

Mr. CRAFTS presented himself, and was warmly cheered. He said he felt in a very curious position indeed, when he looked back and saw that it was only two years since his wife and himself were slaves in the state of Georgia; held in bondage by the laws of that country, and recognised by the constitution of the United States as nothing more than mere chattels—like the beasts of the field, subject to be bought and sold, and separated from each other at any time, and at the mere will of their master; and then when he looked at their position at the present time, and found they were as free as the freest, and that they were in the midst of friends, amongst whom there was not one who would think of returning them to the bondage they had fled from; when he thought of this great change in their position, the meeting would not wonder that he should feel strange and embarrassed. They did now know when in bondage how to read or write, and it would not be expected that he should know how properly to address that large, intelligent, and educated audience. But when he reflected upon what his relations, and his friends, and fellow-men, were still suffering in the United States, he could not help saying a few words on their behalf, even though those words should be ungrammatical—(cheers). Mr. Crafts proceeded to contradict the assertion, that the slaves were treated well,—the laws would not admit of it, if the master was willing. “The man with whom I was living when a boy, was not one of the worst of slaveholders, but yet he sold my father and mother at different times and to different persons. The reason he gave for selling them was, that they were getting old, and he said he was resolved to sell off his old slaves and

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buy young ones, or else by and by the old ones would become useless, and he should find them burdensome. He kept me and the younger slaves, but by and by he wanted money, and he sold my brother and sister, and put me out to learn the trade of a cabinet-maker. While he was doing this, he mortgaged me and a sister to a bank, in order to raise money to buy cotton. Soon after he failed, and then he brought me and my sister to the auction stand, and sold us, in order to repay the bank again. He sold my sister first, and while I was standing upon the auction-block, I saw a man putting her into a little cart, in order to drive her away; and so I sent a man and asked him if he would wait a few minutes, so as to allow me to see my sister, and speak to her before she went; but he said he had a long way to go, and he could not find time to wait, or he should not get home by dark. Then I asked the auctioneer if he would wait a few minutes, so that I might speak to my sister, and bid her a good bye; but he said he could not delay the sale. The man in the cart then drove off my sister, and as she went I could see, as she looked round, the tears running down her cheeks, and she was drive off to some rice or cotton plantation, for where she is gone I cold never learn. I have never heard of or seen her since." (The recital of this narrative, which was told with simplicity and feeling, but without any attempt at display, produced quiet a thrilling effect on the audience.) After narrating the particulars of his escape, Mr. Crafts said, that he hoped that it would not be supposed that they gloried in the deception they had been obliged to practice in order to make their escape from bondage; but when the meeting considered what a degraded condition they were in in slavery, that they were mere things, chattels, liable to be

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