

Mr. Chairman: It is a source of great rejoicing to my heart to present to this meeting, these, in whom my life consists. I have for twelve months been going from house to house, and from place of business to place of business, to tell my story, and ask for help, so that my history is known to you and many others.

In 18[38], I made a bargain with the man who held my wife and children, to pay him twenty-five hundred dollars for their freedom. After I had raised \$620, and paid it, very severe laws were passed, forbidding colored people to remain in the state. I received a notice from two justices of the peace, requiring me to leave within 20 days. It prostrated my hopes. My money was lost, my bright expectations were lost—my family was lost, and I was lost of course.

I went round among my friends (for I had some friends there) and asked their advice. Mr. Manly a lawyer, my tried friend, though he is a slaveholder, advised me to get up a petition, praying the Legislature to allow me to remain. They were to convene in about three months.

[“Where did you live? said a voice in the crowd. “You have not told us that, yet.”]

At Raleigh, N.C. It took me nearly three months to get my petition ready, and get it signed by the leading men in the place. When the Legislature met, I called on the members. I went from boarding-house to boarding-house

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with my petition, and stood upon the steps of the State House, to meet them when they came in. While they read the petition, I talked and cried; for what? For those in whom my life was hid. [After] reading my position, many of them told me it would have been better for me if I had remained a slave. Then, said they, you could not have been ordered to leave the [state,] and [be] separated from your wife and children.

[It should be remembered that Mr. Lane had paid \$1000 for himself before he could begin to purchase the freedom of his family. This fact he modestly kept out of sight, till it was stated by another.]

After a while, my petition was brought before the Legislature, but they drove it out of the House. I was then taken into court, to see if I could not be made a slave, for staying in the State, against the law. It so happened that [these?] were trying to get me into slavery, were not ready to meet the case, and I succeeded, by the help of my friend Mr. Manly, [getting it put off three months.]

When that time was nearly gone, Mr. Manly told me, that as the others were not ready before, he could go manage it, that I should not be ready. He did so by—, but I need not tell how. The case was again put off three months, and I began to hope that I should escape, and not again be entangled with the yoke of bondage. But at length the time for the trial drew near. Mr. Manly told me it would certainly go against me, and that I had better

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leave the State. It was hard to leave my family but I dared not stay. I took one of my little girls, and fled, on the night of the 18th of May, a year ago. I went to Massachusetts, and placed my daughter in Boston, where, on the 14th of April, I left her. I had her in school, to which I never in my life had the honor or of carrying a pitcher of water to the scholars.

My story was told, and many, who never saw me heard of it, and many sent their money. I raised \$1400. I wanted but \$1380, and I raised 14, yes 1500. I then did not wish to get into danger if I could help it. So I wrote to Mr. Smith who held my family, asking him to get a writing from the Governor, permitting me to come into the State to pay the money and take them away. My letter was dated the 5th of April, and on the 12th an answer was received.

It stated that the Governor said he had no authority for granting me a written permission to come into the State, but he authorized Mr. Smith to write that I might come and remain 20 days with perfect safety. On the 11th of April, I left Boston, and arrived as Raleigh the 23d. I had no expectation of staying 20 days, and did not fear any danger; but I was disappointed. Two constables came at night, and took me from the house, and carried me to the State House. On the way, they told me I had been giving Anti-slavery lectures in Massachusetts. They said they had full proof of it, and that I need not deny it. I was taken be-

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fore Mr. Loring, Editor of the Standard, who was the police Judge. He read the writ, and then said: "Have you been giving anti-slavery lectures in Massachusetts?" I don't know, I replied, but if your Honor will permit, I will tell you what I did do. He gave me leave, and I said: "Mr. Loring, it is not hid from you how I was driven from Raleigh: I staid here many months after it was tried to drive me away, and I paid money, more than once, that I might have longer time to stop. They found I could not run off: and why did I so cling to this spot? It was because of those in whom my life was hid. At length, when I could no longer tarry, I took one child, my little ewe lamb, and went away.

When I reached Boston, I made known my story. The people drank it in as fat of the land. I found they felt for my family; so I went from house to house and from store to store, and from church to church, and told the people a true story of what my heart felt I said more than I would have said here. Now Mr. Loring, have I delivered anti-slavery lectures? Mr. Loring said he did not see as I had done wrong. I looked about on the people, and nearly every face was bright towards me. The richest man in the place stood forth in my defence. There was Mr. Boylan who owns 300 slaves, and Mr. Manly, and many other who owned 50 or more, who befriended me. But there were many, who did not own the hair of a slave, who were ready to crush me to the earth. A crowd of them was gathered

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around the house so that Mr. Loring advised me not to go out alone. You had better finish your business as soon as you can, said he, and leave town to-morrow, which would be the 26th of April. No I will leave to day, I said.

"But your business will not be in a proper state," said Mr. Loring.

No matter, "proper state" or not, I will leave town today, if the cars will carry me. Every body knows me here, and if they want to kill me, they can do it. I will go, and will not stop till I get to Philadelphia, for freedom is *all over* that place. My friends furnished me with a guard, and I went to the cars. There I met the Governor. He shook hands with me, and as he gave me his right hand, his left hand went into his

pocket, and he gave me a three dollar bill. He said he should be glad to grant my request, if it had been in his power, and would now be glad to serve me in any way he could. A crowd was then gathering around the cars, and conductors became excited, and told me I should not go with them;—that if I was on the cars, they would not start, though they had the mail to carry. So I was left behind, and the crowd soon took me into their own hands, and said they would go with me and search my trunks. Some of them said I had two trunks, and some said I had three, though I but one; they opened that, and turned over all my old rugs that were in it. Then took up one thing after another, and shook it, but they found only one paper.

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They seized that, two or three of them taking it at once, but they could not make out any thing against me, from it, and most them left me.

My friends then advised me to go to jail as the only place of safety, and they would come in the night, and let me out, so that I could go among my friends and finish my business, and leave the place. They came as they agreed, when all seemed quiet. I had scarcely gone 30 yards from the jail, when I was suddenly surrounded by an innumerable company, who rushed upon me, and raised me from the ground, and carried me on their shoulders. Then I was indeed high and lifted up. Thus I was carried, as in a whirlwind, towards the gallows. Then my heart sunk within me. I thought all was gone. But I perceived they went by the gallows, to the bank of a little creek in the borders of the town. There they let me down and permitted me to walk through the water. My coat and boots had been pulled off in the crowd. From the creek the crowd accompanied me up a small hill about half a mile to the woods. On the way, one of the men struck me, because I did not go fast enough. Then they told me to tell them all about those anti-slavery lectures. I asked them if they heard what I said in the Court House. "Yes," said one of them, "but now I want to hear the truth."

I am glad you want to know the truth, I told them, for the truth is what I have always lived by. I always took delight in telling the truth. I then told them the same story I had told them

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before. They said that was not the truth. I told them I was not in possession of any other truth on the subject, and of course I could not give it to them.

I then looked anxiously about me, expecting to see the rope and the gallows, for I thought they were going to hang me; but had not dared to do it at the common gallows. While I was looking about, I saw a bucket, and wondered what it was for. Soon a pillow was brought, and then I perceived the bucket was full of tar. They stripped off the remainder of my clothes, and covered me with tar almost from my head to my heels. Then opening the pillow, they covered me liberally with the equipment of an anti-slavery lecturer. (Laughter and cheers.) I never professed that my heart was full of abolition, but I now stand in this platform and say, that if any man ought to be an anti-slavery lecturer, Lumsford Lane is the man.

I was set at liberty by the people who said, "Now we have done what we wished to do. Now go home, and be not afraid. You may do what business you please, and you shall not be hurt. We merely wished to let the aristocracy know that they should not have their own way."

I went home, and there was confusion, and almost death. My wife and family were in mourning and sackcloth, expecting to hear that I was hung.

When I entered the house, though I was so strangely dressed, my wife embraced me with cheerfulness, and commenced taking off my

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From the free remarks that were made, as they moved towards the depot, Mr. Loring judged that it was not safe for me to go there. I was therefore put into a carriage and

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taken by a roundabout way, to a spot on the rail-road about a mile and a half distant. My family were all put abroad at the usual place, and the crowd were looking anxiously for me, but knew not where I was. An arrangement was made with the conductor to stop, when I gave him a signal. He did so, and I jumped aboard. This was Tuesday morning, and I stopped not, till; on Thursday morning, I stepped my foot on the free land of Philadelphia. It was the on the 26th of April, about 9 o'clock, I had the happiness to imagine I heard the shackles fall from these dearer to me than life. Here he referred to the time when he paid the money.

The bill of sale was then read to the meeting by Mr. Spear. It was like a bill for selling any other property. It stated that Mr. Smith sold to Lumford Lane, a dark molatto woman and mentioned the children by name. One was named Alex, in the bill, "I named him Alexander," said Lane quickly, "I want all that belong to us."

As the children were mentioned one after another, they rose or were raised up before the meeting, exhib-

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