

Mr. JOHNSON, a colored man, was introduced, who said he could tell us something about slavery. He *knew* what it was. I was born in Africa, several hundred miles up the Gambia River. Fine country dat; but we are called heathen in dis Christian—no—I don't know what to call it—in dis—*enlightened heathen country*. (Laugh.) But the villagers in that country are very kind. When you go into house, first question is, have you had any thing to eat? Bring water—you wash—and den eat much you want, and all you got do is tank em for it—not one fip you pay. If you are sick, nurse you, and make you well; not one fip you pay. If you want clothing, one woman put in two knots warp, one puts in two knots fillings, and so on; den men weave it, and you cut out just such garment you like; not one fip you pay. (Applause.)

When I was nine years old, I was out with my aunt to get figs; figs grow wild in dat country; I had to crawl amongst de bushes; when all at once I feel something pull my leg. I look round, and could see no aunt, nothing but man of my own color; and I never seed my aunt since. Dis man took me to Massurdoo (Mesurado?) First white man I ever see was Com. Bowen of Providence, R. I., and I tot he was de devil. (Laugh.) My own color told me he was a man, but I could not believe it. I was bro't to Savannah. I could not eat corn-meal; not used to it; so I have little bit rice, and little hominy; then go out every day to 'plunder,' (get something to eat.) Dis kept me from being sold, till, being the last one, Capt. Boss look for me two days; den said you mustn't go way to-day; gave me all rice I wanted; set me upon table like dat, (pointing.) Capt. Boss talk to people; dey look at me, and feel of me. By and by, man wid mallet begin to talk and swing his mallet; dey talk once in while; he 'jabber, jabber, jabber,' I no unders[t]and; den he fetch his mallet down, and all stop. Capt. Boss said, you go wid dat man. My master was Com. Bowen. He was more father than master. He always said he should set me free before he died. But he died soon, and I was left by will to his nephew, Judge Bowen, from Providence, with instructions that I should be free as soon as I could take care of myself. But not to dwell, I WAS IN SLAVERY. (A deep emotion was produced in the audience by this simple narrative.)

He stated some of his experience and observation of the evils of slavery. One day my master was dining with a gentleman who had a wife as black as dat hat. A young colored woman, as likely *for her color* as any lady in dis assembly, (a laugh,) waited on table. She happened to spill a little gravy on the gown of her mistress. The

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gentleman took the carving-knife, dragged her out to wood pile, and cut her head off; den wash his hands, come in and finish his dinner like nothing had happened! Do you call dat a Christian country? I never say the like in Africa. Mr. Olney dropped his knife and fork, and eat no more. The court was sitting; he was then a lawyer. He told the thing to several, but they only said, That is a Northern man, he ain't used to our customs; let him take himself back again, if he don't like our ways.

I have seen a Christian professor, after the communion, have four slaves tied together and whipped raw, and then washed with beef brine. I knew eight slaves once shut up in a barn one night, to be whipped next morning: it was winter, and they all escaped the lash, for they *died!* I have known a man offer \$500 for shooting a slave for going to meeting. I knew one Tom Buckine, he was whipped 150 lashes every Monday, and washed with brine, for going to meeting, but that did not stop him. — Directly after he was whipped, he would jump over fence and pray for his master.

It is common for the slaves to have 'stents,' and if you no do them, you get whip. If child cries, and mother has to stop to nurse it, and so the row gets behind, the husband helps it along to keep whip off wife's back, and frequently gets it on his own: for who could see a woman whipped for taking care of his own child? (Emotion.) *Slavery is most cruelest thing in de world.* [Mr. J. here expatiated very sensibly upon the peculiar evils of slavery in this country, and very suddenly pointed to Mr. Garrison, and said, 'Dat man is de Moses raised up for our deliverance.'— (Tremendous applause.) [The reporter did not perceive the connexion of his narrative of events in Boston, with those of his previous life. He said,] One night as he was going over to Cambridge, he stopped at the toll-bridge, and got into conversation with a man about the difficulty of getting pay for certain medical prescriptions, on account of not being a licensed physician. This man told him an easier way to get money. 'I can tell you how you can make \$5000 easily.' He 'took the hint,' (reference was had to the reward for Mr. Garrison's head,) and replied, 'I would not be the man to do that, I would defend him with my blood; I would wear a sword and cut the man's head off, who should offer to touch him.' (He also stated some anecdotes of 'Walker's Appeal.') I lent it to a man. He said, 'I have read your book.' Well how you like? 'O, very well, all *but* —' Well, bring your '*buts*' to me; I've got an axe to chop them off. (Laugh.) He afterwards lent it to a Mr. Welch, who also liked it 'all *but*.'—He proposed the same disposition of his difficulty. Mr.

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W. said also, 'He (Walker) wants to shed blood.' He then had this argument with Mr. W.: 'Wan't you a transport?' 'No.' 'Well, your fathers were—banished to an island—dare not go back—death; came to this country; they (English) wanted to put them under 'injunction.' Now, how did you get liberty?' 'Our fathers fought for it.' Were you Christians?' 'Yes.' 'What! and fought for liberty—God forbid.' (Applause.) 'O, tread on an insect, and if it can do nothing more, he will bite your foot.' (Applause.) I will contend for liberty as long as I live. (Applause.) This day we are met to help the liberty of the slaves. Some say they had rather be slaves than free. What! If you had horse, would you give him a pint of corn a day; can a man be content wid dat? O! how many children, boy like dat, go to master's crib every Saturday night, and draw out two quarts corn for a week. Man and wife draw half a bushel, and two or three herring. What, if you hold em up in tumb and finger, de wind would blow em away, so salt eaten. Masters often give servant nine-pence to get food for dog; yes, he would pay dog's board, but leave slave to take care himself. [The narrator was requested to give an account of his escape from slavery. It would appear that Judge Bowen, in some way, took law, in reference to certain blacks, and in their behalf, into his own hands, so as to offend his fellow judge, and matters came to such a pass that Judge B. drew a pistol upon him in the Court House. 'They had an "insurrection" in court,' said Mr. J.; (his manner, and the previous references to 'insurrection,' caused a great laugh.) His difficulties finally compelled him to come to his native North. The narrator was brought along, though still held as a slave. The story became still more interesting and amusing, so that the reporters dropped their pens, and enjoyed the sallies of his wit with the audience.]

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