He regretted his inability to express his feelings to the audience; he had been arrested under an ungodly act, but should have thought less of it, if they had come in the right way. He was told by the officer who arrested him that two men had stolen some clothes, and that he *must* know something about it. Thus they had associated his name with rogues, although all who knew him would testify to the fact, that he had lived an honest and upright life. During his temporary bondage, he had seen children, four or five years of age, dragged from their mothers' side in the human chattel mart; had seen the heart-broken mother cast one last sad gaze at her children, rendered, by the blow, far worse off than orphans. He had seen the tie of wedded affection snapped asunder, husbands torn from their wives, and wives from their husbands. But his heart sickened at the thought, and he could not express all that he felt. The people there endeavored to know something about the North; but all that he told them was, that here there existed a love of liberty. Men came where he was to buy slaves; but they were cautioned against buying him, as he was a New Yorker, and they would lose their money. It was an intimation that he had tasted liberty, and therefore could never be held [...]

again in chains. He expected to be, one day, in his Father's house above, where there would be no more child-stealing. He expected to meet the woman there who had falsely, wickedly claimed him as her slave, when, with his parents, he had formerly been manumitted, but, through the neglect of his grandmother, had lost his papers and had been retained in

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