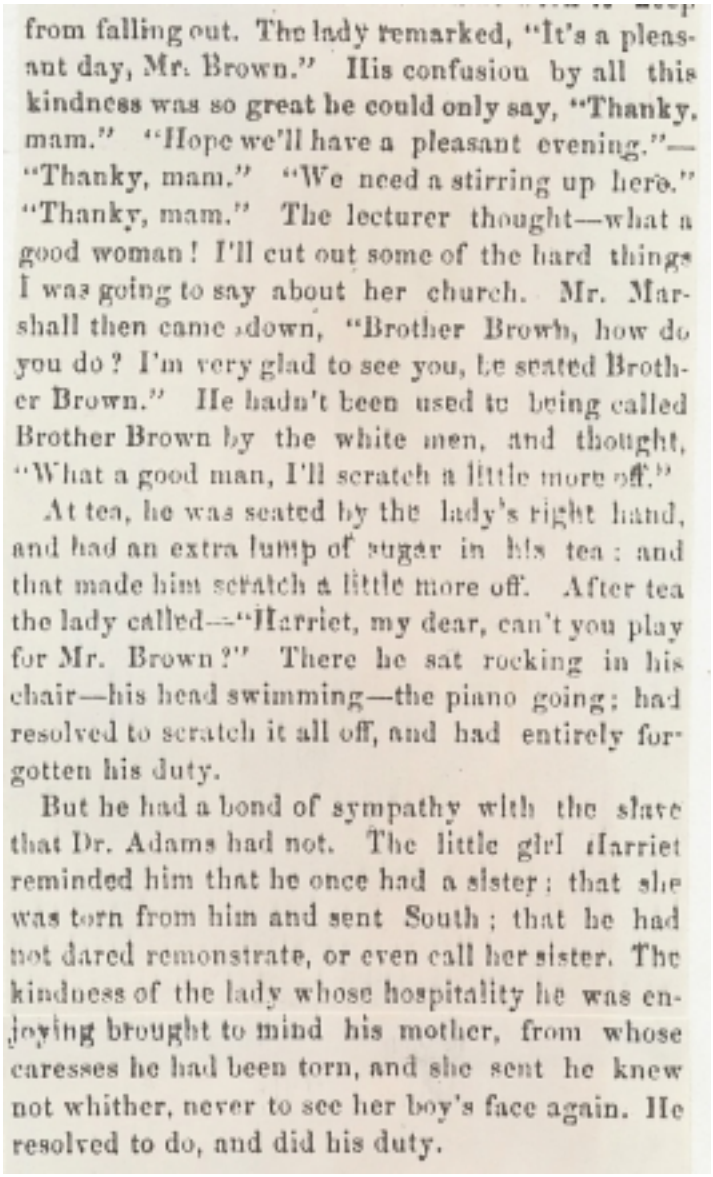
from falling out. The lady remarked, "It's a pleasant day, Mr. Brown." His confusion by all this kindness was so great he could only say, "Thanky, mam." "Hope we'll have a pleasant evening."—"Thanky, mam." "We need a stirring up here." "Thanky, mam." The lecturer thought—what a good woman! I'll cut out some of the hard things I was going to say about her church. Mr. Marshall then came down, "Brother Brown, how do you do? I'm very glad to see you, be seated Brother Brown." He hadn't been used to being called Brother Brown by the white men, and thought, "What a good man, I'll scratch a little more off."

At tea, he was seated by the lady's right hand, and had an extra lump of sugar in his tea: and that made him scratch a little more off. After tea the lady called—"Harriet, my dear, can't you play for Mr. Brown?" There he sat rocking in his chair—his head swimming—the piano going; had resolved to scratch it all off, and had entirely forgotten his duty.

But he had a bond of sympathy with the slave that Dr. Adams had not. The little girl Harriet reminded him that he once had a sister: that she was torn from him and sent South; that he had not dared remonstrate, or even call her sister. The kindness of the lady whose hospitality he was enjoying brought to mind his mother, from whose caresses he had been torn, and she sent he knew not whither, never to see her boy's face again. He resolved to do, and did his duty.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