

During the absence of the committee, Mr. William Jones, a fugitive, entertained the audience with an eloquent and common-sense speech. He spoke of the many years of hard labor which he endured in the South—of the bitter tears which he used to pour out upon the fruitful earth which he tilled for his tyrannical master, who requited him with stripes and abuse. God, said he, had now opened a way for many, by touching the heart of Mr. Smith. Shame on the man who will not improve the opportunity. I will go and work for myself. I will cut down my own trees—build my own cabin—plant my own grain—eat the fruit of my own stall. (Loud applause) Once I had to drive the carriage of an old drunken slaveholder, but soon I hope to drive my own team, and lead my own horse to water. (Cheers.) We must not be afraid of a big tree. I used to be compelled to clear up ten acres of land a year in the South, and do other work, and get thumped in the bargain. But when I reach my little farm, with my liberty ax I expect to clear up fifteen acres annually. I have received so much abuse from white men that once I thought all were my enemies. I was mistaken. God bless Mr. Gerrit Smith, and all the Smiths. (Long and continued cheering.)

Come off from the steamboats—leave your barber shops—leave the kitchen,

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(Tremendous cheering and laughter.) To-
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