

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

NEGRO'S MEMORIAL.

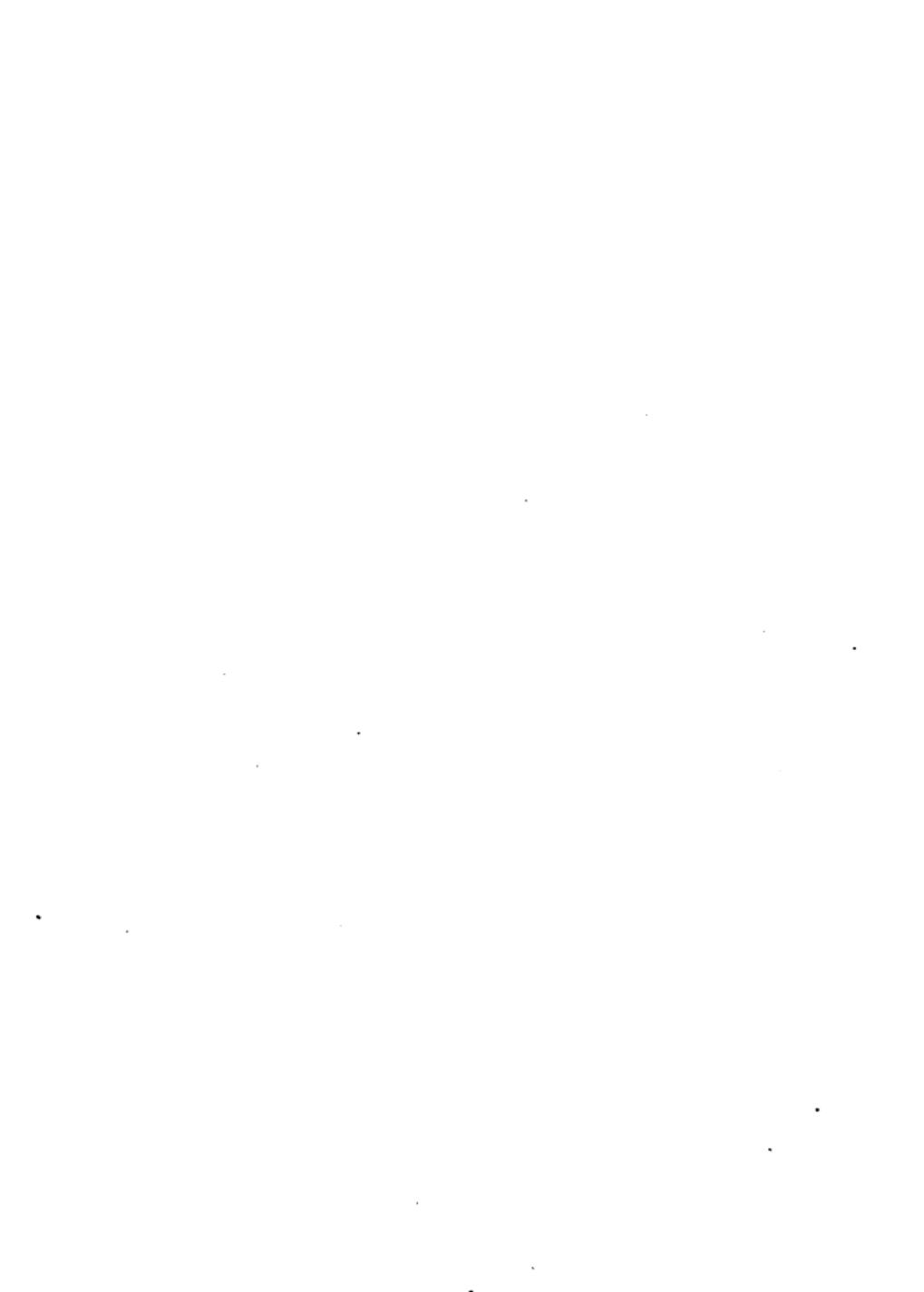


"The year of release is at hand."

Content.

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# BOW IN THE CLOUD;

OR,

## The Negro's Memorial.

A COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS,

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE EVILS OF SLAVERY,

AND

COMMEMORATIVE OF ITS ABOLITION IN THE  
BRITISH COLONIES.

26

Sign of the passing storm,  
Symbol of wrath gone by,  
Born of the cloud and sun,—what form  
Of beauty tracks the sky?  
From Afric to the isles of slaves,  
The Rainbow spans the Atlantic waves.  
  
Black, white, and bond, and free,  
Castes and proscriptions cease;  
The Negro wakes to liberty;  
The Negro sleeps in peace;  
Read the great charter on his brow,  
"I AM a Man, a Brother NOW."

J. MONTGOMERY.



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1834.

314.

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**R. CLAY, PRINTER, BRFAD-STREET-HILL.**

*The entire Profits arising from the sale of this Volume  
will be devoted to the West-Indian Negroes.*

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“ And when thou sendest him out free from thee, thou shalt not let him go away empty : thou shalt furnish him liberally out of thy flock, and out of thy floor, and out of thy wine-press : of that wherewith the Lord thy God hath blessed thee thou shalt give unto him.”—  
**DEUTERONOMY xv. 13, 14.**

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“ — Receive him for ever ; not now as a *Slave*, but above a *Slave*, a Brother beloved.”— **EPISTLE TO PHILEMON, 15, 16.**



## P R E F A C E.

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“THE sorrowful sighing of the prisoner” has long come up into the ear of Him who “regards the prayer of the destitute.” He hath “heard their voice, and looked on their affliction, and their labour, and their oppression;” and, “according to the greatness of his power,” he hath ordained that the oppressed should go free. “Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth’s sake.”

The storms which have so long obscured the face of the heavens are departing, and brightening scenes and fairer prospects are opening to view — the Bow is set in the Cloud; it is the memorial of mercy, the pledge of peace.

At such a period, the appearance of a volume, partly illustrative of the evils of

Slavery, may seem to demand an explanation.

This little Work was projected more than seven years ago, when the state of affairs rendered it in the highest degree desirable to engage, by every legitimate effort, the thoughts and feelings of the British nation on this momentous question. To the Editor's friends the causes which prevented its immediate publication are known: to strangers the detail would be intrusive and uninteresting. The valuable papers then kindly furnished, are now presented to the public, with many additional articles composed at later periods. They are, for the most part, arranged in the order in which they have been received. The pieces commemorative of the Abolition of the System will therefore be found towards the close of the volume: those referring to the former State of the Slave occupy the earlier pages.

To those readers who, at first sight, may think that the papers written before the abolition of the system are now out of date and should have been suppressed, the Compiler ventures to suggest, that, even if the appointed apprenticeship of four and six

years were already expired, yet the past sorrows of the Negro, and the long-continued apathy of the nation in disregarding his bitter griefs, should be ever remembered with deep humility before God. “ We have been verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear.”

And, though Slavery is banished by legislative enactment from the British colonies, over many parts of the globe it still exerts its cruel influence. “ Slavery, wherever it exists, is the same moral deformity,—the same crime before God, and ought to be viewed with detestation, and reprobated with boldness, by every man who professes to act on christian principles. . . . . Not less than **FIVE MILLIONS** of our fellow-creatures are still detained in hopeless bondage by the avarice and cruelty of man. . . . . There is too much reason to believe, that the extensive trade still carried on in the French, Spanish, and Portuguese colonies, *is sustained by British capital, and screened by British ingenuity.* In Cuba and the Brazils, and in some of the French colonies, the market for

human cattle is daily supplied from the coast of Africa ; while the mines of Chili and Peru are peopled with miserable, though guiltless, victims, whose blood is drained by a system of unparalleled horror, *to fill the pockets of English shareholders !*\* Upwards of two millions of unhappy negroes are doomed to suffer the brand and curse of slavery, in its most degraded form, in the United States of America,—that land of *boasted* freedom,—while the condition of the free people of colour, whose number exceeds 300,000, is only in a slight degree advanced.† And though the notice may appear somewhat incongruous in a work especially relating to Negro Slavery, the Editor cannot forbear to allude to the noble-minded Poles, dying beneath the weight of another species of thraldom, if possible, still more galling. For these, prayer should not be omitted, nor should effort be restrained.

And even as regards the British colonies the work of mercy is yet imperfect. The

\* See the admirable address of the “ Agency Society for the Universal Abolition of Negro Slavery and the Slave Trade throughout the world.”

† See Stuart’s “ Three Years in America,”—a work of acknowledged accuracy.

personal emancipation of the Negro cannot be regarded as the full amount of his powerful and peculiar claims. A debt is still owing him, which can only be discharged by combined and persevering effort, prompted by the benevolence, and regulated by the wisdom, which are from above ; and happily, by these means the debt *can* be discharged, and that abundantly. Having in times past been rendered vile, he must now be elevated in the scale of being, by means of moral and religious instruction. Let the “glad tidings of great joy, which are unto all people,” be sounded in the ears of these despised ones, and let them be made acquainted with *that* freedom wherewith Christ can make them free. Blessed be God ! multitudes of these wretched outcasts have already heard the joyful sound, and the hope of Heaven has shed light and peace along their dreary path.\* May the recital of the wrongs and sufferings of the Slave, contained in this volume, excite to greatly increased exertions in this blessed work, and thus may the Lord turn the curse into a blessing !

\* See the interesting and encouraging Reports of the Baptist, Moravian, and Methodist Missionary Societies.

To those talented and esteemed individuals to whose friendly aid this little work is indebted for its existence, the most sincere thanks are offered, though with a consciousness that such expressions of gratitude can be of little value. Although they wrote, doubtless, from the deep interest which the subject inspired, yet the Editor feels a personal obligation to have been conferred by the very obliging manner in which their contributions have been presented.

It would indeed have been delightful if *every* hand which has been actively engaged in pulling down the prison-house, and striking off the fetters of the bondman, could have put a stone into the monument here erected upon its ruins, to tell posterity where it stood, the curses it contained, and how it fell. To many, who have laboured long, and nobly, and successfully in this cause, the Editor had no means of access ; to others, acknowledgments are due for the kind interest they have expressed in the plan and success of a work which various circumstances have prevented them from aiding. It is a subject for thankfulness that so many have assisted in raising this memorial, which, though small

in its dimensions and humble in its design, the Compiler believes will be found a structure of moral and literary architecture, in some degree worthy of the great occasion.

Nothing is inserted in these pages which was not presented to the Editor expressly for the purpose; though, on account of the delay that has occurred, it is feared that a few of the papers may have appeared in print in other forms.

There may possibly, on some points, be slight differences of opinion between the various writers in this little volume; it is, therefore, desirable to remark, that the authors are responsible only for the pieces to which their names are appended.

Some of the allusions to the West Indian planters may be considered unwarrantably harsh. It must not for a moment be supposed that reference is made to those amiable and respectable persons in this country who have had the misfortune to inherit colonial property. The majority of the resident planters—the attorneys—the managers are here intended. If the records of the “Colonial Church Union,” and many of the Speeches in the Jamaica House of

Assembly are consulted, it can scarcely be said that any language is too severe.

Should this little volume in any degree contribute to sustain and prolong the sympathy of late so widely excited in behalf of the deeply-injured negroes, the authors of the following pieces, and the individual who has now the pleasure of presenting them to the public, will indeed have reason to rejoice together, and every benevolent reader may share in that joy.

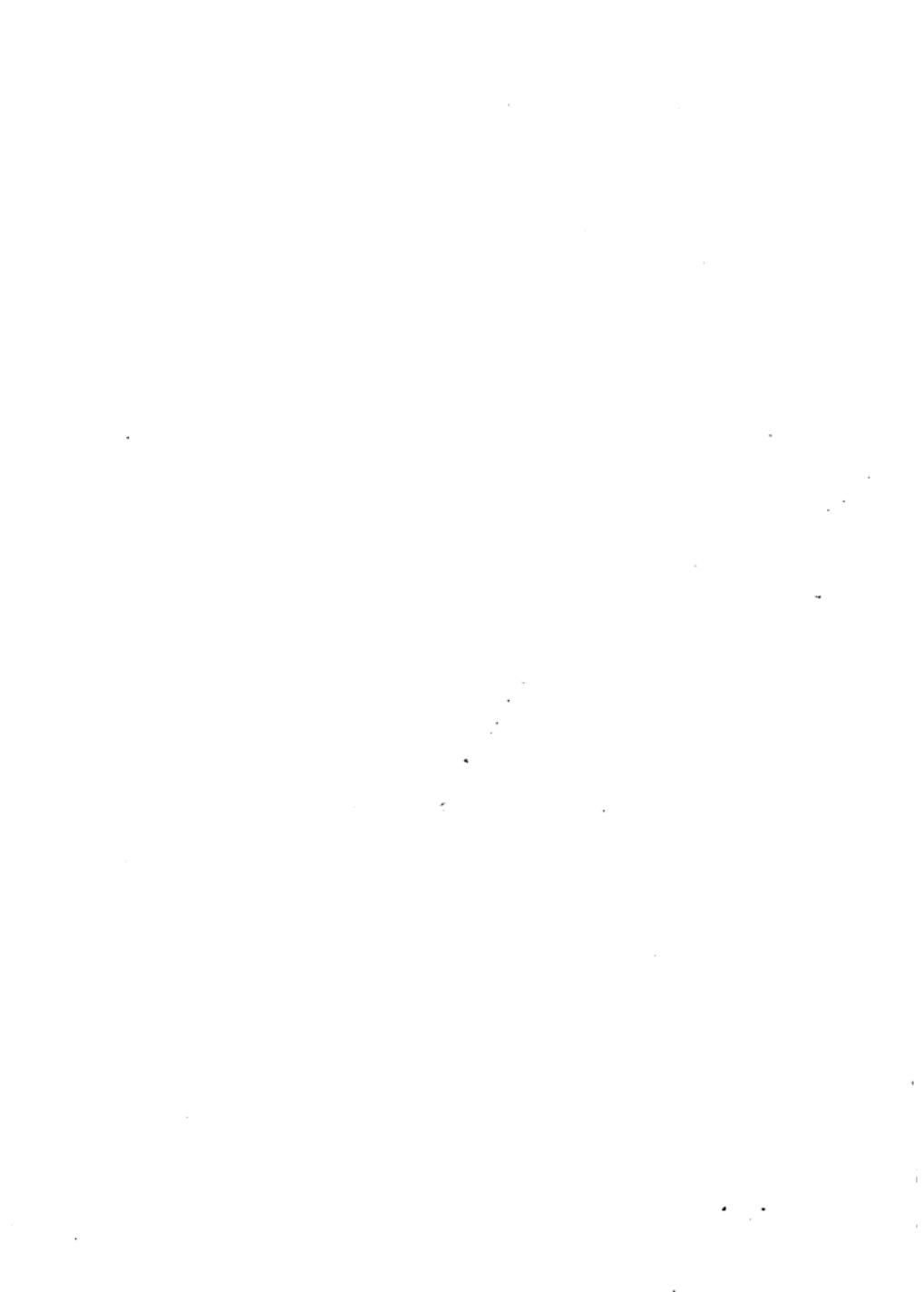
WINCOBANK-HALL,  
*May 8, 1834.*

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T H E C L O U D

IN

## THE STARTING-POST;

OR, CLARKSON AT WADES-MILL.

---

"Coming in sight of Wades-Mill, in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the road-side, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that if the contents of the Essay were true, it was time some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner, I reached home. This was in the summer of 1785."

CLARKSON's *History of the Abolition*, Vol. I. p. 210.

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A WANDERER by the road-way side,  
Where leafy tall trees grow,  
Casting their branching shadows wide,  
Sits on the turf below.

Though rich the landscape, hill, and plain,  
Before him there out-spread ;  
One hand holds fast his bridle-rein,  
One props his thoughtful head.

The flush of youth is on his brow,  
 Its fire is in his eye ;  
 And yet the first is pensive now,  
 The latter nought can spy.

Does proud Ambition's fitful gleam  
 Light up his soul within ?  
 Or fond Affection's gentler dream  
 Prompt him Love's bliss to win ?

These are forgotten, or unknown :—  
 For, o'er the Atlantic main,  
 His ear has caught the captive's groan,  
 Has heard his clanking chain.

Nor less from Afric's land afar,  
 Borne by the billowy waves,  
 The hideous din of sordid War,  
 The shrieks of kidnapped slaves.

The iron of that galling yoke  
 Has entered in his soul !  
 How shall Power's tyrant spell be broke ?—  
 The sick at heart made whole ?

Who, e'en on Albion's far-famed Isle,  
 Where Freedom gives her laws,  
 Nobly forgetting *self* the while,  
 Shall live but for her cause ?

Who, the Apostle of her Creed,  
Shall journey to and fro,  
Her universal rights to plead,  
And Slavery overthrow ?

“ *Thou art the man !*” the Prophet cried ;  
The awe-struck Monarch heard ;  
And, while his heart with anguish sighed,  
Compunction’s depths were stirred.

As clear, as vivid the appeal  
To Freedom’s Champion given :  
And God himself hath set his seal,—  
The message was from Heaven !

BERNARD BARTON.

## LEONARD DOBER.

---

An Account of the first Introduction of the Gospel among Negro-Slaves in the West-Indies, by voluntary Christian Missionaries.

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IN the early part of the last century, a negro-slave, on the Danish island of St. Thomas, frequently sat, after the labours of the day, on the sea-shore, and earnestly sighed for a knowledge of the gospel, concerning which he had caught some imperfect notions from the professions of Europeans, though no man cared for *his* soul, or for the souls of thousands of his fellow-sufferers perishing for lack of knowledge. It was not long after he had fallen into this train of feeling, that his master took him away from the island, and brought him to Copenhagen. There he heard the good tidings of great joy, which are unto all people; he believed them, and was baptized into

the death of Jesus, by the name of Anthony. Then, immediately, his soul yearned with affection and sympathy towards his sister whom he had left, a slave in the plantations; and he longed to make her a partaker of the same blessedness which he knew.

About this time, meeting with some pious companions of Count Zinzendorff, who had arrived at the court of Denmark to attend the coronation of Christian VI., Anthony broke his mind to them, saying, "Oh! that some one would go and preach the gospel to my sister in St. Thomas!" These good persons introduced him to the count, who being a man of gracious manners, and one who from his youth had cherished a hope of sending the gospel to the heathen, hearkened eagerly to the representations of Anthony, that if preachers were sent to the island, not his sister only, but many of the slaves there would gladly receive them, and might in the end be converted from the error of their ways. Count Zinzendorff had lately become the patron of a small body of refugees from Moravia, the remains of the ancient church of the United Brethren, who had found an asylum from persecution on his estate in Lusatia. There, in the midst of a forest, they had built a few humble habitations and a place wherein to worship God in peace, after the manner of their forefathers, who, for centuries, had been "a poor

and afflicted people, whose trust was in the Lord;" while from generation to generation they kept up a succession of martyrs and confessors of the truth, amidst the darkness of superstition in their native land.

On the count's return to Herrnhut (the new settlement, whose population did not yet exceed six hundred persons), he communicated to the little congregation, at their daily evening meeting in the chapel, what he had learnt in his interview with the converted negro. While he yet spake, the hearts of two of his hearers, Leonard Dober and Tobias Leopold, burned within them to go forth, and be the messengers of salvation to Anthony's sister. These young men were intimate friends, yet neither of them spake to the other on the subject that night, but cherished the fervent desire, each alone in his own bosom, praying and weeping over it till morning, when they met, and, to their mutual surprise and delight, on comparison found, that "as face answereth to face," so did the heart of the one to the other, and "as iron sharpeneth iron," so each sharpened the countenance of his friend. In the evening, while they and others of the young men of the congregation were returning from the usual walks which they took in the forest, for private prayer and spiritual converse, Count Zinzendorff was standing at the door of his lodging, in company with

the Rev. Mr. Shaeffer, a pious clergyman, who happened to be on a visit at Herrnhut; when, as they passed, two and two, towards their homes, the former turned to the latter, and said, " My dear friend, there are, amongst these brethren, messengers who will go forth to preach the gospel in the West Indies, Greenland, Lapland, and other heathen countries." This prophetic saying was the more remarkable, because no plan had yet been contemplated, nor was indeed likely to be undertaken, by these christian exiles and emigrants from various quarters, seeking rest for themselves with liberty of conscience, in that solitary place. Nevertheless, the two friends, who had made up their minds for the service of the Lord among the negroes, were encouraged by that saying to offer themselves for the work, first in a letter privately addressed to the count, and afterwards openly to the congregation.

In the course of a few weeks the negro, Anthony, himself arrived at Herrnhut, and confirmed, at a public meeting there, all that he had stated at Copenhagen, respecting the wants and the willingness of his ignorant and oppressed countrymen in St. Thomas, to receive the gospel: but, he added, so long and so severely were they worked by their masters, that, unless those who went to preach to them would consent to become slaves themselves, and labour with the negroes in

the plantations, they would have little opportunity of communicating divine instruction to them. This intelligence did not in the smallest degree daunt the devoted young men; they were both ready, not only to be bound, but to die for the Lord Jesus. Such indeed was the simplicity of purpose, singleness of heart, and strength of faith, by which they were actuated, that they were willing to make any sacrifice which might be required, if they could win but one soul to Christ,—nay, if they might but have the opportunity of carrying the news of salvation to Anthony's sister,—a poor despised female slave.

Difficulties, however, with regard to the practicability of the attempt, among their brethren and sisters, whom they were bound to consult and reconcile to it, occasioned the delay of a full year. At length the perplexity of the congregation became so great, that the elders resolved to “cast the lot into the lap,” and leave “the whole disposing thereof” with “the Lord,”\* according to the practice then and ever since observed in their church, in the appointment of ministers, and for the decision of other important affairs. Prayer having been made,—out of several scriptural sentences, suitably chosen, Leonard Dober drew the following, “Let the lad go up:” “The Lord is with him.” This put an end to

\* Prov. xvi. 33.

all scruples, and he was forthwith set apart for the missionary enterprise. The faith and patience of his friend were put to longer proof: Tobias Leopold drew a text which intimated that he should "tarry by the stuff:" and he submitted, expecting that his time would come, when his way should be made clear. Meanwhile, David Nitschman (who had first fallen in company with Anthony at Copenhagen) was invited, and consented to be Leonard Dober's fellow-traveller to the West Indies, with the view, after seeing him settled at his post there, to return to his family at Herrnhut.

Little preparation was needed for the journey : their brethren and sisters could furnish them with no outfit but their best counsel and their fervent prayers. Those prayers, however, "availed much," for they were the prayers of faith, and that counsel was the wisest, which man, instructed by God, could give in such a case. It was literally this:—"In all things remember to follow the guidance of the Spirit of Christ."

Accordingly, on the 21st of August, 1732, like their Redeemer at the beginning of His ministry, "in the morning, rising up a great while before it was day," they "went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed."\* At three o'clock, "when it was yet dark,"†—the hour

\* Mark i. 35.

† John xx. 1.

about which Mary Magdalene came to the sepulchre and found that her Lord was already risen,—these first messengers of his resurrection to the negro-slaves in the West began their pilgrimage on foot, each with his staff and his scrip, accompanied by Count Zinzendorff through the forest. At the place for parting, having commended them to God and the word of his grace, he said, “Brethren, what money have you for charges by the way?” They produced three dollars, and the count (whose whole income was expended in the cause of religion, and therefore always kept low,) added two ducats, making their whole stock about thirty-one shillings and sixpence. And this was the first missionary fund for preaching the gospel to the heathen, upon that plan which has since been adopted by almost all denominations of evangelical Christians!

With these small means, they proceeded on their journey to Copenhagen, six hundred miles; hoping, when they arrived there, to be allowed to work their passage across the Atlantic on board some West Indian merchantman. On the road, having letters of recommendation, they called upon several pious friends, who hospitably entertained them, and bade them “God’s speed” when they departed, but who gave them no encouragement to hope that they should succeed in their design of carrying the gospel to the slaves. In

fact, they rather disheartened the poor missionaries, by starting doubts and difficulties, to which they themselves gave no heed, except in so far as they saw that others were affected by the consideration of them.

One devout lady, the countess de Stolberg, at Werngerode, alone appeared to view their project with favour. Having anxiously inquired into all particulars concerning their object and their prospect of obtaining it, she looked with compassion on the young man, Leonard Dober, and tenderly asked him a *mother's question*,—" How could you bear to leave your aged parents behind ?" He soon satisfied her, that it was from no lack of love to them, that he was going at his peril among strangers and savages, and that they would not want what little he might have been able to spare for them had he remained at home. She then, according to a practice frequent at that time among religious persons, requested him to draw a text of Scripture, on the occasion. He opened to these words, " Hearken, O daughter ! and consider, and incline thine ear ; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house."\* The countess was deeply affected, and instantly said, " Go your way, and should they even put you to death, the Lord Jesus is worthy that his servants should be ready to lay down their lives for Him."

\* Ps. xlvi. 10.

" These words," said Leonard Dober, writing to the same lady, several years afterwards, " were a balsam to my heart, which before had been almost broken by the discouragements which others had thrown in my way. Your Excellency and Count Zinzendorff were the only persons who spoke comfortably to me!" What a preparation of mind for suffering, self-denial, and self-sacrifice was here! and how little besides these was expected, when it was counted all joy to be told that, if their enemies killed them, their Master was worthy that they should die for Him! Their spirits indeed had been wounded,—wounded in the house of their friends; the scorn of the world they could well endure, but the want of faith among the people of God was hard to bear, by those who were themselves so strong in it, on the subject of their mission to the Gentiles.

On their arrival at Copenhagen, they had to encounter fresh trials. Their scheme was regarded by all with astonishment; and while some mocked and others pitied them, they were content to be " accounted fools for Christ." Their idea of labouring in the plantations as slaves, especially, was condemned as the height of infatuation. But they patiently persevered in applying for license to go to St. Thomas, and to obtain a passage by some vessel bound thither. The latter was absolutely refused to them, on board of

any of the Danish West India Company's ships. Meanwhile, the report of their errand to Copenhagen having reached the ears of the royal family, through Counsellor Pless, who from their arrival had kindly treated them, though he (like others) found it difficult to comprehend what spirit they were of, or how they could hope to accomplish the aim of their undertaking, the queen and the Princess Amelia condescended to desire an interview with them. To these august personages, the two humble disciples of a crucified Saviour told their simple story with such effect, that they were dismissed with the most gracious assurances of the royal good-will and future protection. The princess afterwards sent them a sum of money towards their expenses, and a large Dutch Bible. The latter gift proved peculiarly seasonable, and the apparently adverse circumstance of their being refused admittance on board of any Danish vessel, and being compelled to take their passage in a Dutch one, was not less beneficial in the result. The negroes in St. Thomas (the island having been formerly a colony of Holland) spoke a barbarous broken Dutch dialect,—the missionaries spoke German; of course, without some preparation on the part of the latter, they would not have been able to make themselves understood by the slaves on their landing: but, though the crew of the vessel at first dealt roughly with

them, Dober and Nitschman soon so conciliated the rudest, by that measure of “the meekness and gentleness of Christ” which they manifested, that, during the voyage of more than two months, the sailors delighted to help them in every way they could, especially in turning their German phrases into Dutch. They sailed from Copenhagen the 8th of October, and reached St. Thomas on the 13th of December following. Previous to their departure, the Lord had given them such favour in the eyes of several persons, high in office at the Danish court, that, besides furnishing them with the means of paying for their passage, and procuring tools requisite for carrying on their respective handicrafts, they dismissed them with these words, “Go, in the name of God. Our Saviour chose fishermen for preachers of the gospel; He himself was a carpenter, and called the Carpenter’s Son!”

It is recorded, that on the first appearance of the shore of St. Thomas, on which their hearts had been so long fixed, and to which their thoughts had been travelling every day with intensity of desire,—they were seized with peculiarly depressing emotions. This was not the failure of faith, but the fulness of joy, overflowing and presenting the symptoms of grief,—for the extremes of gladness and sorrow meet in the kind of feeling which they produce, and are

expressed in the same language of tears, which, in return, yield relief to both.

They landed on Saturday ; and next day,—the third Sunday in Advent, on which the Gospel in the Lutheran Church (as it is in the Church of England) was, from Matt. xi. 2—15,—John the Baptist's message of inquiry to Christ, and our Saviour's answer, “ The poor have the gospel preached to them :”—they went in search of the “ *one lost sheep*,” (Anthony's sister,) whom they had come so many weary miles by sea and land to find in the wilderness, that they might bring her back to the good Shepherd who had laid down his life for her. After a little inquiry they reached the plantation on which she with her husband were located. Having delivered the salutation of her brother ; at the desire of the parties, they opened and read a letter from him to his sister, in which, among the quotations from the New Testament, was the following : “ And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.”\* The Brethren began, then, at that same Scripture, and preached Jesus and the resurrection to the blacks, who had gathered round them while they were in conversation with Anna and Abraham, as Anthony's sister and her husband were called ;—christian names being

\* John xvii. 3.

preposterously given to heathen slaves, to whom the name of Christ himself was never declared. To this little company, after having told in few words, as well as they could, what the Lord Jesus had done and suffered to redeem perishing sinners, they said, — “ For you also our Saviour has procured this salvation, and we are come hither on purpose to bring you the glad tidings ! ”

Notwithstanding the German-Dutch in which they spoke, the poor negroes understood the drift of their discourse, and clapped their hands at the conclusion, in token of their joy at the message. Hitherto they had thought that such good things were all reserved for the white people. And was there not joy in heaven also among the angels of God, when, for the first time, the “ faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,” was made known to these children of Ham, suffering under the curse upon their father, and who “ straightway received the word with joy ? ” There was probably not a humbler spectacle on earth, in that hour, nor one from which the wise of this world would have turned away with more contempt, than two fugitives from the heart of Moravia, the strong-hold of corrupt Christianity, preaching Christ crucified, in a broken dialect between their native tongue and a strange one, to an audience of Africans, who themselves spoke a

jargon yet more barbarous, and had to strain their rude faculties to comprehend either the meaning or the sentiments of the address to them :— yet it may be believed that there was not a scene then exhibiting throughout this fallen world, more beautiful in prospect from the throne of God than this, when the first sickle was put into the harvest, which, since then, through a hundred successive years, has been yielding fruits in abundance, and beyond all precedent in any other Gentile field, where labourers sent by the Lord have gone forth. On a certain occasion it is written :—“ In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said,—I thank thee, O Father ! Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight.”\* And can it be doubted, that in “ the joy that was set before Him,” when “ He endured the cross, despising the shame ;” that part of “ the travail of his soul ” was now seen by Him, in this commencement of gospel-preaching among negro slaves in the West Indies ?

Here then Leonard Dober was upon the ground on which he had set his affections, when he forsook his father’s house, and all the comforts of christian society : but here, like Abraham in Canaan, (called like himself by God out of his

\* Luke x. 21.

own country,) he had “ none inheritance ; no, not so much as to set his foot on ;”\* and, like his Redeemer, whom he had thus far followed out of the camp, bearing his reproach, “ he had not where to lay his head.” Though the spirits of himself and his companion had sunk on the first sight of the island whither they were sailing, they no sooner found themselves among the people to whom they went, and engaged in the work for which they came, than their hope in God revived, and in the multitude of their thoughts his comforts delighted their souls.

Now, just while they were deliberating how they might contrive to lodge and live as cheaply as possible in that neighbourhood, Mr. Lorenzin, a planter, sent a message to the strangers, inviting them to take up their abode in his house, and promising to furnish them with all necessaries and comforts till they could provide for themselves. Their hearts and eyes overflowed with gratitude to their heavenly Father, who, knowing that they had need of such things, was thus graciously pleased to remind them, that they should take no anxious thought for the morrow, while they were engaged in his business. They were the more deeply affected with this offer of hospitality from one on whom they had no claim, when they considered that they had come hither under the

\* Acts vii. 5.

expectation of being obliged to sell themselves for bond-slaves, and toil with the negroes, in order to do them any good. Thankfully, therefore, they accepted the kindness of their new-found friend, but providentially they had not long occasion for it.

David Nitschman, being a carpenter by trade, soon found abundance of good employment, by which he was enabled to maintain both himself and his brother; for Leonard Dober, who was a potter, could find no clay in the district which he could work into serviceable vessels of any kind; his skill, therefore, profited him nothing. Meanwhile they availed themselves of every opportunity to shew the negroes that they came among them to do them good; and, though they had much to encounter, of jealousy on the part of some of the whites, and of contempt and disregard on the part of many of the blacks, in patience they possessed their souls, and were exceedingly encouraged, when, from time to time, they perceived that they laboured not in vain, nor spent their strength for nought. Anthony's sister and her husband were early awakened by their testimony, and others gave evidence that the word of God was making its way in their hearts, by the change which was wrought by it in their walk and conversation.

But they had been little more than five months

on the island, when an opportunity of returning to Europe occurring,—for intercourse between Denmark and those distant colonies was unfrequent in those days,—David Nitschman, according to previous agreement, took advantage of it, though much pained to leave his friend alone. Leonard Dober, however, on no account, would detain his journey-companion from his family. After making a slender reserve for his voyage, Nitschman left the small surplus of his earnings with Dober, for his maintenance, till he should find some means of supporting himself. The latter had not long to wait for this ; he served a gracious Master, who soon provided bountifully for him.

The governor, Herr Gardelin, hearing that the solitary missionary was thus circumstanced, sent for him, and engaged him as tutor of his little children, took him into his house, and placed him at his table. Leonard Dober accepted the situation on the express terms, that he should be allowed, after his daily duties in the family, to visit the negroes wherever he could gain access, and teach, as he might have opportunity, the whole counsel of God.

In the cool of the evening, then, was the voice of the Messenger of Salvation wont to be heard, like “the Lord God”’s of old, “walking in the garden of Eden.” Here indeed it was “the voice

of one crying in the wilderness, “ Prepare ye the way of the Lord ; make straight in the desert a highway for our God.” And did the sinners who heard it after the toils of the day, where, under the primal curse, they were eating bread in the sweat of their brow, on a soil which to them brought forth little besides thorns and thistles,—did *they*, like guilty Adam and his consort, when they heard that voice, run to hide themselves in the bushes ? No ; they heard and hailed the joyful sound ; they learned to know and love it too ; and, weary and heavy-laden as they were with the yoke of bondage, and sinking under the burthen of unrewarded labour, they ran forth from their huts to welcome it ; and when the minister of Him who was “ meek and lowly in heart” came to offer them “ rest for their souls,”—the only rest the slave could hope to know in this life ; the pledge, however, of rest eternal in the presence of God,—they ran forth from their poor huts, exclaiming in heart, if not in words, “ How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ! ”

But Dober being visited with the fever which usually attacks strangers in those tropical regions, and which suspended his evangelical labours for awhile, grew dissatisfied with himself, that all his time, strength, and energies, had not been devoted to these. His tender conscience reproached

him, when he compared the ease and luxury of the governor's mansion, in which he "fared sumptuously every day," with the condition of a field-negro, to which he had in anticipation determined to stoop, that he might give every moment he could seize, where such moments were so few and so precious, to the ministry of the gospel. He sunk under the humiliation of these thoughts, and when he had recovered from that temporary sickness, respectfully but earnestly prayed for his dismissal from his Excellency's service. This was reluctantly granted.

He then hired a little lodging at a place called Tappus, and earned a scanty maintenance by acting as watchman on some neighbouring plantations, and performing other small offices, which enabled him to procure bread and water, and little more, to sustain life. Amidst deep poverty, he was quite happy, because he was free, and the word of God not bound. Great blessing continued to accompany his humble, fervent, faithful preaching, and after-years shewed that much of the good seed which he had sown by all waters, and on every kind of ground, had taken root, sprung up in due season, and bore manifold fruit.

A year and a quarter had elapsed since his companion, David Nitschman, had left him, and, in all that time, he had heard nothing from his brethren in Germany, though as often as ships

from Europe had come, at long intervals, to the colony, he had anxiously inquired for letters. On the 24th of June, 1734, intelligence being brought that a vessel had just arrived, he despatched a negro to ask the usual almost hopeless question ; but the latter not returning so early as he wished, and the night coming on, he went himself to the harbour, and being weary, sat down by a watch-fire, at the way-side, to wait for his messenger. While he was musing, three men, whom he had not perceived coming, stood before him. He looked up ;—one of them was his friend and brother, Tobias Leopold, who, with seventeen other missionaries, including the wives of four of the party, were come from the congregation at Herrnhut, to be stationed, some in St. Thomas, and the rest in St. Croix, an adjacent island, recently planted by the Danes. Dober and Leopold wept over each other at meeting, like David and Jonathan at parting. They afterwards spent the whole night in conversation on the subjects most dear to their hearts,—the progress of the church of God to which they belonged at home, and the prospects of that church among the Gentiles in the slave-islands, which Leonard Dober had already begun to build upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.

Here this narrative must break off.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the first years of the mission in St. Thomas, great hindrances, and occasional persecutions were raised by some of the planters, to prevent the preaching of the gospel to the slaves. For several months in 1739, the missionaries, under false accusations, on which they were brought to trial, were cruelly held in prison; nor were they liberated, till Count Zinzendorff, in the latter year, arriving in St. Thomas, applied to the governor in their behalf, and obtained their immediate enlargement. When the count returned to Europe, he was entrusted with two petitions,—the one from the negro-men to the king of Denmark, the other from the negro-women to the queen. These very petitions, supported by a representation from the count, when he reached Copenhagen, had so happy an effect, that a royal ordonnance was passed, dated August 7, 1739, securing liberty and protection to the Brethren in preaching to the slaves in the Danish colonies.

The documents are well worth preserving. The following are exact translations:—

“ TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF DENMARK.

“ MOST GRACIOUS LORD KING !

“ Now we hope that your Majesty will command that we may continue to learn to know the Lord Jesus. We remain immovable, if it please God our Lord ; though we are greatly oppressed by men, who beat us and cut us, when Herr Martinus (*Massa Martin*) teaches us. They burnt our books, and say, ‘ Negroes must not be saved ; a baptized negro is fuel for hell-fire.’

“ They have put the brethren, whom God hath sent to us, and who are the only survivors of twenty, for three months, into the fort, and now they intend to drive them out of the country. They all appeal to your Majesty, and say, you have forbidden that the negroes should be made acquainted with our Saviour, and would shortly send Massa Martin away. But we do not believe this ; and we pray your Majesty to allow us to be instructed in the knowledge of the Lord, and to remain in connexion with the Brethren’s church, for we wish to go with them to our Saviour.

“ We will be obedient to our masters in all things ; we only wish to send our souls to heaven to the Lord Jesus. *Formerly we have cheated our masters, stolen provisions, run away, and been idle. But now things are quite different, as our*

*masters themselves know very well. Many a negro, for his wicked deeds, has resolutely suffered his hands and his feet to be cut off; we will cheerfully put our necks under the axe for the Lord Jesus, if our masters, as they say, will kill us.*

“God the Lord bless our gracious king a thousand times!

“Written in St. Thomas, the 15th day of February, in the name of more than six hundred and fifty scholars of Lord Jesus, who are taught by Massa Martin.”

Signed by PETER, and three other Negro-Assistants.

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#### “To HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF DENMARK.

[Written by MAGDALENE, one of the female Negro-Assistants.]

#### “GREAT QUEEN !

“When I was in Papaa, in Africa, I served Massa Mahu; now, when I am come into the land of the white people, they will not suffer me to serve the Lord Jesus. The white people will not obey Him, and they may do as they please; but when the poor black brethren and sisters wish to serve the Lord Jesus, they are looked upon as maroons (run-away negroes).

“ If it seemeth good to the queen, may your Majesty pray the Lord Jesus for us, and also pray the king, that he would permit Massa Martin to preach the word of the Lord, that we may learn to know the Lord, and that he may baptize us negroes.

“ The Lord preserve and bless you, together with your son and daughter, and the whole family; I shall not cease praying to the Lord for you.

“ Written in the name of more than two hundred negro-women, who love the Lord Jesus.”

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

*Sheffield.*

## OPPRESSION.

I saw a sceptred spirit rise,  
Gigantic, foul, and drear :  
A stifled yell of human cries,  
Out-pressed from mortal agonies,  
And curses shot from burning eyes,  
Did herald his career !

Around him, stretched a blasted plain,  
The heart's wide desert bare ;  
Behind was seen the biting chain,  
The silent ecstasy of pain,  
The cool self-murderer's wasting vein,  
The courage of despair !

Sick at the oar I saw his prey,  
Sick in the grated cell ;  
Sick in the ocean-road that lay  
From Afric's forests,— sick were they,  
And sick beneath the torrid day  
In many an island-dell !

*Oppression*, demon spirit, smiled,  
And made the grief his song ;—  
Wrenched from the mother's arm her child,  
The father, from his home exiled,  
Chased the lone orphan through the wild,  
And mocked the widow's wrong !

“ Judge of the earth !—with pitying eye  
Thy sword of vengeance seize !”  
A voice of thunder met my cry,—  
“ *Behold ! beneath my goodliest sky,*  
*Greater abominations lie,*  
*More horrible than these !”*

I gazed ! and O 'twas freedom's land !  
Columbia's sunny shore !—  
With glorious struggle, hand in hand,  
Her noble sons, a patriot band,  
For homes and altars took their stand,  
Resolved to stoop no more !

Bright did the conquering banners wave  
On every mountain crest !—  
But while the civic armies gave  
Their thrilling shout, “ *Be free, ye brave !”*  
Again I marked the withering slave,  
At Mammon's foot, opprest !

O darkly, darkly, from my ken,  
Sunk all that proud array !  
My soul with loathing viewed the men,  
Her priests, her patriots ; glorious then,  
As the free tiger in his den,  
Unfettered o'er his prey !

Doff, doff that crest of pride, ye clans,  
In dust your honours hide !  
The captive's tear has tracked your sands,  
The print of blood is on your hands,  
The curse of guilt is o'er your lands,—  
Doff, doff that crest of pride !

Nay, wherefore at yon altar kneel ?  
Why lift to heaven your song ?  
Go, brother, for thy brother feel,  
Go, and the broken-hearted heal,  
Go, leave thy gift, and blushing, steal,  
To heed the captive's wrong !

Didst thou not breathe the glorious name  
That christian hearts adore ?  
O wash thee from thy mortal shame,  
Yield to thy brother *saint* his claim,  
*Confess that from one blood ye came,*  
Then go,—and sin no more !

ANN GILBERT.

*Nottingham.*

## THE SLAVE-DOWRY.

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By the present law, the daughter of a slave-holder may receive slaves  
for her marriage-portion.

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### I.

Oh ! glad is many a youthful heart,  
Amid yon festal throng,  
As hand in hand through the ancient porch  
They move in joy along ;  
And many a young and graceful form,  
Stands by the altar's side,  
And many a mildly-laughing eye  
Is turned upon the bride.  
But no eye so bright—no form so light,  
No cheek so passing fair,  
No purer mind, and no heart more kind  
Than her's, is beating there.  
The gems that hang mid her raven locks,  
Gleam like the stars of night ;

The wreath of roses that binds her brow,  
Bedims its lustrous white.  
And the modest fear that gently shakes  
Her rich and silken dress,  
Like the night-breeze in the cypress boughs,  
Adds grace to loveliness.  
Well may her mother in such an hour  
Gaze on her child with pride ;  
Well may her lover in rapture smile,  
On his young stately bride.  
The ring is passed—and the vows are spoke  
By lisping lips and pale,  
And the merry bells with loudest peal  
Ring out their joyous tale.  
Blessings are said,—and fairest flowers  
Bestrew the holy ground,  
And friends with whispered hopes and prayers,  
Press eagerly around.  
Joy ! joy to the wedded pair,  
The bridegroom and the bride !  
In a world that holds such happiness  
Can sorrow e'er abide ?

## II.

Turn thine eye to that bleeding slave !  
With black and woolly hair,  
And sable skin, and heavy lips,  
There seems no beauty there !

But there are feelings keen and strong,  
    Feelings that will not rest ;  
Why doth she rend her sable locks,  
    And beat upon her breast ?  
Why gives she to the heedless air,  
    That low despairing cry ?  
Why turn to heaven, and not in hope,  
    Her large and throbbing eye ?  
Like Rachel, who in Rama wept,  
    With ceaseless anguish, wild,  
Nor would be comforted :—she weeps,  
    The mother for her child.  
He was her life ; by wicked men  
    Torn from her kindred band,  
She had no friend ;—no comforter ;—  
    A stranger in the land.  
But he was all, to cheer her way,  
    To love her and to bless :  
He was her all ;—none shared with him  
    Her bosom's tenderness.  
They forced him from her close embrace,  
    In that glad bridal hour ;  
The lady's wealth is in human limbs,  
    The price of blood her dower.  
And that lone mother may return,  
    To her short and broken sleep ;  
At morning's dawn they'll drive her forth,  
    And flog her if she weep !

Well may she turn her eye to heaven,  
And breathe her muttered prayer,  
Suffering and sorrow are her lot,  
But vengeance dwelleth there !

J. W.

*Newcastle, 6th Mo.*

## SONNET.

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These lines refer to a well-attested circumstance which occurred in Egypt.

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WITH speed as of the ocean-wind there fled  
A shuddering captive from the impending stroke,  
Whose lash adds scorpions to the bondsman's yoke ;  
And, gaining on his wild, despairing tread,  
That scorpion-lash was near. No pity woke  
For thee, lost fugitive ! No refuge led  
To hope : there was no mercy to invoke ;  
Nor faith for thee her sanctuary spread.  
Even at that latest moment, in his path,  
A child whose form the hues of England wore,  
The fainting victim saw. He stooped and bore  
Him in his arms : — then faced the avenger's wrath.  
His tyrants owned the eloquent appeal ;  
And, with his pardon, stamped on Britain's power  
the seal.

ELIZA CONDER.

*Watford.*

## A NEGRO MOTHER'S CRADLE-SONG.

SLEEP, my child ! and might the prayer  
Of thy mother's dark despair  
Be accepted for thy sake,—  
'Twere that thou no more shouldst wake.

Though a mother's love be mine,  
And a daughter's fondness thine,  
Yet, for thee, a parent's breath  
Craves the boon of early death.

Worse to live a helpless slave,  
Than to fill an early grave ;  
Better far the silent tomb,  
Than the captive's hopeless doom.

White man's cruelty and lust  
Cannot harm the lifeless dust ;  
Powerless the oppressor's rod,  
Brandished o'er a senseless clod.

Ruthless lash, and galling chain,  
Ceaseless tasks—performed with pain,  
Nights of sorrow, days of toil—  
These have made my life their spoil.

Such, with life, must be thy lot ;  
Dying—thou shalt know them not ;—  
O, be thine, all fetters breaking,  
Sleep that knows on earth no waking !

BERNARD BARTON.

*Woodbridge,  
4th of 5th Mo. 1826.*

## THE SLAVE'S LAMENT.

### I.

My native land ! far o'er the sea,  
Enslaved and sad, I think of thee,  
When, free as the unbridled breeze,  
I chased the deer 'mongst spicy trees,  
And stayed, amidst his fleet career,  
The ostrich, with my swifter spear.  
Then bright of look—as sun at noon,  
Then gay of heart—as bird in June,  
And careless as the lark that flies,  
With song to bid the morn arise,  
I rose in gladness, breast and brow  
Fearless and free,— how rise I now ?

## II.

How rise I ?—my heart throbs to ask ;  
See, there 's the whip, and here 's the task ;  
Nor toil alone enchafoes my mood,  
My taxed and burthened soul sweats blood ;  
My heart leaps up in arms,—the brand  
Smites sharp in an insulted hand.  
This golden clime, in vain for me,  
Pours liquid fragrance from the tree,—  
The fruits which cool men 's lips at noon,  
The preacher 's prayers beneath the moon,  
Are vain,—my trampled heart, in truth,  
Nor food can cheer, nor words can soothe.

## III.

I heard a voice far o'er the waves,  
Cry, “ Greece had serfs and Rome had slaves ;  
See, swarthy Spain is doomed to pine,  
'Neath slavery thrice as fierce as thine ;  
Gay France her rosy vintage quaffs  
In fetters,—yet she leaps and laughs ;  
Wide Russia's rude and savage horde  
Own for their law the sharpest sword ;  
Colombia from her slave the cup  
Of freedom takes, and drinks it up ;—  
Lo, one fair island 'midst the main !—  
Go touch it,—and off drops thy chain.”

## IV.

'Tis true,—'tis true,—yet Britons born  
Still bid me taste the cup they scorn ;  
Men who in court, and flood, and field,  
For freedom wear the sword and shield ;  
To save the weak, and strike the strong,  
Has been green England's motto long.  
I've said my say,—I've moan'd my moan,—  
Yet one word more,—one word alone ;—  
My wedded love ! far o'er the deep,  
Livent thou, to think of me and weep ?  
My darling boy,—my one sweet child,  
I saw thee late in sleep, and smiled,—  
I saw thee in my dreams,—'tis sweet  
To see them there,—we ne'er shall meet.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

*Lower Belgrave Place,*  
*16th May, 1826.*

SONNET.

Yes : we have fought in battle's bloodiest fray  
For life, and liberty—life's brightest gem—  
And clasped it in our island-diadem,  
Whence none shall pluck the precious prize away :

And East and West have bent them to our sway,  
From Darien's bosom to the holy stream  
Which glitters in Aurora's earliest beam—  
What race so bold our bidding may gainsay ?

O not for self alone, dear mother-land,  
Be such achievements wrought ! while aught  
remains  
Fettered or on firm earth, or on the sea,

Issue in God's dread name thine high command ;  
Speak from each shrivelled limb it's galling  
chains,  
And bid dark Afric's sons, like thine, be free.

F. WRANGHAM.

*Hunmanby,*  
*April 8, 1826.*

## IMITATED.

Esto : quicquid ubique serviebat  
Dextrâ solvere nos, nec incruentâ,  
Vinclis quivimus—Esto : liberatæ  
Terræ gloria flore non fugaci  
Cingit tempora nostra, ceu corollâ  
Quam nulli rapere est datum—remoti  
Esto nos Orientis Occidentisque  
Agnosci dominos, Columbus olim  
Quà primùm appulit, et sacrata primâ  
Quà Gangis rubet unda luce Phœbi ;  
Nec quis sustinet hostis ire contrâ—  
Haud solis ea sint parata, Mater,  
Nobis. Sol ubicunque lustrat orbem,  
Cunctis excute vincla. Voce magnâ  
Edic, efficies ; Tuique ad instar,  
Afris libera colla erunt capistro.

F. W.

## WEST-INDIAN SLAVERY.

"**SLAVES** cannot breathe in England." That is true,

But they who forge the chains of Slavery do.  
The British senator, at midnight raves  
Of liberty—and holds his hundred slaves.  
The British merchant, whose adventurous soul  
Dares for his gain the terrors of each pole ;  
The British gentleman, in freedom's isle ;  
The British father, basking in the smile  
Of love and laughing childhood,—nay, even he  
Who boasts, "the blood of Christ hath made him  
free ;"

All, sorely tainted with the gainful lust,  
Deem Slavery wise ; nay, every thing but—just.

True,—the foul scene that brands us and defiles,  
Is held at distance in our Indian isles.

True,—no blood trickles from our bondsman's  
sores ;

No fetters clank, no lash sounds on our shores.

Oh ! that they were but near us ! Then the soul  
Of an indignant people would controul  
Slavery's fell spirit, with that mighty word  
Which tyrants ever trembled as they heard.  
Vain would the subtlest sophistry be then,  
Or the feigned terrors of insatiate men.

Ah ! they who deem themselves so proudly laid  
In freedom's lap that none can make afraid,  
Would never, never see the pleading face  
Of woman bowed in pitiless disgrace ;  
In sins and sorrows which perforce transmute  
Immortal man into a reasoning brute.  
Ah ! they to whom the sweet and hallowed scope  
Of life's strong sympathies, and death's strong  
hope,  
Than life itself are dearer, holier far,  
Would never see them trampled as they are !  
The husband, leaning on the breast which nursed  
His happy children, never would see cursed  
The groaning negro ; doomed to hear the wail  
Of child and mother severed at the sale,  
To meet no more,—but sent, like him, to share  
All the vile crimes and miseries of despair.

But these are distant ;—we behold them not ;  
And we live sweetly in our pleasant lot,  
To talk of England's virtues—England's fame—  
And charities that will embalm her name.

O happy generous country of the free,  
With not a slave—but *what's beyond the sea!*  
'Twixt thee and infamy an ocean rolls;  
But, will it wash the stains of cruel souls?  
When the sun looks upon those glowing isles  
Where every thing, but thy sad victims, smiles,  
Thou dost not see them—but are they not seen  
In the heart's sun-light far more bright and  
keen?

Sleep on, thou glorious island, midst thy waves;  
Sweet be thy slumbers,—in thee are no slaves!  
Sleep on, thou queen of ocean!—not a groan  
Of the spent negro shall approach thy throne.  
The whip, the chain, fierce torture, hopeless toil,  
Far be they banished to some savage soil.  
In thee are tender hearts, and minds that make  
Thee loved and honoured for thy mercies' sake.  
Lo! how thy swarming children duly flock  
To His high temple, whom they dare not mock.  
Hark! to the contrite sinner's pleading tone,  
“Oh, Father, take from me this heart of stone!”  
Thy children worship, almost from their birth,  
The God who made of *one blood all the earth*;—  
The God of love, who sent His Son to give  
The *law of mutual love* to all who live.

Sleep on, fair island, midst such plenteous streams  
Of righteousness—what should disturb thy dreams?

Horrors and crimes, so distant, can't defile  
Thy emerald breast—*thou art a saintly isle!*  
Aye, sleep! but know that Freedom not the more  
Will fold her pinions till thy trance is o'er.  
Her wings have swept the western world,—her  
    shril

Trumpet alarms, what earthly power may still?  
Those mighty realms, from Erie's northern lake,  
Even to the far Magellan are awake.  
The night is past,—there mind has reached its  
    birth;

Men cast with scorn their fetters to the earth.  
From Hayti's neighbouring state, what kindred  
    cries

Call to thy captives,—“Ho! Arise! Arise!”  
They *will* arise! At thine, or at *their* call,  
Mercy will melt, or vengeance burst their thrall.  
And then must fly thy spirit-frozen dream  
At a world's plaudits, or at scorn's extreme.  
The saviour-isle!—the loved!—almost adored!—  
For crimes atoned,—and human rights restored.  
Or agonized spectatress of the chain  
Shivered by hands long stretched to thee in vain;  
The victory won—firm planted Freedom's tree,  
And the world blest,—but, shame bequeathed to  
    thee.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

Nottingham, 1826.

## THE NEGRO-MOTHER.

I THANK my God and yours, my blessed ones,  
That you were not born slaves ; I'll tell you  
how

A little negro babe grew sick and died  
Without its mother near it.

—She laid him down—and as a bird  
Struck with a mortal dart, she reeled,  
Yet dared not look again,—she heard  
The last, long summons to the field.

She laid him down,—the only one,  
Her hope, her love dwelt fondly on.  
The only heart that hers had met  
With joy, and turned from with regret.  
A golden link in slavery's chain,  
The manna on life's desert plain,  
Which, through the weary day and night,  
Made slumber bliss, and labour light.  
All pain was hers the slave could know,  
Hard toil and insult, taunt and blow ;

Yet had her bright-eyed negro child,  
Almost to slavery reconciled  
Her spirit, for his smiles could bring  
    Lost pleasures to her soul, and bliss  
From out his love burst, like a spring,  
    That gladdens the parched wilderness.  
And toiling 'neath the scorching sun,  
She thought but how, when day was done,  
Sitting beside the plantain tree,  
    Clasping his little playful hand,  
Or joining in his thoughtless glee,  
    The mother's fondness might expand ;  
And, thrilling like a finer sense,  
Be for all pain a recompence.  
—A burning fever came at length,  
And bowed his frame, consumed his strength ;  
And wild throbs of delirious pain  
Filled with alarms his infant brain.  
He clasped his mother's neck and prayed,  
Madly and mournfully, for aid.  
But vain his prayer,—she might not stay  
To watch beside him through the day.  
'Twas harvest-time, when she must bear  
Of toil and task, a heavier share,  
So, sleepless through the night, she sat  
Watching beside her infant's mat,  
    And with untiring love,  
Bent o'er him,—soothed and wiled away  
The fears that made his brain a prey ;

And bathed his brow, and strove  
To please him with each thing she knew  
He loved when he was strong ;  
The tale that oft his wonder drew,  
His favourite sport and song.  
To lay his little cheek to hers,  
And his burning breath to feel,  
To hear the feeble plaint that stirs  
The heartstrings like love's last appeal.  
—But day was up—the toil begun—  
And she must go forth with her fettered  
race.

What heeds the white man, though her son  
Be torn from her embrace,  
And left to die, of deaths the worst,  
In agonies of burning thirst ?  
What is a negro-infant's sorrow  
To him ?—a mother's wild distress ;  
Her groan of utter wretchedness,  
Or look of frenzied horror ?—  
She must away to till the bane  
Of her dark race, the blood-nursed cane.  
So she laid him down, and forth she went  
With a mother's outraged feelings wild,  
~~And~~ as the fiery sunbeams spent  
Her frame, not of the scorching ray  
She thought, but only how the day,  
Hour after hour, might wear away  
With her poor abandoned child.

All day she toiled—at night she sped  
To her hut, and there he lay—  
But cold and stiff, on his dreamless bed,  
Where life had passed away !  
Alas ! for that poor mother's wail,  
When she saw his cheek all wet with tears ;  
And thought what anguish would assail  
His soul, when pangs and fears  
Came o'er him, and he called in vain  
On the only one who was dear to him ;  
Who could have soothed his dying pain,  
And blessed him ere his eyes grew dim.  
—At length she calmed her grief and laid  
Her infant in the plantain's shade ;  
And, as if lulling him to rest,  
Began a lowly warbled strain ;  
For she knew in death the child was blest,  
And freed from the white man's chain ;—

“ My little one ! my blessed one !  
Would I were laid with thee !  
Would that my limbs were fetterless  
In lands beyond the sea.  
Would I could burst life's long dark dream,  
And be where thou art now,  
Where cool gales from my native stream  
Are freshening o'er thy brow.

“ Thou art there ! thou art there ! I see thee stand  
On our broad river's shore ;

Thy father clasps thy little hand,  
And you are slaves no more.  
Tell him, thou dear, thou happy one,  
Though I wear the white man's chain,  
My galling task will soon be done,  
And we all shall meet again.

“ We all shall meet again, and see,  
In the towering lolo's shade,  
Our children sporting joyfully  
Where we in childhood played.—  
My child, I will not mourn for thee ;  
Your shouts are echoing wide,  
In the broad shade of the lolo tree,  
On our own river's side.”

MARY HOWITT.

*Nottingham, 1826.*

## TO THE SLAVE.

Poor outcast, thou the nations' scoff and prey !  
The common victim marked by lust of gain  
And lust of blood,—insulted Afric's son !  
Brother ! 'gainst whom I trespass day by day,  
While I on thee leave chains unmerited,  
To gall thy flesh and eat into thy soul !  
My brother ! of whose blood wantonly shed  
The loud-voic'd accents ring to Heaven's high  
throne !

Ah ! who will help thee ? all whose sighs the winds  
Catch up and scatter :—all whose scalding tears  
The treacherous ocean or the slave-isle drinks ?  
Call we on thee t'avenge thy wrongs ? to burst  
Thy thraldom ? to assert humanity ?  
We would, we dare, not tell thee that thou may'st  
Not be the rather free ! Nor can we check  
The inspiration which unshackles limbs  
Made to be free, and souls, to be divine !  
Yet shalt thou be avenged ! Thy tears, thy blood,

Have long been exhaled from earth : vast the cloud  
And dark which rolls above : filled with portents,  
Forth volleys many a flash, glaring red wrath !  
The tempest of th' Almighty's fury, loud  
Its roar and fell its sweep ! He directs it  
Who hears the captive's groan, and He who breaks  
The oppressor's rod ;—His thunders do not sleep !  
His justice is not warped, nor is His mercy  
Clean gone for ever ! Vengeance still is His !  
He will repay !

RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON.

*March 29, 1827.*

## APPEAL FOR THE INJURED AFRICAN.

O THOU, to whom the mournful sigh  
Of sorrow and despair ascends,  
Who hear'st the ravens when they cry,  
The babe when at thy feet he bends !

More weak than is the raven's brood,  
Less pure than infants though we be,  
Our silent prayers for Lybia's good,  
O Father ! let them rise to Thee !

By realms dispeopled, tongues struck dumb  
With the brute outrages of years,  
In thy remembrance let them come—  
The negro's wrongs, the negro's tears !

Whate'er of crime, whate'er of woe,  
Europe has wrought, or Afric wept,  
In his recording volume, lo !  
The angel of thy court has kept.

Yet—ere the assessing Spirit stands,  
Prepared to sound from shore to shore,  
That golden trumpet which commands  
The tyrant's scourge to smite no more:

Ah! stay his vials—with our prayer  
No vengeance breathes,—in judgment break  
The oppressor's galling chains, but spare  
The oppressor, for thy mercy's sake.

Didst thou not form, from pole to pole,  
The various tongues and tribes of earth  
Erect, with an immortal soul,  
Expectants of one holier birth?

And shall the nations *dare* to hold  
In chains whom Thou hast chartered free,  
Or buy with their accursed gold  
The sinewy arm and servile knee?

No: not for this didst Thou command,  
With westering keel and sails unfurled,  
Columbus o'er the waves, to rend  
The curtains of that younger world.

And O, 'twas not for this, that he  
Upreared thy hallowed ensign there;  
Alas! that e'er the cross should be  
The joyless herald of Despair!—

That whom thy Loved One died to save,  
Man, guilty man, should hold subdued,  
And plead prescription o'er the grave,  
When questioned of his brother's blood.

But Thou art righteous ; Thou wilt rise  
All mighty as in days of yore,  
When Israel sighed, as Canaan sighs,  
Beneath the tasks his children bore.

Cry not the isles themselves aloud,  
“ Three hundred thralling years are fled,  
Since earth by tyranny was ploughed ;  
The vintage of the land is red ? ”

In that great day, when Afric's race  
Are from *their* house of bondage cast,  
O hide us in some peaceful place,  
Till all thy wrath be overpast.

For dark, except thy mercy shine,  
That later passover must be :  
Hear then our pleadings at thy shrine ;  
‘ O Father, let them rise to thee !

J. H. WIFFEN.

*Woburn Abbey,*  
*8th month, 9th, 1828.*

## HOPE.

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Written after first hearing of the formation of *Ladies' Anti-Slavery Associations.*

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SLAVERY ! silent hopeless anguish—  
British souls have felt thy care :  
Yet their firmest efforts languish  
Into all the slave's despair.

Is there hope ?—The thought were glory,  
Piercing through a darksome cave :  
Statesmen, poets, tell thy story,  
Yet is found no hand to save.

Is there hope ? Yes, if exerted,  
One untried, resistless power,  
Modest, quiet, unasserted,  
Patient through the darkest hour.

Sisters :—ye whose tears have glistened  
At the tale of Afric's woe ;  
Let the sympathy that listened  
All its energy bestow.

Gentle hands by thousands aiding,  
Eloquence, though soft as lutes,  
By ten thousand lips persuading,  
Can secure your high pursuits.

Shall a gust of blëssings reach us,  
Poured from grateful negro-tongues,  
While their generous virtues teach us  
Negroes can forget their wrongs ?

Yes, the western breeze shall bear it—  
Yes, the triumph shall be true !  
Sister-Britons, ye shall share it,—  
Heaven reserves the bliss for you !

D. BALL.

## SALE OF A SOUTH-AFRICAN SLAVE.

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Copy of a Letter addressed to the Rev. Richard Miles, and communicated by him to the Editor.

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MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR desire to be made acquainted with the particulars of an affair relative to the sale of a female Slave, and her subsequent manumission, carries with it the force of a command, and I hasten therefore to record a few of its details.

At no very distant period of time from the present, I was glad to retire from the bustle of town life, and breathe for awhile the fresh air of the country. Whilst travelling towards the place of my summer destination, I was induced to spend a few days at the location of a respectable farmer. Agreeably to the first night's arrangement, we arose by times on the following morning, for we

had a journey of some extent to perform. A public *vendue* (or auction) was to take place at a distance of about forty miles, and my host and his family, including myself, were to be present. We entered our travelling waggon, drawn by eight beautiful horses, just as the glories of an African sun were bursting upon our world. For many miles we travelled over those pleasant natural roads which are so peculiar to many sections of this wonderful country. But things varied as we reached our first *uitspan* (or resting-place). After enjoying a hearty meal in a solitary glen, and by the side of a quiet water, our journey was renewed; but we had many a height to climb and many a fearful descent to undertake. The whole country was untenanted, and the stillness of the air was unbroken by the note of a bird, or by any sounds of rural nature. Yet, for all this, there appeared in various directions evident exhibitions of natural fitness for human population. But this is no discovery. You are better acquainted with the country than I am.

On our arrival at the place of sale, we found a large concourse of people assembled, with bargain-hunting countenances of varied hues. Around the house furniture of every description was arranged. Very near a lot of ploughs, harrows, and a desultory mass of invalidated

utensils, stood a group of human beings, awaiting their destiny. Sorrow was depicted in each countenance: all was dumb silence. One interesting creature stood apart from her fellow-sufferers, and was sharing the more visible grief of a well-dressed young woman with an infant child in her arms. Anxious to know more of the particulars of sale, I was informed that the farmer had been ruined by becoming security for an unworthy neighbour,—that his property had been taken in execution,—that the young white woman was the married daughter of the farmer, and had travelled from the district of Graaf-Reinet, to be present at the melancholy breaking-up of her father's house ;—and that the slave, who was her partner in grief, had been her companion from childhood, and between them there had always existed much mutual affection. To purchase her favourite girl she was unable; her means were slender ;—besides there was a determination on the part of a dealer from S—— to purchase the maid at a very high price ;—her merits were known,—and he could procure ten per cent. for his money by *letting out* the purchase to the lady of the —— of S——. A knowledge of these circumstances added greatly to the affliction of the poor slave.

About the middle of the day the sale of the slaves commenced. The first was a youth of twenty. His cries were piercing. Amidst the

vulgar jokes and brutal sayings of the multitude, he was knocked down to a boor, who immediately carried off his bargain. The next was the female in question. There was an intense anxiety manifested as she was led to be exhibited on the table. She sobbed aloud, as did her young mistress in the back-ground. The bidding commenced at twelve hundred rix-dollars, (90*l.*) and at every succeeding advance her moans were most piteous. When the price advanced to eighteen hundred rix-dollars, she became almost frantic, especially as there was a pause, and the auctioneer uplifted his hammer. The biddings however re-commenced with renewed vigour. The slave-dealer from S—— was the highest bidder, when the poor girl, Maria, cried out, — “Jesus, save me! Lord, help me!”

Just at this moment the dogs of the farm set up a loud barking, which arrested general attention. From the mountain's side, at the foot of which stands the farm-house, three horsemen were seen winding their way down its pathless declivity. This unusual route, and the fearfulness of the descent, attracted the curiosity of the crowd below, and suspended the business of the day. The appearance too of one of the party was an object of some novelty. The stranger who was approaching, attended by two Hottentots, was muffled up in a roquelaure of

Scottish tartan. The other parts of his dress discovered a similar disregard to the intensity of the summer's heat. When the stranger had reached the dwelling-house, he dismounted, and examined various lots of goods. The Hottentots were questioned as to their master, but could afford no information. The slave business was once more in action, and poor Maria racked with agony. The stranger directed his attention to her situation ; he looked around for information ; I caught his eye, and we recognized each other. I described to him, in a few words, the particulars of the case ; and as the sound of—" Two thousand rix-dollars ; once—twice—third and last time," proceeded from the mouth of the salesman, the stranger cried out—" Two thousand one hundred rix-dollars."—" Another hundred," said the slave-dealer ; and " Fifty more," cried an elderly-looking man, with much excited feeling. " I'll give one hundred more," said the stranger, with great coolness. A pause ensued : you might have heard a pin drop. Murmurs now burst forth at the expense of the stranger. He was unmoved ; his countenance being marked with a fixed determination. The slave-dealer, unwilling to give up the contest, offered another hundred rix-dollars. The stranger doubled it and said,—" She's mine at any price." The slave was knocked down to the stranger, and the auctioneer demanded cash.

The stranger proposed a draft on his agent in Cape Town. This was refused. He looked somewhat perplexed. In my pocket was a packet containing two thousand rix-dollars, (150*l.*) being a sum of money I was to deliver to a country clergyman. I tendered the money to the stranger, who from his purse added three hundred more. Still we were deficient, and the auctioneer was induced by many around him to shew no favour. Another hundred in silver was produced by myself; still the purchase was not completed. The stranger threw down his gold watch and seals, and the bargain was effected. The poor girl, still concerned for her fate, and knowing nothing of her new master, fell at his feet. He raised her up, and taking her by the hand, he kissed it, and led her to her young mistress. "There," said he, presenting the poor trembling woman to her young mistress, "take her as your free servant,—no longer a slave; take her as your friend and faithful companion; live in peace and happiness together. God bless you both; and when you supplicate on high, ask Heaven's mercy for W—— the Indian."\* Without awaiting the thanks of the wonder-stricken group, the stranger mounted his horse and was soon out of sight.

\* The gentlemen from India, who visit the Cape, are generally called "Indians."

Thus, Reverend Sir, you have a faint outline of those particulars of which I happened to be a spectator. I often review them with feelings of intense emotion, while I contemplate with admiration the benevolence of the Indian visitor, Major W——. In the future scenes of your life, which God grant may be, for your own comfort, in happy old England, I hope you will continue to be useful to poor Africa. You will do more than *think* over the wicked nature of slavery in this British colony. You will never forget that British-born *subjects* are identified as *goods and chattels*, and are mixed up, in all public advertisements for sales, with "household furniture, waggons, carts, horses, mules, sheep, oxen, and pigs." You have heard much of the comparative mildness of slavery at the Cape of Good Hope; but you have *seen*, as no unmoved spectator, that to him who is the author of it, and him who is the victim of it, it is alike an evil and a curse. You have seen how completely it has vitiated the very springs of moral and intellectual perception in this colony, and obliterated the sense of its own enormities. You have beheld all this; and I feel assured that you will not fail to give your zealous aid to promote its speedy and utter extinction.

*Cape Town,*  
*Jan. 5, 1830.*

## TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

### I.

FAIR land of my fathers ! I hail with delight  
The white streak of thy cliffs o'er the dark-  
rolling sea ;  
Though distant the prospect, though faint be its  
light,  
That line on the surge is the land-mark to me ;  
Beyond whose tall ramparts for ages have stood,  
'Mid the roar of the waves,—where for ages  
shall be,  
The birth-place, the home, of the great and the good,  
In the land of my fathers—the land of the free.

### II.

Fair land of my fathers ! thy rich and thy poor,  
The peasant and peer, in one equal degree,  
Claim freedom their birthright ; the thatched-  
cottage door  
Is strong as the castle or palace can be ;

So that noble nor king may oppress or annoy  
Its tenant in tatters. Thus long may we see,  
What the world cannot rival, nor hope to destroy—  
The fair land of my fathers,—the land of the free.

### III.

Fair land of my fathers ! by chance should the foot  
Of the manacled negro but touch on thy shore,  
Where justice, religion, humanity, meet,  
His chains burst asunder, and slavery no more  
May fetter his frame or his spirit ; but brute,  
And worm of the earth that he has been, e'en he,  
Starts at once into life,\* in that freedom whose root  
Strikes deep through each grain of the land of  
the free.

### IV.

Fair land of my fathers ! yet is there one blot  
On the sun of thy glory ; and dark though it be,  
And figured in blood, oh ! who prayeth not,  
That its shadow may now be departing from  
thee ?

\* It is almost superfluous to refer the reader to Curran's Speeches for the original of this idea.

It is this : — that whilst thou art the light of the  
world—

The rock, and the land-mark of freedom —  
there be

Wide, far-distant realms, where thy banner's un-  
furled,

O'er millions of slaves to the land of the free.

V.

Fair land of my fathers ! no longer be this

Thy reproach amongst men, and thy curse be-  
fore God ;

But bow in repentance, and sorrowing, kiss,

Ere it strike in his anger, his chastening rod :

Give the negro, the Indian, throughout thy do-  
mains,

The birthright thy children inherit from thee ;

And when thou, at length, shalt have broken their  
chains,

Throughout all her borders thy land shall be  
free.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

*April 13th, 1827.*

## THE SLAVE-SHIP.

ALL are on board,—and for the favouring gale,  
To weigh the anchor, and to spread the sail,  
Alone they wait,—up springs a gentle breeze,  
And white waves ripple o'er the clear blue seas ;  
High on the deck, the impatient captain stands,  
And gives the word to weigh for distant lands ;  
In deepening tones the seamen shout “ Unmoor,”  
The cheerful cry re-echoes to the shore ;  
The gathering winds now gently fill the sails,  
The streamers flutter in the welcome gales.  
What Briton’s voice but eager now inquires,  
(While glows his heart with all a patriot’s fires,)  
“ Is it to meet the foe upon the wave,  
To whelm him there, and Albion to save,  
Yon vessel seeks the main ? Are you the crew  
Whose hands are mighty, and whose hearts are  
true ?  
Is yon the bark that bears upon the breeze,  
Britannia’s thunder, o'er Britannia’s seas ?

A patriot's blessing rest upon her sails,  
And prosperous wishes strengthen all her gales ;  
May glorious conquest crown her virtuous toil !"—  
—Oh ! cease thy wishes, 'tis for human spoil  
Yon demons seek the flood, and be those sails  
Adversely wafted,—shivered by those gales !  
Upon yon deck no virtuous chieftain stands,  
Nor does he hold command o'er gallant bands ;  
Not for his country drawn his righteous sword,  
Not for his country are the deeps explored,  
No patriot's wishes waft him from the shores,  
For him the fort no parting volley pours ;  
Scorned and detested by his fellow-men,  
The worst of monsters—and yon bark his den.

S.

*Sheffield.*

## THE NEGRO.

### I.

CLOSE to the deep and rapid Zaire  
I sat beneath a mangrove tree,  
And my young children sported there  
In the bright sunshine, gay and free :  
I saw their mother's grave, and said,  
“ How blest a laughing child to be !  
How soon their little griefs are fled,  
Their joys, their raptures never flee.”

### II.

She died, she died in peace :—but thought  
In all those happy children met  
The traces that affection sought ;  
Their mother's image blessed me yet :  
And then I checked my tears awhile,  
(Grief e'en a negro's cheek can wet !)  
They smiled so like their mother's smile,  
O how could I that smile forget !

### III.

I looked upon my girls and boys,  
Now of a mother's love bereft ;  
Though heaven had shaded many joys,  
Some yet unclouded joys were left :  
And I could hope that He who pours  
Fresh waters from the rock that's cleft,  
He who destroys and who restores,  
Would retribute death's cruel theft !

### IV.

And thus I mused—and thus I taught  
Life's energies to wake again :  
Alas ! death's cruelties are nought,—  
Nought to the cruelties of men :—  
A fiercer tyrant far than death—  
The white man came !—I cried in vain ,  
No sighs—nor tears—nor smothered breath,  
Could soothe or snap the negro's chain.

### V.

He tore me from my children's home ;  
He wrenched me from their mother's grave !

And will no day of vengeance come ?  
Shall man his God for ever brave ?  
Shall earth be made a desert still ?  
Shall heaven be outraged—heaven that gave  
A form erect, an upward will,  
A heavenly hope, to free and slave ?

## VI.

What ! have we not a soul to feel,  
And eyes to weep, and hearts to bleed ?  
Though white man's heart is stone or steel ;—  
Ours—ours is human flesh indeed.  
If hate—revenge—if hope—despair—  
Love—memory—all that *mind* can breed—  
Or good and evil angels share,  
Be man—*of* man—enslaved, or freed !

## VII.

The pangs unuttered thoughts create—  
The sweat-drops burning on my brow ;  
The words of anguish and of hate  
That tremble on my lips e'en now,  
Are they not human ? Are they not  
Of passions such as those which bow  
The white man's spirit—those which blot  
The white man's page of vice and woe ?

## VIII.

Yes ! He who moulded mortal clay,  
And breathed his Spirit there,—who planned  
Creation's infinite display,  
Hath coloured with a master's hand :  
Various and beautiful the race  
Of scattered man—He stamped no brand  
Of slavery on the negro's face—  
*Life—Liberty*—were His *command*.

JOHN BOWRING.

*Hackney, 4th Feb. 1826.*

## THE DEATH OF THE SLAVE.

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The Funeral of the African in his native land is accompanied by wailing, and by all the deep-marked emotions of savage grief; but, in a state of Slavery, death is welcomed as a most joyous event, and the funeral is accompanied by the most extreme exultation; for they believe that they shall then return to their home and their friends, the scenes of their infancy, and to all they love.

---

REJOICE for the dead, with the shout and the song!  
He has borne all his pain, he has suffered his wrong,  
He has burst from his chain, and his labour is o'er,  
He will start at the lash of the driver no more !

Full many a heavy slow year has passed by,  
Since they tore him away from his palm-hut to die ;  
But now he has gone where his suffering ends,  
And merry to-night will he be with his friends !

How his wife will rejoice, in whose bosom he lay !  
And his children, who ran round him every day !  
The baby Quenána, who sat on his knee,  
What a tall and a sweet, blooming girl she will be !

You remember the night when the moon was so fair,  
And we gathered around for our summer sport  
there ;  
When the war-cry was raised, we were filled with  
dismay,  
And the robbers of men bore us off for their prey.

O Guinea ! the thought of thy forests how dear ! .  
Thy toucan and tinamon often we hear ;  
Well!—a little more labour, and we too shall be  
In the dance with our friends round the wide-  
spreading tree !

JAMES EDMESTON.

*Homerton, 1826.*

## “A VOICE FROM AMERICA'S PLAINS.”

### PART I.

A voice from America's plains !  
A shout o'er the waves of the sea !  
“ Colombia hath broken her chains,  
The bondsmen have fought and are free !  
Hail, Britain ! hail, Liberty's land !  
Where beauty and manliness blend ;  
In the boldness of freemen we stand,  
And hail thee our brother, our friend !

“ Long ages were destined to roll,  
And our spirits were shadowed with gloom,  
But who shall imprison the soul  
When she dares her just rights to assume ?  
The nature of manhood is changed,  
When the scorn of oppression swells high ;  
And the warriors in battle are ranged,  
Who have sworn to live free or to die.

“ Now the wave round the storm-vext Magellan  
The downfall of tyranny sings ;  
And Mexico’s mountains are telling  
The joy that from liberty springs.  
Cotopaxi hath caught the proud strain,  
Chimborazo’s wild echo replies ;  
And the sailor that ploughs the free main  
Repeats the glad shout to the skies.

“ Truth and light to our shores are advancing,  
Bright knowledge illumines our race,  
And bigotry’s meteor, wild glancing,  
To religion’s blest day-star gives place.  
Hail, Britain ! hail, liberty’s land !  
Where beauty and manliness blend ;  
In the boldness of freemen we stand,  
And hail thee our brother, our friend ! ”

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“ A CRY FROM THE ISLES OF THE WEST.”

PART II.

A CRY from the isles of the west !  
A groan o’er the desolate wave !  
’Tis the cry of the soul of the weary for rest,  
The groan of despair from the slave.

“ Shall the winds as they sweep round the earth  
The downfall of tyranny sing,  
And the tidings triumphant of Liberty’s birth  
To all but the African bring ?

“ O Britain ! while realms in despair  
Invoke thee to soothe their distress,  
Shall all but the bondsmen of Africa share  
Thy power, thy exertions to bless ?

“ The slave of a Briton ! woe, woe  
To the thought that engenders such shame !  
Tell it not in the echoing streets of thy foe,  
Breathe it not in the halls of thy fame !

“ Why lingers the ship on the wave,  
With her tidings of joy to the soul,  
That freedom shall dwell with the race of the slave,  
And justice our tyrants control :

“ That knowledge shall teach us to trust  
In our God, and his mercies to scan ;  
And shall raise up the wretch that now grovels in  
dust,  
To the pride and the stature of man.

“ O speed ! lest Domingo should tell  
Where the paths of deliverance lie—  
She hath fought, and the shouts of her victory swell  
From her ransomèd hosts to the sky.

“ They have fought, and their foes were their spoils,  
    No white man their struggles would share—  
The African lion hath burst through his toils,  
    And who shall disturb his dread lair !

“ But *our* thoughts do not dwell with the sword,  
    To the brave in our weakness we kneel ;  
Sweet Mercy hath breathed for our sorrows her  
    word,  
And her pleadings are stronger than steel ! ”

PAUL MOON JAMES.

*Birmingham, 1826.*

## LIBERTY.

### I.

FAIR Liberty ! I love thy cheerful mien,  
When lightly bounding o'er rude mountains  
grey,  
In sportive fawn or antlered roebuck seen,  
Or squirrel darting in fantastic play  
    Amid the leafy shade  
    By sylvan forests made ;  
    Or timid cony fleet,  
    Dancing on downy feet,  
To crop the springing blade with early flowerets  
    gay.

## II.

I love thee in the wild-rose clustered fair,  
With blossoms tinted soft as beauty's cheek,—  
In woodbines, breathing perfume on the air,  
In hedge-row, violet, or daisy meek ;  
In fragrant eglantine,  
In tendril'd plants, that twine,  
Simple, and wild, and free,  
O'er bower, and branch, and tree,  
And nature's softest charms in graceful silence  
speak.

## III.

I hail thee on the sprightly skylark's wing,  
Trilling glad welcome to the lord of day ;  
In woodland notes, that greet the ear of Spring,  
Descending mild ; in roseate garland's gay,  
Fanned by Favonian gales,  
As bright, through breezy vales,  
Or o'er rejoicing meads  
Her jocund train she leads,  
While Echo blithe awakes, responsive to their lay.

## IV.

Majestic Nature consort seeks with thee,  
When proud she piles her mountain-heights  
                sublime,  
Rides the rude billows of the rolling sea,  
Or, charioted in clouds, from clime to clime  
                Her bolted thunder bears,  
                Her fiery shaft prepares,  
                Unfurls the whirlwind's wing,  
                Bids clashing tempests ring,  
And with embattling spheres confounds the sons of  
                time.

## V.

By Nature loved and cherished, thou to man,  
Sweet Liberty, as Heaven's best boon, art  
                dear:  
Man formed erect, with godlike port, to scan  
The Deity!—His glorious image here:  
                He triumphs in thy smile,  
                And holds thee proud the while,  
                Blest birthright of his soul,  
                Which owns but one control,  
And yields to God alone, its worship, praise, and  
                fear.

## VI.

He spurns the chain : the prison'd eagle, less  
Ruffles his plumes, immured in captive-thrall ;  
Though manacles his withering limbs oppress,  
Though sad beneath fell torture's scourge he fall,  
Yet claims his spirit high  
Its conscious dignity,  
And stern with swelling breast,  
Thoughts, but to Heaven expressed,  
His angered manhood chafes, when ruthless fetters  
gall.

## VII.

Man is Heaven's offspring ; Heaven in grace  
benign,  
With sacred sympathies inspired his soul,  
Bade holy Love her silken cords entwine,  
To hold sweet Liberty in soft control ;  
Love leads with gentlest rein,  
That huntress of the plain ;  
With golden link she binds  
The bravest loftiest minds,  
And stills, with charmed voice, rude passion's  
restless roll.

## VIII.

Love, sweet ally of Freedom, gently binds  
The social compact with affection's cord,  
Yet spurns the wild misrule of lawless minds,  
The frantic reign of Anarchy abhorred :  
    The wise, the good, from thee,  
    O sacred Liberty !  
    Alone the wreath receive,  
    Which Truth and Justice weave,  
And Virtue only wears, by Honour's just award.

## IX.

Not thine the roar of democratic strife,  
Tumultuous as the ever-surging wave,  
To battle-field transforming peaceful life,  
Where proud ambition tempts his venturous  
    slave  
    With meteor-halos bright,  
    That shine with dubious light,  
    Till envious Darkness shrouds  
    The wildering beam with clouds,  
And o'er his unhoused head impetuous tempests  
    rave.

## X.

Nor art thou she, loud boast of classic song,  
With brows bright wreathed by Victory and  
Fame,  
Whom Genius honoured, whom the brave, the  
strong,  
Invested with thy glory and thy name :  
That plumed goddess proud,  
To whom the boisterous crowd  
Their servile worship paid,  
Who states and senates swayed,  
While warrior voices stern upheld her dauntless  
claim.

## XI.

Yet was she fierce, and turbulent, and wild,  
The pageant idol of ungoverned will,  
Unused to social gentleness, the child  
Of truant Nature, restless, roving still ;  
But thou, of gentler mood,  
Delightest not in rude  
And ever-changing strife,  
No hurricane thy life,  
But pure and healthful gales thy floating canvas  
fill.

## XII.

Yes ! Liberty is order, virtue, peace,  
'Tis valour, when the right her sword de-  
mands ;  
She bids the jarring voice of Discord cease,  
Her heart is warm with charity, her hands  
Beneficence employs ;  
To calm Contentment's joys  
Her holy aid she lends,  
On Truth's bright path attends,  
And cheers with blithe song rude Labour's  
swarthy bands.

## XIII.

Britannia ! dost thou boast thyself the child,  
The friend of Freedom, since on mountains rude,  
Through desert glens, and woodland forests wild,  
Thy roving step the hunter's toil pursued ?  
Dost thou rejoice to own  
A proud and stately throne,  
'Midst circling waters placed,  
By Truth and Justice based,  
And long by distant lands with wondering envy  
viewed ?

## XIV.

Say, dost thou glory in the sevenfold might  
Of sacred Law's impenetrable shield ?  
Revere impartial Justice ? for the right,  
Prepared the balance or the sword to wield ?  
Hast thou not learned to prize  
Life's sweetest, tenderest ties,  
Secure from ruffian hands  
Of cruel spoiler bands,  
More fell than evening wolves that scour the  
pasture field ?

## XV.

Cradled on ocean billows, thou hast borne  
Thy trident-sceptre with a steadfast hand,  
Thy noble brow the victor's wreath hath worn,  
Of laurels culled in many a far-famed land ;  
Can then thy generous mind,  
With servile fetters bind  
A brother's neck, as free,  
A heart, to Liberty  
Bound firmly as thine own, by Nature's kindly  
band ?

## XVI.

Hark ! comes there not a wailing on the blast ?  
A voice, as if the Genius of the deep,  
From yon wide weltering water-floods, had cast,  
On some lorn strand, a lonely wretch, to weep  
The wreck of cherished bliss ?  
Hope's brightest promises,  
His drear and rueful fate,  
Lost, lonely, desolate,  
Where only wild winds rave and surging billows  
sweep ?

## XVII.

Britannia ! comes not such a voice to thee,  
That blends upbraidings with its woe-worn wail ?  
Is not Hope wrecked in dire captivity ?  
And hoarser, harsher, than wild tempest-gale,  
Or boisterous billow's roar,  
On rude, bleak, barren shore,  
Comes not to Slavery's ear,  
Oppression's voice of fear ?  
And tells not Afric wronged as sad and dark a tale ?

## XVIII.

Oh ! thou hast sinned, even Nature's parent voice  
Attaints the baseness of thy treacherous crime ;  
Beneath bright skies, her blooming isles rejoice,  
Her flowers breathe fragrance, and her woods  
                sublime  
Wave in the laughing wind ;  
But earth-born Avarice, blind,  
With foul pestiferous breath,  
Hath scattered seeds of death,  
To rise in rifest plagues through long succeeding  
time.

## XIX.

But, no ! a deprecating prayer ascends,  
And suppliant hands are lifted to the skies ;  
Closed long,—too long—yet now proud Albion  
bends  
Her listening ear to Afric's mournful cries ;  
She burns to break the chain,  
To cleanse the dark, dark stain  
From those fair isles away ;  
To pour the gladdening ray  
Of Liberty and light on Slavery's tear-dimmed  
eyes.

Arouse thee, Albion ! thou whose lofty neck  
Could never stoop the captive's yoke to bear ;  
No more thy brows with clustering roses deck,  
With Victory's chaplet, wreathè thy sun-bright  
hair,  
Till thy stern lion bold,  
Loose from his murderous hold  
His lacerated prey ;  
Till, where the tortured victim writhing lay,  
Justice and Peace benign plant Freedom's standard  
fair.

AGNES BULMER.

## REMARKS ON THE CHRISTIAN DUTY OF PUTTING AN END TO SLAVERY.

THAT it is our bounden duty as *Christians* to labour in the cause of the abolition of slavery, is a proposition so reasonable and obvious, that one might have supposed no one could have doubted it. Yet such is the perversion of heart and intellect to which mankind are liable, that some persons have contrived to persuade themselves that their Christian duty, in reference to this subject, lies in *absolute inaction*.

In the first place, they urge as a plea for their non-interference, the curse pronounced by Noah on Canaan. "Cursed be Canaan," said the offended patriarch, "*a servant of servants shall he be to his brethren.*"\*

Since the person by whom Noah had been offended was not Canaan, but his father Ham, it is taken for granted by these objectors that "Canaan" is here put for "Ham." And since

\* Gen. ix. 25.

Ham, *through his son Mizraim*, was the progenitor of the Africans, they conclude, first, that the prophecy is accomplished in the slavery of the negroes; and, secondly, that *therefore* in labouring for the emancipation of the negroes, we labour against the declared decree of the Lord of all the earth.

Now supposing the application of the prophecy to the African race to be the true one, what can be more absurd than such a practical inference? The duration of Canaan's servitude is a subject on which the prophecy says nothing, much less does it contain the slightest intimation that their cruel bondage was to have no end. Who, then, shall say that the time is not come for the extermination of African Slavery? or who can deem it unreasonable to suppose, that, in effecting this object, God may be pleased to make use of human instrumentality?

But I can by no means assent to such an interpretation of the prophetic record, which I believe received its accomplishment when the Canaanites, who were left in the land of Palestine, became "hewers of wood and drawers of water"—the degraded performers of laborious offices—to their Israelitish conquerors, who were themselves descended from Shem. It is highly probable, also, that many of these Canaanites were exported from Tyre and Sidon, and became slaves to the

European nations, the descendants of Japheth.  
“ And he said, Blessed be the Lord God of *Shem*,  
and Canaan shall be his servant : God shall en-  
large *Japheth* . . . . . and Canaan shall be  
his servant.”\*

Thus utterly vain is the first plea of our ob-  
jectors ; but here we come in contact with a  
second plea :—“ The Israelites held their fellow-  
men in slavery, a practice in which they acted  
under the authority of their inspired legislator.”—  
“ Both thy bondmen and bondmaids which thou  
shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round  
about you, which they begot in your land, and  
they shall be your possession. And ye shall take  
them as an inheritance for your children after  
you, to inherit them for a possession ; they shall  
be your bondmen for ever.”†

It is the natural right of every man to possess  
his own person ; and, provided he abstains from  
injuring other men, to dispose of it as he pleases :  
and it is completely at variance with this right,  
that any man should assume a property in the  
person of his neighbour. But in the case of the  
Israelites, this natural right was suspended by  
the decree of Nature’s Author. The Canaanites  
who dwelt in the land, and the heathen captives,  
became the inheritance of the Israelites, by the

\* Gen. ix. 26, 27.

† Levit. xxv. 44—46.

especial gift of God,—a gift which settles all questions of right. But where is the divine decree,—where is the deed of gift,—which bestows the African race, as bondsmen and bondswomen, on the European nations? Every one knows that our Colonists possess no such authority for slave-holding, and that the title by which their supposed property in slaves originated, was nothing better than the most atrocious avarice, fraud, and cruelty.

But although slavery was allowed among the Israelites, it was in a lenient and gentle form, wholly apart from the horrors of British colonial bondage. Israel had known “the heart of a stranger in the land of Egypt;” and therefore the “stranger within his gates,” though a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, was to be treated with kindness and consideration. “Thou shalt neither vex a stranger nor oppress him, for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.”\*—“And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him, but the stranger which dwelleth with you shall be as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself.”†

Still more mitigated was the form of slavery among the Israelites, when their fellow-countrymen became their bondsmen. The bondsman in

\* Exod. xxii. 21.

† Lev. xix. 33, 34.

that case was, in fact, not so much a slave as an apprentice; the money paid for him was the hire for his service during a certain period; and, on the recurrence of the sabbatical year, he was, by the divine law, left at liberty. He might then leave his master or continue with him, according to his own pleasure.\*

The Israelites were not permitted to steal men and sell them, as many professing Christians do in the present day. "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."† Neither were they permitted to maltreat or mutilate their slaves, as some of our Colonists do. "If a man smite the eye of his servant, or the eye of his maid, that it perish, he shall let him go free for his eye's sake. And if he smite out his man-servant's tooth, or his maid-servant's tooth, he shall let him go free for his tooth's sake."‡ They were all to unite in keeping holy festivals before the Lord. "Thou shalt rejoice before the Lord, thou, thy son, and thy daughter, and *thy man-servant, and thy maid-servant*, and the Levite that is within thy gates, and *the stranger*, and the fatherless, and the widow that are among you, in the place which the Lord thy God hath chosen to place his name there."§ With these heart-cheering

\* Exod. xxi. 2.

† Exod. xxi. 16.

‡ Exod. xx. 20.

§ Deut. xvi. 11.

precepts,—with this charitable and edifying practice,—we shall do well to compare the martyrdom of the Missionary Smith, the lawless destruction of meeting-houses, the savage cry of political church-unions, and the flogging of slaves almost to death, for the crime of attending a place of worship and of praying to God !

“ But, finally,” say the objectors, “ slavery is nowhere forbidden by our Saviour or his apostles, and may therefore be surely permitted under the gospel dispensation,” as if the gospel dispensation annulled, instead of confirming, the rights and liberties of mankind !

True indeed it is, that neither our Saviour nor his apostles interfered with the then existing constitution of civil society. The kingdom which Christ came to establish was the kingdom of heaven ; and the freedom which he graciously condescended to proclaim was freedom from condemnation and sin. Nevertheless, the law which he enforced on mankind was, in every just respect, a *law of liberty* ; and the great principles of his holy religion are radically opposed to all abuses, both of a moral and a civil nature.

With regard to slavery, and especially such slavery as degrades our West Indian colonies, it is utterly at variance both with the *doctrines* and with the *precepts* of Christianity. Admit that the injured descendants of Africa are destined for immortality,

and are redeemed by the precious blood of the incarnate Immanuel, and you will no longer tolerate the notion that they are mere goods and chattels; you will no longer endure a system, under which they are worked to death, whipped and branded, at the pleasure of their owners !

Acknowledge the golden rule, “ *Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,*” and the bonds of iniquity must be broken. Just in proportion to the degree in which the precept is obeyed, will true liberty, charity, and peace prevail among mankind ; and should it arise into its native and full dominion, *Slavery* will finally and for ever disappear from the face of the globe.

JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY.

## THE MARTYRED MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

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" While some shall delight to gaze upon the splendid sepulchre of Xavier, and others choose rather to ponder over the granite stone which covers all that is mortal of Swartz; there will not be wanting those who will think of the humble and unfrequented grave of"  
JOHN SMITH.—SARGENT's *Memoirs of Henry Martyn*.

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Whose is that quiet grave ?  
No shrine is there the heedless dust entombing,  
But tall green grass, and wild flowers ever-blooming,  
In silence wave.

Greatness ! it cannot be  
Thy haughty dust should choose so mean a dwelling;  
Without one line of adulation, telling  
Its lies of thee.

Honour ! thou couldst not here  
Rest thy high spirit from its dreams of glory ;  
No wondering crowds, to tell thy wondrous story,  
And none to hear.

Riches ! 'tis far too small  
For thee to rest in with thy treasures by thee,  
A wider tomb the world will ne'er deny thee,  
When thou shalt fall.

Meek Charity ! thy shrine  
Should record of the bleeding heart, and broken,  
Which thou hast bound ;—but here is no such  
token :—  
Can this be thine ?

Religion ! shouldst not thou  
Have one brief line to tell, where thou art sleeping,  
That “ he who wept with anguish once, is weeping  
With rapture now.”

Whose is this quiet tomb ?  
Religion—Charity—Wealth—Greatness—Glory—  
To tell, of all in one, the last sad story,  
These wild flowers bloom.

Was it not *great*, to brave  
Furious contempt, and scorn most spirit-breaking,  
For *thee* ! his country and his home forsaking,  
Poor negro slave ?

Hath he no *honour* ? Fame  
Speaks not ; but, when the judgment trump hath  
shaken  
The earth to dust again, its tones shall waken  
This martyr's name.

And he was *rich*—an heir  
Of all the bright inheritance of Heaven :  
And to the world, he panted to have given  
A portion there.

And *Charity* ?—Oh ! see  
That fettered captive in yon dungeon lying ;  
What brought him there—pale, weeping, pining,  
dying ?  
'Twas Charity.

*Religion* ! thou wast near !  
Witness that smile upon his brow of anguish ;  
That glowing joy, when earthly joys did languish,  
And hope was sere.

Let age on age roll by :  
Yet still his memory shall the negro cherish ;  
And when *his* wrongs and woes in death must  
perish,  
Come here to die.

And sire to son shall tell,  
The tale of him beneath this sod who lieth ;  
And his shall be a name that never dieth.  
Martyr ! Farewell.

T. R. T.

*Bradford, Yorks.*  
1826.

## TO A NEGRO INFANT.

Poor baby ! why opened the blue light of heaven,  
Rejoicing to kindle the morn,  
When thou to the arms of a captive wast given?—  
A negro child !—why is it born ?

Why did not the Father of all, in his grace,  
Life's spark to thy being deny?  
Or bid thee grow cold in thy mother's embrace,  
From her dark bosom borne to the sky?

In vain will her smile, well dissembled, essay  
Thy morn of existence to cheer;  
Deep, deep is the gloom that o'ershadows thy day,  
Though even a mother be near.

But, haply, the will of some tyrant shall rend  
The tie softly woven in Heaven,  
And that breathing pillow, that tenderest friend,  
May far from her dearest be driven :

Remote in some distant plantation, her tears  
• May water the sweet-growing soil,  
And the thought of her baby, more swiftly than  
years,  
Consume her,—more surely, than toil.

And when, with the weary at rest, she shall lie,  
The clods of the valley her bed,  
Thou, child, 'neath the blaze of a merciless sky,  
The same track of sorrow shalt tread.

Thou then,—but a streak on the mountains I see,  
The rainbow of promise I trace!—  
The Father of all is preparing for thee,  
Poor baby, the smile of his grace !

Already, warm hearts doth His Spirit inspire,  
The captive to free from his chain ;  
And the brave, and the lovely, with ceaseless desire,  
The rights of the negro maintain.

Yea see, where a sail, like a speck on the wave,  
Rides on through the desert of foam,  
And the meek man of God, for the land of the slave,  
Has left the green vales of his home.

Oh ! why did my soul, in its sadness, repine,  
Life's spark in thy being to view ?  
The freedom of Heaven, little slave, shall be thine,  
In Jesus created anew.

We haste,—on the wings of compassion, we fly,  
The banner of Mercy to rear :—  
Then live, thou dark baby, till bright in the sky  
The rainbow of promise appear.

ANN GILBERT.

*Nottingham,*  
1826.

## THE DEATH OF A FEMALE SLAVE.

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( Extract from a Letter. )

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— HER name, if I remember right, was Mary. She had long been a consistent Christian, and to her affliction's full cup of sorrows had been meted out. When I was requested to visit her, she was in the last stage of a consumption. On entering her lowly hut, I found her lying on a mat, her head supported by a box, which I suppose contained her little all. Never "while memory holds her seat," shall I forget the interview. She looked at me with much affection, and said,

" Minister, me is glad to see you. Me did not like to die, minister, till me see you."

" Why so, my friend ?" I replied.

" Minister, me wish to tell you how good God is; Him is too good—Him is too good, minister."

After speaking with her for some time, I said, " Well, you are about to die, my sister ; are you afraid to die ? "

" No, minister, me is not afraid to die."

" Do you not know that you have been a great sinner ? "

" Yes, me *feel* that ; but, minister, Jesus, Him die for sinner, and me is not afraid to die. Me shall soon be with Jesus, and me shall sing with Jesus for ever and ever."

At her request I read a portion of the word of God, and, kneeling by her side, prayed with her. On leaving, I took her by the hand and said, " I wish you, my sister, an abundant entrance into the kingdom of God."

" Thank you, minister," the dying saint replied. " Me shall soon be there, and please, when you go home, tell the other minister, that me hope God will give him two crowns, when him come to Heaven, because him leave him country, and teach me, a poor slave, the way to go there."

In a few hours, calm and resigned, she breathed her last ; and her happy spirit, wafted by angels into the presence of her Saviour, took possession of the promised rest. Thus ended the mortal career of one, on whom the curse of slavery rested heavily for years. Sweet indeed must heaven be

to the toil-worn negro. She hears not the voice of the oppressor, while the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne leads her, and feeds her; and God, having wiped the last tear from her eyes, the days of her mourning are ended. The next day her remains were committed to the lowly tomb.

“Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,  
    Invade thy bounds—no mortal woes  
Can reach the lonely sleeper here,  
    And angels watch her soft repose.”

WILLIAM KNIBB.

## A CHRISTIAN NEGRO'S THANKS AND PRAYER.

O FATHER of the human race !  
The white, the black, the bond, the free ;  
Thanks for thy gift of heavenly grace,  
Vouchsafed, through Jesus Christ, to me.

This, 'mid oppression's every wrong,  
Has borne my sinking spirit up ;  
Made sorrow joyful,—weakness strong,  
And sweetened Slavery's bitter cup.

Hath not a Saviour's dying hour  
Made e'en the yoke of thraldom light ?  
Hath not thy Holy Spirit's power  
Made bondage freedom ;—darkness bright ?

Thanks, then, O Father ! for the gift,  
Which through thy Gospel Thou hast given ;  
Which thus from bonds and earth can lift  
The soul to liberty and Heaven.

But not the less I mourn **THEIR** shame,  
Who, mindless of Thy gracious will,  
Call on a Father's—Saviour's name,  
Yet keep their brethren bondsmen still !

Forgive them, Lord ! for Jesus' sake ;  
And since **THE SLAVE** Thou hast *unbound*,—  
**The chains** which bind the **OPPRESSOR**—*break*,  
And be Thy love's last triumph crowned !

BERNARD BARTON.

*Woodbridge,*  
*4th of 5th Mo. 1826.*

## THE NEGRO BURIAL GROUND.

“THE young—the beautiful—the brave,”—  
The stone upon the White-man’s grave  
Had told us slumber nigh :—  
And why not here? Their darker hue  
Upon the Negro’s fortunes threw  
As dark a destiny.

They toiled, but not as others toil,  
To gain from the productive soil  
The wages of the free :  
The toil—the cord—the whip—were theirs—  
Their children’s—call them not their heirs—  
Heirs but of misery :—

The gain was theirs who coolly tell  
Of power, and will, and right to sell  
The living form of man :—  
To trade in it, as they would trade  
In silks, and satins, and brocade,  
And make just what they can :—

To point to form, and face, and limb,  
Not as the bounteous gifts of Him  
Whose every work is good ;  
But as mere items of account  
To swell or lessen the amount  
Of money paid for blood.

And yet beneath this humble sod,  
Despised of men—beloved of God,  
Full many a Slave's at rest ;  
And at the last great day shall rise,  
To claim their mansions in the skies,  
Their glory with the blest.

And in that day, amidst the crowd  
Of rich, and merciless, and proud,  
Who laughed their chains to scorn,  
How many in the altered scene,  
Would even be as they had been,  
Or never have been born.

JAMES BALDWIN BROWN.

## REST.

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" There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv. 9.  

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REST ! thou sweet image of the Poet's dream,  
The Patriarch's promise in a land of woe,  
The hope ordained of God, whose faintest beam,  
Can bid the eye with light and sunshine glow.

The Father's blessing for his erring child,  
Turning repentant to the long-lost dome,  
When with warm heart, and thoughts that once  
were wild,  
He listens to the words, sweet rest, and home ;—

And says, " I will arise, and I will go  
To seek a Father's face ; the bitter tear,  
Of vice and misery, no more will flow,  
I hear the sounds, ' My Son,' and ' Welcome here.' "

What is the Patriarch's hope—the Poet's dream  
To thee, poor Slave of scorn and tyranny?  
*Thou* canst not say, "I will arise, and go,  
Break off these chains and be for ever free."

Where is thy home, poor Negro, where thy rest?  
Where the sweet sounds, "My Son," and, "Wel-  
come here?"

Where the soft covert of a Parent's breast?  
And where the hand to wipe away thy tear?

In hours of infancy *thou* hadst *thy* dream,  
Thy rosy bowers and soft palmetto grove,  
Where thy freed soul, returning to its home,  
Thou thought'st would still in youthful freshness  
rove.

This was the Paradise within thy breast;  
Thou knewest not the sound of Sabbath-bell;  
A heavenly home,—the saint's eternal rest,  
Where, far from proud oppressors, thou mightst  
dwell,

Thou knewest not—poor child of misery!  
Yet hast thou *still* a home, thou still art free;  
Far from the cruel lash—the scorner's rod,  
*Still* shalt thou find the rest ordained of God!

MARIA BENSON.

## FREEDOM INDEED.

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"If therefore the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—John viii. 36.

"En vain on cherche par le moyen des richesses, du crédit, de l'autorité, des dignités, de l'étude, et de la sagesse des philosophes, de s'affranchir de quelque assujetissement, et de quelque servitude ; on ne travaille qu'à se faire de nouvelles chaînes, quand le cœur n'est point délivré des liens de l'iniquité, et de l'esclavage des passions, par L'UNIQUE LIBÉRATEUR, JÉSUS-CHRIST."—QUESNEL.

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THERE is scarcely a poet who has not sung the praises of Liberty, or an orator who has not made it the subject of his warmest eulogiums. The very name is invested with a charm that a thousand splendid associations have combined to render most potent in awakening the slumbering energies of the soul, and rousing it to glorious achievements ; so that when liberty is the watch-word, every heart is expected to respond to the call, and he would be branded as a dastard who

should be backward to enter the lists in her defence. It is probable that one reason why this simple word acts like a magic spell in kindling up the most thrilling emotions, is because it has been employed with such extensive latitude as to embrace within its meaning some of the noblest blessings and privileges that pertain to man. The poet and the philosopher, the peasant and the slave, are alike interested in liberty; and if the one attaches ideas to it which are unthought of by the other, it is because one word has been chosen to designate the dearest rights of the human race, in all conditions and relations, and under all the endlessly diversified circumstances attending upon our present existence.

•

Liberty, in the view of the philosopher, as we may infer from Aristotle's definition, consists in a man's living according to his own reason; in not being enslaved by the opinion of others, the prejudices of education, the false glare which dazzles the imagination and imposes upon the heart, and all those entralling influences by which error and delusion are accustomed to maintain their domination over the mind, and at the same time that they lead it astray, trample upon its liberty, and debase and enfeeble its powers. No one, who is acquainted with the history of the progress of knowledge and science, need be told how long the human intellect was held in the veriest slavery,

in consequence of the shackles imposed by ignorance and superstition ; what baneful effects resulted from this thraldom ; how many desperate struggles were made for freedom ; and that among the illustrious individuals who not only sought to disentangle their own minds from the servile track prescribed by former ages, but also to open up to others the true path of science, the highest praise is due to the immortal Bacon. He that would enjoy this rational liberty must claim it for himself ; let him assert and exercise his independence ; and if he would prove that he belongs not to the *servum pecus*, let him cast away those fetters that would bind down the soul from an expansive search into all the regions of truth, and prevent the exercise of its right to judge on all subjects within the cognizance of the human mind.

Allied to the liberty of man, as a thinking being, is that which respects him as a creature accountable to the supreme moral Governor, and which has been usually termed liberty of conscience. And,—but that the pen of history has recorded it in a thousand bloody persecutions, and in the expiring agonies of martyrs and confessors ; and but that events in our own times add painful confirmation to the monstrous fact, and shew us that nothing is too vile for fallen humanity, we could scarcely believe that any one could ever dare to the presumption that usurps

the sole and undivided prerogative of God, or presume to dictate to his fellow what religious creed he should embrace, what views he must entertain of his moral duties, and with what services he ought to approach his Maker! Happily the death-blow has been given to this species of slavery in our own country ; but not until many a heart had been broken with suffering, and many a crime committed, over which the mantle of concealment shall never be thrown, that they may be held up to everlasting reproach and execration.

But the liberty which has been most frequently the theme of universal commendation is that which belongs to man as a member of civil society, and which claims for him an exemption from all unjust and oppressive conditions. For this, heroes have fought and patriots have bled, while mankind, who have reaped the fruits of their bravery, have not been sparing in rewarding them with the well-earned meed of praise. So long as the records of the past shall be preserved, their fame will live, and their names be transmitted down to posterity with eternal honour.

It appears, then, that liberty is defined and measured according to the nature and extent of the slavery which it destroys, and the peculiar character of those rights which it confirms ; and must, therefore, be the greatest blessing to those who have

suffered the most deeply under wrong, and been most degraded by their bondage. Now there is a form of slavery so atrocious and diabolical that language falters in expressing the villany in which it originated, the wickedness by which it is supported, and the tremendous evils that it inflicts; and to the disgrace and shame of humanity, it yet remains to be annihilated. How long shall the wrongs of Africa continue unredressed, and the groans of her captive sons be disregarded? Surely the time is come to remove the foulest stain that can attach itself to the character of a free and enlightened people; and if justice, and humanity, and even political expediency, deserve to be respected, the immediate emancipation of the Negro is already virtually decreed. It cannot be deferred;—either the British Legislature, or the enslaved themselves, taught to know their power, and determined to vindicate their rights, and aided by that God who has declared himself to be the foe of the oppressor, will soon decide the question, whether these injured sufferers shall recover their station in society or not, and whether the myriads who have never refused to recognize the Negro as a brother, shall not at length have to hail him as restored to the rank and dignity of a free-man.

Surely if so many blessings are comprehended under the name of Liberty, we may admit that

there *ought* to be a charm in the very sound, and that it is the term a man should choose to employ when he would point out that which he conceived to be the dearest and noblest portion he could possess.

“But there is *yet* a liberty, unsung  
By poets, and by senators unpraised,  
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers  
Of earth and hell confederate take away :  
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,  
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind ;  
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.  
‘Tis *liberty of heart* derived from Heaven,  
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,  
And sealed with the same token. It is held  
By charter, and that charter sanctioned sure,  
By the unimpeachable and awful oath  
And promise of a God. His other gifts  
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them His,  
And are august,—but this transcends them all.”

A man may be free in every sense but one, and yet be the very vilest slave. His reason may disdain the trammels of vulgar superstition, and be unconfined in the pursuit of worldly science, and yet his understanding may be enslaved by the depraved power of sinful prejudices and pursuits, so as to be incapable of unrestrained exercise in the sublime regions of heavenly Truth; he may be under no external control as to the manner in

which he shall pay his homage and duty to the Almighty, and yet be withheld from that reasonable and willing service which God requires, by having a conscience blunted and seared by the unhallowed influence of bad passions and habits; no man may question his absolute right over his own person and property, nor hold over his head the lash of the oppressor; and yet his own lusts may tyrannize in his heart, Satan may hold him as his vassal, and lead him captive at his will; in short, notwithstanding his lofty boasts of freedom, he may, all the while, be the victim of such moral and spiritual bondage as shall fit him to be the wretched prey of remorse in this world, and unutterable misery in that which is to come. This is the slavery "*of sin unto death*," which is opposed to "*the glorious liberty of the children of God*."

The condition of man as a fallen creature, if viewed in the light of the Word of God, is one of extreme guilt, impotency, and wretchedness. A state of mind which is described as being "*enmity against God*" must necessarily lead to constant acts and habits of transgression. But there is no sin which does not expose to condemnation and death. Hence every man is under the sentence of that law which declares, "*the soul that sinneth it shall die.*" He stands bound to the threatened punishment, and all the claims to

favour and blessing, which he might otherwise have had in consequence of his original relation to God as his creature, have become justly forfeited. At the same time, the dominion of sinful propensities in the heart, and the repetition of sinful acts in the life, have induced a moral incapacity to all good, and the most degrading subjection to the powers of darkness. This is the representation which the Volume of Truth makes of our condition as sinners, but not without informing us, that, since death produces no essential change in the mind, and is only a removal from a state of trial to one of retribution, the evils that belong to the sinner in this world will cling to him in the future state, and in their unrestrained and accelerated influence produce the eternal torment of hell.

“The glorious liberty of the children of God,”—that Liberty wherewith the Son makes free, is the release of the soul from this awful situation. The believer in Jesus Christ is delivered from the obligation to everlasting punishment when his guilt is removed by the forgiveness of sin, and a ground of hope furnished by the declaration of acquittal pronounced in the Word of God. But coincident with a man’s being justified by faith is the regeneration of the moral nature by the gracious work of the Spirit of God, which is nothing less than a sinner’s rescue from the yoke of sin

and his being endued with the moral capacity and desire to love and serve God, so as no longer to be held in degrading thraldom by a misguided judgment, vicious affections, and depraved habits ; but possessed of an enlargedness of soul towards God, resulting from an unbounded confidence in his love and implicit subjection to his will. The consequence attending such a state and character is, that the regenerated believer becomes heir to all the privileges of the gospel, and to all the perfection and blessedness of Heaven.

The remorse of an accusing conscience, the self-inflicted lashes of a mind preying upon itself, the guilt and fear that cause the God of justice and holiness to be regarded as an inexorable tyrant, and the dreadful apprehensions with which the sinner looks forward to his judgment hereafter, constitute a *bondage* from which no power whatever can deliver us, but that which resides in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners. His blood can alone cleanse from sin; His death can alone furnish a ground of hope to the guilty; His promises are alone adequate to meet the situation and satisfy the mind of the victim of despair ; and His grace alone can avert the doom that hangs impending over the condemned sinner: and therefore He alone can “proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.” He can make us **FREE INDEED,**

both from the sentence of death pronounced by the law of God and recognized by our own conscience, and from the direful forebodings of endless misery.

*“Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty”*—the soul walks at large in the boundless regions of truth and goodness, and the wider its range and the less restricted its exercise, the higher is the degree of blessedness experienced. For the liberty of the children of God does not consist in being free from the government and service of God, but just the reverse,—in willingly choosing it; it is not freedom from righteousness, but its perfection is measured by the degree of conformity to the rule of righteousness; it is not an exemption from obedience, but a man is the more free by how much the more freely and readily his obedience is rendered. “*Liberior quò divinæ gratiæ subiectior.*”

The *perfection* of Christian liberty is only to be realized in Heaven, where every clog and hindrance by which the soul is now restrained will be left behind, and the free-born spirit, emancipated from every chain, shall have unbounded scope for its mightiest powers, its most ardent affections. This is beautifully represented by Howe, in his “Blessedness of the Righteous,” where the following passage occurs. “The bird escaped from his line and stone, that resisted its

vain and too feeble strugglings before ; how pleasantly doth it range ! with what joy doth it clap its wings and take its flight ! A faint emblem of the joy wherewith that pleasant cheerful note shall one day be sung and chaunted forth. “ Our soul is escaped, as a bird out of the snare of the fowler ; the snare is broken, and we are escaped.” There is now no place for such a complaint, ‘ I would, but I cannot.’ The blessed soul feels itself free from all confinement : nothing resists its will, as its will doth never resist the will of God. It knows no limits, no restraints ; it is not tied up to this or that particular good ; but expatiates freely in the immense, universal, all-comprehending goodness of God himself.”

J. W. H. PRITCHARD.

*Attercliffe.*

## THE WOLDSMAN'S PRAYER.

FREE as the joyful things that skim  
The fragrant earth or sunny sky,  
I join in Nature's grateful hymn,  
And bless our perfect liberty.

Free as the lark, whose carol sweet  
Is pealing high through spheres above,  
Springs my unfetter'd soul to greet  
In his own heaven the light of love.

She weaves not now of heath, or thyme,  
A wreath for earth-born Fiction's brow ;  
The Wold must lose her wonted rhyme,  
For holy raptures fill her now.

She looks abroad on earth and air,  
And feels—How blessed to be free !—  
She asks, “ Do all that blessing share ? ”  
Then bows in shame her humbled knee !

What—though with passing brightness shine  
The heavens o'er India's western isles ;  
And, deck'd with beauty half-divine,  
The earth through flowers and fruitage smiles !

What—though there stream on every tower  
The flag, that knows no other stain !—  
There man usurps unhallow'd power ;  
There smacks the scourge, and clanks the chain.

There—loathing life—a child of fear—  
The slave, with toil and trouble wan,  
No sabbath-rest his soul to cheer,  
Trembles before his brother-man !

There—led to feed lust's brutal flame,  
There—torn from every social tie,  
The helpless maiden stoops to shame—  
The parent lays him down to die !

Oh ! Thou that nervest the feeblest knees,  
As fond to love as strong to save,  
Wilt Thou not visit earth for these ?  
Wilt Thou not rise t' avenge the slave ?

Oh ! hasten thine appointed time,  
And wrench from man his human prey :  
Purge out this great accursed crime,  
And cast the foul reproach away !

Lo ! all through Britain's favour'd land,  
The Christian shrinks at Slavery's name ;  
And burning brow, and clenched hand,  
Attest the freeman's manly shame !

Hear, Lord !—Through all her sacred walls  
Thy priests proclaim the bondsman's wrong :  
Her senate on the tyrant calls,  
And Justice arms her stateman's tongue !

Hear, Lord !—For e'en on desert wold  
In secret mounts the fervent prayer :—  
Scatter the tyrant's blood-wrought gold,  
And bid his slaves our freedom share.

EDWARD WILLIAM BARNARD.

*April, 1826.*

## EVENING IN THE WEST INDIES.

### I.

A NIGHT of beauty veils the Atlantic isles,  
The star of evening with her softest glance  
Sheds o'er the faded west her silver smile,  
Lighting the captive's wearied countenance ;—  
Beacon of bliss !—the wild delirious dance  
Circles around, through twilight shadows seen,  
Visions of daylight vanish in the trance,  
Lost in the madness of the magic scene,  
Chased by the dashing drum and gentle tam-  
bourine.

## II.

There is a wanderer in the woods apart,  
He cannot mingle with the mirthful band,  
Slave of the bending head and broken heart !  
Meek mourner ! pining for thy distant land,  
Thy mother's cottage and thy maiden's hand,—  
To thee, sweet evening's star, amid thy tears,  
Seems like a pale funereal light to stand  
O'er that far tomb of buried hopes and fears,  
Where lies thy heart enshrined with joys of other  
years.

## III.

Yes !—'tis a false imaginary tale,  
That captive spirits breathe unbroken rest ;  
They proudly fling the light delusive veil,  
O'er the cold fetters bound upon the breast,  
And keen philosophers pronounce them blest !  
But they have eyes that can their darkness see,  
Brows by the lightning of the lash deprest,  
Hearts that would give the jewelled East to be  
Children of light and love,—the sons of liberty !

ELIZABETH JONES.

## THE BLACK SOLDIER.

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( Extract from a Letter. )

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—AN incident at this moment recurs to my mind, of which I was not myself an eye-witness, although it took place in an engagement wherein, I regret to say, I bore a part ; I can nevertheless vouch for its authenticity, as it was related to me by a very dear friend, who (as an officer of the Black Regiment to which the individual to whom the fact relates belonged) fought in the same action.

At the capture of Martinique in the year 1808, I (as an officer of the corps of Royal Engineers, in which I attained the rank of captain) was engaged in throwing up batteries for the purpose of assaulting Fort Dessaix ; the enemy discovering our intention, sent out a strong party to dislodge us, which of course we were obliged to repel.

Our troops moved forward, and finding a wood on their left flank, the Black Regiment was thrown into it, in order to prevent any ambuscade from frustrating our design, and we soon found this precaution to have been necessary by the detached firing which took place. As the party pushed forward, a black soldier, who happened to be in the rear, was separated from his company ; while so situated, he perceived a French officer similarly circumstanced. The soldier levelled his firelock, and called on the officer to surrender. The latter, finding he had no hope of escape, threw down his sword and knelt on one knee close by it, thus appearing to surrender, when, in fact, he only intended to deceive his adversary by this *ruse de guerre*, in order to get the advantage, by drawing him within reach of his point, for he could not have advanced openly to combat with a sword against a musket. The black soldier recovered his arms, and credulously proceeded to take his prisoner without being *en garde* : the officer watched for the moment when the soldier approached to the desired distance, then seizing his sword, sprang on his legs, and directed a desperate thrust at the breast of his benefactor, who, unprepared for such an act of treachery, had no other alternative than to raise his arm for the purpose of defending himself : by this means he exposed the very part at which the French officer directed his point. It fortunately

failed of accomplishing the purpose of its director, and struck the breast-plate—a piece of brass which is attached to the centre of the cross-belt; and such was the force of the thrust, that the weapon shivered to pieces. Thus the black soldier once more obtained the advantage; his muscular arm being already raised in the air, with a heavy fire-lock in his hand, he might, at one blow, have (in all human probability) dashed his opponent into eternity: but no—a second time he spared him! To prove, however, his loyalty to those he served, he seized him by the collar, brought him to his officer, and related the circumstance in a plain unvarnished manner. The English officer asked the prisoner, whether or not the statement was correct. He assented to its correctness, alleging by way of excuse, that he could not be expected to surrender to a Negro! The English officer rebuked him, and sent him to the rear.

Such magnanimous conduct as that of this noble black would be lauded in *any* soldier; but as the black regiments in those days were supplied by negroes purchased from the holds of slave-ships, it appears that this soldier must have been one of those, who, at the war-whoop's infernal yell, had but recently been surprised and torn from their happy homes by armed bands of hired emissaries:—one who had undergone all the vicissitudes of fortune experienced by the

shackled prisoner — the freighted package — the transported wretch — the miserable slave :—but who now, as a soldier, having the opportunity of satisfying his revenge by shooting one of those white men who so cruelly afflicted him, nobly restrained,—returned good for evil,—and proved triumphantly that the black man is capable of attaining to the very highest point of charity.

GEORGE PILKINGTON.

## THE LITTLE AFRICAN PLEADER.

THE usual punishment for playing the truant in the Lancasterian School in Kingston, Jamaica, was confinement for the same period as the culprit had absconded. This offence was far from being of frequent occurrence, but one little *pick-an-nie* gave me some trouble. He was a black curly-headed rogue, infinitely better pleased when roaming among orange and mango groves, than in poring over "Reading made Easy." One day, the little urchin was brought to the school, after he had been taking one of his rambling excursions, when, with all the authority of a pedagogue, I demanded where he had strayed, and what reason he could give, why summary punishment should not be inflicted.

Summoning as much penitence as he could into his little roguish face, he looked at me with the most irresistible impudence, and said,

"Stop, Schoolmassa, make me speak, me no tell a lie, me know me do wrong; but you see,

Schoolmassa, you is one great big buckra man,\*  
me is one little neger ; 'pose, Schoolmassa, you  
lock me up in de school all night, why dere is  
no man in de whole world can hinder you.

“ You see, Schoolmassa, you is one great big  
buckra man, me is one little neger ; 'pose, School-  
massa, you flog me, you flog me till your arm  
him so tire, dat you no able to lift him up to  
give me one more stroke, me know dat dere is  
no man in de whole world can hinder you.

“ You stop, Schoolmassa, you see den, School-  
massa, dat you is one great big buckra man, and  
dat me is one poor little neger ; 'pose, den, School-  
massa, dat *you forgive me* dis once, why, School-  
massa, dere is no man in de whole world can  
hinder you.”

WILLIAM KNIBB.

\* *Buckra man*, i.e. White man.

## GRANVILLE SHARPE.

(A FRAGMENT.)

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It was the habit of this christian scholar, to the last, to sing the Psalms of David, in Hebrew, to his harp, every night before he retired to rest, at his pleasant retreat at Fulham.

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— THE flag was streaming, and the vessel bore  
Peals of warm blessing from the ringing shore,  
And tears of higher feeling brought to view,  
When Freedom's charter o'er the billows flew.

Saw you the hands with eager transport wave,  
That first unloosed the shackles from the slave ?  
Heard you the praises, ardent and sublime,  
Poured from that soul that braves the chills of  
time ?

And would you follow where, apart from sight,  
That rapture moderates to calm delight ?  
Let each intruding thought be awed to rest ;  
Let sacred stillness consecrate your breast ;  
Kneel, till bright convoy bands their waiting cease,  
And “ mark the Righteous—for his end is peace.”

To grottoes where the moon's calm hallowed ray  
Falls with pure glory on his locks of grey,  
Turns the Philanthropist. Upon that head  
The spoils of eighty winters have been shed.  
His peace, like infant slumber, wears a smile :—  
'Tis answered prayer, from Caribbean isle,  
Conveyed o'er ocean-floods; where broken chains  
The emancipated negro still retains ;  
Inscribes upon them his deliverer's fame,  
And calls his free-born offspring by his name.

From hurried scenes the failing saint retires ;  
Spends his last fervours on his silver wires,  
In psalms of praise ;—for David's harp he owns,  
And David's language swells his vocal tones :—  
He bends, and strikes the bold, decided note ;  
His words are clear, but tremble as they float ;  
“ To see thy glory have I longed, O Lord ! ”\*  
His fingers languish on the yielding chord :  
His notes fall weaker, as they seek the skies ;  
He bows upon the moaning harp, and dies.

D. T.

\* Psalm xxvii. 4.

## THE ENGLISH PEASANT.

THE land for me ! the land for me !  
Where every living soul is free !  
Where winter may come, where storms may rave,  
But the tyrant dare not bring his slave.

I should hate to dwell in a summer-land  
Where flowers spring up on every hand ;  
Where the breeze is glad, the heavens are fair,  
Yet you live midst the deadness of despair.

I saw a peasant sit at his door  
When his weekly toil in the field was o'er :  
He sate on the bench his grandsire made ;  
He sate in his father's walnut shade.

'Twas the golden hour of an April morn :  
Lightly the lark sprang from the corn ;

The blossoming trees shone purely white ;  
Quivered the young leaves in the light.

The Sabbath-bells, with their holy glee,  
Were ringing o'er woodland, heath, and lea :  
'Twas a season whose living influence ran  
Through air, through earth, and the heart of man.

No feeble joy was that peasant's lot,  
As his children gambolled before his cot ;  
Archly mimicking toils and cares,  
Which coming life will make truly theirs.

But their mother with breakfast-call anon  
Came forth, and the merry masque was gone :  
'Twas a beautiful sight as, meekly still,  
They sate in their joy on the cottage sill.

He looked on them,—he looked to the skies,—  
I saw how his heart spoke in his eyes :  
Lightly he rose, and lightly he trod,  
To pour out his soul in the house of God.

And is *that* the man, thou vaunting knave,  
Thou hast dared to compare with the weeping  
slave ?  
Away !—find *one* slave in the world to cope  
With him in his spirit, his home, and hope !

He is not on thy lands of sin and pain,  
Seared, scarred with the lash, cramped with the  
chain :

In thy burning isles where the heart is cold,  
And man, like the beast, is bought and sold.

He is not in the East, in his gorgeous hall,  
Where the servile crowds before him fall ;  
Till the bowstring comes, in an hour of wrath,  
And he vanishes from a tyrant's path.

But oh ! thou slanderer, false and vile !  
Dare but to cross that garden stile ;  
Dare but to touch that lowly thatch ;  
Dare but to force that peasant's latch ;

And thy craven-soul shall wildly quake  
At the thunder-peal the deed shall wake :  
For myriad tongues of fire shall sound,  
As if every stone cried from the ground.

The indignant thrill, like flame, shall spread,  
Till the isle itself rock 'neath thy tread ;  
And a voice from people, peer, and throne,  
Ring in thine ears,—“ Atone ! atone ! ”

For Freedom here is common guest  
In princely hall and peasant's nest ;

The palace is filled with her living light,  
And she watches the hamlet day and night.

Then the land for me ! the land for me !  
Where every living soul is free !  
Where winter may come, where storms may rave,  
But the tyrant dare not bring his slave.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

*Nottingham,*  
1826.

## THE BIBLE AND SLAVERY.

WHEN you fall into company with a christian man, while under the influence of devotion ; his passions unruffled by the interests of this life, and his understanding unentangled with their intricacies ; he seems as if his soul had been breathing in a milky and fragrant sea of love. The spirit of a system which proclaims "glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, *goodwill to man*," has inspired him ; and with a glow of sacred benevolence, without restraint or reserve, he will tell how "God is love ;" how this love in its infinitude dwelt in Christ the Saviour of man, while through atonement to justice and satisfaction of law, it opened to itself a channel, along which, with a free course, it might visit every child of Adam. He will tell you that the essence of that religion which the Redeemer brought from heaven to men is this glorious attribute ; that its power is displayed in subduing whatever is fierce, untractable, proud and selfish in the human bosom ; and in

transforming a heart, before the residence of many a malignant demon, into "a habitation of this God of love through his Spirit."

But mark this same man in other circumstances, in contact with the common affairs of life, and associated with the man of business; especially when on the arena of debate, where temporal interests are discussed, the anomalous claims of various classes of society adjusted, and questions of expediency weighed and determined;—see him when the efficacy of principle must be exposed to trial, when religion is to go forth from theory to practice, its energy to be tested by acts, and its influence for good brought into competition with the power of example, habit, human friendships, and national institutions;—what then do you too frequently behold, but the man of secular wisdom, and of less than pagan justice?—an ordinary man of this world, offering profoundest homage to rank, even to ill-gotten wealth, sympathizing with the oppressor, and not only leaving the victim in his fangs, but insulting the misery he helps to inflict by affected condolence;—one really engaged in fastening more firmly the chain of bondage, by quoting the Bible in favour of tyranny; but while in the act of driving the iron deeper into the soul of the oppressed, preaching to him submission and contentment with his wrongs.

An hour or two has passed, since this professed

disciple of Christ beheld his Master adorned in robes of grace, melting with pity, weeping over the miseries of men, even the most guilty ; inviting the weary and heavy-laden, and stretching a merciful hand to " break every fetter, to loose every yoke," and to pour the healing balm into every galled wound. In all this, he saw the Saviour doing the will of the eternal Father, doing nothing from discordant sympathies, nothing apart from his commission, but in the very act of beginning his career of mercy, exclaiming, " Lo ! I come to do *thy will*, O God !" Yet now this same disciple has discovered,—discovered in one short hour, contrary decrees of God, opposing acts of providence ; nay, allowance, permission, more than toleration,—a positive license for proud contempt of a fellow-creature ; for a sordid claim of sovereignty over his limbs and spirit ; for the prostitution of a being for whom Christ died, into the mere instrument of avarice ; for the foulest of robberies ; yea, even for certain and wholesale murder, however slowly working may be the violent death.

To inflict slavery upon a Brother, to extort his unrewarded labour by the terror of the lash, to brutalize him, to make him our property (as we coolly name the impious deed) to consume his life in unpitied toil, to treat him as made on purpose for us, and given, bound hand and foot, into our

merciless gripe by his Creator ;—this we are told is not inconsistent with Christianity, is no sin, has been permitted, nay even recommended by God himself, and remains to this hour the accredited license of the strong against the weak. This we are told by the christian man, by him who just before declared that *God is love*, and that the gift of Christ is the glorious pledge, the proof that love is indeed his very essence.

Stay, indignation ! repress thy clamour, wait awhile, and learn what strengths of reason may compel us to admit this seeming contradiction.

When Christianity obtains its final triumphs, and by consequence, in proportion as it prevails at all times, “The wolf is to dwell with the lamb, the leopard to lie down with the kid, the calf and the young lion together,” as well as the cow and the bear to feed in friendship ; but must we not amend our wonted exposition of these figures ? It is not, perchance, that the fierce and ravenous are to assume the nature of the meek and innocent ; but that, by blending qualities, the lamb and the wolf are to be confounded ; the cow, the bear, and the lion, alike in ferocity and devouring selfishness. Can this be true ? Then let the infidel triumph, and let us renounce our drivelling about the religion of love ! Who, in maintaining contrarieties, can conciliate the respect of common sense, or the approbation of his conscience ?

If Christianity sanction Slavery, it must at the same time sanction the cruelty and wrong, the misery, and the loathsome forms of human degradation from which it is inseparable, which compose indeed its essence, and which defile and curse every soil where it is planted. Then let us, with a fearless probity, designate this same Christianity by its proper attributes ; let us tell the world how it mocks the hope of the benevolent heart ; how, instead of elevating our species into the practice of heroic virtue, and urging to generous personal sacrifices for the good of others, it leaves us leagues below humanity, sunk in depths of the meanest selfishness, and the devoted worshippers of that accursed thing, which, with a strange inconsistency, itself denominates the “ principle of every evil.” Let us tell the scoffing infidel with manly candour, what it is that we so strenuously commend to his regard, and press on his acceptance ; let us pursue him with entreaties, till he embrace the glorious truths which authorize him to do—what ?—to sail to the West Indies, to purchase an estate of human flesh, to pray and flog, to thank his God and manacle his brother, to water his plantations with the tears of his fellows, to enjoy the music of wailing and lamentation, to become happily familiar with sights of woe, and enjoy the sweet interchange of devotion and ferocity.

But are we truly reduced to this necessity ? must we forego the stimulating hope that the world itself is, by the power of Christianity,—hoped otherwise in vain,—to become the abode of justice, kindness, love ; — the ennobling thought, that therein is revealed to our contemplation a system of unmixed purity and benevolence ; that this system is embodied in the person, character and acts of its great Founder, and that the Christ of whom it testifies has in his life, and partly in his death, left us an example, which he not only calls upon us to imitate, but pledges himself to enable us ultimately to attain ? We will not easily be induced to forego this transporting anticipation, nor will we suffer an ambiguous sentence, nor a disputed fact, to repress our ardour. We will not quibble with the advocate, who imagines himself called by duty to justify wrong, but rather endeavour to ascertain the spirit of the enactment ; we will interpret what might be doubtful, if alone, harmoniously with the main design ; and illustrate the obscure by the clear light,—the steadily-burning lamp of undisputed truth.

This is a course so palpably reasonable, that one must be astonished how some minds could ever wander from it, and by so doing plunge amidst morasses and pitfalls, exposing alike themselves and those who trust their guidance to untold danger. If there are insulated passages of

Scripture which seem to be exceptions from its general tone and character ; who that values consistency, would strain their verbal bearing to what is condemned by every page of the volume ; —to the support of injustice, violence, and mockery of human weakness ?

Principles of interpretation have, on this question, been adopted, which, if followed out, must banish virtue and happiness from the world ; while it is passing strange, that not only professed divines, but even experimental christians, in opposition to the dictates of the inner man, have become apparently their willing patrons.

To institute a formal argument, to prove that the word of God has nowhere given to man the license, *at his own pleasure*, to make a slave of his fellow-man, seems indeed to common sense a labour so superfluous, that only demonstration the most palpable that folly not unfrequently thus mingles itself with general wisdom, could warrant the painful and ignominious attempt—ignominious to those who need it, if not to him who with reluctance undertakes the task.

Upon what pretences, then, of scriptural authority do men plead for the lawfulness of holding, *at our own discretion*, a fellow-being in a state of slavery ? They are founded on such positions as the following.

That Slavery in the *abstract* cannot be unjust,

since on some occasions it has been expressly permitted, and on others even commanded ;—that from the beginning, and more explicitly since, part of our race were marked out by a distinctive colour to become victims of the oppression of others ;—that at a recorded period, the Divine Proprietor laid a portion of the human family under the ban of his curse ;—that He decreed, and having decreed, predicted that a certain race should be held as slaves of other races ;—that Slavery, though existing when Christianity was introduced, was not by name definitely denounced ;—that instructions are given to slaves as slaves, by which that state is recognized ;—and that Paul, the great asserter of christian liberty, sent back a vagrant slave to his former master, without demanding his manumission.

Let us examine these vaunted proofs, that an opprobrious scheme of perpetrating injury on our fellow-creatures has been introduced and practised under the guarantee of heaven.

I. To speak of Slavery in the *abstract*, is to talk but unintelligibly ;—and the difficulty is, to understand from what it is to be abstracted. Is it that the subject of such slavery is abstracted from the iron grasp of his fellow-man ; from every usurped claim over his person and unpaid labour ; from the infliction of the brand, the scourge, and the fetter ; from the blustering villainy which

degrades his manhood into the unintelligent brute ? Is he to be withdrawn from the cupidity, the lust of domination in the master ? Is it a case in which, against his own desire, under a sense of solemn obligation from an authority higher than his will, without a sordid feeling, or the least tyrannical love of power, the hapless lord is found encumbered with his slaves ? Were such the fact, this slavery in the abstract were tolerable to the slave, intolerable to the master, and would not long, we may presume, be found. The logic of such a holder of property in man would soon be keen enough to find a plausible deliverance. His wit, so sharpened now to defend his grasp, would not be wanting then to counsel him how he might relax his hold. If Slavery can indeed subsist without oppressors, then may there be a slavery in the abstract, which we ought not to condemn.

But difficult as it may be to discover what is meant by so obscure a phrase, and yet so often employed by the advocates of slavery ; perhaps by attending somewhat closely to the line of defence pursued on such occasions, we may gather, that what is intended is, not slavery *in the abstract*, but just the contrary. As far as we can judge, it amounts only to the acknowledged case, that circumstances may arise, such, that it is not unlawful nor unjust, to hold a fellow-creature in bondage. Whoever doubted of this fact ? and by what rule

of thought or language is this to be called slavery in the *abstract*, depending as it does entirely upon specific and peculiar conditions from which alone the lawfulness arises ? Did any one, save these slavery defenders, ever dream that it was right in the abstract to hang our fellow-creatures, to behead them, to shut them up in prisons, or to chain them in solitary cells, because it has been generally admitted that rebels, murderers, and felons may be so treated ? Not unfrequently; indeed, have we heard these slavery-men defend their cruelties by pointing to our prisons and our prisoners, our chained felons and our gibbets ; assuming doubtless that Englishmen will take for granted, that these miserable beings are so used upon the principle of abstract right, not upon that of punishment for crimes against society ; or at least supposing that the British public can discern no difference between suffering for felony, and suffering for not submitting gracefully to the claim of a tyrant over their persons and unrewarded services. Having succeeded in benumbing to utter insensibility their own perceptive powers of moral distinction, they seem to imagine that the torpor has become universal, and that as suffering is suffering all over the world, Botany Bay and the West Indies make no different associations. Justice and violence, lawful punishment and murder, are in their esteem twin-brothers ; and a

merciless Planter and a Judge may claim from public esteem and confidence an equal sanction.

God, it is said, in some cases—in that of Abraham for instance, has implied the right to make our fellow-creatures slaves, by giving laws and regulations for its exercise ; while, in other cases, as in that of the Israelites, he not only permitted but enjoined it, by commanding them to take of the people of surrounding nations, and to make them slaves. Let us examine this high pretension,—this boasted patent from heaven in favour of a practice which bears so many marks of a contrary origin.

Are we then to infer that it cannot be wrong in the abstract, to extirpate whole nations at our pleasure, to slay utterly, old and young, women and babes, and to take possession of their land, their cattle, and their goods ? Does this follow because God, on a special occasion, gave this command to a specific people, against a people also specifically marked and separated to that judgment ? Does abstract right arise from cases insulated thus from ordinary rule ? Are all the acts performed by the immediate sanction and express authority of God, the undoubted Proprietor and Supreme Judge, to be regarded as examples and public rules of conduct for all mankind ? Will the Christian yield to the Infidel the honesty or justice of such an interpretation ?

The apologist for Slavery, driven by sad necessity, has in his defences learnt the art of knaves ; the well known art of slyly reversing facts and rules ; and many a weak Christian has not been able to detect the fearful trick upon his understanding. To do *no injury*, is, as it has ever been, the abstract rule, or rather to do *good* to all men ;—the opposite, to inflict evil, is the melancholy exception, then only right, when justice, necessity, general safety, or the express authority of heaven, for a higher end than individual benefit, demands. The Creator, the Preserver of life, the most righteous and universal Lord, possesses without doubt an absolute authority not to be delegated to his creatures. It rests with him to judge, when, where, and how to punish his offending subjects, considered simply as his subjects, not as transgressors against societies of men. Nor is He more restricted in the means than in the power and right to inflict his judgments. He may employ his creatures as his executioners, but woe to those who assume that office without express commission ! Power, the most absolute, belongs to God, but never causelessly does he draw the sword of his Almighty Providence, or give the license to his agents to destroy. At length it will be found that “justice and judgment have been the basis of his throne.”

But because God is Lord and Sovereign over

his creatures, shall therefore man put in his claim to that prerogative ? Shall a thing of nought invest himself with his Creator's attributes, and claim to make his own will his law ? Or if not, can our West Indians produce their commission from their Maker to spoil his workmanship, and to degrade into the brute whom God has meant for men ? Let them shew the seal of their high warrant. Let them, like Moses, not bring plagues only on mankind, but take them off ; let them work wonders of goodness, as well as marvels of evil. What seas have they divided to let the ransomed pass over ? From what flinty rock have they given water to the thirsty refugee from bondage ? Never have there been wanting men, sufficiently audacious to imitate the *rule*, the *authority*, and *royal state* of the Almighty,—but if this be piety, then hell itself is peopled with pious inmates. Let then no one so debauch his reason, as to argue, that because under some circumstances, some men have received an implied permission, or even an express command, to hold slaves,—therefore we, according to the dictates of an imperious will, or the impulses of avarice, may do the like. Fit argument this for tyrants, or for idiots, but frightfully out of keeping for reasonable christian men. In what part of holy Scripture, then, has God conceded to any portion of mankind, the right, the license, the permission, if you

please, to employ a power casually accruing to them, *at their own will*, and simply for *their gain*, to enslave their fellow-creatures? This is the question, and we demand a clear, indubitable grant, before we implicate the Bible in the *crime*.

But if to hold our fellow-creatures in unwilling bondage be so great a sin, it is replied, why was it not forbidden? The answer is, it *was* forbidden, and it has been punished also.

Before the law of Moses, the light of nature, God's law written on the mind, forbade it; as is most justly held by all the authors best approved and most learned in the laws of nature and of nations.\* And what is the specific crime for which it is recorded that the providence of God so fearfully interposed as to bring the flood upon the inhabited earth? It was this,—“the earth was filled with violence.” What violence greater can be, than that of depriving a brother-man of all his rights, treating him as our property, and by force and terror making him, body and soul, subservient to our will? If any oppression greater than this is asserted to have been punished by the flood, let us at least be informed how we may conceive of it.

\* “*Licet unus præ altero variis dotibus* animi corporisque à natura sit ornatus, non eo minus tamen, legis naturalis præcepta adversus alios ei sint exercenda, atque ipse ab aliis idem expectat; nec ideo plus licentia ipsi concedatur, alios injuriis afficiendi.”—PUFFENDORF.

The written law of Moses forbade Slavery. Christ, the infallible interpreter, has expounded it to mean, that we should "love our neighbour as ourselves," and that "we should do to all men as we would that they should do to us." Explain these maxims as you may, place the utmost limit to their beneficence which shall leave but a particle of meaning in them, and it must follow still, that Slavery,—Slavery uncaused by crime, by compact, or, if such a thing there can be, by the issues of a war necessarily and justly waged,—is peremptorily forbidden. That this particular form of injustice should be specifically and expressly named, it were most absurd to demand. Things of a doubtful nature might require a distinct enumeration, but what need of such particularity where hesitation would be inconsistent with the primary distinctions of right and wrong? Christ himself has explained murder to include whatever leads to it, even anger towards a brother without cause. What sort of book had been the Bible, if every sin to which depravity gives rise had been described by some distinctive name? Conciseness, universality, and yet unfailing adequacy to bring conviction to the offender, constitute a part, and no small part, of the innate evidence, that the law laid down in Scripture does really come from God.

Jurists, worthy of the name, have unanimously

held, that the strong, as such, could by no law of nature assume dominion over the weak ; and to one of four causes have ascribed the origin of Slavery. These causes were, violence in the spoliator, crime in the victim, voluntary compact between the parties, and finally, the result of war, undertaken from some urgent cause, and prosecuted rightfully. This cause was deemed to imply a capital offence in the enemy, and to invest the victor with the right to punish with general slaughter. When death was not inflicted, it was transmuted for a state of lasting servitude ; and inasmuch as, had the right to kill been exercised, issue had been prevented, it was assumed that children born to the Slaves, become obnoxious to the sad condition of their parents. Consequences so fearful ill accord with our notions of what is just ; but, at any rate, being generally known, they might at least have one salutary effect ;—that of deterring from aggression.

Whether the slaves possessed by Abraham were exclusively of the latter class, cannot be determined ; but as some of them were his by purchase, it is to be inferred that some had been either prisoners of war, or the posterity of such ; yet others might have been held by him for life, by stipulation. The case of Abraham, therefore, can supply no extenuation of the Slave-system. He did not employ a lawless power, making his

own cupidity the rule, and assuming, contrary to the law of nations, an absolute control over strangers merely because he had the power to do so. If any insinuate the slanderous charge, on him must rest the proof. The Scriptures do not sanction the attempt.

Our modern Slavery cannot be legalized. International, universal law forbids, and must annul all compacts to the contrary of its indissoluble obligation ; whence, by whatsoever pretended sanction of confederacy, one nation, or one class of men, without wrong previously committed, decree the people of another nation, or the weak amongst their own, together with their offspring, to a perpetual servitude, the act is felony, and chargeable as such on all who but concur in the fraudulent plunder. Are we to impute this crime to Abraham ? By what rule of evidence or equity is it in our power ?

Yet it may be admitted that maxims then current amongst mankind might be severe ; and that He who is the supreme Judge, might not, for weightier reasons than we can urge, see fit to give specific revelation on such points of practice. *The law*,—not the moral law of God, but the subsidiary interpositions of divine prescription,—*made nothing perfect*. This was left for the period when God, having previously instructed us by the prophets, should speak to us by his Son. It was by

Him, and by his sanction, that the law, the Moral Law, was to receive its fuller interpretation. Moses suffered, we are told, what Christ did not allow to be in full conformity with the rule originally introduced by God. Revelation is susceptible of degrees. It is an interference on the part of God, not to be claimed as our right, but left to his prerogative of mercy ; and fact has shewn that it was not complete at once ; but, that much of human knowledge, important as it might be, was left to be developed gradually, by the exercise of thought, and by the progress of events. In all ages men were treated according to the light within their reach, and the advantages possessed by which they might collect it, while these advantages have been from time to time increased, till perfected by Christ himself. The revelation enjoyed by Abraham therefore was not a universal rule of right, but an auxiliary towards a better interpretation of the law of nature, perfect indeed in its degree, but not including all the elucidation which God has since seen fit to grant to man. In the case before us, as far as revelation interposed, it was, be it remembered, for the advantage of the weak, for the benefit of the poor slave, and not to enlarge the license of the master. Common as is the maxim with certain reasoners on such subjects as these,—that the rule of man's duty could not extend beyond explicit revelation, or that the

Almighty must of necessity approve whatever He did not by his word particularly condemn,—it is unwarrantable in reason and disproved by fact. Those who have not a written law at all are nevertheless “ a law unto themselves,” nor is this law in the least abrogated by any superadditions more or less communicated in another manner.

If from Abraham, we turn to the Israelites, we find a clearer enunciation on the subject. They were expressly forbidden to make slaves of their brethren, or *to serve themselves by them for nought*; yet the Israelite might nevertheless become subject to a temporary bondage under his brother Israelite, through the operation of peculiar circumstances. Considering the general provisions of the Jewish law for the distribution or security of property, these circumstances could scarcely occur, without a personal dereliction of care and prudence. Yet whatever was the fault of the unhappy sufferers, their degradation was but short, closing at the utmost at the entrance of the year of Jubilee, and, in the opinion of the most learned divines, even never extending beyond the seventh year. The law is express upon the point in Exodus xxi. 2 : “ If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve, but in the seventh he shall go out free for nothing.” At the expiration of his term of servitude, the previous bondman was not to go out empty, much less to buy his

freedom, but, together with recovered liberty, to have the means to enter upon some plan of regular subsistence.

It is commonly said, however, and our translation warrants the assertion, that, of the surrounding nations, the Israelites were not only permitted, but commanded to take slaves. Yet from the forms of speech employed in that language, and the construction of the passages, the Hebrew scholar will deny the justness of the sentiment. The clauses are exceptive, and it was permission, not command. Take it however in any sense, yet, since it was a special case, in which the license must be limited by the express authority by which, for peculiar reasons, it was granted ; it cannot touch the cause for the support of which it is alleged. This we have already proved ; but we further add the important consideration, that those nations had been previously doomed, some, their iniquity at length being full, to utter *destruction*, and others to *subjugation*; for their malicious hatred of, and direct opposition to, the purposes of heaven, manifestly declared, and ratified by miraculous acts.

God had chosen the place and the people, where and by whom He would make known his merciful designs to men. He had determined on the instruments of His high purpose ; nor would He suffer that instrumentality to fail. On this account,

and for this end, in addition to the mere exercise of distributive Providence, He gave to his chosen people powers and prerogatives, which none may claim by natural right, or on any grounds not clearly and explicitly laid by God himself. And finally, those who were thus subjected to the Israelites were not free men, but already servile, and doubtless in that condition according to established rules of judicature, for they were not to be stolen, but bought with money, which none could be but those whom war had doomed ; while in the exchange of masters they passed, by that event, not only under a mitigated system of bondage, but to the privilege of learning the law of life, and of becoming participators in the blessings of the Church of God.

II. The pretence that certain portions of our race, distinguished by colour from ourselves, may, on that account, be arbitrarily subjected to bondage, betraying as it does a pitiable ignorance, is rather ridiculous for its folly than formidable for its argument. Men in circumstances of desperate guilt, bribed by their interests or their passions to remain so, endeavour to cheat their consciences by any flimsy sophistry. It is said, that God set his mark upon the victims, as he did upon *Cain*. But how came our West Indians to know, that the sign which God gave to Cain that his life should not be taken by the hand of violence,

was not by suddenly bleaching him *white*, rather than by turning his skin to black? Our first parents, inhabiting an eastern clime, might, for any evidence to the contrary, be persons of colour; as we certainly know were some of the earliest and mightiest potentates.

Was it, moreover, the posterity of Cain who survived the flood? One might imagine, that in the judgment of the Americans, some at least must have escaped from that catastrophe, since they publicly maintain that, by his outward mark, God has for ever designated the white man to honour and rule, and separated this lordly caste from every shade of colour so effectually, that even Christianity cannot re-unite them. Were this merely folly, it might disarm our indignation, but is it not malignant pride? Neither Cain, nor his posterity, as far as we can judge, were slaves, but rather like these haughty oppressors, men of violence, their fathers in rebellion against the fundamental law of God, who "made of one blood all the nations to dwell upon the face of the earth." Inventors of arts, they were probably no less so of arms, and famous in their day for lust of domination.

That the posterity of Ham were marked by any outward sign of reprobation cannot be inferred from any record of them; though from the page of Scripture and the traditions of various nations, we

may conclude that they too were once, valiant, ambitious ; and, for a lengthened period, little mindful of the rights of other tribes. Some of them have indeed since fallen into helpless misery, and this event was both foreknown and predicted by their Maker ; but though the fact, that their fellow-men would hold them in ignominious subjection, was both foreseen and foretold, neither prescience nor prophecy can justify the abominable deed.

III. "Cursed shall be Canaan," is, it seems, the high commission, under which the willing executioner of the Almighty's judgments may, for his own sordid ends, enslave his fellow man. We are to believe that it is no vulgar passion, no mean love of gain in the Slave-holders, which impels them to an act so abhorrent from their sympathies, but rather an exalted feeling for the glory of the Supreme Legislator, a heaven-inspired zeal, that none of His predictions may want fulfilment. Piety—who can doubt it ? piety works mightily in their devoted hearts ; insomuch that, seeing the Almighty needs instruments whereby to accomplish his awards of justice, they—putting holy violence on their pity,—they exclaim, Behold *us*, behold *us*, here are *we*, ready to perform thy will, O God ! Do they forget that it is generally the *wicked*, whom, in His mysterious Providence, the Most High employs to execute

his judgments ? And do they not remember that those who, for private ends and from personal pride, become his weapons—"his hammers, his axes and his saws,"—to perform decrees, in the justice of which their motives share no part, will themselves incur a yet severer vengeance ? How have the lessons of the prophets been lost on these unhappy self-deluders !

"Your first father sinned, and thy teachers have transgressed against me; therefore I have profaned the princes of the sanctuary, and have given Jacob to the curse and Israel to reproaches." Here is the ban of God upon a people. What then ? Is any one at liberty to share the Divine indignation, and voluntarily to present himself in the joy of his heart for the work of punishment ? Let us hear the sequel of this mournful case.

"Assyria is the rod of mine anger, and the staff in their hand is mine indignation.—Against the people of my *wrath will I give him a charge*, to take the spoil, and to take the prey, and to tread them down like the mire of the street. Howbeit *he meaneth not so*, neither doth *his heart think so*; but it is in his heart to destroy and to cut off nations not a few. Wherefore it shall come to pass, that when the Lord hath performed his *whole work* upon Mount Zion and upon Jerusalem, I will punish the fruit of the stout heart of the king

of Assyria, and the glory of his high looks. For he saith, By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom ; for I am prudent.—My hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people : and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the land ; and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped. Shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith? or shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it ?—Therefore shall the Lord send among his fat ones, leanness ; and under his glory shall he kindle a burning like the burning of a fire. I was *wroth with my people*, I have polluted mine inheritance, and given them into thine hand : thou didst *shew them no mercy* ; upon the ancient hast thou very heavily laid thy yoke.—And thou saidst, I shall be a lady for ever : so that thou didst not lay these things to thy heart, neither didst remember the latter end of it. Therefore hear thou this, thou that art given to pleasures, that dwellest carelessly, that sayest in thine heart, I am, and none else beside me ; I shall not sit as a widow, neither shall I know the loss of children : but these two things shall come on thee in a moment in one day, the loss of children, and widowhood : they shall come upon thee in their perfection. For thou hast trusted in thy wickedness : thou hast said, None seeth me. Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, it hath perverted thee ; and

thou hast said in thine heart, I am, and there is none beside me. Therefore shall evil come upon thee ; thou shalt not know from whence it riseth : and mischief shall fall upon thee ; thou shalt not be able to put it off : and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly, which thou shalt not know."

Thus far the prophet ISAIAH, what saith JEREMIAH ?

" All that found them have devoured them : and their adversaries said, *We offend not*, because they have *sinned against the Lord*, the habitation of justice, even the Lord, the hope of their fathers. Because ye were glad, because ye rejoiced, O ye destroyers of mine heritage, because ye are grown fat as a heifer at grass, and bellow as bulls ; your mother shall be sore confounded ; she that bare you shall be ashamed : behold, as the hindermost of nations it shall be a wilderness, a dry land, and a desert. Because of the wrath of the Lord it shall not be inhabited, but it shall be wholly desolate : every one that goeth by Babylon shall be astonished, and hiss at all her plagues. Flee out of the midst of Babylon, and deliver every man his soul : be not cut off in her iniquity ; for this is the time of the Lord's vengeance ; He will render to her a recompense."

To the same purpose thus speaketh EZEKIEL.

" Because thou saidst, Aha, against my sanctuary when it was profaned, and against the land

of Israel when it was desolate, and against the house of Judah when they went into captivity ; Thus saith the Lord God, Because thou hast clapped thine hands, and stamped with the feet, and rejoiced in heart, with all thy despite against the land of Israel ; behold therefore I will stretch out mine hand upon thee, and deliver thee for a spoil to the heathen ; and I will cut thee off from the people, and I will cause thee to perish out of the countries : I will destroy thee, and thou shalt know that I am the Lord.”

Nor less decisive is the language of ZECHARIAH.

“ O Lord of Hosts ! how long wilt thou not have mercy on Jerusalem and on the elders of Judah, against which thou hast had indignation, these threescore and ten years ?—Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great jealousy, and I am very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease ; for I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction.”

From these concurrent denunciations of the Prophets, as well as from many other parts of Scripture, we cannot but discern the fearful mistake committed by those who proffer themselves so readily to fulfil the divine displeasure, however clearly declared, without express commission. Injustice and wrong, whether perpetrated or approved by us, will meet with no extenuation from

the fact, that they are in fulfilment of the Divine decrees. Those decrees are no part of the rule which God has given for the guidance of our life, nor will they, under any circumstances but direct command, peremptorily and explicitly given, as in the case of Abraham's offering his son, authorize us to violate the everlasting obligation, to "*do justice and to love mercy,*" as well as to "*walk humbly with our God.*"

What can be more humiliating to every friend of religion than to hear self-designated evangelical professors,—the avowed advocates of a system which conveys in one intense bearing on the destinies of man the irradiations of infinite love itself,—so speaking as if they were afraid of excelling their Maker in compassion! they dare not "*undo the heavy burden and let the oppressed go free,*" lest by that act they might unwittingly oppose some counsel of the Almighty which dooms their victims to perdition! Such friends of Christianity, by the weakness of their intellect, or the prejudice with which they read the sacred volume, do greater injury to the holy cause which they assume to have espoused, than any its most virulent foes are capable of accomplishing. Greater far than can be told is the danger to which they cannot but expose themselves, and those who listen to their wrestlings of the word of God from its benevolent purpose.

Did the Jews incur the less peril, or meet with any mitigated indignation from their God, because in crucifying the Redeemer they performed a deed which “ His hand and counsel determined before to be done ?” Or did their successors meet with sympathy from Paul, when thinking to have repelled his accusations by his reasoning on the unfailing purpose of Heaven, they exclaimed, “ Who then hath resisted his will, and why doth he yet find fault ?” Notwithstanding the Divine decree, they were *wicked hands* by which the Prince of Life, the Lord of Glory, was crucified and slain ; nor were the acts of the same people in subsequent days the less crimes of dark enormity, although not frustrating but fulfilling the Divine purpose.

Though it could be proved, therefore, that the Africans do indeed lie under the Divine displeasure ; that for causes known to God it is his purpose, that they should become like the Jews, a “ by-word and reproach amongst the nations ; ” —though it should be granted that the ancient curse has not as yet entirely discharged its quiver against their race ; yet would not that fact, though clear as daylight, in the least abate our expectation of those judgments which ever are reserved against oppressors. God’s purposes and those of the guilty spoliators, according as they may in the event, are not in unison ; they spring from different

motives, are not adjusted by the same rules, nor directed to the same ends ; and the result will certainly be, that while He will, at a future day, unfold to open view the justice of his procedure, they must drink, even to the very dregs, the cup of His inexorable displeasure.

IV. While some profess to found their apology for a system of slavery upon Divine decrees, others, with a witlessness even more insane, venture an appeal to His mere *predictions*. "Their misery and bondage have been foretold," say these sagacious christians, " how then can we better approve our zeal for God than by ensuring that misery and taking care to rivet fast the chain ? " What crime ever committed by man might not, on this pretence, become a virtue ? Does not prophecy embrace the foulest deeds which human agency can perpetrate ? When Christ foretold to his disciples the wrongs which they should suffer, did He, by that act, give license to their foes ? When John depicted the monster drunk with the blood of saints, did he—did the Holy Spirit by him, by that very prophecy, excuse the harlot's bloody deeds ? What persecutions, murders, tyrannies, what acts, most foul and deadly, have not been antedated in the page of prophecy ? If to predict, then, is to justify, we are at once provided with apology for deeds the most malignant which men or devils ever can perform. Farther

they cannot go, than when they fulfilled the oracles which told of the *sufferings* of Christ, as well as of the glory that should follow.

V. But Slavery, we are reminded, was in being, and not definitely by name denounced, when Christianity itself was introduced. Are we then for ever to be babes,—never to be trusted with an inference, — never excited in religion to call forth the faculty of reason ? This master-principle, so necessarily active in every other department of our being, that life itself, and all that gives it value, are suspended on its exercise ; must, it seems in this, in this, the greatest of affairs, in ascertaining the will of God and human duty, be for ever dormant. We must have the very words which literally describe, or peremptorily forbid, all shades of crime, or guilt will not attach to the wrong-doer. Will these infantile commentators maintain the hope, that they can excuse their babyism at the bar of the last Judge ? Will they then escape the sentence fated to go forth—the “wrath revealed” against “all *unrighteousness*,” as well as “ungodliness of men?” Are all the other forms of unrighteousness, all of ungodliness, specifically marked ? And is not this sufficiently depicted ? Is not every master enjoined to give to his *doulos*,—his *slaves*, as these commentators at least will have it, whatever is *just* and *equal*? And what says JAMES to these

men of wealth,—of wealth wrung from the sinews of their brother men?—

“ Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. *Ye have heaped treasure for the last days.* Behold, *the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud,* crieth, and the *cries* of them that have reaped have *entered into the ears* of the Lord of Sabaoth. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton ; ye have nourished your hearts, as for a day of slaughter ; ye have condemned and killed the just, and he *doth not resist you.*”

Listen, Slave-holders!—hearken, ye that justify the wicked, either with or without reward for the atrocity,—listen, till your ears tingle! Is not this a scriptural net, close enough and strong enough to secure you ? Break through its meshes if you can, but sleep not within its dread enclosure ; mistake not, sottishly, the dream of safety for deliverance.

But you give your slaves food, and clothing, and medicine ; you do not suffer them to die of famine or nakedness, or to become absolutely exhausted for want of respite or refreshment. So

did these doomed tyrants, else how were their fields reaped, or their victims capable of labour ? Where are the *wages* of your slaves, their just reward for toil, their willing agreement to exchange their well-directed strength for compensation ? Is not this just remuneration, “ of you kept back by fraud ? ” Do not you, by grinding down their vigour with work and torture, with imprisonment and chains, because not obedient to your absolute control ;—do not you continually “ kill the just, who cannot resist you ? ” Do you not live in pleasure, and become wanton amidst these mournful scenes ? Are you not, then, nourishing your hearts for the day of slaughter ? Have the cries of those who have reaped ceased to enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth ? And what think you will be your aggravated doom, for charging these deeds of pride and avarice upon the sanction of the Judge, the pretended license of Christianity ?

VI. Yet, say you, can it be denied that instructions were given to slaves, as slaves, to be obedient to their masters, and that not only to the good and gentle, but even to the foward ? Does not this, then, recognize slavery ? It is allowed that the Scriptures *recognize* a state of slavery, and honour the poor slave prodigiously, by expecting from him the noblest acts of christian heroism ;—the most difficult of all conquests, even over the

strongest feelings of the human bosom, for the sake of Christ. But do those Scriptures therefore justify the foul despot, who, without crime or previous compact, brands and manacles a fellow-man, and otherwise, by force and terror, holds him fast in bondage ? To recognize the existence of a fact,—is this to authorize the doing of it ? Why blink the question ? When the Scriptures teach us to do good to those who persecute us, who evil entreat us, and despitefully use us, they recognize a state of persecution, but do they justify the persecutors ? When Christ teaches his disciples to be glad and rejoice under such circumstances, does he, by these encouragements, cheer on their haughty enemies, invite the hand of violence to its fierce deeds, and include the oppressor with the oppressed in the honour and happiness which so graciously he pledges ? At what time shall we meet with such infatuation as when the oracles of heaven are to be expounded ? Yet, "at least," you say, "the slave is not called upon to redress his wrongs, or to assert his liberty." This, no doubt, must give you some contentment, even under the justly excited dread of future retribution. It is true there is one who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay ;" and the christian slave, helpless as he is, may safely leave his cause to the never-dying justice of heaven.

But where, in the New Testament, is any man called upon to assert his rights in opposition to violence? Where are christian nations, or any nations, whatever the provocation, encouraged to make wars? Where are our slave-holders, or any men, called to defend their right of *property*, of which they talk so loudly, unblushingly denominating such their miserable captives? Are not men in general exhorted rather to suffer wrong than forcibly to repel injury? What then? Is it therefore unlawful to recover debts, to defend rights, to vindicate our claims to personal liberty against despoilers? Will these men thus interpret the law of Christianity?

On every occasion, but when the helpless are to be maltreated, these schoolers of the slave can wield another logic, and, by other lights, can read the word of God. Then they can talk of just and necessary wars, of patriotic slaughter, of magnanimous defenders of our altars and our thrones. Then they can discover that Christianity does not betray the rights of men—does not protect invaders of those rights;—that it rather assumes a natural sense of injury, which will scarcely fail, when opportunity shall come, sufficiently to repel aggression;—and that to moderate its fierceness, to assuage its raging fires, is most in character with that commission which brought down pardon for the guilty, and

taught how love could suffer for objects the most undeserving of its pity. This heavenly system purposes to prove its strength by an apparent weakness, and to vanquish pride and cruelty by meekness and untiring patience. Such triumph it has often won, and glory infinite will follow these its wondrous conquests. But when the pretended Christian himself demands new victims, calls for unceasing miracles of patient suffering, and would seek a shelter from retribution either from God or man, by making opportunities to exercise the passive virtues, insulted goodness must itself ere long be roused, and dire will be the day, when its bright blade of justice shall be unsheathed.

VII. Finally, we are told that Paul sent back Onesimus, a slave, to Philemon, a Christian master, and therefore Christians may hold slaves, and that deserters, when converted, must return to slavery : this we are told too, on his authority, who has said, " If thou canst be free, use it rather ;" and who himself asserted, with manly vigour, his own rights, rebuking the magistrates, and saying, " They have beaten us uncondemned, and now they would thrust us out privily ; nay, verily, let them come themselves and fetch us out." Is this the man to sanction slavery ?

What, then, was the condition of Onesimus ? Was he really a *slave* at all ? He is indeed called

*doulos*, but amongst the learned the meaning of this word is not determined. POTTER, no mean authority, denies that it was in Greece applied to slaves ; nor is it likely, according to the genius of the christian system, that the apostles should denominate themselves the *slaves* of Jesus Christ.

Of slaves also, who might really bear that name, there were various classes ;\* and amongst them those who, by voluntary engagement, had obliged themselves for life. Some, moreover, were called *douloi*, who were merely bound to certain services, not constant, but occasional, arising out of claims reserved for privileges or benefits conferred. Under which of the descriptions must we rank the case of Onesimus ? Will our opponents prove that he was a stolen slave, or the descendant of such a one ; or rather, must we not infer, that, though called by that name, he had, by virtue of a compact, come into that condition ?

Did Paul recognize him as such a slave, that to abstract his services were, as our West Indians ingeniously have it, to *steal himself*, and to forfeit life for the felony. Why then ask, “ IF he hath wronged thee ? ” Was not that IF absurd in any sense in which our colonists could regard the act of a slave absenting himself from the daily task ?

\* Vide PUFFENDORF, cap. iv. De Off. Dom. et Servil.

Do they not universally maintain that mere withdrawal is a flagrant wrong ? Do they not for this inflict the torture of some hundred lashes, and sometimes death itself ? What means Paul's *if*, then ? It means that Onesimus could not be a slave, or else the Apostle was a most unlearned slavery magistrate.

But does the sacred writer really send him back to slavery, even if he had been a slave ? Does he, in the spirit of American christianity, deny that he can, though a christian, become a brother ? He sends him back to *liberty*, with full assurance of his legal manumission, because he knows a christian's heart. He is assured that he will be regarded as no longer a slave, but a brother beloved. But lastly, as an Apostle of Christ, and therefore under the authority of the christian religion, could he not *command* the master to manumit his slave ? Our West Indians, and their apologists, say, no ; but the Apostle himself says, yes. " Wherefore, though I might be much bold in Christ, to *enjoin* thee that which is convenient, yet, for love's sake, I rather entreat thee, being such a one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ." Beautiful specimen of meekly bearing, and of tender affection ! But if Paul could command, whence his authority, but from Christ ? Could he do so simply as a man, or as an aged man, or as a friend ? Do

these circumstances warrant commands to yield up rights ? If, then, by the authority of his apostleship, Paul could command in this case, though he chose to entreat, how can Christianity sanction the slave-holder ? Could he, by the same authority, *enjoin* the unwilling forfeiture of property, or the abdication of dominion, justly held and lawfully administered ? Who will venture the assertion ?

From the review of what has been alleged from Scripture, to screen the worst of crimes from public reprobation ; alleged too, boldly, openly, at all hazards, by the professed friends of revelation ; though, according to the judgment of all our writers on its evidence, in such a case, even revelation itself must have been discarded as a cheat; we find no trace of any support to such flagitiousness, as that of holding, without cause, at our own will, and for our own interest, a fellow-creature and his offspring in perpetual bondage. Positive proofs to the contrary are abundant, and have been often cited. They need not, as for want of space they cannot, be repeated here. The whole spirit of the sacred book, as a directory for man, from its first page to its last sentence, breathes the opposite of violence and cupidity,—breathes benevolence and love. “ Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and goodwill to man,” is its burthen. Christianity and the

modern slave system can, by no possibility, amalgamate, till right and wrong shall be intrinsically confounded, till love and cruelty shall mingle natures, or till heaven and hell, without a gulph between their coasts, shall but include one common domain.

**JOSEPH GILBERT.**

*Nottingham.*

## THE MOTHER.

MOTHER, a happy home hast thou,  
In some green valley's shade ?  
Blest by the dear domestic vow  
At yonder altar paid ?—  
Secure, as if by right divine,  
That home of love thou callest *thine* !

And dost thou there thy baby's cheek  
Regard with fondest gaze ?  
Does that dear boy, with merry freak,  
Delight thee, as he plays ?—  
And she, thine elder one,—for her,  
Doth no sweet thought of blessing stir ?—

— Nay, love them not!—for *thine* no more,  
This tender group shall be!—  
*I've bought them!*—Watch, from yonder shore,  
That vessel out at sea;—  
I've bought thy children,—o'er the waves  
They go, to join my gang of slaves!

I saw that gentle girl of thine  
With anguish in her soul;  
I marked the drops of burning brine  
That down her cheeks did roll;  
I heard her for her mother cry;—  
Yet, had I not a right to buy?

Perchance, in some far field, away,  
The lash may teach her toil;  
While tears of anguish, day by day,  
Shall slake the fervid soil;  
But thou,—her mother,—ne'er shalt know,  
Where sheds thy child those tears of woe!

Mothers,—the fair, the firm, the free,  
Of England's vaunted isle,  
Tell me if griefs like this shall be,  
And you be still the while!  
No!—strong in woman virtue rise!  
And heed the negro mother's cries!

With plighted hands, a living chain,  
Unsevered, but to die,—  
Crusaders, sally forth again  
To heed that thrilling cry!—  
A broken heart your ensign be,  
Your watchword *Love and Liberty!*

ANN GILBERT.

*Nottingham.*

## WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

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“The first and great commandment.” “Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart.” “And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.”

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“LET there be Light!” creative Wisdom said,  
Light waved her wings ;—eternal chaos fled ;—  
“ Let there be Light !” the sun arose at length  
And scaled the heavens, rejoicing in his strength ;—  
“ Let there be Light !” and midnight’s gloomy  
noon

Was cheered and mellowed by the crescent  
moon ;—

“ Let there be Light !” and, lo ! the evening sky  
Was radiant with its myriad stars on high.  
And still the sun is on his sapphire throne,  
The moon adorns as yet her ebon zone,  
Untarnished by the gathering dust of years,  
The stars still glitter from their happy spheres.

When shall the Spirit's all-creating word  
Throughout the moral universe be heard,  
Commanding, as at first, with power divine,  
The glorious energy of truth to shine,  
Cheering the gloomy hemisphere of mind,  
Where passion fires, or lust enslaves mankind ;  
Breathing on all by sin's foul stain defiled,  
Till Truth's fair form adorns the moral wild ;  
Paints Vice in all the hideous hues she wears,  
To wither in the infamy of years ;  
Bids haughty Pride a humble suppliant kneel,  
And makes the soul of cruelty to feel ?  
Virtue and wisdom from on high impart,  
Till love once more possess the human heart ;  
Not the base love of pleasure, power, or pelf,  
But love which loves his neighbour as himself.

Who is my neighbour ? sainted Howard tell !—  
Behold the wretch that groans in yonder cell,  
Dark, damp, and cold,—a stranger to the breeze,—  
Where noxious vapours generate disease,  
Whose crimes consigned him to that gloomy den,  
Poor outcast from the sympathies of men.  
Thy neighbour dwells on many a distant shore,  
The Dane, the Swede, the Pole, the Russian boor,  
The hordes of Asia, and the selfish Turk,  
In whose dark breast still darker passions lurk.  
Where'er the sun goes forth his glorious round,  
Where'er the “ human form divine ” is found,

The Christian will pursue his Master's plan,  
And recognize a *neighbour* in the *man*.

Who is my neighbour? Wilberforce declare!  
Yon sable son of wretchedness and care,  
Torn from his home on Afric's happy soil,  
And doomed by avarice to perpetual toil;—  
Those tens of thousands, whom the western wave  
Released from bondage by a watery grave;—  
That anguished mother, desolate and wild,  
Shrieking—but vainly shrieking—for her child;—  
That care-worn husband, who, from day to day,  
Beholds his wife by suffering worn away,  
Till the foiled tyrants in their malice see,  
Death interpose, and set the captive free.

Lo! from the glowing islands of the West,  
A plaintive murmur, as of one distressed,  
To Britain cried across the Atlantic main,  
Imploring aid, too long implored in vain.  
Louder and louder rose that fearful wail,  
And swelled to anguish on the rising gale;  
Whilst Britain heard, but with a heart of stone  
Beheld oppression choke the sufferer's groan.  
Hell caught the sound, and joined in fierce demand  
For wrath upon a guilty christian land:—  
Those groans ascended where the Elders stood,  
And called for vengeance loud as Abel's blood;—

Those stifled groans,—that sin avenging cry,—  
Were heard, and felt, and registered on high.  
“ Where is thy brother ? ” thundered in the air,  
Earth heard her Maker’s voice, and echoed—  
    “ Where ? ”

The cruel tyrant, hardened in his pride,  
“ Am I my brother’s keeper ? ” stern replied.  
Then judgment fell, than Egypt’s judgments worse,  
Though Infidelity asks, “ Where’s the curse ? ”  
Where ? —In the burning fever of the West ;  
In commerce paralysed, and man distressed ;  
In wild tornadoes wasting from afar ;  
In civil discord, blasphemy, and war ;  
In guilty passions spurning all control ;  
In lust, in pride, in barrenness of soul :—  
These stamp the dark, inhuman traffic now,  
True as the mark on Cain the murderer’s brow.  
Oh ! shame to Britain ; island of the free,  
Well may the nations scornful turn to thee.  
What is thy wealth, thy fame, thy pride of birth ?  
’Tis moral character that stamps their worth ;  
The want of this makes pampered greatness bow,  
Withers the laurel on the conqueror’s brow,  
Blasts every honour wealth or genius brings,  
And dims the brightest diadem of kings.

Oh ! rend the heavens, Almighty Conqueror, rend !  
In majesty and mercy now descend ;

Chase from the earth these shades of mental night,  
And visit man with heaven's celestial light ;—  
Then shall the oppressor humbly turn to thee,  
Forsake his sins and "let the oppressed go free;"—  
Then shall the sable slave on whom he trod  
Stretch his freed hands and call upon his God ;—  
Anticipate a brighter world above,  
And bask in all the liberty of love.  
Then shall the blest Desire of Nations come ;  
All men be Brethren and each land a Home.

JAMES RIDDALL WOOD.

## A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF A MUCH-PERSECUTED CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

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"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake ;  
for their's is the kingdom of heaven."

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— Yes, he was a lovely Christian, and to him was given, not only to believe on the name of Jesus, but also to suffer pain for his sake. He was a plantation-slave, and had been promoted for his consistent conduct. A few years ago, one of the slave-members belonging to the Baptist Church at Montego Bay was banished from his home, and sent to the estate where David lived, to be cured of his praying. By the pious conversation of this exiled christian negro, David was brought under serious concern for his soul, which ended in his conversion to God. Acting up to the christian negro's motto, that "what good for one negro, good for him brother too," David

spoke to his fellow-slaves about Jesus, and his love in dying for poor sinners. God, who despiseth not the humblest instrument, blessed the efforts of this poor negro, and, in a short time, about thirty on the estate began to pray, and at length built a small hut, in which, after the labours of the day, they might assemble and worship God. Tidings of these things reached the ears of the white persons employed on the estate, and David was summoned before his attorney, and asked whether he was teaching the slaves to pray. On replying in the affirmative, the hut was demolished and burnt, and David was stretched upon the earth and flogged with the cart-whip till his flesh was covered with his blood. Next Lord's-day I missed my faithful deacon at the house of God. His afflicted wife came and told me the sad tale of his sufferings, and informed me, that his hands were bound and his feet made fast in the stocks. Often did I inquire after him, and for him, and the same answer was returned, "Massa, him in the stocks;" till one morning, as I sat in my piazza, he appeared before the window. There he stood—I have his image now before me—he was hand-cuffed, bare-foot, unable to wear his clothes from his yet unhealed back; his wife had fastened some of her garments round his lacerated body. I called him in, and said,

" David, David, what have you done ? "

With a look of resignation I shall never forget, he replied,

" Don't ask me, ask him that bring me, massa."

Turning to the negro who had him in charge, I said,

" Well, what has this poor man done ? "

" Him pray, massa," was the reply, " and Buchra sending him to the workhouse for punishing."

I gave him some refreshment, for in the state I have described he had walked thirteen miles under a burning sun, and followed him to that den of cruelty, properly designated a Jamaica inquisition. He was chained to a fellow-slave by the neck, and sent to work on the public roads. The next day I went to visit him again, when I was informed by the supervisor of the workhouse, that he had received orders to have him flogged again, as soon as his back was well enough to bear it. In these chains David remained for months ; frequently I saw him, but never did I hear one murmur or one complaint, except when he heard that the partner of his joys and sorrows was ill on the estate, and he was forbidden to go and see her.

At the end of three months he was liberated, and returning to the estate, was asked,

" Now, sir, will you pray again ? "

" Massa," said the persecuted disciple, " you know me is a good slave, but if trouble come for dis, me must pray, and me must teach me broder to pray too."

Again he was immured in a dungeon, and his feet made fast in the stocks.

WILLIAM KNIBB.

## “ FOR WHO MAKETH THEE TO DIFFER?”

1 COR. IV. 7.

My God, I thank thee I am free,  
Born on this happy soil,  
Where equal laws give liberty,  
And wages sweeten toil.

I would not be a fettered slave,  
The pomp of courts to share :  
Better the rudest lot to brave,  
Than glittering chains to wear.

But, oh ! it might have been my fate,  
Born of a darker race,  
To fret out life's contracted date  
In predial bondage base :

Doomed daily, with my fellow-gang,  
To vex the exhausted soil,  
And feel the whip with torturing fang  
Urging my fainting toil.

Or, guilty of the Christian's creed,  
Caught in the act of prayer,  
My tortured flesh had learned to bleed,  
Like those poor martyrs there.

Yet, had the gospel set me free,  
As that can disenthral,  
The earnest of Heaven's liberty  
Had compensated all.

O when shall Truth's redeeming reign  
To Sin's foul sway succeed,  
And minds shake off the slavish chain,  
And souls be free indeed ?

JOSIAH CONDER.

*May, 1833.*

## SONNET.

### THE AFRICAN MOTHER.

#### A FACT.

THE mother sat and wept.—Her child was gone,  
But still her tears fell on another's cheek ;  
Her heart was crushed, but yet it did not break,—  
Another's smile was left her to atone  
For that most cruel loss ; that one alone  
Was all she had to love—and she would sit  
For hours, and in her arms encradle it,  
Pouring on its unconscious ear her moan.  
Again the Spoiler came.—In vain she knelt,  
And raised her agonizing scream in vain—  
They took her last and dearest—through her brain  
In thoughts of fire her childlessness she felt :  
The light of madness flashes from her eye !  
And loud to Heaven ascends her wild appealing  
cry !

JANE E. ROSCOE.

*Liverpool.*

## A WORD FOR THE SLAVE.

How beautiful—how glorious is the sun,  
Shining and warming with meridian strength !  
I love to gaze upon him, he's a type  
Of Liberty—how dear to him that's *Free* !  
—How proudly, how sublimely, do the waves  
Of the great ocean roll upon his surface,  
Dashing on rock and beach all uncontrolled !  
The waves of ocean in their loudest dash,  
But echo independence to the *Free*.  
—How loudly, and how swiftly do the winds  
Sweep through the heavens, and brush the ver-  
dured earth ;  
And none but He who holds them in his fist  
Can stay their blowing or compel their course :  
The winds, unmanacled in their career,  
Are but the type of freedom to the *Free*.

Hail, happy, holy, heaven-favoured isle !  
Whose sons, entrusted with the rights of men,  
Shew to the world what men were made to be :  
Whose sons, entrusted with the gospel word,  
Preach to the world what Christians ought to do.  
To them, the sun not more unfettered moves  
In luminous glory on his mid-day track,  
Than they, in chartered rights, inviolate,  
Think, speak, and act, as Heaven ordained they  
should.

To them, the waves that dash upon our shores  
Sound not more loudly the accordant anthem  
Of their unbridled and mysterious movement,  
Than do the sons of this illustrious isle,  
Chant the loud song of freedom—and are free.  
Nor do the winds more unrestrained blow by,  
Than Britain's unimpoverished liberty  
Is echoed through the world, where'er her sons  
Can shew the passport of their birthright pure.  
— I am a Briton, and my heart exults  
Whene'er I think upon these proud distinctions ;  
I am a Christian, and my heart is humbled  
When I reflect on my ingratitude.

But, ah ! (and this the sadness of my theme)  
There is a blot, a foul and sickening blot,  
On this fair picture of our reputation.  
Oh ! there are those—men like ourselves in form ;  
Men like ourselves in physical exploit ;

Men like ourselves in nature and complaint ;  
Men like ourselves in sin's primeval taint ;  
And, oh ! like us, born to the destinies  
Of endless life or death—of Heaven or Hell :  
Oh ! *there are such*—our brethren in humanity,  
Yea, and our fellow-subjects—that are **SLAVES** !  
To them, the sun, if they dare look upon him,  
Is a forbidden emblem ; or at best,  
The scorching symbol of their fiery trials.  
To them, the waves sound not Britannia's song  
Of rule and freedom ; they but seem to roll  
Hither with groans of bondage to the West,  
Or back for other victims from afar.  
To him, the winds that whistle joy elsewhere  
Sound not the proud memento—*thou art free.*

What is the Slave ? and what are Slavery's pangs ?  
Think, if thou canst—*think*—for thou canst not  
feel :  
Think upon slavery—think upon thyself—  
Think on the slave—think on his cruel wrongs—  
Think on thy state—thy best, thy proudest rights ;  
Then ask thyself—Who hath the difference made ?  
Wherfore his curse, and thy prerogative ?  
And what canst thou, to bless, to make him free ?

Art *thou* a Man ? Oh ! think upon the Slave ;  
And if there is a fibre of thy heart  
That vibrates in Humanity's best cause,

Oh ! never, never may its tremors cease,  
Till thou hast pleaded with sublime success,  
Or spent thy life in pleading for *his* rights,  
Whom cursed gold and sordid avarice bribes,  
To brand with impotence and bind with chains.

Art *thou* a Patriot ? think, oh ! think  
Upon that cruel and ungracious wrong,  
Which brings upon thy country from the West  
The blood of slavery and the bitter curse.  
The oppressed and the oppressor on one soil  
May live and hate—and in one grave may lie :  
But both—or living in their mutual hate,  
Or dead in their forgetfulness—shall rise  
And speak a fearful language in our land,  
Blaming the patriot for this horrid crime.

Art *thou* a Christian ? dost thou claim to love  
The universal brotherhood of man ?  
Oh ! think upon the Slave—what has he done,  
To be thus trampled on, despised, proscribed,  
Cast out from mercy, manacled, and bruised ?  
What has he done, to forfeit thy good-will,  
To lose his interest in thy daily prayers,  
To be thy beast of burthen—to be less  
Than thy co-equal in the rights of life,  
To live, to die, to be esteemed A SLAVE ?

Oh ! deign for once to honour thy estate,  
And weigh for one short hour the Negro's claims  
Upon thy thoughts, thy heart, thy influence :  
What canst thou do ? Oh ! thou canst plead his cause  
In argument with men—in prayer with God—  
In conscience with thyself ;—nor ever cease  
To feel and plead, till Slavery and its guilt,  
In final consummation, shall be swept  
From every spot where British influence reigns ;  
And every man, that feels himself a man,  
Scorn that worst degradation of his race,  
To buy, or sell, or own A MAN *his slave.*

But not alone to man's imperious sex  
Belongs this argument of high import,  
As if forensic all its attributes.  
Oh ! there are *female slaves* ! and thrice depressed—  
And in their degradation low indeed  
Are these, most dear and exquisitely formed  
Of all God's works on earth, sunk when enslaved.  
They live, they feel, they love, they think, they  
die :  
They live—alas ! what is their sum of life,  
But misery through existence deepest wrought ?  
They feel—and, oh ! how exquisite the pang,  
Allied to sensibilities which slaves—  
Which even *slaves* themselves may often know.  
They love—alas ! that their affections free  
Should be outraged, beyond what privileged brutes,

Enjoying nature's suffrage, e'er endure.  
They think—nor deem their thoughts may not  
surpass

(However stinted) their's, the maudlin souls,  
Which, loathsome as the slimy brood of earth,  
Crawl, feed, and fatten, on their human prey.  
They die—and find that liberty in death  
Which Heaven alike grants to the slave and free :  
The only privilege which man from man,  
(As human misery's last desperate hope)  
Can neither change, arrest, nor filch away.

— O ye of Womankind ! of English birth,  
Fair partners in our bliss :—by what dear names  
Soever ye be called this hour on earth :  
Wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, lovers, *think*,  
Oh ! think on those, the thousands of your sex,  
Who at this moment bear these generous titles,  
Each badged and branded with the blotch of slave !  
Oh ! think on these, and plead their crying cause,  
The cause of Right, Humanity, and Heaven.

— Yes, plead the Negro's cause, plead for the  
Slave :

Your prayers with God, your importunities  
With man—they may, they must prevail,  
To crown his righteous cause, and win his ransom.  
Then shall his thanks bring blessings on your  
heads ;  
His free-born offspring, too, shall bless your chil-  
dren :

And all rejoicing, shall together raise  
An everlasting monument, inscribed  
With Negro gratitude and British fame.

Hail, hail auspicious era ! long foretold,  
By Holy Writ and man's prophetic hopes :  
When shall no sound be heard—no song be sung,  
But sounds of freedom and salvation's songs :  
When man no more shall be the curse of man,  
But, blest by Heaven himself, shall bless his fel-  
lows

With all the bounteous rights and charities  
Of that pure love which Christ hath taught to man.  
Then shall be heard no more the oppressor's vaunt,  
Nor its sad echo, the oppressed one's wail :  
The enslaved and the enslaver shall embrace,—  
Both shall be free :—this, from the shackles dire  
Which bind his limbs and manacle his mind ;  
That, from the guilty and still heavier chain,  
Which binds his soul to torment. Then shall men  
In one harmonious and fraternal league,  
Achieve the consummation of such bliss  
As earth hath yet to witness : when pure ends,  
By purest measures, all mankind shall move  
To Freedom, Friendship, Equity, and Love.

JOHN HOLLAND.

*Sheffield Park.*

## PIERRE SALLAH.

IT was at one of those bountiful, social, and exhilarating breakfasts, for which the city of Dublin is justly renowned, when the pious and the benevolent are convened for accelerating their great objects, that a Secretary of one of the Missionary Societies attracted the attention of the whole assembly, by relating a circumstance contained in letters which he had just received from Western Africa.

A Negro-slave, on the River Gambia, the property of a French lady of the Roman Catholic Church, had been brought to experience deep and serious religion, under the preaching of a missionary. It soon appeared that the Great Head of the Church had raised up this sable disciple to be an instrument in His hand to accomplish the purposes of His mercy. Powerfully feeling his debt of gratitude to his Redeemer, and

commiserating the lost condition of his afflicted brethren of the Jaloff tribe, the pious African began earnestly to exhort them, in their own language, to turn from their sins and seek in Christ Jesus that true freedom which had broken his spiritual bonds, and brought into his soul an inward heaven. His labours were crowned with great success ; many of the slaves on the same plantation with himself became christian converts, and consequently, more valuable servants. This their mistress had the candour to allow ; and being informed of the instrumentality of Pierre Sallah, her own negro, in the salutary change that had taken place among the slaves of her estate, she allowed him, at his earnest request, to visit the neighbouring plantations, and preach, within a more enlarged sphere, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." The wretched slaves, on all sides, heard of a Heavenly Benefactor, who looked on their misery with an eye of compassion, and said, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

The progress of his usefulness was noted by his observant mistress, and, though she did not forsake the bosom of her own church, she had too much respect for the religion inculcated by her slave, to restrain his labours ; and, on being questioned as to her willingness to accept a ransom for him, she said, her esteem for Pierre

Sallah was very great, and that his faithfulness and his industry might lead her to demand a considerable sum for his manumission; but that, impressed as she was with a sense of duty in allowing him to continue in his useful office of religious instructor, she would accept of the mitigated sum of fifty pounds for his liberty.

Every one present thought, "Surely fifty pounds might soon be raised for the accomplishment of so great an object!"

The breakfast was over, and the gentlemen dispersed. The wife of one of the Missionary Secretaries thought it might be worth while to attempt a commencement of the ransom, by an appeal to the benevolence of the ladies who remained in the apartment, and in such a way as to secure a trifling contribution from all. She, therefore, put a sixpence into a saucer, and requested the same sum from each: thus, the first sovereign was raised. In the evening, at a public missionary meeting, Pierre Sallah's story was told, and the sovereign held up as the first-fruits of the ransom, while a warm address was made to the hearts of all present. Nothing more was necessary in a city where all that moves the soul is flame from the altar in a righteous cause. A voice from one side of the platform said—"I subscribe five pounds." Another said, "Put me down three." "No," said the zealous pleader,

" It is money in hand that I hold, and that is better than promises." The five pounds, and the three, were immediately passed to the table. This brought notes, gold, and silver, from the gallery in a shower, amidst the acclamations of the assembly ; and when the long-continued inundation ceased, and the money was counted in breathless silence, a voice of transport exclaimed — " Pierre Sallah is free !" Every heart bounded with joy, the luxury of benevolence thrilled every bosom and gleamed in every eye, while the roof echoed long and energetic applause. A voice from below cried, " Pierre Sallah shall be an Irishman !" —and assent was clapped with laughter.

This happened in August, 1830 ; and in August, 1833, the Secretary's wife, who collected the first sovereign at Dublin, received a box of shells, and other curiosities, from the River Gambia, containing the calabash used by Pierre Sallah when a slave, neatly carved, engraved with his initials, and inscribed to Mrs. ——, " with a thousand thanks for her exertion in his behalf."

What English bosom will refuse sympathy with the glowing heart thus rewarded for a trifling service ! And who will not appreciate the delicacy of the grateful boon, conveyed with blessings from the hand of the liberated slave, now the free and accredited minister of Christ !

D. TOWNLEY.

## THE DESOLATE VALLEY.

A SOUTH-AFRICAN SCENE.

[THE result of the war of 1819, between the Colonial Government of the Cape and the Caffer tribes, was the annexation to the Colony of a large tract of the Amakosa country. This was effected by a compulsory convention with the native chiefs, who, with their followers, were dislodged and expelled beyond the Keisi and Chumi rivers. The whole of the evacuated territory, under the appellation of the Neutral Ground, remained unoccupied for several years, and a large portion of it remains so still. I made an excursion through part of it, from the Winterberg mountain down the river Koonap, in 1822, and again in 1825, in another direction. The aspect of the country, though wild, was beautiful and impressive. It was finely diversified with lofty mountains

and winding glens, with picturesque rocks and forests, open upland pastures, and level savannahs along the rivers, sprinkled with mimosa trees ; and herds of wild animals, quaggas, elands, hartebeests, gnoos, koodoos, with several varieties of the smaller antelopes, were scattered over the verdant pastures ; while troops of elephants were browsing undisturbed among the wooded kloofs and jungles of evergreens. But the remains of Caffer hamlets, scattered through every grassy nook and dell, and now long deserted and fast crumbling to decay, excited reflections of no gratifying character, and occasionally increased, even to a painful degree, the feeling of melancholy *lonesomeness* which a country void of human inhabitants never fails to inspire. Before the Caffers and Ghonaquas were expelled from this territory, a few of them had acquired some knowledge of Christianity, partly from the instructions of that singular but most meritorious man, Doctor Vanderkemp, and more especially from the missionary Williams, who resided about two years among them at the Kat River, previous to his death in 1818. The following Stanzas are an attempt to give a Sketch of a remote Vale in this wild country, after the first missionary station had been left desolate, and previous to its occupation by the Emancipated Hottentots and their Christian Pastors, in 1829. T.P.]

## I.

FAR up among the forest-belted mountains,  
Where Winterberg, stern giant old and grey,  
Looks down the subject dells, whose gleaming  
fountains  
To wizard Kat their virgin tribute pay,  
A Valley opens to the noontide ray,  
With green savannahs shelving to the brim  
Of the young River, sweeping on his way  
To where Umtoka hies to meet with him,  
Like a blue serpent gliding through the acacias  
dim.

## II.

Round this secluded region circling rise  
A billowy waste of mountains, wild and wide ;  
Upon whose grassy slopes the pilgrim spies  
The gnu and quagga, by the greenwood side,  
Tossing their shaggy manes in tameless pride ;  
Or troop of elands near some sedgy fount ;  
Or koodoo fawns, that from the thicket glide  
To seek their dam beneath the misty mount ;  
With roebucks, harts, gazelles, more than the eye  
may count.

### III.

And as we journeyed up the pathless glen,  
Flanked by romantic hills on either hand,  
The bush-buck oft would bound away — and  
then,  
Beside the willows, backward gazing, stand.  
And where old forests darken all the land,  
From rocky Katberg to the river's brink,  
The buffalo would start upon the strand  
Where, 'midst palmetto flags, he stooped to  
drink,  
And, crashing through the brakes, to the deep  
jungle shrink.

### IV.

Then, couched at night in hunter's wattled  
shieling,  
How wildly beautiful it was to hear  
The elephant his shrill *reveillé* pealing,  
Like some far signal-trumpet on the ear :  
While the broad midnight moon was shining  
clear,  
How fearful to look forth upon the woods,  
And see those stately forest-kings appear,  
Emerging from their mountain solitudes—  
As if that trump had woken Earth's old gigantic  
broods !

## V.

Such was the fair but melancholy scene  
Which 'midst that lonely wilderness we found,  
With scarce a trace to tell where man had been,  
Save the old Caffer cabins crumbling round.  
Yet this wild glen (Sicana's ancient ground,)  
To Nature's savage tribes abandoned long,  
Had heard, erewhile, the Gospel's joyful sound,  
And low of herds mixed with the Sabbath song.  
But all is silent now. Th' Oppressor's hand was  
strong!

## VI.

Now the gay loxia hangs her pensile nest  
From the wild-olive, bending o'er the rock,  
Beneath whose shadow, in grave mantle drest,  
The meek-eyed Pastor taught his swarthy flock.  
A roofless ruin, scathed by flame and smoke,  
Tells where the decent Mission-chapel stood :  
While the baboon with jabbering cry doth mock  
The pilgrim, pausing, in his pensive mood,  
To ask—"Why is it thus ? Shall EVIL baffle  
Good?"

## VII.

Yes—for a season Satan may prevail,  
And hold, as if secure, his dark domain :  
The prayers of righteous men may seem to fail,  
And Heaven's Glad Tidings be proclaimed in  
vain.

But wait in faith : ere long shall spring again  
The seed that seemed to perish in the ground ;  
And, fertilized by Zion's latter rain,  
The long-parched land shall laugh, with harvests  
crowned,  
And through those silent wastes Jehovah's praise  
resound.

## VIII.

Look round that Vale : behold the unburied bones  
Of Ghona's children withering in the blast :  
Can the sad wind that through the forest moans  
To these breathe back the spirit that hath passed ?  
So, in the Vale of Desolation vast,  
In moral death dark Afric's myriads lie :  
But the appointed day shall dawn at last,  
When, breathed on by the Spirit from on High,  
The dry bones shall awake, and shout—" Our  
God is nigh !"

THOMAS PRINGLE.

## THE CREOLE MAIDEN'S SONG TO THE MARVEL OF PERU.

A FONDNESS for flowers is characteristic of the coloured Creoles of the Spanish colonies. On holidays, the groups of young people who seek in the evening the savannahs for recreation, among other devices for pastime employ themselves in weaving garlands and singing improvisatore songs. When in Haiti, I never visited the savannahs of St. Jago de los Cavalleros, on such occasions, without observing, in the sort of natural bowers with which the lawns are interspersed, some company of young persons gathered together, and amusing themselves in this way. In addition to this characteristic affection for the blossoms of the field and the forest, the Hispaniolian females make use of natural flowers, (particularly those that expand in the evening,) as

ornaments for the head. The assertion made by persons who have visited those colonies, that these chaplets are not unfrequently intermingled with fire-flies confined in gauze bandages as a substitute for brilliants, is not to be charged as a traveller's tale. The following little effusion is an attempt to embody some of these traits, in the supposed chant of a Hispaniolian or Haitian girl, sent to gather a garland for her sister, but who purposely spares the night-blooming Marvel of Peru, a plant whose pretty, rough, oval seeds, supplying children with materials for necklaces, is particularly cherished by them.

WAKE up from thy sunset bower,  
Spread thy leaves my pretty flower ;  
Spread thy leaves, unclose thine eyes,  
For the silver moon doth rise,  
And the golden stars are coming,  
And the beetle's at his humming,  
And the moth is from his bed,  
And the cricket from his shed,  
And the fire-fly comes to roam,  
With his lanthorn-light from home,  
Briskly wandering here and there,  
Up and down and every where,  
Whispering to each flower he sees,  
What a night, without a breeze !

## THE INSURRECTION IN JAMAICA.

It is presumed there will be few amongst the readers of these brief memorials unacquainted with the fact and with the principal causes of the late insurrection in Jamaica. When the origin and practical details of Colonial Slavery are duly considered, no reflecting persons will be surprised at any violent sallies of misguided passion into which the oppressed may be betrayed on the one hand ; nor at the atrocious efforts of tyrannous power, on the other, to repress the rising hope of freedom, and reduce its vassals to absolute and hopeless subjection. The history of Slavery, in all ages and in every country, is one of equal crime and suffering :—a history, from the contemplation of which the just and the good instinctively recoil, and the termination of which, all who believe in a just and retributive providence must forebode as pregnant with desolation and sorrow.

Within the last fifteen years, some progress has been made in the general enlightenment of the Slaves. By the labours of missionaries many children, and some of the adults, had received a rudimentary education. By their evangelical ministrations many were brought to the "love of the Truth," became holy in their lives, and fearlessly resigned themselves to all the consequences of a devout and conscientious deportment. The transformation of negro character which was thus effected, the solicitous attention evinced to religious duties, and the necessary sanctity of character, and regularity of conduct which a christian profession involved, offered too severe and too frequent a rebuke to the managers of Slave-properties to be endured with patience, and too often thwarted their unbridled passions to be long tolerated.

It cannot be denied that the truly religious Slaves had far surpassed their brother bondsmen in mental culture, nor that they had a clearer perception of their natural rights, and an equally intense desire for their personal freedom: but they, nevertheless, reined in their convictions and natural propensities by a filial trust in God's providential superintendence; and disciplined their souls to the habit of patient endurance, by the example of their suffering Redeemer, and by the assured hope of "Eternal Life," the ultimate

solace of the weary and oppressed. The chain of slavery, always heavy, was to them made thrice more galling, from their professed subjection to the Holy Jesus; and stripes were inflicted upon them "beyond measure," for no reason but that they would not "cast away their confidence, which hath great recompense of reward."

If the hapless, defenceless Slaves thus suffered for their "obedience to the Truth," it will be naturally concluded, that the instruments of their illumination and conversion were not allowed to pass with impunity. It is known to have escaped the lips of some of the colonists, that the next or coming insurrection would be charged to the account of the missionaries. By this and other inuendoes it has been clearly perceived, that the planters themselves designed to create some commotion, whatever were the precise character they wished it to assume, or whatever might be the exact limits to which they might deem it expedient it should be urged. Their own violent proceedings in the legislative assembly, in which they impugned the wisdom, and condemned the authority of the parent government, recklessly denouncing and rejecting every meliorative decision of His Majesty in Council, or studiously rendering it nugatory:—by peremptorily refusing to make a provision for the manumission of the Slaves, when they themselves could present the price of their

freedom, and their refusing to consider the expediency of abolishing the custom of publicly flogging women with the cart-whip ;—the intemperate manner in which many of the planters expressed themselves at public meetings, reprobating His Majesty's Government, and all the designs of the benevolent public in Britain ;—the extreme incaution and bitterness with which the Attorneys and Overseers expressed themselves at their own tables, in the hearing of the Slaves, upon the subjects of emancipation and religion ;—the cutting gibes and sarcasms with which they uttered themselves upon these subjects, when they put the slaves down for punishment, together with some other arbitrary proceedings at Christmas, 1831, were the true causes of the insurrection. The Planters, however, were true to their purpose of implicating the Missionaries, and the writer of the following paper, the Rev. W. Knibb, was one of the victims of their lawless violence.

EUSTACE CAREY.

## THE PERSECUTED MISSIONARY.

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" Persecuted, but not forsaken."

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I HAD laboured on the slave-cursed, though otherwise lovely island of Jamaica, in the humble character of a missionary, for the space of seven years, when some faint intimations reached me and my brethren that the unhappy victims of despotic power, the deeply-injured slaves, goaded by the cruelties and taunts of their guilty oppressors, had resolved on freeing themselves from the iron yoke of bondage under which they were held; but we had not the smallest idea of the extent to which the spirit of insubordination had been awakened. After having successfully allayed the excitement amongst the Christian slaves by whom we were surrounded, we assembled with our beloved

flock in the house of prayer, that we might enjoy that comfort which communion with God in His ordinances imparts. All was hurry, confusion, and sin without,—within the sanctuary was that peace which Jesus alone bestows. In the evening of this ever-memorable Sabbath, the small band of missionaries solemnly commended each other to God ; Jesus was in our midst, and the protracted evening devotions were a preparative for the trials which awaited us. On the following Tuesday I was arrested, with two of my brother-missionaries. In vain did we demand the reason of this proceeding : *martial law* had been proclaimed, which was the signal that every enormity might be practised with impunity. While walking to and fro in the barracks, one of the officers came, and said, “I am commanded by the colonel of the militia to inform you that you are to proceed to head-quarters in half an hour.” The request to be permitted to take leave of our wives and children having been denied by these christian slave-drivers, and our pockets having been searched, marched between four soldiers with their muskets loaded, we commenced our melancholy journey. On our arrival at the sea-beach, a small boat was procured, in which we were placed with our infuriated guards. Exposed to a tropical sun, and our feet saturated with water from the leakage of the boat, we were rowed a

distance of twenty-two miles. Arriving at Mon-tego Bay, we were marched and counter-marched from one place to another, exposed to the insults of those who thirsted for our blood. At length we were placed in the jury-box in the Court-house, which had been converted into a prison, where the most horrid scene presented itself. The curses of the slave-drivers were of the most revolting description, and, together with the inhuman cruelties practised upon the slaves whom they had captured, produced an impression upon my mind which will never be effaced. Being overcome by fatigue, I requested permission to lie down on the boards, when the sentinel replied, "No, you villain; if you stir one step I'll stab you to the heart: you are to be shot in the morning, and I shall be very glad to have a shot at you." God, however, in His mercy interposed, and in this time of need raised up a friend, who, with much difficulty and personal hazard, effected our deliverance; and thus we were rescued from the hands of those who intended our death, and who gloried in the prospect of imbruining their hands in our blood. "Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce; and their wrath, for it was cruel."

During the following six weeks we were held on bail, and frequently exposed to imminent peril, while every effort was made by the colonists to effect our destruction. Every means they used

to implicate us in the rebellion completely failed ; and God, in His mercy, saved His servants “ because they trusted in Him.” When we were released from restraint, I returned to the people of my charge ; their joy was unbounded, and their expressions of affection quite overwhelming ; some clasped my knees, some my hands, and others my feet ; while, with eyes suffused with tears, they thanked that God who had again restored to them the minister they loved.

WILLIAM KNIBB.

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[A Letter which the Editor has lately received from another devoted Missionary, contains the following striking and affecting account of the feelings of the Christian Slaves towards their cruel persecutors.]

“ You are aware of my arrest and imprisonment, as well as that of other Missionaries, during the sanguinary persecutions of 1831 and 1832. The cruel sufferings inflicted upon many of the christian negroes during that period, for their attachment to the Redeemer and His cause, can never be fully related ; so that had they given vent to their feelings, by the most indignant expressions, it could not have excited our surprise : but so far from this, I do not remember to have heard one

christian slave, during the whole of those terrible persecutions, indulge in a vindictive term towards any of his malignant oppressors. When I arrived at my lodgings, on the day of my liberation from incarceration, crowds of my afflicted friends thronged to see me, giving vent to their feelings by their many tears and their kindly expressions of sympathy on account of my sufferings, and congratulations for my triumph over my bitter foes, who were thirsting for my blood. Amongst many other interesting remarks, one poor christian negro addressed me in the following manner:—  
‘ Massa,’ said he, ‘ no you feel too bad. We enemy,—dem wicked,—dem bad for true, Massa ; — dem take we neger,— dem shoot we,— dem hang we,— dem flog we,— dem ’pill we blood, as though we no worth at all — but, minister, we must pray for dem—dem very bad,—dem very wicked,—but, **DEM NO CONVERT YET!!!**’ A noble apology made by one of those despised slaves in behalf of those cruel men, and which cannot but remind us of the spirit and prayer of the blessed Redeemer upon the cross, ‘ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.’ ‘ **DEM NO CONVERT YET!!!”**

## THE LOT OF THE SLAVE.

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[The following, though not, strictly speaking, "a true story," is founded on statements not to be disproved; and narratives well authenticated would furnish many other particulars, of at least as dark a character.]

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LOVED, as a mother loves the babe she bore,  
Watches, toils, sighs, and loves it but the more,  
An infant negro, in the Western isles,  
Springs into life ;—the captive-mother smiles :  
For love will smile, however brief the joy ;  
And her's is brief :—O might she tend her boy !  
From nature's fountain due supplies to yield  
Might she but pause and quit the weary field !  
No :—ere his birth,—when fast her hour drew on,  
Burdened and faint, her task must yet be done.  
Short respite, short repose that frame must feel ;  
Can she not stand to labour ?—she must *kneel.*

Some interval at length even avarice gave,  
In pity ?—nay ; his *property* to save ;  
But that is past, and she again must bear  
The sun, the lash, and to a stranger's care,  
(An aged negress for the field unfit,)  
Till day decline, her nurseling must commit ;  
Nor dare a mother's fondness to express,  
Till nature droop, heart-sick with weariness.

Yet even thus, some comfort she derives  
From every sight of him ; he grows, he thrives,  
Her hourly solace. Who—what fiend could bear  
From her fond arm that one delight to tear ?  
Ah ! 'tis her owner's property, not her's,  
And avarice with soft pity ne'er confers.  
In want of gold, he sees a fit resource  
In that young slave, and with no more remorse, }  
Or even less, than he who sells his horse, }  
He names a sum,—'tis paid,—the deed is done,—  
Tears, prayers, avail her not,—the child is gone.  
Frantic she shrieks, she howls in agony  
Around her master's dwelling. That shrill cry,  
Can he not silence it ?—it breaks his sleep ;  
Is there no remedy ?—there is ;—the whip !  
This is the anodyne he deems the best,  
To soothe her spirit ?—no,—to bring *him* rest.  
And from that hour, perchance, his court she trod  
In stillness,—but “ her cry went up to God.”

He, the poor infant-victim, wept not long ;  
Self-interest bade them shew a thing so young  
Such tenderness as even the young of brutes  
Miss not,—that care the owner's purpose suits ;  
Though times there are, when cruelty's fell reign  
Hears even the voice of interest plead in vain ;  
When gain, so fondly sought, less joy imparts,  
Than torturing human limbs and human hearts.

*His* lot was milder, if it be more mild  
To spare a slave than slay him when a child :  
His childhood past, he grew a hardy boy,  
And entered early on a slave's employ ;  
Early and long inured to daily pain,  
To dress the stubborn soil, and plant the cane ;  
Dull, heartless, hopeless toil, that nought repays  
For all the waste of life's first, fairest days.

Smiling in beauty all the land may be,  
But can an eye enslaved that beauty see,  
Or seeing, taste ?—it smiles but on the free. }  
Toiled he in hope, the thought of future gain  
Might nerve his soul long sorrow to sustain :  
Saw he in distant prospect, freedom's light,  
That beam, though faint, might cheer his aching  
sight ;

But should his hands, when resting from the  
field,

Be active yet, and should the effort yield  
Some humble fruit—precarious rights are his !  
His little all a lawless *white* may seize,

And if he dared defend it, with his life  
He pays the forfeit of that blameless strife.  
Or were he *freed*, unless the proof appear  
In every point indisputably clear,  
Though guiltless of a fault, his doom may be  
A fresh, remediless captivity.

But trained from childhood, William suffered not,  
In all their weight, the hardships of his lot ;  
Stung by no memory of a happier day,—  
A Paradise for ever passed away,—  
Healthy and strong, his task accomplished well,  
On him the whip's dread vengeance rarely fell ;  
Though through the gang oft sounds its fierce  
assault  
On all who loiter,—feebleness their fault ;  
And he not quite escaped, but his dark day  
Of misery had not dawned,—'twas on its way.

It chanced among the females, one there was  
Whom William loved, for Nature's bounteous laws  
Even Slavery cannot wholly set aside ;  
Their love was mutual ; she became his bride,  
And in each other they were happy ; true,  
The bonds were slightly knit that joined the two ;  
The marriage covenant, if the owner please,  
Whatever rites have sealed it, vanishes.  
But they were faithful, and 'twas their's to prove  
The sweetness first, and then the grief of love.

Fanny, for William's sake, performed with zeal  
The allotted task, afraid lest he should feel  
The pang of sympathy, more keen, more deep  
Than even his own beneath the ruthless whip.  
And love, long time, sustained her, but at length  
Failed to supply the want of firmer strength.

Just then, when first her energy declined,  
Their manager—a wretch of foulest mind,—  
Had eyed her wantonly, and strove to gain  
Her favour, but enraged to sue in vain,  
Vowed inly dire revenge ; his victim soon  
Proved all its fury ; on one sultry noon  
Faintly she cast the hoe, the driver's scourge  
Fell heavily her lingering hand to urge.  
She strove, but failed again,—a fiercer stroke  
Crimsoned the lash,—poor William saw and spoke:  
His words were hasty, and were soon conveyed  
To the stern manager. “ Bring both ! ” he said.  
They stand before him ; for the other, each  
Pleads strongly, though in short and broken speech.  
Vain cry ! can he compassionate their smart ?  
*He* feel the groan that bursts a Negro's heart ?  
His malice smiles to see the whip fulfil  
Its fiery office and his barbarous will ;  
And yet unsatisfied, his deadly hate  
Resolves the faithful pair to separate.  
But Fanny from that hour no more revived ;  
She sickened, drooped, and perished.—William  
lived,—

But, O, how changed ! how spiritless !—his eye  
Was cold and dim ; his step moved heavily ;  
Needless before, the stimulating scourge  
Now scarce avails his tardiness to urge.  
Slow steals his life in wretchedness away,  
Till dawns the long-desired, the closing day.

There is a balm that o'er the bruised heart  
Whose anguish mocks the power of healing art,  
Sheds ease, hope, gladness, heaven :—there is a  
name  
Thrills through the penitent's dissolving frame,  
Foretelling endless rest, the gift of Him—  
The Son of Man,—the Son of God, the stream  
Of whose rich blood the troubled soul can clear  
From its foul burden, guilt, and shame, and fear.  
Feels *he* that balm, transforming all his lot ?  
Knows he that name ?—Alas ! he knows it not.  
Heralds of peace had visited that isle,  
Charged with the news that makes even Slavery  
smile,  
But the white rulers held the theme unmeet  
For Negro-minds,—too, too divinely sweet !  
Some had indeed been taught, but not a word  
Of that inspiring news had William heard,  
His *Christian* owner seeing little need  
To teach the *animal* so high a creed.  
Hopeless and blind, he died, and One whose eye  
No thought escapes, has judged him—*righteously*.

And this is Slavery ! and they are *men*  
That forge, and fix, and rivet fast the chain,  
And o'er their brethren hold a tyrant's sway ! }  
Not all a tyrant's spirit will display ; }  
Not all will play the demon, but all *may*. }  
And that dread power, in hands however just,  
Is an unwarranted, tremendous trust.  
Shall a supremacy to man be given  
Unquestioned, absolute, like that of Heaven ?

Slavery ! of all enormities the worst  
Man's fall has gendered, or his madness nurst !  
Earth teems with crime, and one, above the rest,  
Against high Heaven uplifts its daring crest;  
But War, even *War*, in guilt, in infamy,  
In hardihood and horror,—yields to thee !  
Shame on thy bold pretence, endured so long,  
Thy *right* to perpetrate a matchless wrong !  
Drop thy proud plume, bend low thy hated brow,  
The eyes of Britons scan the features now.  
Thy long, dark reign is ending,—die to be  
The scorn and wonder of futurity.  
Time shall be when thy annals shall appear  
Unnatural fictions to the sickening ear,  
Though history's faithful page can ne'er recount  
Of half thy loathsome crimes the sad amount.  
Perish ! and may kind Heaven a world forgive  
That suffered thee so many an age to live.

C.

N——.

## THE CUP OF GOLD.

---

The Committee of West-Indian Proprietors have agreed to present to the Marquis of Chandos, their Chairman, a splendid GOLD CUP, in token of gratitude for his exertions in retarding the progress of Slave-Emancipation. The following is respectfully submitted as an appropriate INSCRIPTION for the same, by S. C. HALL.

---

BEHOLD this Cup !—this Cup of Gold !  
That freemen to a freeman gave !  
Formed at rich cost,—a price untold !  
The sinews of the Slave !

Drink, Chandos ! 'Tis a noble draught,  
A richly-crimsoned flood !  
Nay, start not ere the stream be quaff'd,  
*DRINK !—'tis a Brother's blood !*

## VISIONS OF SLAVERY.

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" Many groans arise from dying men which we hear not.

" Many cries are uttered by widows and fatherless children which reach not our ears.

" Many cheeks are wet with tears, and faces sad with unutterable grief, which we see not.

" Cruel tyranny is encouraged. The hands of robbers are strengthened, and thousands reduced to the most abject slavery who never injured us.

" Were we for the term of one year only to be eye-witnesses to what passeth in getting these slaves;—were the blood which is shed to be sprinkled on our garments;—were the poor captives, bound with thongs, heavy-laden with elephants' teeth, to pass before our eyes on their way to the sea;—were their bitter lamentations, day after day, to ring in our ears, and their mournful cries in the night to hinder us from sleeping;—were we to hear the sound of the tumult, when the slaves on board the ships attempt to kill the English, and behold the issue of these bloody conflicts—what pious man could be a witness to these things, and see a trade carried on in this manner, without feeling deeply affected with sorrow?"

JOHN WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

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### I.

I HAVE had visions of dismay,  
Of guilt and agony and fear,  
Of dark deeds which ne'er saw the day,  
That men would shrink to hear ;

I have seen war come sweeping o'er  
A land, with fire, and sword, and chain ;  
And all her sons lie heaped in gore  
Upon the battle plain ;—

## II.

And heard how woman's terror broke  
Forth in her frantic midnight cries,  
When first the mighty city's smoke  
Burst blackening to the skies :  
I've seen the clinging infant slain  
Before its kneeling mother's face,  
And guilty deed, and bloody stain  
Within the holy place.

## III.

I've seen the loathsome pestilence  
Through a vast city stalk in gloom ;  
And each night thousands carried thence  
Into a common tomb ;  
When man cared not for death or life,  
Nor mothers o'er their children wept,  
And foe met foe, yet knew no strife,  
For love and hatred slept.

## IV.

I have had visions of the wave,  
    Of night-storm, mutiny, and wreck ;  
Seen dead men to their nameless grave,  
    Lowered slowly from the deck :  
The loved of many hearts laid low  
    Within the ocean's boiling foam ;  
And old men saved through fight and woe,  
    Whom none might welcome home.

## V.

Alas ! alas ! of broken heart  
    I have had knowledge, secret pain,  
Remorse and fear, the soul-sick smart,  
    And the damp dungeon's chain :  
Through grief my spirit has been led,  
    Though pain and sorrow to the grave ;  
But ne'er came aught of crime and dread,  
    Like visions of the slave.

## VI.

I saw the curs'd ship which did bear  
    For freight a thousand slaves away,  
And breathed the hot and putrid air  
    Of darkness where they lay ;

I heard their fearful groans arise,  
The curse, the lash, the clanking chain ;  
Nor have their loud and frenzied cries,  
From that day left my brain.

## VII.

I saw them, mother torn from child,  
Love's holy bonds asunder riven ;  
Beheld them kneel, and heard their wild  
And mournful prayer to Heaven :  
I saw the white man standing by,  
Unmoved, with cold unpitying breast,  
A laughing scorn was in his eye,  
Upon his lips a jest.

## VIII.

Then in my soul's indignant might,  
I cried, Great God, from Heaven look down !  
Even then rose cries of strange affright,  
As from a captured town ;  
God's angel was sent forth again,  
Another sinful race to smite,  
Even as was the Egyptian slain  
Yet spared the Israelite.

## IX.

Then came contagion like a flood,  
Sweeping its thousands to the grave ;  
But all unmoved the Negro stood,  
Heaven-guarded from its wave.\*  
Then the white mother hung and wept  
In anguish o'er her first-born dead ;  
The negro babe and mother slept  
Unharmed, secure from dread.

## X.

But youths and maids on every hand  
Like frost-nipped flowers were borne away,  
Yet did the aged negro stand  
To gaze upon their clay :  
When bent the white man o'er the grave  
Where love and hope and friend was laid ;  
The avenging terror left the slave  
Untouched and undismayed.

## XI.

I saw it, and I bent my knee  
In confidence that God was just ;  
Nor vain the prayer that misery  
Breathed to Him from the dust.

\* A fact well known as regards the Yellow Fever.

I saw it, and my faith sprung up  
Assured that God was strong to save ;  
And from His holy Heaven would stoop  
To raise the fallen slave.

MARY HOWITT.

*Nottingham.*

## REPOSE FOR THE WEARY.

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"There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master."

---

THERE is a spot within the Western isle,  
Where all is peace and freedom, and the Slave  
In that small lone enclosure finds a home.  
Its sods are paved with monuments, which tell  
The name of him whose bondage here is cancelled,  
And the birth-day of the free. Here is kept  
The charter of the injured Indian's rights,  
Which none dare violate; and he whose name  
Midst freedom's archives here is registered,  
A title to his liberty obtains,  
The proud oppressor never questions more.

The sugar-cane may never flourish here,  
The soil of this pure sanctuary to taint,  
And mark the Negro's curse ; but rosemary  
And thyme, and here and there a violet,  
Adorn each narrow dwelling. Sweetly sleeps  
The free inhabitant ; nor hears he more  
The voice of the task-master or the chain.  
On this retreat the worm alone intrudes ;  
Yet his still inroads cannot break the sleep  
Of the oppressed sweetly slumbering there.  
From earthly wrong here all may refuge find,  
And undisturbed repose, where softly lie,  
By dreams unstartled, on one balmy couch,  
And by the same light canopy o'ershadowed,  
The proud oppressor with his toil-worn slave.  
And though with penury and scorn o'ercome,  
Each in his turn the ransom pays in full.  
But yet that claim of purchase to receive,  
The oppressor grudges, sickening at the sight  
Of that which buys it, e'en as though the touch  
Would breed corruption ;—for its price is *death*.

J. R.

## THE ABBÉ GRÉGOIRE.

HENRI GRÉGOIRE, a man distinguished for his uncompromising integrity, his active benevolence, and his enthusiastic ardour in whatever he believed to be a good cause, was born near Lunéville, in 1750. In his education for the Roman Catholic priesthood, he annexed to the ordinary routine of study remarkable attainments in general literature, particularly in the application of the arts to the improvement of comfort in the laborious classes, and of moral and political science to the advancement of nations in peace, benevolence, and freedom. His early life, as a country parish-priest at Embermenil, in Lorraine, attracted the esteem and gratitude of his flock, and of a much wider circle. In 1778, he published an "Essay on the Physical, Moral, and Political Improvement of the Jews," which was received with great approbation both in his own

country, and by men of enlarged minds throughout Europe. The Abbé Grégoire was a Christian upon principle and conviction; but he wished Christianity to be defended by no arms except those of truth, justice, and love; and therefore he desired to see the Jews released from all oppressions and civil penalties or disabilities on account of their rejection of Christianity. He was a most strict and conscientious Romanist; yet he impugned and rejected all the claims of the papacy to temporal authority, and maintained the unrestricted right of Protestants to enjoy, exercise, and diffuse their own religion. In 1789, he was selected by the clergy of the district in which he resided to be their representative in the National Assembly. In that memorable body he rose to high reputation. He was the author of the celebrated proposition, which, on being carried into effect, produced such important consequences for temporary evil but future and comprehensive good; the abolition of the selfish privileges of the clerical body, and their being united with their fellow-subjects on principles of honourable equality. Having been chosen, according to a newly-established law, by the clergy of the diocese of Blois, to be their bishop, he was the first man who, in his episcopal capacity and as a part of his consecration, took the oath of allegiance to the new constitution. For this the papal hierarchy

never forgave him, but pursued him with unrelenting rancour to the very grave: but he was faithful unto death. Through the most terrific storms of the revolution, his independence and moral dignity of character walked erect; and most wonderfully was he preserved from that death on the bloody scaffold, which became the lot of thousands of the best men in France. When the bishop of Paris, attended by other priests, made the horrid abjuration of Christianity in the National Convention, Grégoire rose up and made the solemn protestation that he was a Christian and a priest. At the awful voting upon the fate of Louis XVI. he gave his judgment in favour of perpetual imprisonment. Amidst the tumultuary violences of that period, he laboured assiduously in preserving from destruction the monuments of antiquity and of the arts. He zealously and with success, in the worst part of the reign of terror, exerted himself to save the lives of many priests who had refused to take the oath to the republican government. When Buonaparte had seized the government, and, to strengthen himself, made the *concordat* with the Roman See, he called to his aid the talents of Grégoire in effecting that difficult measure. Immediately after, the Pope commanded him to resign his bishoprick. He obeyed; but published a manly protest, maintaining the legitimacy of his appointment according to the

practice of the purest ages of Christianity. On the prostration of the liberty which he and the real patriots of France had so laboured, though in vain, to acquire, under the feet of Buonaparte, he withdrew more than before from the stormy sea of politics, and devoted himself to various benevolent and useful objects of exertion : yet, when he thought that the occasion warranted his so doing, he would step forwards by some public act. Thus he protested against Buonaparte's assumption of the imperial dignity, his creation of a new nobility, and other measures which the deposed bishop viewed as inimical to public liberty. He approved of the compelled abdication of Buonaparte ; and he laboured, with great earnestness but without effect, to combine with the restoration of the Bourbons some valid securities for the solid and well-regulated freedom of the nation. In 1815, he held up to the strongest condemnation the persecution of the Protestants in the South of France ; and he took a lively interest on behalf of M. Malan and the pious Dissenters of Geneva, in the year 1817. By the restored Bourbon government he was looked upon with strong dislike ; but his activity persevered in availing himself of such methods as remained open to him for promoting benevolent objects. He exposed the unjust and unchristian domination of the Popes, while he reverently bowed to their spiritual

authority, which he believed to be an institution of Jesus Christ. He earnestly recommended the practical influence of Christianity, especially in domestic life; thinking that, in the dissolute and infidel state to which general society in France was reduced, the most promising circles of operation for a revival of religion were those of which mothers and mistresses of families were the centres.

In 1816, I had the honour of being introduced to him at his residence in Paris. His reception of me was with great dignity, but with peculiar kindness and affability. His conversation was entirely upon christian duty, and the importance of making a holy regard to God our primary motive. On his table were lying the first two volumes of Mr. Owen's History of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He read English, I doubt not, with considerable facility. His religious sentiments, I have reason to believe, were those of the Jansenists (such as Du Verger, the Arnaulds, Pascal, le Maistre de Sacy, Quesnel, &c.) the evangelical party in the Church of Rome. After my return to England, he favoured me with friendly letters and presents of his writings down to the last year of his life. In one of his early letters, he took great pains to convince me of the exclusive authority by divine institution of the Roman Catholic Church; and expressed a most

amiable and benevolent solicitude that I should enter as a wandering but recovered sheep into that which he deemed the true fold of Jesus Christ.

The reason of my wishing that the name of my revered friend should possess a place in your proposed publication, is that part of his character and history which refers to Negro-slavery. It was not to be expected that such a man as Grégoire could be indifferent to the great questions upon the abolition of the Slave Trade, and the emancipation of the Slaves. His sentiments and feelings he took pains, in various ways, to make known to his countrymen. During the peace of Amiens, he visited this country ; and one of his chief objects was to see and converse with the illustrious Wilberforce. To demonstrate the ignorance or injustice of an argument, which has been, I believe, more relied on in France than in England, founded on an alleged inferiority of intellectual capacity and capability of improvement, in the negro race, M. Grégoire employed long and laborious diligence in collecting the printed works of negroes and men of colour ; and he combined the results in a very interesting work, published at Paris in 1809, "On Negro Literature." He promptly seized the opportunity furnished by the conduct of the Allied Powers and the restored Bourbon government, in 1814,

upon the Slave Question ; and he published a powerful appeal to reason and religion, feeling and interest, on this subject, in a pamphlet, "On the Slave Trade and Slavery ;" Paris, 1815. Of this, an English translation, with "Prefatory Observations and Notes," which enhance its value, was published in London by Mr. Josiah Conder.

M. Grégoire finished his earthly course, May 28, 1831. On his dying bed he was harassed by admonitions and entreaties from the archbishop of Paris, that he would acknowledge his various acts and writings against the Holy See to be schismatical, that he would revoke them, and that he would implore reconciliation with the Church. These efforts were in vain. The dying man was firm to his principles, and rejoiced in the testimony of a good conscience ; though, by the archbishop's order, the absolution and other rites of his Church, which are supposed to be of so great importance in the article of death, were withheld from him. I trust that my venerable friend enjoyed the hope which maketh not ashamed, and felt those consolations from the best source which satisfied him that he might well dispense with the broken cisterns of men's invention. In the last letter which I received from him, dated August 30, 1830, he introduced sentiments which I am sure you will be delighted

to read in his own words ; and you will think with me that they authorize the belief that the intrusions which persecuted his dying hours would only move his pity :—“ Moi, Catholique de cœur et d'esprit, conséquemment très différent de vous sur la croyance, je me sens penétré d'affection Chrétienne pour vous. La mort fauche dans tous les ages. Cependant, d'après le cours de la nature, je dois vous précéder dans l'éternité. Mes regards se tournent sans cesse avec les sentimens d'adoration sur Jésus-Christ, l'Auteur et le Consommateur de la foi, dont j'ai reçu tant de graces.”

JOHN PYE SMITH.

*Homerton.*

## TRUE LIBERTY.

### AN IMPROMPTU.

O ! Liberty, how fair art thou,  
Offspring of heaven, religion's child ;  
The olive waves around thy brow,  
And roses grace thine aspect mild :  
Where thou art absent, ills arrive  
Hovering on desolation's wing ;  
Where thou art present, joys revive,  
And hill and valley laugh and sing.  
Why weeps the captive, long and late,  
When looking through his iron grate  
On heaven, or earth, or sea ?  
It is because the vault above,  
The fields, the waves, in lines of love,  
All say he should be free.  
The thought at first in hell began,  
That man should bind his brother-man.

Rise, England, rise—and cast aside  
That stain which well may check thy pride,  
And bow thee in the dust ;

Haste to those lovely western isles,  
Where thou hast blasted nature's smiles,  
And there at last be just !

Ah ! who of us can ever know  
The Negroes' mournful cup of woe ?  
Beneath their hard oppression's load,  
For them no milk of kindness flowed.  
We pressed the sweetness from the cane,  
And paid them bitterly in pain ;—  
Wipe—wipe those untold tears away,  
And turn their darkness into day !

Yes—let the shameful fetters fall  
From off the hands and feet of all ;  
And may their God and ours impart  
A nobler freedom of the heart :  
Freedom from sin's accursed coil,  
That bond of tyranny and toil !  
Then shall a brighter morn arise  
Than yet hath graced their glorious skies :—  
The tree of life its shade shall shed  
O'er many a sable mourner's head,  
With balmy leaves for healing given,  
And fruit for food—the bread of heaven !  
Partakers of that blissful seed,  
The negroes shall be free indeed !

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

## THE NEGRO WILL WORK FOR WAGES.

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(Extract from a Letter addressed to the Editor by a Gentleman who has for many years resided in Jamaica.)

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" You wish for some facts shewing the readiness with which slaves will work for even a small remuneration. On this subject you may obtain important information in the Evidence of Mr. Taylor, contained in the Parliamentary Report of the Select Committee for the Extinction of Slavery. The following incident also is direct to the point, and fully proves the disposition of the slaves to labour, if they are fairly remunerated. Wishing to widen and improve a road from the highway to my residence, which was up a steep and difficult ascent, and indeed scarcely passable, I applied to the master of a jobbing gang, and requested him to state to me the lowest terms for which he would undertake the work : after several interviews and discussions he offered to perform it for the sum of 32*l.* Jamaica currency, prompt

payment. Considering this amount too high, I was induced to pursue another plan. Accordingly one day I took a slave, who was driver of a jobbing gang, and after explaining the nature and difficulties of the work, proposed the following question :—‘ Supposing I was to hire of your master, twelve negroes, and if instead of working them before the whip, I gave each one a fippenny\* *per* day besides paying the master,† how many days would they require to complete the work ?’ The negro proceeded to examine the nature of the work, when after some time he returned, and replied that if thus rewarded they would do it in ten days, or in eleven at the farthest. Upon this information, I applied to the master, and hired the slaves, who were sent to me on the following Monday. Before, however, appointing them their work, I called them together, and addressed them in the following manner : ‘ I have hired you of your master to perform certain work,—I shall not allow the whip to be used or even carried by the driver, but if you turn out early in the morning, and work well during the day, I will give each a fippenny for himself ;—if any one is late to his work, or indolent in his work, I shall not give him any thing, but will send him home, and

\* *Fippenny*—a piece of money current in Jamaica.

† The sum charged by the master for the hire of each negro, was two-and-sixpence *per diem*.

obtain another slave in his stead.' When I had thus spoken, one of the negroes, with much good humour, replied, ' Massa, no you talk about sending we home; give we de hammer and make we go work.' They proceeded, and I never recollect to have seen any persons work better or more cheerfully. Frequently, when I went to see how they were getting on, they would indulge in their jokes: ' Massa, you no send we home yet!' referring to my address to them. One morning I went down about half-past five o'clock; they had been at work half an hour, when with much drollery they said, ' Massa, no you say, if neger no turn out soon, you send him home? Massa no up, him no know when neger come.' And at another time as they were breaking the stones for the road, one remarked, ' Massa, dat fippenny,—him make de stone break! If de hammer only fall upon de stone, him break all to pieces.' I had not occasion to withhold the promised reward from one, nor indeed to find fault with one; and such was the influence which this small sum had upon them, that they completed the work within the specified time, so that it cost me but 13*l.* 15*s.*, instead of 32*l.*"

## THE HOPE OF THE SLAVE.

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" The hope of the Slave is in the British people."

---

Poor slave!—then thy hope is but vain,  
We cannot be moved with thy grief—  
Implore not our pity again—  
From Britain expect no relief:  
The joy of removing thy bitter distress  
Is far, far too blessed for us to possess.

Return to thy home in despair—  
Compassion from man never crave;  
Return—and then offer thy prayer  
To Him who is mighty to save:  
Turn from earth, and present thine appeal to the  
skies,  
**JEHOVAH** will never thy sorrows despise!

E.

*April 13th, 1833.*

## **“PRAISE WAITS FOR THEE IN ZION, LORD!”**

**“ PRAISE waits for Thee in Zion, Lord !”**

The earth, the sky, the sea  
Shall ring responsive to the chord  
Of heavenly minstrelsy,  
When forth shall go Thy mighty word,  
That sets the captive free.

Kings are deceitful—statesmen vain—  
Senates a baseless trust;—  
Much reckon they on gold and gain,  
Little—on what is just;  
Their thoughts return to air again,  
Their bodies to the dust.

We pass them by as idle things,  
Like foam upon the wave,  
We turn to Thee, O King of kings,  
Thou, who alone canst save;  
The hand, the dead to life that brings,  
Shall liberate the slave.

“ Praise waits for Thee in Zion, Lord !”  
“ To Thee vows paid shall be,”  
All lands their increase shall afford  
An offering unto Thee,  
When home the exile is restored,  
And when the earth is free.

JAMES DOUGLAS

*Cavers, 27th April, 1833.*

## THE BIRTHRIGHT OF BRITONS.

---

“ With a great sum obtained I this freedom.”  
“ But I was free born.”

---

EXPLORE the wide Atlantic ;  
And third with every breeze  
The southern isles romantic,  
That stud Pacific seas ;

Their coralline recesses,  
Which break the ocean-calm,  
And reefs that Nature dresses  
With crests of feathery palm.

Speed o'er the bounding surges  
That sweep the summer-zone ;  
The depths the sea-tide merges,  
The steeps its waves enthrone :

The gardens ever-flowering,  
That plant the Indian wave,  
With spicy shades embowering  
The soil its waters lave :

Where crowns and thrones barbaric  
In orient splendour shine ;  
Or sceptred realms Tartaric  
Exhaust the jewelled mine :

The regions incense-breathing,  
Where pearly billows sleep,  
In caves of Ormus wreathing  
Tiaras for the deep :

The groves whose clusters pendent  
The wealth of commerce hold ;  
And sunny climes resplendent  
With Afric's pliant gold.

Could all their bright profusion  
In one vast altar rise,  
Here in our green seclusion,  
A richer dowry lies.

For England holds a treasure,  
Than all their glorious spoil  
More costly beyond measure :—  
The freedom of her soil.

This, this she cannot barter  
For wealth of land or sea ;  
But sends her royal charter,  
To set the captive free.

O bright and blessed mission !  
When shall her sails convey  
The tidings of fruition,  
For sickening Hope's delay ?

The voice of intercession  
Through all our land that pleads,  
Abjures the long oppression,  
Whose final moment speeds.

Our oaken forests weaving  
The garland of the sea,  
Whose billows proudly heaving,  
Bear freedom, *from* the free ;

Shall boast a name more glorious,  
More fraught with deathless fame,  
Than all their fleets victorious  
In battled line may claim.

Our flags that yielded never,  
But to the tempest's sway,—  
Our prows that boldly sever  
The ocean's pathless way,—

As borne on wings angelic,  
Shall waft the blest release :  
Not sealed till every relic  
Of Afric's bondage cease.

Their course o'er rock and shallow,  
Awaits a prospering gale.  
That course may Justice hallow,  
And Heaven direct the sail !

ELIZA CONDER.

*Watford,*  
*May, 1833.*

## THE DECISION.\*

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" And Rehoboam went to Shechem; for all Israel were come to Shechem to make him king."

" And King Rehoboam consulted with the old men that stood before Solomon his Father, while he yet lived, and said, ' How do you advise that I may answer this people?'"

" And he (Rehoboam) spake to them after the counsel of the young men, saying, ' My father made your yoke heavy, and I will add to your yoke; my Father also chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions.'"

1 KINGS xii. 1, 6, 14.

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Who to his Father's mighty throne  
In royal robes is passing on  
To wear a kingly crown?  
'Tis he, who on the appointed day,  
To the oppressed may wisely say,  
" Your bitter bonds are rent away."

\* Explanatory quotation from the eighth Report of the Birmingham and West Bromwich Ladies' Negro-Friend Society :—

" On the day of our present meeting, the 11th of April, we are expecting with intense anxiety the disclosure of the "*safe and satisfactory*" plan for the abolition of Slavery, which his Majesty's

Ah ! no—the base advice he took,  
And in their face their chains he shook !  
He talked of whips with scorpion sting,  
And made them loathe their youthful king.

Ten tribes depart in scorn.—  
Nor evermore they owned his sway,  
And all his glory passed away.

O England ! does thy hour draw near ?  
Say—wilt thou wipe the captive's tear ?  
Or bow thee in the dust ?  
In foul dishonour wilt thou lie,  
The scorn of every passer by ?—  
“ *She dared not to be just !* ”

O Britain ! do thy duty now !  
Let *mercy* crown thy noble brow,  
Be *righteousness* thy trust ;  
High to the heavens lift up thy head ;  
Fear God, and know no other dread.

Ministers have declared their intention of disclosing to Parliament on the 23d instant, and we earnestly hope that it will be *satisfactory* to the wise, the just, and the good, and not to the unjust, the unprincipled, and the misjudging.”—P. 14.

This safe and satisfactory plan is now postponed till May 14th, when the final election must be made by the Reformed Parliament, between the oppressor and the oppressed—between the Slave-master and his unoffending Victim—between those who acknowledge the true God, the God of justice and mercy, who loveth the stranger, and those who remove Him far out of their sight.

The just will not forsake thy side ; }  
Then only in thy God confide,  
And He can help whate'er betide. }  
Oh ! may the happy future prove,  
Thy tribes unite in peace and love ;  
Columbia bid her slaves<sup>be</sup> free,  
And glory that she copies thee.

Her starry-spangled banner waves on high,  
Her Motto is not scorned by Afric's brightened  
eye.

LUCY TOWNSEND.

*West Bromwich, May, 1833.*

## SONNET

### ON THE PRESENT CRISIS OF AFFAIRS, AS REGARDS THE EMANCIPATION OF THE NEGROES.

WHAT can resist a people's virtuous will ?  
Go, ask departed Ages—they reply,  
“ Not all the banded might of Tyranny ! ”  
Then, Britain, with undaunted heart, fulfil  
Thy glorious lot—to break the bonds of ill,  
And cleanse the world from base Captivity !  
Lo ! Freedom watches thee with anxious eye,  
While the poor negro's fettered hands are still  
Held out to thee for aid ! Oh scorn delay,  
And wavering counsels planned by selfish men !  
Good deeds should be to noble thoughts as near  
As thunder to its lightning. Let not then  
The righteous debt, Heaven summons thee to pay,  
Be meted out with slow and sordid fear.

CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND.

*Skiddaw-Lodge, Keswick.*

*June, 1833.*

## SLAVERY.

O ye who hate oppression,  
On the land or on the wave,  
Think, O think of St. Domingo,  
When they tell you that the Slave  
Can never bear his freedom, and that the galling  
chain,  
In phrensy snapt asunder, will reunite again.

Go read its glorious history  
In the infamy of Gaul,  
In Napoleon's humbled legions,  
And the overthrow of all  
The tyrant's base endeavours to quench, ere it  
was yet  
Fanned to its true sublimity, the wild-fire he had  
lit.

And now that half a century  
Of liberty hath smiled  
O'er a country once degraded,  
A paradise run wild,  
And only rendered fruitful by the scarring whip  
and chain—  
Hath want e'er traced on freedom's brow, " my  
manacles again ?"

Then away, away for ever,  
With the impious thought that dare,  
In the face of God and nature,  
And their witness every where,  
The universal sun, and heaven's blue arch sublime  
Bending o'er all, deny man's right in every clime.

Then, noble-minded Britons,  
Shall Afric's sons be slaves ?  
Shall your tarnished banner float  
O'er the blood-complaining waves ?  
Shall the orphan's cry for ever, and the widow's  
frantic wail,  
From that living charnel-house\* arise, like poison  
on the gale ?

\* Jamaica.

When ye, whose voice hath oft  
Made tyranny to feel,  
That ye were not the victims  
To grace his chariot wheel,  
Can waft your mandate o'er the main, and grant  
to every isle  
That boon which else shall yet be snatched from  
slavery's funeral pile.

And will ye tamely give  
Twenty millions of your gold ?  
Or acknowledge, e'en, a mart  
Where man is bought and sold ?  
And unto him who promised bread, but gave a  
scorpion, bow ?  
And slaves, will ye ? No ; look to God, and to  
your right arms now.

No ; look to God alone,  
The Christian meek responds,  
Though still the seal of blood  
Be on your altered bonds,  
Assured that He, who often turns the labyrinth of  
guilt  
Unto some deep mysterious good, when avarice  
has built—

A shrine, which bears alike,  
Both the symbol of the free,  
And the soul-debasing stain  
Of thrice-cursed slavery,  
Shall scan a fane, where, traced in light, creation's  
glorious plan  
Shall lead to all, of every hue, love to his fellow-  
man.

A. H. S.

*Newcastle,*  
*6th Mo. 1833.*

“ HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.”

VAST are the plains, and rich the teeming soil  
Where labour reaps no solace from her toil ;  
Fair is the clime, which dawns on Pity's sleep,  
And mocks their anguish while the sufferers weep ;  
Where 'neath the scourge they wail their abject lot,  
And sigh unblest, unpitied, and forgot.

But shall I say, forgot, when one\* pure breast  
Heaved for their sorrows, mournfully opprest ?  
Whose fearless words and dauntless ardour woke  
A slumbering sympathy for Afric's yoke,  
That shall not cease on Briton's sea-girt shore,  
Till Slavery's chain shall gall the slave no more.  
Aye ! then the first free orisons of praise,  
The ransomed negro to his God shall raise ;  
And bless His love who to his champion gave  
The heart to pity, and the hand to save.

\* The late William Wilberforce, Esq.

What, though amid the mansions of the blest,  
His spirit shares a bright and glorious rest ?  
Yet still he speaks ; his vast exertions crave  
Our aid unwearied for the outcast slave.

Awake, my countrymen, awake to bless  
The long-enthralled with long-sought happiness ;  
Can ye not learn, while o'er the pathless main,  
Your barks are sped for commerce, wealth and  
gain,  
That all Heaven's noblest gifts are unconfined,  
Their Maker's bounty meant for all mankind ?  
While one above the rest, wide as the sea,  
Secures the whole,—unfettered Liberty ?  
Vouchsafed by Him to all—to none denied,  
Save by the avarice of British pride.  
Base is the selfishness which bids you bind  
Whom God created free,—the chainless wind  
That wafts your treasures wrung from hardest  
toil  
O'er ocean's bosom, scaths your base-earned  
spoil;  
And whispers, while it breathes, a saddening tale  
Of manhood's sorrow, or of woman's wail.

Oh ! blush ye not, that through the scented air  
Rise the deep curses of the sufferer's prayer ?  
Untaught the attributes of God above,—  
Unblest by knowledge of redeeming love.

Fail not your hearts with terror, when you know  
That such a depth of misery and woe  
Broods o'er our isle, and scatters blight around,  
For mercy not dispensed when mercy's found ?

O God of Mercy ! hear the suppliant cry,  
Which bursts from hearts full-fraught with agony !  
Regard their prayer, who oft before Thy throne,  
Implore compassion for the lost and lone ;  
Open Thine hand, and on yon injured race  
Shower down the richest blessings of Thy grace ;  
No more may man his fellow-man oppress,  
Give Liberty—give Light—give Holiness !

**EDWARD HENRY ABNEY.**

## THE SET TIME.

At length—O glorious hope ! the time is set,  
When the long shackled slave shall go forth *Free* ;  
When the great year of Negro Jubilee  
Shall cancel—and for ever, that foul debt,  
Of which, O shame ! shame ! shame ! Britannia  
held—  
For centuries held, the bloody mortgage deeds :  
Haste Freedom's year, for Mercy's bosom bleeds,  
Till this unrighteous strife with Heaven be quelled.  
The time is set—Philanthropy unites  
With Piety, that coming day to greet,  
When the freed Black, at his Redeemer's feet,  
Shall with the white man kneel : sight of all sights  
Desired so long : how bright the glimpse appears,  
To saints' and patriots' eye through intervening  
years !

JOHN HOLLAND.

*Sheffield.*

## ODE

### ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

Proudly on Cressy's tented wold  
The Lion-flag of England flew ;  
As proudly gleamed its crimson fold  
O'er the dun heights of Waterloo :  
But other lyres shall greet the brave ;  
Sing now, that we have Freed the Slave.

The Ocean plain, where Nelson bled,  
Fair Commerce plies with peaceful oar,  
Duteous o'er Britain's clime to shed  
The gathered spoil of every shore :  
To-day across th' Atlantic sea  
Shout—shout ye, that the Slave is Free.

And Eloquence in rushing streams  
Has flowed our halls and courts along,  
Or kindled mid yet loftier dreams  
The glowing bursts of glowing Song :  
Let both their noblest burthen pour,  
To tell that Slavery is no more.

Bright Science through each field of space  
Has urged her mist-dispelling car,  
Coy Nature's hidden reign to trace,  
To weigh each wind, and count each star :  
Yet stay, thou proud Philosophy,  
First stoop to bid Mankind be Free.

And Freedom has been long our own,  
With all her soft and generous train,  
To gild the lustre of the throne,  
And guard the labour of the plain :  
Ye heirs of ancient Runnymede !  
*Your Slaves—oh ! could it be ?—are Freed.*

Ah ! for the tale the Slave could speak,  
Ah ! for the shame of Britain's sway,  
On Afric sands the maddened shriek,  
'Neath Indian suns the burning day :  
Ye sounds of guilt—ye sights of gore—  
Away ! for Slavery is no more.

Mid the drear haunts of Force and Strife,  
The Ministers of Peace shall stand,  
And pour the welling words of Life  
Around a parched and thirsty land ;  
While, spread beneath the tamarind tree,  
Rise " happy homes, and altars Free."

Ye isles, that court the tropic rays,  
Clustered on Ocean's sapphire breast,  
Ye feathery bowers, ye fairy bays,  
In more than fable now—"the Blest :"  
Waft on each gale your choral strain,  
Till every land has rent the chain.

Oh ! England, empire's home and head,  
First in each art of peace and power,  
Mighty the billow crest to tread,  
Mighty to rule the battle hour,—  
But mightiest to relieve and save,  
Rejoice, that thou has Freed the Slave !

MORPETH.

## COMPENSATION FOR THE SLAVE.

" For yet imperfect is the work of Love."

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(Extract from a Letter to the Editor.)

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" A MIGHTY work is accomplished so far as this country is concerned :—a mighty effect remains to be produced on the other side of the Atlantic. How many in England wait and watch for the result with intense anxiety and interest ! For myself, I feel that the main business of my life is now brought to an end,—an end which, great as are its imperfections, excites in me the deepest thankfulness. May a blessing indeed be now with it ! and may a blessing also richly descend on the nation which has made so noble a sacrifice for the cause of justice ! All that remains for us to do is to endeavour cordially to render both the people of England and the negroes contented with it, and to do our utmost for the religious education and instruction of the latter. To this last object I hope all our energies will be directed.

Let us not forget how much we may contribute to the *perfect* success of this great measure. The more I hear and read, the more I am convinced that the negro race are blessed with rather a peculiar aptitude for the reception of moral and religious instruction ; and it does seem to me, that there never was a stronger call on any nation than there is now on this to meet this inclination in them ; to supply them amply with the means of instruction ; to despatch missionaries ; to institute schools ; and to send out Bibles. It is the only *compensation* in our power, and it is an abundant one ! May we in this manner recompense all the sorrows and sufferings we have inflicted, and be the means of making, in the end, their barbarous removal from their own land the greatest of blessings to them ! I am cheered indeed by hearing the note of preparation on many sides : various denominations of Dissenters are preparing their emissaries ; the Established Church, I trust, will not be behind ; and the Wilberforce subscriptions, which, after the erection of a monument, are to be applied to the foundation of some institution in the West Indies which shall be a more appropriate memorial than marble, will I trust be widely patronized."

T. F. BUXTON.

LIBERTAS: QUÆ SERA TAMEN, RESPEXIT,  
&c. &c.

VIRG. Ecl. 1.

'Tis o'er.—Britannia rules without a stain ;  
The Queen of Nations is herself again ;—  
O'er the vast climes that call her monarch—lord—  
Where'er her arts or sceptre has explored,—  
From the gay coasts whence comes the rising sun,  
To those he sinks in when his race is run,—  
Search as you will her realms from sea to sea,  
You'll find her still the “ Freest of the Free.”

Star of my country ! what can Fame entwine  
For Rome or Athens, that will vie with thine ?  
Of Spartan liberty though Poets feign,  
The Helot groaned beneath a Spartan chain ;  
With “ equal laws ” Colombia may resound,  
Those “ equal laws ” the Negro has not found ;  
In arts of war, the Franks our rivals move,  
But are they rivals in the arts of love ?  
Star of my country ! what so bright a course  
As thine, of freedom both th' effect and source ?  
How just, let those declare who know it best ;  
How godlike, say, ye Children of the West !  
Chartered thyself, thou hadst the power to save,  
And in its volume you include the Slave.

Why then those tears do Nubian mothers pour ?  
Why echoes Albion their grief with more ?  
Why, when this solid globe from pole to pole  
Rings with loud anthems, recent from the soul,  
Falls there, as joyous trains and pomps pass by,  
A sympathetic drop from every eye ?  
Struck with a sight so strange, I turn and pause,  
But 'tis in England that I see the cause.

For at that hour when all the welkin rung  
With plaudits, saints or angels might have sung,  
On his last bed, himself o'erjoyed as they,  
The Negro's Friend—the “Liberator” lay :  
It seemed as if by Heaven's indulgent laws,  
His life was made coeval with his cause :  
Too short the full development to see,—  
Just long enough to leave the captive free.  
Like a good hour-glass, faithful as he ran,  
The founder of his question, and the span.

Oh ! wise coincidence, most kindly given  
“ That all may see the power that comes from  
Heaven.”

So, when young Wolfe maintained his country's  
cause,  
Far from his mother-land, in distant wars,  
Though trophied heralds swept across the main,  
They came with tidings of the hero—slain.

So, the gale told which brought Trafalgar's fame,  
That naught remained of Nelson—but a name.  
So, on Coruña's height we found relief—  
So, on Coruña's height we left a chief.

Turn we from arms.—What time awakened zeal  
For Afric's sufferings first began to feel,  
When that bad commerce o'er the Atlantic ran  
And impious man presumed to trade in man :  
Our eldest triumph had to shed a tear ;  
And Fox's laurels but adorned his bier.

'Twas from those lips inspired with love of kind,  
By genius kindled, and by art refined,—  
'Twas from that tongue which Senates loved so  
well,  
Binding the prostrate audience like a spell,—  
'Twas from that heart, which pure and unconfined,  
Let loose the fervid virtues of his mind,—  
That British Statesmen first were taught to see  
That man—whate'er his colour—must be free.  
Him, distant lands, and rival nations saw,  
The noble founder of the noblest law,—  
To Sidney's faith he Somers' lore allied,  
And both with warm philanthropy applied—  
In Russel's course we saw him strong to run,  
Great Chatham's true and undegenerate son.

Yet the same year that gave him power to save,  
Gave him, alas!—a statue and a grave.

Then weep no more,—but gayer numbers call,  
'Tis thus that heroes and that statesmen fall.  
That life is best, which Heaven to each allots—  
That space is long enough, which has no blots.

So thought the Christian.—“ I have lived,” he  
cried,  
(Mark, oh ! ye readers, how the just man died !)  
“ What though my day wanes fast—my life-blood  
fails—  
“ And all within me, but my spirit, quails—  
“ I've lived to see my country cast away  
“ The unjustest traffic in the justest way !”

It was enough—him,—nor the storied urn,—  
Nor lamps that with Arabian fragrance burn—  
Him—nor the sculptor's art, or painter's fame,  
Can raise—or take a cypher from his name.  
But when in after times the Niger pours  
A righteous commerce o'er enfranchised shores,  
Wide as the poles asunder, in renown,  
His name shall travel as an heir-loom down :  
His scroll—the names of nations unenslaved ;  
His monument—the myriads that he saved.

JOHN PARKER.

*Woodthorpe, near Sheffield.*

Nov. 20, 1833.

## FUNERAL ORATION,

SUPPOSED TO BE DELIVERED AT THE GRAVE OF  
WM. WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

MANY an imposing spectacle has, in the course of ages, been exhibited within these venerable walls ; but never did they present one more instructive than that of this day. When monarchs have received the royal unction, thousands have crowded together in gratulation ; and whilst the ceremonial has been graced by the flower of British chivalry and British beauty, a nation's loyalty has responded from the millions of British subjects. The wail of many a requiem has sounded solemnly and touchingly among these aisles and these arches, when the victor or the statesman has been laid in his " bed of glory," honoured by the tears of prince and people ;—or when some royal scion which British fondness cherished, and on which British hopes were suspended, has been rent away from a stock left branchless and barren, and a nation's passionate grief has all but equalled the

cry of Egypt's night of calamity.—But who are these that gather around that coffin ? and who is he whom they attend in solemn procession to the sepulchre ? No herald proclaims the style of the dead ; no coronet glitters in mockery upon the pall ; no banners, rent in battle, and wrested from the vanquished foe, wave over the bier ; no passion of grief betokens the demise of some cherished fondling of the people, and no blank stupefaction indicates one of those unlooked-for catastrophes which sometimes smite a whole nation's darling hope. No—princes, statesmen, legislators have mingled in the funeral train with Britain's selectest citizens, that they may pay the last tribute to one whose virtues and philanthropy were his chief distinctions ; that tribute, more honourable to themselves than to him, they pay to **THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE LIBERATOR OF AFRICA.**

It belongs to biography to narrate where Wilberforce was born, and what was the course of his personal history ; the offices of this day are due to the eloquence, the energy, the perseverance, and the piety which characterized the negro's advocate, and wrought the negro's liberation. He had already pondered the wrongs of the African race, when, in the year 1787, a stranger presented himself before him, and moved him to become their champion. That stranger had himself foregone literary honours and ecclesiastical

preferment, under the strong pressure of a necessity laid upon him by conscientious solicitude to annihilate the horrors of the slave trade; he had dedicated his life to this great object,—and, in prosecution of it, he travelled thousands of miles, year by year,—suffered unmeasured fatigue and obloquy,—moved town after town and province after province,—and expended every corporeal and mental power upon his voluntary and exhausting undertaking. Though himself but an isolated individual; though the system of enormity to which he opposed himself was supported by the power of the civilized world, while it desolated a whole continent of savages; and though the British slave trade was supposed to be to Britain the nursery of her sailors, the prop of her colonies, and the source of her wealth,—yet he resolved on nothing less than the annihilation of the criminal and horrible traffic; and he never rested till he saw the accomplishment of his aim. But for Thomas Clarkson, even Wilberforce had not been impelled to the great work which has secured for him this day's honourable tribute.

The impulse was foreign, but it acted on a mind prepared to sympathize in the benevolent design. Wilberforce listened to the appalling representations which were made to him, he carefully investigated the authorities on which they rested, and at length he committed himself to all the

responsibilities of the negro's advocacy in the British senate. His eye fixed on the scene of negro oppression, and his heart revolved the enormity of negro wrong, till his spirit melted with pity and burned with indignation. He saw the ships of this nefarious traffic hovering like so many birds of prey upon the Gold Coast,—while from the shore to the very interior of the continent, tribe was exasperated against tribe, that the captive of savage war might be brought a slave to the fomentors of that barbarous strife ;—while justice was abused in the arraignment and condemnation of miserable victims for crimes which they had never committed, that they might be sold for British gold ; and while kidnappers, ascending the rivers, and concealing themselves amid the bushes, assailed at nightfall the unsuspecting inhabitants in their villages, and firing their dwellings, conveyed their persons to the shore to be shipped across the seas and sold into interminable slavery. Then he turned to contemplate the horrors of the middle passage : he saw the wretched captives bound with shackles one to another; crowded into the hold without the power of standing upright, or even lying at their length ; breathing a noisome, suffocating atmosphere ; and for exercise brought upon deck, and there compelled to dance by the terror of the lash. Particular cases of cruelty were pictured before

him, and among the rest that of the mere babe scourged because it would not—could not eat ; its limbs, swollen with the scourge, thrust into water heated so as to scald and excoriate the flesh ; the poor infant then tied to a log, and after two or three days scourged again till it expired ; when its wretched mother was, by a refinement of brutality, called upon deck, to drop, with averted eyes, its poor lacerated body into the sea. He saw the despairing victims of oppression plunge themselves into the ocean, waving their exulting hands as they escaped from their ruthless oppressors and sunk to rise no more ; while still larger numbers perished by disease, and of eighty thousand Africans annually shipped upon the shore, one-eighth portion expired in the passage. Then he turned his eyes to the isles of the western world, and saw the markets where the negro was valued and bought and sold, and witnessed his seasoning to new and laborious occupations, and heard the groan and estimated the degradation of men reduced to perpetual slavery.

The God of providence fits the instruments which he raises up, for the exigencies by which their agency is demanded. From the contemplation of visions like these, a morbid sensibility, though it might offer the tribute of a few tears, would shortly have recoiled ; and a heart hardened by the collision of worldly strife would speedily

have forgotten the exciting theme. Impotence would have shrunk from the task of interference; indolence would speedily have relaxed exertion; enthusiasm would have consumed itself, after a few disappointments and unavailing efforts. Good intention and persevering zeal would have been ineffective, if unsustained by well-balanced powers of intellect. Eloquence, a manly and persuasive eloquence, was moreover indispensable, that the advocate might depict the scenes of oppression, and argue the questions of justice and policy, and kindle the enthusiasm of the senate and the nation. The champion of such a cause must also himself be of unimpeachable excellence; and none but one possessing the highest style of christian character could have commanded the attention of statesmen, or have endured the keen-eyed vigilance of interested and malignant hostility. Wilberforce possessed the natural and moral attributes required in the discharge of his high and voluntary service. For twenty years he prosecuted his work of christian charity. His clear and comprehensive knowledge of the case, his argumentative and impassioned eloquence, his patience in the details of inquiry, his temper in the hour of provocation, his unwearied perseverance amid difficulty and disappointment, his holy zeal for humanity and justice,—won for him respectful attention, and secured ultimate success, while they

have given to his name a glory as pure as it is brilliant, in the admiration of which partizanship forgets its strifes, and a nation testifies its homage: none but baseness, as unblushing as it is degraded, utters the dissonance of reproach; and the only reproach which even that baseness attempts is a virtual tribute to the philanthropy which it scorns and belies.

This is not the occasion on which to give the details of a conflict which was sustained with equal wisdom and magnanimity through so long a succession of years, and which issued in a triumph as complete as it was glorious. In the progress of that conflict, with what calm dignity did he, who now sleeps in that coffin, meet ridicule and reproach,—with what perspicacity did he trace the involutions, and with what energy did he unravel the knots of sophistry,—with what eloquence did he rouse the spirit of the lukewarm to fervour and activity! He met the interested with evidence proving that policy was on the side of justice, whilst he indignantly denounced wrong, as that which no policy could justify; his graphic descriptions and pathetic appeals wakened the indifferent to zeal; he secured on his side the virtue and talent of the senate. It is a splendid eulogy of his moral greatness, to say that Burke, and Fox, and Pitt, and Canning were contented to be his coadjutors in his great enterprise; and

that they to whom all others conceded pre-éminence, conceded to him pre-eminence in the sacred cause of oppressed humanity, of abused justice, of insulted religion. At length the conquest was effected ; and if on the tombs of victors are inscribed the dates of their victories, a simple date shall constitute the most splendid epitaph of Wilberforce's sepulchre,—that of the day when he achieved his great triumph : write upon his memorial stone that one simple date,

THE 25TH OF MARCH, 1807,

and all shall comprehend its import, and admire it as expressive and sublime. Yet may other victories be inscribed beneath that first and signal one,—victories achieved partly by his aid, and partly consequent upon that grand preliminary triumph. When merchandize in the persons of men was denounced as a crime, the purchaser and the holder of slaves were denounced as criminal ; and the advocates of the slave-trade argued justly, that its abolition would lead to the emancipation of the slave. It was reserved for the author of the former, to witness the consummation of the latter : his last public act was the vindication of that martyred missionary's character, who had devoted his life to the instruction of the African in West India bondage ; the last tidings that fell on his dying ear announced the

final triumph of the cause, achieved cheaply, yet nobly, at the cost of twenty millions sterling. Inscribe then the tomb of Wilberforce with this threefold achievement :—THE SLAVE-TRADE ABOLISHED—THE MISSIONARY OF DEMERARA VINDICATED—SLAVERY EXTINGUISHED.

Blessed Philanthropist ! spared to see the consummation of thine own work : avarice, oppression, cruelty foiled !—the continent of Africa freed from a traffic which rendered barbarism more fiercely savage !— the West Indian slave put into possession of his rights as a man !— thy country purged from its foulest blot !—christian zeal rid of its mightiest and most detested incubus ! Surely the rekindling fires of youth shot through that frame, so long bowed down with debility, when the tidings fell on thine ear ; and those eyes, dim and glazed in the dying hour, were relumined when it was announced, that “ Slavery should be no more.” Prophetic visions broke surely in that hour, on thy departing spirit, and the glories of the future passed in cheering symbols before thine enraptured soul ! What, think ye, Britons, Philanthropists, Christians, were those prophetic visions ? Did he not see Africa, long rent by strife, and exasperated into phrensy, composed to peace and order ; her tribes instructed, her governments exercising a paternal sway ; the gold of her streams inviting, not

cupidity, but commerce ; her whole continent, no longer a frightful excrescence, but now a healthy and useful limb of the great body of earth's community ? Did he not behold those West Indian islands rendered rich and beautiful by the culture of free men ; while, for Sabbath markets, were seen the thronging multitude of christian worshippers ; and for the lash and the shriek were heard the songs of the sanctuary ; and for the persecuted missionary was found the recognized and venerated pastor ? Did he not gaze upon that intermediate sea, and behold it, not darkened with vessels bearing the cargoes of living men to the western slave-market ; but covered with sails, wafted by the prayers both of the east and the west, and conveying the produce of the latter in exchange for the gold and ivory of the former ? Did he not see Britain, purged of her deep pollution, and forgiven of her God, the herald of mercy to the negro race on either side of the ocean, blessed with augmented prosperity, and rising to loftier rank amid the renovated nations of the world ; and, above all, refreshed with reviving piety, and graced with a spiritual glory ?

Whatever were the visions of earth, rapturous greetings awaited him when the unutterable glories of the invisible world broke upon his disembodied spirit. With what meek and holy joy did he

meet the welcome of them whose names had, in this world, been hallowed in his esteem, by being inscribed on the page of inspiration, and illustrated by the approval of the God of inspiration ! Joseph had not forgotten the anguish of his spirit, when, torn from a fond father, he was carried a slave into Egypt ; Miriam remembered the day when her timbrel sounded “ o'er Egypt's dark sea ;” and many a sacred harper recollect ed the period when the harps of Zion were hung on the willows of the Euphrates : many a shout of gratulation, many a holy pæan would celebrate the advent of him whose renovated spirit had felt sympathy with the oppressed slave, and whose benevolence had wrought his freedom. Nor is it a descent unworthy of the occasion, to mention other names more familiar to our own times,—to speak of Cowper, whose sweet and touching verse appealed in the day of the conflict to the bosom of gentle pity ; and Smith, that victim of zeal for the negro's salvation, whose cry, from beneath the altar, has been so speedily heard, and the voice of whose blood pleaded with Britain's population and in Britain's senate with an efficacy surpassing even that of Wilberforce's eloquence : these would welcome him.—There, too, was the soul of the scourged and murdered babe, whose body an agonizing mother had been compelled to commit to its watery grave ; it was “ well with the child,”

and its redeemed spirit would hail the approach of the African's friend, of his mother's liberator. Angels would flock reverently around a man, on whose mortal career their attention had been fixed with benevolent interest, and in whose successes they had triumphed with exultant song,—glorifying God, whose "exceeding grace" they beheld expanding and ennobling our regenerated humanity. Above all, the LORD of the redeemed and of angels vouchsafed His plaudit to his lowly and abashed, but grateful servant; and received, as done to himself, all those services which that servant had rendered to the meanest of the negro race,—a race from among whom he claims many a ransomed one.

These, my fellow-countrymen,—and oh! may I not add, my fellow-Christians?—these are not vain words; they are not to be regarded as the mere flourish of rhetoric, but as the exhibition of grave and glorious verities. When we speak of Wilberforce as welcomed to the skies, it is not that, in the idolatry of sentiment, we pronounce his apotheosis; nor is it that, in the spirit of superstition, we canonize the saint. Wilberforce was, in the most emphatic sense, a Christian; evangelical in doctrine, holy in character, devout in spirit, zealous for the glory of his God. He deemed it no fanaticism to confess the moral

corruption of human nature, and to assert the necessity of its regeneration by the influence of the Holy Ghost. He sought divine forgiveness through that atoning blood which flowed, endued with a divine worth, from the victim of Calvary; and pleaded the merit of his divine Saviour's vicarious obedience, as the ground of his acceptance with God : he " looked for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." His nature shrunk in holy sensibility from the loathsomeness of sin ; and he renounced the dissipations of the world, not in the spirit of a rigid austerity, but in the elevation of a free and lofty mind. He blushed not to be known as a man of tender conscience and devotional habits. The liberator of Africa was also the advocate of Bible distribution and Christian missions ; and the eloquence which had thrilled senates, he breathed in assemblies convened for purposes of evangelical zeal. Though a member of one particular church, the Episcopal Church of England, his catholic spirit recognized all who hold the Head ; and his expansive charity embraced the whole family of man. He contemplated, with profound prostration of spirit, the glory of God, revealed in Him who is " the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person ;" and " he was changed into the image of the Lord, from glory to

glory, as by the Spirit of the living God." It is here, in his religious principles, that we must search for the spring of that benevolence, so hallowed and unwearyed, which gave him his pre-eminent distinction.

It is not always that we can speak in such tones of confidence and exultation, of the dead for whom the nation justly claims an honoured grave, and over whom the nation mourns with unaffected regrets. There are cases in which, willingly as we pay the tribute of honour, and sincerely as we drop the tear of regret, we dare not glance a thought at the state of the separate spirit. Loyalty, patriotism, genius, eloquence, heroic courage, will not compensate for the want of "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." We may admire the virtues which graced the mortal life, but we must not suffer our spirits to be seduced by sentimentalism; there were loftier destinies, and more solemn relationships. We may acknowledge the halo that surrounded the names of the great and glorious of earth, but we must not suffer our spirits to be dazzled by the glare; there is a brightness before which that halo will fade, or beneath the searching illumination of which it will be found a mere fallacy. Oh! it is a melancholy thing, when, pronouncing the eulogy on a man who occupied his place in society with honourable distinction,

we are compelled to admit that he utterly forgot the relations in which he stood to the highest and best of Beings ! Oh ! sad it is, when, as we commit, with many an honour, to the grave, the mortal remains, we dare not think of the immortal part ! Oh ! that dirge can never be sufficiently doleful which we perform, when lamenting the demise of one of whom, though he shed on others the splendours of great powers, we are constrained to admit that, having neglected his own salvation, “ it had been better for *himself* that he had never been born.” How refreshing, how cheering the reflection, that we stand by a grave to-day, to which the archangel’s trumpet will be a welcome sound ; and do honour to one on earth, whom celestial intelligences are at this moment honouring, and on whose brow the Lord of all has placed the amaranthine wreath !

Though surrounded by an audience demanding his profoundest respect, the speaker must, nevertheless, be permitted to combine with the eulogy of the dead his appeal to the living. Princes, Statesmen, Britons, ye have this day paid a noble tribute to virtue and goodness. When these eyes behold the train graced by the presence of them in whose veins flows the blood of Hanover’s royal house, this heart beats with a fuller and warmer throb of loyalty than ever ; and when I see so many of Britain’s legislators gathered

around that grave, my patriotic hopes spring into exulting confidence. It is an auspicious augur for our country. Return, venerated and beloved by your countrymen, to the venerable assemblies in which ye sit, in your legislatorial capacity; go, ye statesmen, to the council-chamber, where ye wield the powers of government; and act upon those great and inalienable principles;—that policy can never stand opposed to truth and righteousness, and that if it could, it ought to be unhesitatingly sacrificed for the maintenance of truth and righteousness,—and that the true safety of the state must be found in the virtue and piety of the people. Hearken to the words of your own Wilberforce, they were spoken at a period when the weal of Britain seemed to decline:—"It would be an instance in myself of that very false shame which I have condemned in others, if I were not boldly to avow my firm persuasion, that to the decline of religion and morality our national difficulties must both directly and indirectly be chiefly ascribed; and that my only solid hopes for the well-being of any country depend not so much on her fleets and armies, not so much on the wisdom of her rulers, or the spirit of her people, as on the persuasion that she still contains many, who, in a degenerate age, love and obey the gospel of Christ; on the humble trust that the intercession of these may still be

prevalent, that for the sake of these, Heaven may still look upon us with an eye of favour." Yes, sainted philanthropist, thy trust has been verified, and more than verified ; and thy funereal solemnities attest this day, that thy country is arousing from her degeneracy, that she is aroused ; the pitying Spirit of our God is surely returning, the slumbers of voluptuous ease are broken, the alarms of a distracted state are hushed, and Britain is endued with a giant strength, and invested with the hallowed character of a champion for the religion of Christ and the church of God.

Above all, let me beseech you, ye who are honoured with your country's confidence, and all who hear me this day ; above all, I say, let me beseech you, that ye go hence to track those footsteps of believing and holy obedience which Wilberforce traced. Go, and bow the knee before his God, trust his Saviour, implore a double portion of that Spirit which rested on him. The day approaches when the royal purple, and the judge's ermine, and the knightly badge must be laid aside ; and then, mortals like your fellow-men, you will need the supports and hopes of the gospel as much as the lowliest of your race. Then, when the world's honours fade from your view, may you be invested with immortal glory, and endued with immortal life. Then while your

countrymen shall weep as sincerely at *your* grave,  
as we do at that of Wilberforce ; they will cherish  
a hope as animating and glorious. Then, when  
all state shall be laid aside, and you shall stand  
arraigned at the tribunal of the Judge eternal, his  
hand shall reach forth a crown of life, and so "an  
entrance shall be ministered unto you into the  
everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour  
Jesus Christ."

JOHN ELY.

*Leeds.*

## THE GRAVE OF WILBERFORCE.

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Extinctus amabitur idem.—HOR.

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THOUGH least in fame, and last in time,  
Of all, whose tributary rhyme  
In Freedom's cause you crave ;  
Yet, for my subject's sake, excuse  
The long delay, and lowly muse :—  
'Tis Wilberforce's Grave.

Auspicious year ! in whose short span  
To saints on high and captive man  
Two choicest boons were given :  
While Freedom wings her speediest flight  
To tribes immured in Slavery's night,  
Her champion soars to Heaven.

How glowed that breast, now cold in death,—  
How from those lips once flowed a breath  
    Could listening senates move,  
Could still each sneer, could quell each strife—  
Speak ye, who prized him in his life,  
    And still his ashes love !

For lo ! his obsequies to grace,  
The noblest of the British race  
    At Britain's call appear ;  
Hushed are the storms of loud debate,  
While, midst the ashes of the Great,  
    Descends a Patriot's bier.\*

The Throne, the Church, their tribute yield ;  
The Bar, the Senate, and the Field,  
    Their varied honours blend ;  
See HOWLEY's meekness, WELLESLEY's might,  
ELDON, the prop of ancient right,  
    And BROUHAM, sweet Freedom's friend.

Conspicuous, on his native coast,  
The storied obelisk shall boast  
    The first-fruits of his fame ; †

\* The remains of Mr. Wilberforce were honoured with a public funeral in Westminster Abbey, in compliance with a requisition signed by some of the Royal Family, and by a very large number of the Members of both Houses of Parliament.

† In reference to a resolution recently formed by the inhabitants of Hull to erect an Obelisk in commemoration of the public and private virtues of their townsman, who was first sent to Parliament as the representative of his native place.

And shew to each adventurous youth,  
That glory crowns the paths of truth,  
And guards the Patriot's name.

Yet has he won a nobler prize !  
A ransomed native of the skies,  
He lays his laurels down,  
Where, robed in Heaven's immortal dress,  
He boasts a Saviour's righteousness,  
And wears a blood-bought crown.

THOMAS HILL.

*Chesterfield Vicarage.*

## THE AGED NEGRO.

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Intended to express the feelings of a Christian Slave, on finding that the period fixed for complete Emancipation was too distant for him to expect to participate in its benefits.

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THE dream of Liberty is past !  
The vision bright is o'er !  
And long as feeble life shall last,  
I now must hope no more  
To seize the boon, I claim by right,  
And break the chain of bondage quite.

Father of Spirits ! though oppressed,  
To Thee I bow resigned,  
And calm the anguish of my breast—  
The fever of my mind.  
For Thou with pitying eye dost see,  
The smarting Negro's agony.

'Tis not on *Thee* I charge the wrong ;  
Thy justice I revere ;  
Nor shall reproach e'er from my tongue  
Reach e'en th' oppressor's ear ;  
For Thou hast taught me how to bear  
The hardest lot that waits me here.

Thanks to Thy name ! Thy love has wrought  
    Salvation for the Slave :  
Thy Son has full redemption bought,  
    And died, my soul to save  
From sin's worse bondage, and the chains  
Of death, and hell's eternal pains.

Then let me not repine again,  
    As though I were not free,  
For though the brand may yet remain,  
    A Slave I will not be.  
A Slave ! and all my fetters riven !  
A Child ! a Son ! an Heir of Heaven !

Oh ! now a brighter vision breaks  
    Through Truth's resplendent beam,  
Th' emancipated spirit wakes,  
    And finds it *not* a dream ;  
And sings exulting, joyful, freed,  
“ *Whom Christ makes free is free indeed !* ”

J. W. H. PRITCHARD.

*Attercliffe.*

## ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

SLAVERY, in various forms, has existed from the earliest periods of historical record. It appears to have originated in the brutal selfishness of lawless power ; and though occasionally, and temporarily modified by the influence of civilization, or the impulse of humanity, yet it never received effectual and permanent resistance, except from the authoritative precepts of Divine Revelation, and the mild but energetic principles of the gospel of Christ. The institutes of Moses inculcated kindness and beneficence to those that were in bondage ; and taught the Israelites to soften the rigours of servitude by the recollection of their own sufferings in the land of Egypt. Maimonides, one of the most learned and admired of Jewish writers, says, “ Our pious ancestors made it a rule to give their slaves a portion of every dish prepared for their own use : nor would they sit down to their meals before they had seen that

their servants were properly provided for ; considering themselves their natural protectors : remembering what King David said, ‘ Behold, as the eyes of slaves are directed towards their masters, and as the eyes of the handmaid towards her mistress,’ &c. Cruelty and violence characterise heathen idolaters ; but the sons of Abraham, the Israelites, whom the *Holy* (blessed be His name !) has so eminently distinguished by wise and just laws, ought to be kind and compassionate, and as merciful as *He* of whom it is said, ‘ He is good to all, and His mercy extends over all His works.’ ”

On the promulgation of the gospel, the barbarous traffic in human beings was utterly condemned ; and in many instances severely prohibited, both by Councils and Christian Sovereigns. The “ Ecclesiastical Laws ” of Ina, king of the West-Saxons, passed in the year 693, enjoined that, “ If a slave work on the Sunday by his lord’s command, he shall become a *freeman*, and the lord pay thirty shillings for a mulct.”

Withred, king of Kent, ordained in 696, that, “ If a man give freedom to a slave at the altar, his family shall be free ; he shall take his liberty and have his goods : ” which proves that slaves were allowed to possess property of their own, and were protected in the possession of it, by the highest authority.

By the canons of Wulfred, archbishop of Canterbury, made at a Synod in 816, it was ordered that, at the death of a Bishop, “ Every Englishman of his, who had been made a slave in his days, should be set at liberty ;”—and that “ Every Prelate and Abbot should set at liberty three slaves, and *give three shillings* to every one of them ;” (a sum equivalent to the purchase of three sheep.)

The “ Ecclesiastical Laws ” of Alfred, in 877, provided that, “ The four Wednesdays in the four Ember-weeks, should be indulged to all slaves, to bestow what time is given to them in God’s name, to such as are most beloved by them, or they might on any of these intervals earn by their labour ;” and thus acquire property of their own. And in 878 it was added that, “ If a lord forced his servant to work on a festival he shall pay a mulct.”

In 925, King Athelstan, by the advice of the Archbishop and other functionaries, required that, “ Some one should be set at liberty, who for his crimes had been condemned to slavery,” and that this should be done “ for the mercies of Christ.” These laws conclude with the following just and benevolent sentiments : “ It is necessary, that every master be compassionate and condescending to his servants, in the most indulgent manner that is possible. The slave and the freeman are

equally dear to the Lord God who bought them, and bought them all with the same price: and we are all of necessity servants to God, and He will judge us in the same manner that we on the earth judged them over whom we had a judicial power."

By the canons of Archbishop Anselm, framed at Winchester in the year 1102, the slave-trade was expressly prohibited in the following terms: " That none exercise that wicked Trade, which has hitherto been practised in England, of selling men like beasts."

Several other countries exhibited a similar influence on the minds of the clergy, and other enlightened characters. Eligius, bishop of Noyon in France, who is frequently regarded as the Apostle of Flanders, for his missionary labours during the seventh century, is said to have " often bought twenty, thirty, fifty, nay, whole ship loads of slaves, consisting of men, women, and children, from Germany, Britain, Italy, and the Levant;" and used " to exhort all" who sought instruction from him, " to set their slaves at liberty." His generous zeal was supported by the approbation and piety of Bathildes, consort of Clovis II., an Englishwoman by birth, who had been carried over to France, when young, and sold for a slave, but who, by her virtuous and prudent conduct, had gained universal esteem, and had been raised to royalty, with the approbation of the princes and

of the whole kingdom. Louis X., who was crowned in 1315, abolished slavery in France, declaring "all free who lived in that kingdom, according to the spirit of Christianity, which teaches us to treat all men as brethren."

In the year 779, Charlemagne had passed a law, that no slaves should be exported out of his dominions. The enactments of Charlemagne, and the decrees of various Synods on the same subject, expressive of serious disapprobation of slavery, were followed by other princes and ecclesiastical dignitaries; so that Hildebrand, in his *Historia Conciliorum*, is led to remark that "there was no Council held where the abolition of the slave-trade had not been a serious subject."

To render the manumissions of slaves more impressive and influential, they were sometimes accompanied with ceremonies indicative of emancipation being a religious obligation, enforced by Revelation. In Norway, the law called, "Gule-things Law," enacted that, "The slave should be brought into the church, and the Holy Bible be laid upon his head; which being done he shall be free." "Among our Saxon ancestors, these manumissions, whether procured by themselves or others, were usually recorded," says the Rev. Dr. A. Clarke, "in some *holy book*, especially in copies of the *four Evangelists*, which being preserved in the libraries of abbeys, &c. were a

continual record ; and might at all convenient times be consulted. Several entries of these manumissions exist in a MS. of the four evangelists in the library of *Corpus Christi*, or *Bennet College, Cambridge.*" Of these he has given several specimens, with verbal translations ; it may suffice to copy one of the translations, as an example. "*The certificate of a man's having purchased his own freedom.*—Here is witnessed, in this book of Christ, that *Ælfwig the Red* hath redeemed himself from Abbot *Ælfsig*, and the whole convent, with one pound. And this is witnessed by the whole convent of Bath.

May Christ strike him blind,  
Who this writing perverts."

This was a usual execration at the end of these forms ; and was in rhyme in the original Anglo-Saxon.

The Venetians were induced by their maritime situation, and love of gain, to enter extensively into the traffic in slaves, and long continued in the nefarious commerce. At length, by the interference of the Doge, the trade was controlled, and ultimately abolished. In Norway, king Magnus, called the *Reformer of the Law*, totally abolished slavery in 1270. In Sweden, King Byrger abrogated *servitude* in the province of Upland, in the year 1295 ; and in 1335, King Eric Magnusen

extended the blessing of liberty to the rest of that kingdom, for the purpose, as he said, of "following God, who has rescued the whole of mankind from slavery."

The adoption of these and other measures of a liberal nature were powerfully sanctioned by the doctrine inculcated by Wycliffe, "the morning star" of the Reformation, "of its being contrary to the principles of the Christian religion, that any one should be a slave." At length, example and principle so far prevailed, that it was adopted as a maxim, that, "A foreign slave as soon as he shall have touched European ground, may that moment be free."

Thus had the *slave-trade* and *slavery* become nearly, if not altogether extinct in the countries bearing the name of *christian*, when they were unhappily again revived, through the discovery of America and of the western and eastern coasts of Africa. This revival of the slave-trade and its attendant cruelties originated with the Portuguese, who, to supply the Spaniards with men to cultivate their new possessions, procured negroes from Africa, whom they sold as slaves to the Spaniards of Hispaniola. This was in 1503. In 1511, Ferdinand V., king of Spain, permitted them to be imported into the American colonies in greater numbers. After his death, a proposal was made for the establishment of a regular system of

commerce in the persons of the native Africans, but Cardinal Ximenes, who then held the reins of government, as regent of Spain, refused the proposal, as unlawful;—a decision worthy of the founder of the University of *Alcala de Henarez* or Complutum, and the munificent patron of the Complutensian Polyglott. After the death of the cardinal, the Emperor Charles V. granted a patent to a Flemish favourite, containing an exclusive right of importing four thousand Africans into America. He, however, afterwards repented of the inconsiderate act; and in order to put an end to negro slavery in his foreign dominions, ordered that “all slaves in his American islands should be set free.” This order was executed by Pedro de Gasca. “But on the return of Gasca to Spain, and the retirement of Charles into a monastery, slavery was revived.”

About the same time, the Dominican and Franciscan orders differing in opinion on the consistency of slavery with the principles of the gospel, the former advocating its lawfulness, and the latter denying its accordance with christian principles, they appealed to Pope Leo X., who, much to his honour, declared, “That not only the Christian Religion, but that Nature herself cried out against a state of slavery.”

It was about 1551, that the English began trading to Guinea, for gold and elephants’ teeth;

but the first Englishman who engaged in the negro-trade was Captain (afterwards Sir) John Hawkins, who, assisted by a liberal subscription, fitted out three ships, and sailed to the coast of Guinea, from whence he carried *three hundred* negro slaves to Hispaniola, in 1562. On his return the queen (Elizabeth) sent for him, and expressed her concern lest any of the Africans should be carried off without their free consent; declaring that "it would be detestable, and call down the vengeance of Heaven on the undertakers."

But the "love of money," which "is the root of all evil," not only led Sir John Hawkins to violate his pledge to the queen, not to continue the trade; but induced many others to enter into it, until slavery in its most atrocious forms, had been introduced into the colonial possessions of almost every European state;—and the slave trade carried to an unparalleled extent.

The vigorous and successful efforts of a later period to abolish the slave trade, and to extinguish colonial slavery, especially under the British government, commenced with the humane and persevering exertions of that truly christian philanthropist, Granville Sharpe, who to the elegance of the classical scholar, added the various and accurate knowledge of the biblical critic, and the important investigations of extensive legal re-

search. “After a struggle of many years,” (says Montgomery, in a note appended to his poem on the *Abolition of the Slave trade*) “against authority and precedent, he established in our courts of justice, the *law of the Constitution*, that there *are* no slaves in England, and that the fact of a negro being found in this country, is of itself a proof that he *is* a freeman.” This great and important decision took place in 1772, and was followed by the disinterested, unwearied, and persevering labours of the venerated Clarkson and Wilberforce, whose generous and unequalled exertions were ultimately crowned by the abolition of the slave trade, by the British Parliament, in 1807:—an epoch never to be forgotten in the annals of British benevolence.

The entire abrogation of slavery in all the colonial possessions of Great Britain, and especially in the West Indies, never ceased to be desired and occasionally advocated, both in the senate and other public assemblies; and although the age and infirmities of the eloquent *Wilberforce* obliged him to withdraw from Parliament, yet he and his admirable friend Clarkson never ceased to plead the cause of the oppressed African, when opportunities were presented. Divine Providence, however, on the retirement of the former parliamentary friend of negro emancipation from public life, raised up Buxton as the honoured and zealous

successor in his laborious career in the British Senate; where, eventually, his great and truly patriotic efforts, supported latterly by the Ministers of the Crown, and several talented noblemen and commoners, have been crowned with triumphant success, by the act of 1833.

“ ‘ All hail !’ exclaimed the Empress of the sea,  
‘ Thy chains are broken, Africa, be free !’  
‘ All hail !’ replied the mourner, ‘ She who broke  
My bonds, shall never wear a stranger’s yoke.’

\* \* \* \* \*

Friends of the outcast ! view the accomplished plan,  
The negro towering to the height of man.”

JAMES TOWNLEY.

## THE TRIUMPH OF FREEDOM.

SLAVERY's fell reign is past—her power is o'er,  
Triumph, ye Free!—*her* triumph is no more.  
The long-anticipated time draws nigh,  
Freedom advances in the western sky,  
Sheds her bright glory toward the Indian seas,  
And waves her banner o'er the Caribbees;  
The tortured captive hears her thrilling voice,  
Looks up—and checks his groanings to rejoice.

Nursed in the land, where rolls the giant tide  
Of sluggish Senegal through deserts wide,—  
Where every tainted breeze comes tinged with  
death,  
And Nature sickens in the poisoned breath,—  
The wandering negro, 'midst these regions lone,  
Thinks himself happy, though untaught, unknown;  
Happy—because the desert's faithless sand  
He claims *his own*, his long-loved native land;  
Because, no more the white man, lured by gain,  
Can bind his limbs with Slavery's galling chain—

Rob him of Heaven's best gift, and cast him then  
Forth from his equal rank with fellow-men,—  
Transform him to a brute, yea, worse, a slave—  
Who loathes to bear the life that Nature gave.

No more his mourning brow will pain our sight,  
For Nature triumphs and asserts her right,  
Expands his heart and bids his tongue explain  
The pride, the bliss that swells through every vein,  
Flushes unseen his dusky cheek, and dwells  
Enshrined within his bosom's deepest cells.

But, a still warmer feeling rises there,  
Which gushes like the desert-waters clear :  
That fount is gratitude ;—it flows for *you*  
To whom the tribute of his thanks is due,  
Who loosed his bonds and taught his mind to soar,  
Far from Oppression's chain, to Freedom's shore.  
Ne'er can his heart forget that glorious deed—  
Through you the sable African was freed  
From every bond, save one which memory threw  
Around his heart, to bind it fast to you.

\* \_\_\_\_ \* \_\_\_\_

*From the Emerald Isle.*

## A VOICE FROM THE LAND OF BONDAGE.

\* \* \* \* \*

A sound arose,—the voice of ancient wrong,  
Like rushing mighty waters, or the wind  
Sweeping through those old woods, that echoed long  
Wailings, until they left a voice behind,  
And thus it spake— \* \* \*

“ Think ye that slavery, which can conform  
Man to the image of a brute, doth bring  
’Neath its dominion but the outward form ?  
In limb and sinews only hath he been  
The bruised, broken reed which ye have seen ?

“ Think ye, your ancestors, when first they brought  
To these fair isles the curse of slavery,  
Merely some links of brass and iron wrought  
Into a chain ? Can your state policy,  
As hammers on the anvil, at one stroke  
Sever the fetters they imposed, and give  
To those who once have passed beneath the yoke,  
And learnt but as another’s tool to live,  
The hearts, the minds, the feelings of the free,  
The elevating thoughts that wait on Liberty ?

“ Those they oppressed have spirits ;—can ye  
there

Trace where the iron entered ? Can ye see  
All that came with those chains, of which they  
were

Only the emblems, the mere imagery ?  
The mandates of your senates cannot reach

The bands impalpable that chain the soul,—  
Fear, superstition, ignorance ; nor teach

The mind to break at once from their control :  
A higher power these evils must dispel,  
'Tis yours the teachings of that power to tell.

“ ‘ Come unto me, all ye that labour, come  
Ye heavy-laden, I will give you rest.’

It is the import of these words brought home  
Unto the spirit, maketh it possess'd  
Of all that sanctifieth liberty ;

Soft as refreshing gales breathe forth that word,  
As music o'er the waters let it be,

Here then in blessings will your names be heard :  
How beautiful the feet of those who bring  
Glad tidings to a heart long suffering !

“ Deliverance to the slave ! What heart now cold,  
What spirits mingled with the holy dead,  
Have throbbed, have toiled, and struggled to  
behold

The moment when that mandate should be read :

Ye who have entered to their labours, ye

Who reap what they have sown, to you appears  
The dawn, and blessed are your eyes which see

The light, theirs sought with weariness and tears :  
Now be their names your watch-word—be ye still  
Fervent, the work of glory to fulfil.

“ ‘Tis something glorious to civilize  
Beings, whose powers have to themselves been  
lost,

To teach the expanding faculties to prize  
Science, and all her pleasure-yielding host ;  
‘Tis more, to give an anchor to the soul,  
Steadfast and sure ; to guide its course aright  
By love, that would be mighty to control,  
Shewn by example in its holiest light :”  
Oh ! that a thrilling voice like this might come,  
From those far isles, and reach us in our home.

There, though oppression long hath shed its blight,  
And made all light unto the spirit dim,  
Friends of the Negro ! Lo ! “ The fields are white  
Already to the harvest. Pray ye Him  
Who is the Lord of harvests, to send forth  
Labourers into the harvest.” May His peace  
Rest on that long-polluted spot of earth,  
Making all cruelty and strife to cease.  
*Late*, tyrants claimed its people as their own,  
*Now*, may they be our God’s, and His alone !

S. J. W.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT AND FAMILIAR DESCRIPTION OF JAMAICA, IN ITS *MOST*  
MODERN STATISTICS.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1934, AND COMMUNI-  
CATED IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND.

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"Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo."—VIRG. *Pot.*

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[The following letter was not received by any of the West India mails. The *post* could not have brought it. It may seem to be antedated, if we compute it by the æra of the Old World; but clocks go much faster in the New. As it came by private hand, and is therefore an affair of "courtesy," the dread of an inquiry into this admitted fraud on the revenue, and this certainly rather suspicious forestalment of the European chronology, forbids the announcement of any further particulars.]

*Jamaica, May 2, 1934.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FROM the superscription of this letter, you perceive my present abode. Yes, it is true: though you could not have lately thought it, and though I can scarcely now believe it myself,

at length my wishes are accomplished. It was no passion of yesterday ; but almost early as my first infant wonder, and surely as my first youthful dream, I longed to traverse this scene, and inspect this people. Their former sufferings, their rapid improvements, the glories which they have already achieved, the destinies which they still invite and covet to deserve, all wrought most powerfully on my imagination at a period of life when sensibility brooks no restraint, and the mind, romantically unsuspecting, least of all suspects itself. But this was one of the few emotions which a maturer judgment does not condemn. It had its birth in a detestation of slavery, and in a sense of justice toward them who had endured that monstrous wrong. The hope, the vision, though there was little probability that it ever would be realized, was not without its use : it tended to quicken and to augment those benevolent feelings, those righteous principles, of the want of which we only ought to be ashamed. My ancestors, as you well know, had taken a noble part in the struggle which gave freedom to the bondmen of this Archipelago : and often, when a child, did I endeavour to understand what that condition of captivity and thraldom was, which nearly a century has seen subverted. My grandfather, while his eyes streamed with tears, would often tell me of these cruelties as I curiously questioned him ;

and once, taking me into his study, exhibited some of the instruments of torture. Well I remember the iron collar, and the whip, which not the most ruffian driver would wield against the most stubborn beast. The sickening disgust, the burning indignation, which that spectacle produced, have never left me ; and from that hour I felt the desire, which has impelled me thither, inconquerable. Again and again has its gratification been delayed. But all difficulties have yielded to prudence and resolution ; and I now tread a soil which, though, alas ! it covers millions of victims to avarice and oppression, yet along all its surface presents no living one. A few monuments of that accursed system still remain, and the emancipated race would fain preserve them. They impress a force of contrast on the triumph of liberty. But they are rapidly mouldering away ; and the trophies of political and moral regeneration are now sufficiently numerous and splendid to hide them for ever from any, save the inquisitive eye. The glorious revolution of these isles is fast swallowing up each trace of injustice, as the gigantic fig-tree, indigenous to them, is wont to enfold and overpower every meaner stem. Reverently and gratefully I adore the Providence which has safely conducted me to a country where the most astonishing transition from vassalage to freedom has been so sufficiently proved and

successfully essayed ; where a den of debasement has been converted into a theatre of glory ; and where man has sprung up from his most abject vileness to his fullest grandeur ! Here is the prodigality of Nature's luxuriance, and here, too, the victory of Religion's might. It is an Elysium of beauty ! It is a Paradise of God !

I reached the harbour of Port Royal on the 2d ult. ; and no language can describe my feelings as our gallant bark glided into it. We, of a northern clime, have little idea of the magnificence which crowns the tropic shores. It was evening as our anchor dropt. The land-breeze did not arise until the navigation was accomplished : then it came down upon us with a most refreshing coolness. While it fanned us, it welcomed us by its fragrance. But though the scene of dazzling picturesque was partly veiled, its characteristic features were not lost. The tall cocoa waved on the uplands ; the cibeia and the palmetto tossed their huge arms from many a steep ; the mangrove skirted and overhung the transparent sea ; the marine jasmine flowered most beautifully along the shore ; the maize, the pimento, the cane, filled up the ascending amphitheatre, and breathed forth an atmosphere of aromatic odours. The golden dolphin sported beneath the bows of our ship. Birds of the brightest plumage kept wheeling around the pennant which fluttered

from the mast, as though its variegated colours had deceived them, and made them suppose it was a winged creature like themselves. The blue mountains rose majestically above all; and as the shadows of the night slowly descended upon them, they seemed to grow yet larger, and to lose themselves in the sky. The gun, as the sun set, from the guard-ship, which belongs to this station, (nominally, and only nominally, a ship of war,) long continued to resound along the gulleys which the torrents from the hills have forced for their channels. Determining to continue on board for the night, I lingered, long after its fall, on the deck. The thoughts which pressed upon me were as subduing as they were strange. Though the land was now invisible, I felt that I was moored close to an enchanted isle. The richest perfumes stole on the sense. Swarms of the fire-fly danced before me wherever I moved. The water glowed with its phosphorescence on every side. The ripple of the tide was harmony itself; but other harmony floated past me. It sunk, but again it swelled. It was the choral strain of a Christian congregation. They were now singing the parting hymn. It died away; but soon arose more scattered sounds. Along the unseen coast, beneath which we lay, the song of devotion was now begun in every house, and the voice of thanksgiving and melody

could be often, at intervals, distinctly heard, blending the notes of infancy and age. Mine eye turned involuntarily to heaven. There was Venus, in her crescent, casting a shadow, and shedding a gleam upon the waves. Soon the moon silvered the horizon, and seemed rather a sun than the satellite of night. But the world above was new to me as the lower world. Constellations of another hemisphere broke out above me. The rarefied air is scarcely a medium of vision ; they appear to burn in their orbits. There flamed the Altar on its azure pavement ; and there swam the Ship in the liquid deeps of æther ; and there stood the Cross, blest sign of heaven, and dearest token of peace to earth ! I hurried below, but not to sleep ; joy may banish it, as easily as grief, from the eye !

*April 3.*—I had resolved to keep a journal ; and any extracts from it which I think can interest you I shall from time to time transcribe. This will give my letter rather an uncouth and artificial form ; but it will enable us both to preserve an order in the descriptions I offer, and in the impressions you receive. Did I not know that every thing concerning the Negro freeman and Christian was most certain of securing your attention and sympathy, it would be unpardonable arrogance in me to hope that such crude brief notices could furnish you any satisfaction.

I shall proceed by dates, and thus you may follow me in my principal movements.

I truly waited for this morning; and soon I found myself enjoying a prospect of unutterable charms. The sun emerged from ocean; and what a rise! It tinged the orient into a blush of vermillion, and seemed to come forth from a fountain of gold. The earliest light it threw over the hills pointed them as with cones of flame. Welcome was that Aurora-beam. The dusky outline unfolded itself; and numberless beauties, which had escaped me in the obscurity of the former evening, now burst out with their perfect distinctness and grace. The water of the bay is as crystal; and you may observe the rocks of jet which lie beneath. The admiration which a first glance of Jamaica awakened is only confirmed the more, and the longer, I gaze. In every direction there is the rifest fertility. The mighty Bombax towers above all. Charming savannahs terrace the abruptest precipices: and from the mountain-ridge which traverses the island, nearly a hundred streams descend, resembling, to the distant eye and ear, as many silvery threads and tinkling bells. Each ravine is a glade. Clumps of bamboo are very general, and have a most beautiful effect, as they yield, like ostrich plumes, to the gale. Flights of humming-birds fill the air. The mocking songster trills a pleasant note,

and seems the metamorphosis of Echo. The wild dove coos and murmurs sweetly from the woods. How can recollection of bondage and depravity cleave to a spot over which the Genius of Liberty now rejoices, and the Daughter of Zion now exults? Whither shall we leave it to find more substantially realized, more grandly surpassed, the Atalantis of a Plato, and the Antilla of an Aristotle? I should have told you, and it is strange that it escaped me in the memorandum of yesterday, that on the neck of land which forms one horn of the bay, stands a fine statue of the patriot and liberator, Wilberforce. You are not so ill-read in the history of Great Britain not to be familiar with that name. Your sympathy with the cause which his name evokes, must have commanded your love and veneration. It is wrought indelibly into that cause, like that of Phidias in Minerva's shield. It is about a hundred and fifty years since he began to plead the wrongs, and challenge the claims, of the slave. A century has consecrated his grave. You have sometimes called me "Old Mortality:" I confess a strong impulse to wander among the tombs of the great and holy dead. Following this pensive tendency, Westminster Abbey has always been to me hallowed ground. Tombs are shrines. Though we offer before them no worship, we learn from them the lessons and examples of the

purest philanthropy. In that sleeping-place of the illustrious of other times, I long since marked and honoured his grave. The name was almost effaced. It appeared to me more worn by pilgrim-footsteps than by natural fret and decay. That very obliteration of its memorial was itself a fact of eloquent import. It was in the room of epitaph and elegy. Men of all nations had been drawn thither. Hearts had shed their tears upon it. Nature had sent her votaries, and Earth her sureties, to bless that precious dust. Other names,—names of renown and unfading lustre,—might be easily decyphered. Thousands, and tens of thousands, had read and bewailed them. But this sepulchre bore other marks; and there was a glory in its premature injury—the depression of the slab, and the effacement of the inscription! Mankind will demand the frequent repair of that monument while they bend around it!

The sculpture, to which I have referred, is of noble workmanship. Though design and modelling are very successfully studied and executed here, this came from the mother-country. It was the last production, and is the masterpiece, of Chantrey. The likeness was the most perfect which could be procured. It stands on one of the bold reaches of the semicircular bay, and though the plinth for a corresponding image is already erected on the other, it is unsettled whether it shall be that

of Sharpe or Clarkson. Were there as many points as may be found in a *trapezium*, figures of departed excellence and talent, devoted to the task of manumission, might rise from them all. But to this statue ;—mind and benevolence inform it, and it stands as if inviting the voyager to see the consummation of its Original's labours and prayers. It is not, though on an imposing scale, majestic in its size ; and I think that I have heard that in appearance he was far from prepossessing. Yet surely that face must have looked like an angel's when he remonstrated and sued on behalf of his afflicted and aggrieved brother-man, since there is so much of holy, kindly air, which even rigid marble fails not to express. Could He but have seen what the fine attitude of his likeness invites the world to contemplate ! But he died not until assured that the crime of slavery was absolved, and its existence annihilated ; and then, like the messenger of the Athenian triumph, with the shout of victory, expired !

5th.—You have heard that no people are more civilized than these islanders, nor does common fame do them more than justice. When most depressed and imbruted, a quickness, a wit, a gratitude, always distinguished them ; but now that more favourable circumstances prevail, a force of character and a beauty of manner may be observed as original as it is subdued. We

ordinarily were taught to connect with the negro countenance stupidity and fierceness, sullen downcast, and cruel glance. I wish you could see the face he now exhibits : it is " after the image of Him who created him." The brow which receded now rises into a mass of power and sublimity ; the chin which, in consequence of this deformity, once protruded, now fixes the right angle of the facial line ; the lips have lost their sensual thickness, the nostrils their brutal dilation ; and though the Lawrences and Spurzheims of the former age decided that there were physical limitations in this human variety to all improvement, their very contour has caught the beam of intellect and the repose of religion. The soul lifted up itself, and the barriers yielded before it ! It looked forth, and all its organs kindled with its irradiations ! The bland polish of their address and behaviour is really captivating ; and as there is no fawning manner nor deprecatory look, it indicates the high-minded but amiable spirit. Nor need you wonder at this courtesy. When most spitefully entreated they were a patient and forgiving race. Beneath the wigwam in their parent-land, they welcomed the white man to the simple repast, pitied the pallid stranger who had no wife nor mother to attend him, and with voices of soothing kindness sang him to his sleep. The meekness which wrong could scarcely ruffle, the simple

hospitality which even the rising spirit of provocation could not stain, to this hour survive ; and though their forms of development are varied from the more native manner, they have lost none of their ingenuousness by whatever acquisitions they have obtained of elaborate refinement. There is a stamen of strength in all they say and do ; and while that strength is graceful, it never degenerates into frivolity and finesse. Sometimes indeed they can launch a light missile of satire ; and especially when they refer to the antiquated notions of their incapacity for freedom, it is impossible not to perceive with what keen sarcasm they are prompted to retort, but that their piety constrains them to forgive. A little humour they will sometimes discharge ; and one amused me much at a public meeting of the county of Cornwall, by bantering the professions of love which the planters and mortgagees had boasted for their slaves on the eve of Abolition. Said he, with raillery in his eye as well as tone, with an assumed seriousness which gave an exquisite piquancy to the scene, "They poured in their avowals of love profusely at the last. As the English bard has said, ' Farewell goes out sighing.' Was it not natural that the parting should be the most tender spectacle of all ? Always had they loved us, however singularly love evinced itself. What is so wayward and so coy as love ? Compatriots ! doubt

it not. True it was occasionally agitated and disturbed in its exercise, but ‘The course of true love never did run smooth !’ As true was it, that their warm affection was most self-denyingly controlled. And is it not the highest attribute of love to suffer the fire inwardly to consume the vitals when its ebullition might overpower its object ? Might not we have been too greatly affected by the suddenness, the disinterestedness, of the recital ? How delicate was their consideration ! Who can sufficiently admire the fortitude (Sparta, what canst thou compare with it,—Rome, what hast thou of a proud rivalship to boast !) with which they repressed the ardour of their attachment, and imposed silence on feelings struggling for utterance ? Martyrs to their sensibility ! Victims to the secret which tenderness forbade them to disclose !

‘They never told their love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i’ the bud,  
Feed on their damask cheek : they pined in thought;  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
They sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
*We men may say more.’*”

While this sportive badinage was much enjoyed, no rancour and bitterness breathed through it.

Civilization is nothing, if law be not in force. Murder has not been known since the white man

forebore to kill the black. A fine swarthy magistrate, whose experience was most ample, and whose head was covered with the grey of a good old age, assured me that robbery was so unknown that it had become a kind of proverb : “ The only thief is the zephyr which steals the spicy perfume of our groves, and even this makes a full restitution.” The piazzas which so prettily peer from the dingles of the hills are always open, nor is there necessity for lock and bolt. And that which some thought impracticable is now universally realized, and free labour has established the dominion of cheerful industry. The penns are cultivated to the highest degree. The hoe has yielded to the plough. The fine rich mould is thus equally broken and mellowed, and its productive powers are proportionably increased. A new vegetation has sprung up amidst the old, and the diligent hand seeks its healthy duties and gathers its rural spoils. The husbandman needs no incentive but that of interest ; and though his “ face ” is now humanized and beautified into intellectual and religious expression, “ in the sweat of it he eats his bread.”

6th.—In Kingston is a museum, well deserving the visit, and well repaying the attention, of the traveller. It contains the rarest specimens of the geology of the island. The botany cannot but be most gorgeous ; and though its flowers must be

faded in the *hortus siccus*, still enough of colour and anatomy are preserved to shew what vegetable treasures are comprised within its limits. The birds are, as might be expected, of the most splendid description ; and being well prepared, and fixed according to their habitudes, seem to be ready for flight or congregated in some sylvan retreat. The monkey of course is here : the *simia* tribe is generally a disgusting deformity in these exhibitions, but in such a place possesses one redeeming advantage. Who can compare the negro with the most erect and subtle of this mimicry of man ? I marked the contrast well : only the infatuation of phrenzy could have adventured the comparison. Many collections are brought thither from Africa. The beasts of prey are numerous ; " they can spare them," said the keeper, " now that that continent is enclosed for tillage, and advances so rapidly in each species of amelioration." The asbestos is in larger masses than I ever saw before. The gentleman who accompanied me exclaimed, as I tore down a thread, " It is an emblem of our heart : the blow of violence cannot break it, but there is not a fibre which kindness may not unwind." Natural curiosities, however, had little attraction to me : the archives were unfolded, and the history of bondage stood confessed. There was the model of the slave-ship, the instrument with which they

wrenched open the mouth of the poor victims of the middle passage when despair had sealed it, the brands which stamped them, the scourges which tore them, the stocks which distorted them, the thumb-screws which racked them ! How curdled my blood ! How sunk my heart ! Horrid insignia of cruelty ! The rust is upon you ! Consume ye away ! Who shall recall from the grave the bodies ye have been employed to agonize, and from eternity the souls into which your iron entered ? Here is the first order of Elizabeth, authorizing the importation of slaves ; and the last proclamation of injustice and bloodshed, signed by the name of Belmore, the infatuated man who ruled the island, when in 1831 the slaves, unarmed, unmenacing, simply asked their annual recess from labour. He answered them by the roar of musketry and cannon. Such boundless malignity made him the object of general scorn. England remanded him, and he came home to an exile of disgrace. It were foolish to tell you that then the re-action commenced, that tyranny had over-reached itself, and that this additional rivet which was attempted to be driven into the chains of the negro, broke them to pieces for ever !

*8th.*—Being the Sabbath, I hastened to the house of God. No invidious distinctions now sever the children of our common Father. They

mingle with a perfect brotherly-kindness and charity. The preacher of the morning was dark as ebony. The wool curled around his head. No attempt did he make to conceal his negro conformation. The subject occurred in the progress of an exposition. It arose in order, and was a part of the 5th chapter of the 2d Epistle to the Corinthians. Particularly he enlarged when he entered on the discussion of the 15th and 16th verses. His emphasis was most touching as he pronounced the words, "And that he died for *all*!" How many a dark eye then glistened in its tears! It was a simultaneous throb of that self-valuation which redemption teaches us to entertain. They felt in that one syllable the covenant which embraced them. And it prepared the way for that which follows: "Wherefore henceforth know we no man after the flesh; yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more." The circumstances of the people seemed to lend a new interest to the passage. It was a solemn disclaimer of any nationality in religion. All the hues of diversity melted away before it. Black and white at that moment forgot each other, forgot themselves, and felt that they were "brethren for whom Christ died." With one remark I was greatly delighted, nor do I remember to have heard it before. "The blessed Saviour," said he, "chose the

geographical centre of the populated earth, that he might cast an equal look upon all nations. But he did more. Tinge and colour have been pleaded to justify a bondage I rather wish to forget than recall. He stood in the midway, therefore, of even these complexional varieties. To the Briton he was dark,—to the Numidian he was pale;—the deeper and the lighter shades of every kind were blended in that mysterious Countenance: there the burning zone set its flush, as well as a milder one impressed its softness. Neither could reproach the extreme. And He who came to redeem from every nation, kindred, and tribe, stood forth the embodied representative of each diversity of feature and hue which could alienate the human family, and divide man from man. Little reck we of the tradition which describes, or the medallion which portrays, that face; we know the climate beneath which he grew in stature, we know what was that dusky race from which he sprung; how the sun glowed upon him, and yet how its fervour was allayed by the vapours and gentle gales of that atmosphere; and we call upon you to take one hasty but grateful glance of that visage which reflected all the signs and modifications of the human look and expression,—and having ‘known him after the flesh, henceforth to know him,’ in this still inferior manner, ‘no more for ever.’” On

the same day I heard another pastor, nor need I discriminate any further the colour of the ministers. They are all sable. This is the consequence of no prejudice, but is an interesting proof of that efficient state, of that self-supplying vigour, which distinguishes the religion of this colony. Of its Zion it may be said, this and that man was born in her! The native church is the mother of them all! The ministry is most able, and really eloquent. The one, of whom I now speak, dilated on the prediction: "Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." He warmed as he proceeded. "Our ancestors were chained as captives, yoked as beasts, branded as felons, bartered as chattels. But did not the punishments they unjustly suffered vindicate their manhood? Were they not bound by law? Is the brute threatened with death? Is it led forth to execution? If they were not men, why forbid their acts of prayer and thanksgiving? Must the mere animal be legislatively interdicted to praise its Maker, and secured by pains and penalties not to supplicate his favour? Children of Ethiopia, now dwelling in these isles of the western sea! Your fathers stretched out their hands when the fetter bound them. Not against their oppressors did they stretch them out, but to God. Divine love conquered human indignation. A strongly vindictive nature, the quickest recoil of resentment,

was suddenly subdued. They forgave! They sought not a way to the heart of the tyrant by the sword! They kindled no conflagration! They laid no ambush! They raised no war-whoop! *The Ethiopian had changed his skin.* And our enfranchised hands are still stretched out to God. They taught us the holy gesture, and we teach it our children. My heart beats within me when I think of that far reaching continent,—long since pillaged by every marauder and invaded by every pirate,—desolated by cruelty and drenched with blood. And what was Africa? that realm of wonder, that scene of glory, that land of exhaustless wealth and imperishable architecture, where still moulder the ruins of the hundred-gated Thebes, where still sepulchral Memphis glooms, where still the pyramid glasses itself in the stream of Nile, where the Delta still yields its miracles of fertility, where Death cannot after three thousand years destroy the dead, where Ptolemy reigned and Hannibal armed, where Cyprian taught and Augustine wept? Of that rich, wondrous country, what descendant is so degenerate as to be ashamed? Whose glory burns more brightly? Whose heraldry is less unknown? O thou father-land! which these eyes never saw, must never see! thy captive children heard ‘the joyful sound,’ and reverberated the cry to thy shores! And now thy countless race, thy deepest interior, catch and echo it to the ends

of the world ! Teneriffe, lift up thy voice,—nor let  
Atlas refuse to prolong the mountain strain ! Gambia and Senegal and Congo, waft it on your tides !  
And thou, O Zaira, through all thine awful solitudes and wastes, rejoice and blossom as the rose !”

11th.—The House of Assembly, you may be sure, was an early attraction. I went as soon as possible to Spanish Town. The chamber is more convenient than decorated. As the tinsel and gewgaws of all state in our country declined from the time of the fourth William (of blessed memory), so the colonial dependencies have followed the same example. It is, substantially, the same apartment in which the abettors of Slavery raved and blasphemed. Pandemonium never listened to more fiendish language than once shook its walls. Its legislators were bravos, and its constituents buccaneers. The voice of authority was as unheeded as of freedom. Their debate was invective, and their eloquence brawl. Decorum might well be defied, when human nature was outraged. Would you have seen an infernal possession ? Would you have seen the possession of legion ? Those livid cheeks, those barbed lips, those brows curved by cruelty, those eyes rolling in flame, those hands clenched with fury, those tones screeching with despair, would have proved the fact, and furnished the illustration. That race is gone to its account. Task-masters and

gaolers no longer fill the senate. I was fortunate, this being the day for opening the session. The governor is our countryman, and is not inaptly selected from the peerage. His ancestor might be supposed to look down upon this scion of the noble house of Harbord. The tree of freedom ever canopy that illustrious stock with its foliage, and nurture it with its sap ! That ancestor was the negro's fastest friend among all the great. He was wont to meet the champions of abolition in the morning, at Aldermanbury, and then spend his afternoon in the Lords', presenting petitions. No man deserves a more embalmed commemoration. Lord Suffield entered the house amidst the marked respect of its members. The speech was elegantly composed, and beautifully delivered. It referred to the prosperity of the island. " Now," said he, " from your wide-armed havens and well-stored quays, you waft your products and fabrics to every shore. Your plantations flourish, and free are the hands which till them. Your soils are enriched and renewed by the fallow which a state of slavery excludes. The charter of your liberty is the stay of your strength, and the earnest of your renown. Your sovereign regards you with special favour, and has no greater pleasure than to ratify the decisions of this House, and to foster the interests of this Country. Proceed as you have begun ; and may

this fair, fertile isle of alternate spring and autumn, of blossom and fruit, of bud and flower, be shielded from the hurricane, its only danger, now that the passions of men are calmed, and the elements of society are composed to a settled rest." One clause was peculiarly interesting. " It will be for you to say what shall be determined respecting certain public buildings : as we neither want any troops, nor possess any prisoners, you will consider in what manner it will be proper to dispose of the barracks and the gaols." Nor was another sentence less so. " Government must exist, and law must declare itself, in the purest state of society : heaven could not endure without them. But as *there*, so in this favoured region, they happily avail to constitute the standard, and provide the reward, of obedience." There was but one brief allusion to slavery, and the thrill it produced cannot be described. " You know the deliverance which was erst wrought out for your forefathers. You have towered into the erectness of freemen. The slow justice and reparation of Britain has been more rapidly followed by other countries, and," continued the governor, with all the emphasis of his noble soul, and all the ardour of his ancestral blood, " earth groans not under a trace of bondage, nor does day, through its flight around it, dawn upon a slave."

14th.—I called on an interesting family this

day, to whom I had an introduction. Their country house is in the Golden Vale of the Rio Grande. The evergreen of the coffee, and the golden fruit of the orange, render all such retreats most luxuriant. Here I saw domestic life. Those strong affections which belong to our coloured brethren, evidently were not impaired by the chastened mildness of their expression. Piety blessed the scene. It might have been the home of Bethany, to which Jesus often retreated from his persecutions, and all whose members he loved. A fine sprightly girl asked me to write in her album, saying, with much archness, that her brother, who had lately begun Latin, had told her, "that black people should rather keep a Nigrum." As I had sat with this household at public worship, last Lord's-day, and we had now been recalling the subject of one of the discourses already adverted to, I could not plead inability to decide upon a theme. I wish you may like it as well as did my grateful petitioner.

Afric! thy sons and daughters from afar,  
Out of thy searchless depths, thine antres wild,  
Immeasurable, with gold-roofed cities piled,—  
Or from the islands 'neath the western star,  
Where groaned thy captive children,—all shall come  
And weave them garlands of their native flowers  
For Faith's pure altars and for Freedom's bowers,—  
Of Liberty and Christian Truth the home !

The cruel hunters of thy kindred fly !

Under thy feet, thou swarthy Land, the rod  
Of Tyranny is trampled ! thy dark Eye

Forgiveness beams ! thy cottage Tamarinds nod  
With clustering fruit ! the holy Song swells high !

And all thy sunless hands are stretched to  
God !

16th.—The business of the Session is now begun, and I am present whenever I can attend the debates. The Assembly comprises a few whites, but the large majority consists of the dark population, through all its shades. The Quadroon complexion is not distasteful to the most prejudiced arbiter of skins. Between these there exists no rivalry. Birth is the basis of patriotism, and each native feels, whatever may be the land of his fathers, that this is his rightful home. You remember the wicked intention of America to denationalize its black citizens and freemen : the accursed swamp of Liberia bears witness to the failure. The intercourse is as equal here as between the differently-tinted physiognomies of England, where the “fair-haired” and the brunette do not think it quite necessary to quarrel. The relationships of society are founded upon such identity in this isle. I could have supposed, as I looked around me on this parti-coloured senate (the only *party* indication, by the bye, that it manifests), that I was gazing on Cato in

Utica ; or that the representatives of Carthage were sitting with the Conscript Fathers of Rome. They were most decorous ; there is no descendant among them of a Barrett or a Burge. Bridges is not the name of the Chaplain to the House. The tone of the addresses was that of congratulation. Each speaker alluded to the universal extinction of Slavery. One exclaimed, " That cup is at length drained out. That chain is now every where riven. Stand up, O man of every clime and diversity, in thy greatness ! Earth, with thy thousand voices, chant the anthems which shall bear to heaven the announcement and the praise of the disenthralment of all thy nations and all thy children !" The love of liberty lightened in every word. Apostrophe is still a favourite figure with the coloured representatives, betraying the warm kindlings which have always distinguished the progeny of Ham,— " Souls made of fire, and children of the sun." I will give you another specimen which I noted down. " Columbus ! wronged is thy memory, for thou didst love this isle ! Esquivel ! thou didst emulate the benevolence of thy friend, and wouldest have ruled it in justice and mercy ! Las Casas ! even thy mistaken prejudice against our race, when thou didst plead the cause of the aborigines, we forgive ! Ye were thwarted by the ruthless mercenaries of your train ! Ye were abandoned and abused by

the false-hearted courtiers of Castile ! Ye shed the generous tears which burst from mighty souls ! But now behold the fruits of your discovery and rule ! Ye are absolved from all the wrongs of which your names have been tortured into the occasions and pretexts ! Honoured shades ! do ye not still hover round us ? Blest be the hour in which the navigator's and victor's prow approached our shores ! " Sometimes there is a more sportive vein. " *Davus sum,*" said one, in a facetious disclaimer of superior knowledge. " It is rather too late," said another, " to object to any man,—*Hic niger.*" " Health and freedom," said a third, " are connected with agriculture ; no longer does it recall the *Sabine farm.*" I may just add, that the revenue, easily supplied, is very largely devoted to works of utility and acts of beneficence.

18th.—I attended a missionary meeting to-day. It was a moving sight. The building was crowded to excess. The congregation evinced the deepest feeling. The manner of the speeches was calm, but earnest, as an Indian talk. No violence, no extravagance, characterised them ; but that natural pathos which goes at once to the heart. There was many an affecting retrospect. No attempt was made to conceal the slavery of their forefathers. The president most touchingly quoted, and all responded to them, the words of

Scripture : “ Who in time past were not a people, but now are the people of God : who had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy.” The tear stood in every eye ! The events of an age rose up before them ! The Israelite felt no nobler emotion when, from the heights of Zion, he thought upon the kilns of Egypt ! Much valuable and stirring information was imparted. They have stations in Patagonia, Borneo, and Papua. “ If we need any apology for seizing on the most hopeless portions of the missionary field,” the Report proceeded to say, “ it may be found in that debasement which we endured ourselves. If any were to be found of whose souls it could be said, ‘ There is no hope for them in God,’ must it not have been the spurned and insulted slave ? Whom can *we* deem too degraded to be exalted, too injured to be redressed, too wretched to be pitied ? If we can find the lowest abyss of human woe, it should be *our* duty first to sound it.” But it was when the missionaries who had visited that island, and who had well prepared the way of emancipation, were mentioned, that the enthusiasm of the meeting reached its height. If justice was not done to them, it was because nothing could do it. They called them their fathers in Christ, their moral founders, their intrepid advocates when they had no other friend. These honoured names

are familiar in their mouths as household words, yet reverently uttered as temple inspirations. "Nor let us," said a patriarch, "forget the *adherents* to the missionary enterprise in the mother country, who sent those venerated men. Such did not, such could not, as they, bear the battle-brunt. Before tribunals they did not appear, vindicating from blood-thirsty judges their innocence and our own. But nobly they roused a chivalrous nation, they knocked with a thunder of importunity at the door of the Imperial Parliament, and the appeal of one was re-echoed from every city and hamlet of Britain,—' We have an oath in heaven ! and never will we cease, until there be no more found the felon-kidnapper on the shore, or the bark of the slaver with its living freight upon the deep,—until there be heard no more the hiss of the scourge and the clank of the fetter,—until the Antilles join these northern isles in the shout of liberty and the hallelujahs of religion, — until those dens of bondage wave with the harvests of free and well-requited labour—shall bloom with the improvements of civil life—shall smile with the hearths of domestic contentment—shall stand forth with the monuments of a substantial and enlightened freedom—shall sparkle with the temples of the cross !' That cry was caught, that vow arose to God, and soon on the loud wind of Britain's voice

flew the mandate, that Slavery should cease unto the ends of the earth." "Let us," such was the appeal of an excellent and wealthy man, "give to this cause our silver and gold. We supported missions when we were the objects of them; and, when slaves, allowed not the calabash to pass us, but freely gave our *bits*. Now, being the Lord's freemen, be our service rendered to his cause with cheerfulness, and be it our resolve to sow bountifully." There was an allusion to *our county*, which, of course, was not lost on me. "Never, when we record our gratitude," said a truly eloquent speaker, "to the Christians of England, let it be done without a distinct tribute of honour to Yorkshire; that immense province led the way; it infused its might into a Wilberforce, and still more independently it chose a Brougham for this very championship. From that honoured sphere he was summoned to the foremost judicial and political office of the kingdom; and, with the constancy which only malevolence could asperse, and ignorance could doubt, carried the noble measure which, with all its imperfections, soon perfected itself. That name of incorruptible integrity be ever pronounced with honour!"

‘Clarum et venerabile nomen  
*Gentibus*, et multum *nostræ* quod proderat *urbi*.’”

22d.—Another Sabbath comes,—and here it

comes with a charm I have no power of description to convey. Those of my country are not forgotten and slighted by me.

“The blessed homes of England !  
How softly on her bowers  
Is laid the holy quietness  
That breathes from sabbath hours !”

But our sabbaths are as of an earth which still is “cursed,”—these like one in Eden. The morning sermon was founded on the benediction of the dying Jacob :—“ The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my progenitors, unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills : they shall be on the head of Joseph ; and on the crown of the head of him that was separate from his brethren.” Here was scope for the Negro-imagination. It was employed, though rather in a veiled manner, to show how the West-India exile was peculiarly favoured by God, and how his separation from his brethren was overruled to his enjoyment of privileges incomparably superior to the blessings of his ancestors. There was one passage which I will not omit. “ Blue hills of Africa ! our fathers, wherever was their captivity, thought of you, and their spirits sighed for the land which ye were supposed to environ ! In your wreathing mists they dreamed that might be recognized the shades of the mighty dead ! But

though we shall never gaze on those mountain-heights which melt away in the azure of heaven, we even now press ‘the utmost bound of the everlasting hills,’ our ‘feet stumble on no dark mountains,’ but we ascend the ‘bright hills of heavenly day.’” I listened with pleasure to another discourse. It was a similar subject. “Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither . . . so now it was not ye that sent me hither, but God.” The preacher took a masterly view of Divine Providence:—the transition was easy to the state of his own nation. He exhibited the blessings which had been extracted from their enslavement. But pre-eminently lovely was the spirit of the whole;—it was a generous acquittal of every wrong,—it was Joseph weeping on the neck of his conscience-stricken brethren.

25th.—I this day followed a funeral to the burying-ground, near St. Thomas, in the Vale. The obsequies of the Negro were formerly occasions of the most heartless revelry. The conch and the gong were the noisy accompaniments. Foolish and vain oblations were presented at the grave,—and there was a secret horror, too. Obeahism having probably destroyed that victim, ruthlessly threatened the health and the spirits of those who survived. Far different was the scene I now beheld.—The cemetery was laid out in a sober

taste,—it was planted with drooping trees and modest flowers ; — it was a *garden* with its *sepulchre* ; — the hillocks of turf were affectingly simple, like the undulations of a summer - sea. This was the “ bringing home ” of a beloved saint. The bier was unostentatious, and the train consisted of mourners who “ sorrowed, but not without hope.” The solemn hymn which broke from the serious multitude was far more impressive than the most scientific dirge. The pastor then addressed himself to the immediate relatives and friends :—“ Another Negro soul has passed to heaven ; another proof has been given that our Redeemer is no respecter of persons. Dark was the flesh which now rests in hope, ‘ as the tents of Kedar ; ’ but rich and of wrought gold was the clothing of the spirit, as the ‘ curtains of Solomon.’ Angels deemed not our brother’s body unworthy of their care, for they ‘ bore it up in their hands ; ’ nor his spirit beneath their safeguard, for they have ‘ carried him into the bosom ’ of his Father and his God. ‘ Them who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.’ When I think of the resurrection, my fellow-mortals, I look with awe upon this isle. I speak not of the European, who here has found a premature grave. — I speak not even of the African, who has been wasted by cruel, hopeless labour into an untimely death.— I speak of the Carib, — where is he ? That

inoffensive race, what had it done, that it should be hunted by the bloodhound, and be worn out by the toil of the mine? Jamaica is the tomb of that exterminated people! But for our emancipation, so quickly were we depopulating, our tribe must also have been consumed! O, how will their oppressors meet them! But let us rejoice in the mildness and justice of those who no longer ‘take us away for nought;’ who no more ‘rule over us to make us to howl.’ Let us rejoice that we have not to seek the refuge of the dead, because there ‘the prisoners hear not the voice of the oppressor, and the servant is free from his master,’ but from ‘a desire to be with Christ, which is far better.’” I lingered after the procession had retired. The memorials are generally artless, but correct. Gray’s “unlettered Muse” has not indited them. “Adieu!” (thus I soliloquized) “Adieu, thou holy spot! what precious dust is mingled with this clay! Here missionaries, pastors, saints, slumber together until the embrace of the resurrection! Soft be the dews which fall on it!—gentle be the airs which breathe over it! Here let the plantain cast its shade, and the aloe diffuse its fragrance! Here let the cereus nightly blow! ‘Let me die the death of the righteous; let my last end be like his,’ whatever be his colour, wherever is his clime!”

29th.—I must record my enjoyment of another

Sabbath ;—it was at Montego-bay. It was the more precious, as it was to be my last. The people were seen approaching the sanctuary in neat attire and with a serious look. Yet was there no gloom and moroseness ; they were going up to a festival as well as a solemnity. The singing of these islanders is quite melodious. I have never heard any thing more sweetly concerted. A certain wildness sometimes marks the tunes, as though they confessed their origin ;—then flows a plaintive passage, as if relating former wrong ;—and after this, there frequently resounds a triumphant burst like a trumpet's call or a nation's ode, such a “ song ” as shall be heard in its loudest chorus “ from the ends of the earth,”—a pæan of liberty and salvation,—“ even glory to the righteous.”

The only discourse which I shall notice was from that solemn text :—“ And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God.” When the orator spoke of the union at last among the good and pious of all nations, his feelings overcame him. “ There is,” said he, in a voice nearly stifled with emotion, while a sob of joy arose from his auditory, “ there is the one household of God in the one home of heaven ! The ‘ whole family ’ is gathered into its ‘ Father’s house.’ If the sun-scorched *complexion*

of the Negro made him unwelcome to his fellows upon earth, he shall no more thus offend them, for ‘the sun does not there light upon him, nor any heat.’ If his *speech* was deemed by softer ears to be harsh and dissonant, this shall no more prejudice him, for his tongue is modulated to seraph lays and golden harps. If his *feature* was charged with a repulsive deformity, he now sees his Saviour ; is already ‘like him’ in his glorified spirit ; with a ‘body like unto his glorious body,’ shall soon ‘awaken in his image ;’ and surely then no eye will disdain the embodied immortal who wears ‘the name of the Lamb on his *forehead*.’ Angolan, Mandingo, Foulah, Boshman, Ashantee, Hottentot, Guinean, even now ye stand about the throne ! Ye are no longer reviled and spurned ! On every side ye meet the glance of eyes radiant with welcome, and the hail of voices musical with love ! And didst not Thou, adored Jesus, look toward the swarthy children of the burning line, when this promise fell from thy lips ? Didst not thou turn from the plains of Judah to the Lybian shore, and then saidst, ‘They shall come from the South ?’ Yes, they have come, we have come, and still ‘the south keeps not back !’ Africa, thy jubilee has long since resounded,—thy year of release still rolls round with its interminable blessings ! ”

The christian feast,—that ordinance which

took its rise on the night in which the Great Redeemer was betrayed, and that will be perpetuated until the night in which He shall come again,—is always “a feast of charity.” Like as from a haven of calm we see but the billows tossing afar, or as from a mountain-summit we but hear the muttering of the storm below. Still never had this holy rite, I must confess, melted my entire nature to the degree in which I felt its sublime pathos on occasion of its commemoration to-day. Never had I been witness ere now to its affecting accompaniments in this isle. We surely, under any circumstances, admit that all the guests of this Table are “one in Christ Jesus;” that they are all equally bidden ; that, sitting in the wide-opened banqueting-house, they are all fanned by the banner of an impartial love ! It is not more certain that the middle wall of partition between Jew and Gentile is removed, than that it is our duty to efface every minor distinction. Yet did America once suffer this law of caste in her religious assemblies, and the White has often said to his darker fellow-member, “Stand by thyself ! Come not near to me !” Yes, it was absolutely an accustomed thing to erect a barrier between such communicants when meeting at the same sacramental board ! The odious prejudice fretted itself into those churches which are synonymous with spiritual

revival and missionary zeal ! But "God hath shewed" them, and all his people throughout the world, "that they should not call any man common or unclean." What were my emotions as I sat at this fellowship ! The bread we broke together was truly "the bread of tears," but they were tears of overpowering joy ; and our cup was filled with "the wine of astonishment," but it was the astonishment awakened by so "unspeakable a gift." On every side I was surrounded by my tawny brethren ! New were the glances which met my eye, but all beamed one expression ; new were the tones which caught mine ear, but all responded one theme. Bond and free are now unknown terms, but here were the united descendants of both. In the dusky visage I of course felt the strongest interest. The children now about me sprung from fathers who had "sacrificed to demons," and had "partaken of the table of devils." When the negro was first converted, his passover was humble as it was concealed. It was "eaten with bitter herbs." Behind some forest-screen these persecuted saints were compelled to secrete themselves, and veil the hallowed rite, as the earliest Christians fled to caves and catacombs. What think you were their symbols ? Not our bread, but Cassava—not our wine, but the Opuntia juice. They can now easily command the bread-corn, and the pure

blood of the grape. He greatly misconceives this service who thinks it rather an individual than social act; who deems it nothing whether the other participants be like-minded with himself. There must be sympathy with "the members in *particular*," as well as communion with the Head. It was this which gave the scene its richest zest. Sweet was the intercourse of that hour. It went to my heart when the Administrator exclaimed, "We are *one bread*, and *one body*." And when they lifted up the voice of thanksgiving! It could be only less melodious than the hymn of Jesus and his disciples, when they closed the primæval celebration of the same festival: and this congregation departed, as did the holy band from the guest-chamber, to a region of beauty and of calm, to a Mount of Olives! I thought within myself, scarcely more "blessed are they who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb!" The remonstrance was already on my lips, "Lord, why cannot I follow Thee now?"

I have met with an elegant volume, published about a century ago, entitled "*The Bow in the Cloud; or, The Negro's Memorial.*" Its purport was the benefit of the slave, or of the newly-constituted freeman. It is a great favourite here. It could hardly fail to be this, since it is a record of the sympathy of England with the children of captivity and bondage. It also breathes many

an ardent augury of their mental and christian destinies. Its contents were as varied as the signatures, but it was a rainbow miscellany, a blended texture of kindness and commiseration, arching a cloud of mourning with the sign of hope.

To-day, the 30th, I must leave this island of beauty and of bliss. Still I shall roam along these bright calm seas. You may suppose me superstitious;—you may, perhaps, shape my inference more strongly than I conceive it myself; but since slavery has ceased there has not been known a tornado. Let the naturalist and the christian account for the coincidence, the synchronism, or the effect, as they can. I may send you further accounts, but this little diary must for the present suffice. Thou fair and holy land, farewell! No longer my sojourn, thou shalt be my vision! Distant as thou shalt soon be from me, thine image is cameoed in my heart! Blessed art thou among the nations! Blessed are thy people, for their God is the Lord! I have scarcely been a month, yet have formed so many ties and friendships, that to leave is to tear myself away. But the ship is warping from the port,—the signal of departure is flying, and the fore- topsail is sheeted home. Forget not the happy wanderer, the pilgrim of these Cyclades.

Yours most faithfully.



*On board.*—I have kept the letter open, just to express any thing that might occur since embarkation. As the shore receded, I felt all the anguish of a bereavement. But we are bearing gallantly away, and the other sunny islet gems invite me to visit them also. A beloved friend, who saw me into my boat, instead of bidding me a formal adieu, for which neither of us could command sufficient control of feeling, cited the following stanza, in a way which went at once to the heart :—

“ And if, on life’s uncertain main,  
Mishap shall mar thy sail ;  
If faithful, wise, and good in vain,  
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain,  
Beneath the fickle gale ;  
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,  
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,  
But come where kindred worth shall smile  
To greet thee in the lovely isle.”

*At Sea.*—I forgot to say, that Barbadoes has erected a monument to the missionary, Shrewsbury; and Demerara has raised a chaste but most appropriate tomb over the remains of the martyr, Smith.

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(RICHARD WINTER HAMILTON.)

## THE FORESTER OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

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A SOUTH-AFRICAN BORDER-BALLAD.

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We met in the midst of the Neutral Ground,  
'Mong the hills where the buffalo's haunts are  
found ;  
And we joined in the chase of the noble game,  
Nor asked each other of nation or name.

The buffalo bull wheeled suddenly round,  
When first from my rifle he felt a wound ;  
And, before I could gain the Umtoka's\* bank,  
His horns were tearing my courser's flank.

That instant a ball whizzed past my ear,  
Which smote the beast in his fierce career ;  
And the turf was drenched with his purple gore,  
As he fell at my feet with a bellowing roar.

\* A branch of the Kat River, on the frontier of Cafferland.

The stranger came galloping up to my side,  
And greeted me with a bold huntsman's pride ;  
Full blithely we feasted beneath a tree ;—  
Then out spoke the forester, Arend Plessie.

“ Stranger ! we now are true comrades sworn ;  
Come pledge me thy hand while we quaff the horn ;  
Thou 'rt an Englishman good, and thy heart is free,  
And 'tis therefore I'll tell my story to thee.

“ A Heemraad of Camdeb6o was my sire ;  
He had flocks and herds to his heart's desire,  
And bondmen and maidens to run at his call,  
And seven stout sons to be heirs of all.

“ When we had grown up to man's estate,  
Our father bade each of us choose a mate,  
Of Fatherland blood, from the *black* taint free,  
As became a Dutch burgher's proud degree.

“ My brothers they rode to the Bovenland,  
And each came with a fair bride back in his hand ;  
But *I* brought the handsomest bride of them all—  
Brown Dinah, the bondmaid who sat in our hall.

“ My father's displeasure was stern and still ;  
My brothers' flamed forth like a fire on the hill ;  
And they said that my spirit was mean and base,  
To lower myself to the African race.

“ I bade them rejoice in their herds and flocks,  
And their pale-faced spouses with flaxen locks ;  
While I claimed for my share, as the youngest son,  
Brown Dinah alone with my horse and gun.

“ My father looked black as a thunder-cloud,  
My brothers reviled me and railed aloud,  
And their young wives laughed with disdainful  
pride,

While Dinah in terror clung close to my side.

“ Her ebon eyelashes were moistened with tears,  
As she shrunk abashed from their venomous jeers ;  
But I bade her look up like a burgher’s wife—  
Next day to be *mine*, if God granted life.

“ At dawn brother Roelof came galloping home  
From the pastures—his courser all covered with  
foam ;

‘ ‘Tis the Bushmen ! ’ he shouted ; ‘ haste, friends,  
to the spoor !

Bold Arend ! come help with your long-barrelled  
*roer.*\*

“ Far o’er Bruintjes-hoogte we followed—in vain :  
At length surly Roelof cried, ‘ Slacken your rein ;  
We have quite lost the track.’—Hans replied with  
a smile.—

Then my dark-boding spirit suspected their guile.

\* *Roer*, a large gun much used by the Dutch-African Colonists.

“ I flew to our father’s. Brown Dinah was sold !  
And they laughed at my rage as they counted the  
gold.

But I leaped on my horse, with my gun in my hand,  
And sought my lost love in the far Bovenland.

“ I found her ; I bore her from Gauritz’ fair glen,  
Through lone Zitzikamma, by forest and fen.  
To these mountains at last like wild-pigeons we  
flew,  
Far, far from the cold hearts of proud Camdeb6o.

“ I ’ve reared our rude shieling by Gola’s green  
wood,  
Where the chase of the deer yields me pastime  
and food :  
With my Dinah and children I dwell here alone,  
Without other comrades—and wishing for none.

“ I fear not the Bushman from Winterberg’s fell,  
Nor dread I the Caffer from Kat-River’s dell :  
By justice and kindness I ’ve conquered them both,  
And the sons of the desert have pledged me their  
troth.

“ I fear not the leopard that lurks in the wood,  
The lion I dread not, though raging for blood :  
My hand it is steady—my aim it is sure—  
And the boldest must bend to my long-barrelled  
*roer.*

“ The elephant’s buff-coat my bullet can pierce ;  
And the giant rhinoceros, headlong and fierce,  
Gnu, eland, and buffalo furnish my board,  
When I feast my allies like an African lord.

“ And thus from my kindred and colour exiled,  
I live like old Ismael, Lord of the Wild—  
And follow the chase with my hounds and my gun ;  
Nor ever regret the bold course I have run.

“ But sometimes there sinks on my spirit a dread  
Of what may befall when the turf’s on my head ;  
I fear for poor Dinah—for brown Rodomond  
And dimpled-faced Karel, the sons of the *bond*. \*

“ Then tell me, dear stranger, from England the  
free,  
What good tidings bring’st thou for Arend Plessie ?  
Shall the Edict of Mercy be sent forth at last,  
To break the harsh fetters of Colour and Caste ? ”

THOMAS PRINGLE.

\* The children of a slave woman, by colonial law, are always considered slaves, unless she has been regularly manumitted before their birth.

## FUTURITY.

Over Afric's golden plains,  
Golden visions seem to rise ;  
There, where now Oppression reigns,  
Freedom's sun shall light the skies !

Had I the enchanted lyre,  
Tun'd to touch the inmost soul,  
Speaking passion, flashing fire,  
Holding hearts in its control,—

Oh ! methinks I could detail,  
Scenes all beauteous and sublime ;  
But these feeble harp-notes fail  
To express the deeds of Time.

When thy villages shall shine,  
Glorious with a Saviour's name,  
And his Spirit all divine,  
Kindle there a heavenly flame ;

When beneath the palm-tree's shade,  
And the tropic free-bird's song,  
As the rapid evenings fade,  
In swift coming night along ;

Where the lion now awaits,  
And the murderer lurks to slay,  
Praise shall dwell in all thy gates,  
And thy children kneel to pray.

Sable Queen of injured men,  
God shall come and dwell in thee ;  
Where is now the robber's den,  
Shall His holy Temple be.

Nor thine earthly greatness less,  
Come it will—it is decreed—  
God will deign thy land to bless,  
And thou shalt be blest indeed.

Armies through thy realms shall rise,  
Navies ride upon thy seas,  
Senates, virtuous and wise,—  
Thine, thou Sable Queen, are these.

Then, perchance, along thy roads,  
Shall the tyrant's children roam,  
(He who now thine exile goads)  
Friendless and without a home.

Then be mindful of the land  
Who was first to set thee free ;  
She, who burst thine iron band,  
**BRITAIN, NURSE OF LIBERTY.**

When each heart now beating rests,  
And each hand can do no more,  
Give back into our children's breasts,  
The boon their fathers gave before.

**JAMES EDMESTON.**

## THE NEGRO POETESS.

No man can be reduced to the situation of a slave, but he instantly becomes as a brute. He is reduced to the value of those things which were made for man's use and convenience; and he ceases to be accountable for his actions. Does not this annihilate an essential prerogative of a reasonable being,—that of determining his actions in every instance in which they are not injurious to others? The right improvement of this prerogative is a source of virtue and happiness to the human race; but knowledge and virtue are foreign to the state of a slave. Ignorance the most gross, and dispositions the most depraved, are requisite to reduce him to a level with his condition. Hence, from these effects of slavery, some thought or pretended to think, that the Africans were not human beings, or certainly were not of the same origin with the whites, but made of an inferior link in creation for the express

purpose of being thus employed. Incorrect and short-sighted philosophy! Incorrect,—because, if the testimony of Holy Writ be rejected, that “God made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth;” yet it must be admitted that customs and climate, north and south of the equator, have an evident tendency to produce such effects on the *mucosum corpus* between the skins, as to account for extraordinary differences in appearance and colour. And short-sighted ;—because, if they were not of the same origin, it would give no right of this description, to the whites over the blacks, till it had been satisfactorily proved that the latter could not be raised above the brutes that perish. But we want not proof upon proof that they are human. It is because they have been treated as brutes, that they have appeared in too many things like them. Nevertheless, distinguished as we are, by climate and complexion, from the people of Africa, we shall find no difference between their capacities and our own, when liberty is enjoyed, and education is afforded. They are as capable of reasoning as any Europeans, and as capable of high intellectual attainments. Let them be equally cultivated, and they will afford specimens of as fine productions. Many inhabitants of Africa are good mechanics, and execute their work with great ingenuity and taste. Even in poetry, there are

some not far behind us. Take for instance the lines of Phillis, the slave of the late Mr. Wheatley of Boston :\*

“ Filled with the praise of Him who gives the light,  
And draws the sable curtains of the night,  
Let placid slumbers soothe each weary mind,  
At morn to wake more heavenly and refined :  
So shall the labours of the day begin  
More pure and guarded from the snares of sin.”

The above are from a “ Hymn to the Evening ;” the following from “ Thoughts on Imagination :”

“ Imagination ! who can sing thy force,  
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course ?  
Soaring through air to find the bright abode,  
The empyreal palace of the thundering God :  
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind,  
And leave the rolling universe behind ;  
From star to star, the mental optics rove,  
Measure the skies and range the realms above ;  
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,  
Or with new worlds amaze the unbounded soul.”

Are *blacks* only connecting links between *whites* and *brutes* ? Far from Britons and far from Americans be the thought, that justice and humanity

\* My information respecting Phillis, was from that unwearied friend of Africa, Mr. Clarkson. It was attested by the Governor, and sixteen other gentlemen.

have geographical limits ; or that a few darker shades of colour constitute or incapacitate for mental attainments, still less for the highest of all privileges and services, the knowledge and love and service of God our Saviour. Let them evermore be treated as fellow-men, and believers among them as fellow-christians. With the latter we must sit down in the kingdom of God, or be excluded ourselves. And can it be true, that in America, of all places, they are a proscribed race, and that no man will unite with them even in an act of worship ? This philosophy, this christianity, is indeed only *skin-deep* ; but perhaps it will in innumerable instances be found, that the most christian heart lies under the darkest skin. God grant that such prejudices may speedily be banished, and men of every colour know the truth and live as brethren !

WILLIAM MARSH.

*Birmingham.*

## INVOCATION TO LIBERTY.

ALL hail, sweet Liberty ! thy cheering ray  
Gives promise of a bright—a glorious day—  
Soon may it burst in dazzling splendour bright,  
Chasing the *long, deep* gloom of Slavery's night !  
Unloose the fetters !—set the Captive free !—  
Bind up his wounds !—and soothe his agony !  
Shed thy blest influence o'er the hapless Slave,  
And shew him *thou* hast found a heart to save !  
Of what avail fair climes, or brightest sky ?  
Unblest by *Thee*, he *must* despairing lie :  
Let him at length the hallowed vision see  
Of Peace,—of Hope,—of Joy,—of Liberty !  
Wave thy bright banner ! mount it up on high !  
Unfurl thy standard to the gorgeous sky !  
Enroll *thy* name there,—*Briton, brave, and FREE !*  
'Tis a fit emblem of thy *Land, and Thee !*

Say ! *shall* that Land to Fame and Freedom dear  
Refuse the weeping suppliant's ardent prayer ?

Behold his bitter grief, his galling chain,  
Yet *mock* his woes, or *aggravate* his pain ?  
Ah ! let not Man so *base* a Recreant prove—  
Dead to the voice of Justice, Mercy, Love—  
*Melt* his *hard* heart, ye attributes divine !  
So shall his worth in *tenfold* radiance shine !

England's fair Daughters, too, shall aid supply,  
Heal breaking hearts, and dry the streaming eye,  
To injured Africa speak words of peace,  
Feel for her wrongs, and bid her sorrows cease ;  
Her sable sons shall bless the tender care  
Which soothes their grief and in their hope hath  
share.

Then hail, *sweet* Liberty ! Thy banner float  
From North to South, o'er regions *most* remote ;  
From East to West, till *every* land and clime,  
Exulting shouts, “ This *glorious* boon is mine ! ”

ELIZABETH.

LUKE X. 25—37.

How often have we paused with admiring delight on the forcible words by which our Lord replied to him who asked of Him, “And who is my neighbour?” The answer was couched in a parable calculated to arrest attention; the closing application to the conscience of the hearer being equally calculated to enforce conviction. We admit the excellency of this exposition of brotherly-kindness; happy are we if at the same time we receive the admonition, “*Go thou, and do likewise.*” The human heart is not however quick to respond to the voice of human misery. What costs us little we can readily bestow; and words and sighs and wishes sometimes are heard with an imposing semblance of sympathy, which persuades even our own heart that we feel another’s woe. *Practical sympathy* is little known—its gracious and spiritual character still less. We condemn the priest, mentioned in the parable, who, averting his eyes from the spectacle of misery that lay in his way,

passed by on the other side ; we lament the indifference or indolence of him who, drawing nearer, looked upon the object before him, yet passed on without attempting to succour him in his distress ; yet, it is to be apprehended, that in many instances persons thus free to censure transgression in others are found guilty of the same offence. Are we occupied so fully in our own pursuits as to remain destitute of reflection upon the claims of our fellow-men ? Are we disdainful or negligent of the miseries which we have looked upon, silencing our own consciences by pretending we can do little to relieve ? We are in this case verily guilty before God, and know not the law which enjoins that we "love our neighbour as ourselves." What a contrast is seen in the spirit and course of the few who, like the Samaritan, have hearts to sympathize, eyes to behold, and hands to administer to the needy ! These tread the way of love, possessing the principle of brotherhood in its practical fruits ; and, amidst these, some there are, who, possessing it, put forth its sacred energies in a sanctified expression, comprehending in their charity the interests of eternity with those of time. Wounds inflicted by the enemies of the soul are seen and commiserated ; the healing virtue of that salvation which alone can staunch the wounds, or bind up the broken heart, is earnestly applied : and, not satisfied with a temporary endeavour,

provision is made, by every exertion that can be given, for the placing of the soul within the dwelling-places where God may be more fully known. Many zealous and believing souls have evinced this charity ; and the bleeding, dying, stripped, and destitute in spirit, have been housed and fed and healed, to the glory of redeeming love. So *God's* charity has dealt to us, inhabitants of a guilty world ; he has looked upon our deadly wound—he has descended to the work of mercy—he has undertaken our cure, and provided the oil and the wine whereby the sorrows and sins of men may be dried up. He has opened the courts of his house ; the banqueting-house also, where, by perpetual ministrations of grace, he carries on our cure. All this is ours, as believers, and puts on us a sacred obligation *freely to give* what we have *freely received*. In *our measure* let us “go, and do likewise ;”—as having the mind of Christ, evince it, in works of christian love. Let us commiserate the suffering bodies of men, much more their wounded souls. And to whom may we more properly turn the direction of these designs than to the unhappy Negro, our brother, our neighbour by blood ; who truly has fallen among thieves, who have stripped him naked, and wounded him ; and to whose case we might well apply the words, “ and left him half dead ?” Great have been the exertions, on which the Divine blessing

has descended, through which mercy dawns on Afric's sons ; but liberation from the human yoke is not enough ; Christians cannot be satisfied to rest in the breaking of the captive's chain which binds him to oppressing men ;—there is a higher interest, a dearer freedom, an abiding and eternal liberty, of which we must desire our brethren may partake. Let then the sigh heard for the sorrows of the slave be one of practical and *christian* sympathy : while seeking the redress of his wrongs as a fellow-creature, let the liberation of his soul, from the judgment he will otherwise inherit as a fellow-sinner, be the steady, the believing object kept in view. And may the Eternal Spirit open the way for bringing home many of these by the instrumentality of those who shall bring them, take care of them, and provide for them a christian refuge—*a consecrated inn !* When the journey of life is done, we shall rejoice in the Lord's acceptance of such works of the Spirit ; and, although the work is free, and hopes not for a reward on its own merit (for of this we can have none), we may believe that the words of our Lord will be verified, who said, “ These cannot recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.

MARIA STEVENS.

Knaresborough.

## S O N G.

### THE NEGRO IS FREE !

HARK ! a voice from the islands, a voice from the  
seas,  
Rolls hoarse o'er the waters, floats light on the  
breeze ;  
It gladdens the morn in her mantle of light,  
And steals soft on the silence of star-spangled night.

O list ! 'tis the wide-wafted echo of songs  
Uprising from regions, where Africa's wrongs  
Till now have repressed the sweet music of joy,  
Where the watch-word of Guilt was " Debase, and  
destroy."

O list ! 'tis the trumpet of Justice ;—the voice  
Of Humanity swells the grand chorus, " Rejoice !"  
Rejoice ! for Oppression's galled victim is free !  
Re-echo his gladness, ye isles of the sea !

'Tis thy jubilee, Africa ! long, long delayed,  
For thy year of release thou hast patiently stayed :  
Yet fell not thy tears, with thy blood, on the soil,  
Unpitied by Him who regarded thy toil.

He spake, and the voices of Albion arose,  
Like the rush of wild waves, that tumultuously close  
Round the throne of her pride, 'midst the crags of  
the deep,  
Where her trident gleams bright, and her broad  
banners sweep.

Hark ! multitudes—multitudes utter the cry,  
The mountains receive it, the vallies reply,  
“ From the white cliffs of Albion be cleansed the  
dark stain  
“ Of the blood of the negro,—be broken his chain !”

'Tis done ! the stern lion hath loosed from his hold,  
The victim he mangled ;—nor rapine, nor gold,  
Though cruel as murder, though fell as despair,  
Shall drag him again to his crimson-dyed lair.

O Albion ! the happy, the favoured, the free,  
Be light in thy dwellings, thou gem of the sea ;  
O fadeless and fair be the wreath on thy brow,  
Be Africa's favoured, as happy as thou !

Her children have laboured, have suffered for thee,  
Now, ruthless no longer, thou bidst her be free ;  
O wipe the sad tear-drops with lenient hand,  
And be kind to instruct, who wast stern to command !

So the Isles of the Ocean thy banners shall bless,  
The prayer of the stranger shall bring thee success ;  
And thy shield of defence, and the sword of thy  
    might,  
Shall be girded by Freedom, and wielded by Right.

AGNES BULMER.

## 'THE TRUE FREEDMAN.

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" He is the freeman, whom the Truth makes free,  
" And all are slaves beside."

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IN whatever state of outward condition any man may be, the grace of God, which is by Jesus Christ, can make him therewith content. It can diffuse peace and joy through the soul of the captive, and cause him "at midnight" to sing praises unto God, although "thrust into the inner prison," and having "his feet made fast in the stocks ;" and it can set at rest the heart of the slave, even under the rigours of the hardest bondage.

But while the principles and power of true religion can inspire and maintain contentment under the heaviest yoke of servitude, it is nowhere enjoined upon the Christian to manifest a disregard of civil rights and privileges ; nor does

any precept of the Bible require from him an unnatural and unattainable indifference with respect to—

“The thousand charms which Freedom has to shew,  
Which slaves, howe'er contented, never know.”

The direction of the Inspired Volume must commend itself to every man's reason and right feeling,—“*Art thou called, being a servant? care not for it; but if thou mayest be made free, use it rather.*” And it will be a subject of thankful and heartfelt rejoicing to every true friend of his country and of his kind, that the blessing of liberty is placed within the reach of those whom England has hitherto held fast in hard and cruel bondage; and that Britain's senate has at length decreed that the jubilee-trumpet shall sound through all her coasts and colonies, proclaiming that Slavery's chain is loosed, that the rod of the oppressor is broken, and that the fetter-galled victims of wrong and robbery shall go free. And were there no other yoke than that by which the slave is subjected to the will and caprice of a fellow-mortal, and no other chains than those which bind the body, the friends of the Negro might now rest from their labours in gratitude and peace, and in the enjoyment of that glorious triumph of humanity, which, through God's good hand upon them, they have achieved.

There is, however, a liberty which human legislators cannot enact,—which man's bounty cannot buy,—for which an adequate compensation cannot be calculated ; but which is given to every man who will come and take it, “ without money and without price.” “ *Grace makes the slave a free-man;*” or, to express it in the better words of HIM who came to heal “ the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bound,”—“ *If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.*” And such is the surpassing worth of *this* freedom, that it would be infinitely better to continue, till death, the most oppressed slave of the most absolute and iron-hearted tyrant, and to be the Lord's freeman, than to be a partaker of all the civil privileges which a gracious God has granted to a British isle, if a stranger to spiritual liberty ; for—

“ What other miseries  
May from this same unhappy source have risen,  
Are earthly, temporal, . . . .  
But if a soul be lost . . . . that were eternal evil.”

True benevolence flows from “ fellowship with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ.” It is a stream from the eternal fountain of love. It is derived and drawn from the source of all good, by those who “ know the only true God, and

Jesus Christ whom He hath sent ;” and who, by faith, are made “partakers of the Divine nature.” It is the communication of the mind of Christ to those who are “*in Him*.” If we really love one another, it is because we have known and believed the love which God hath manifested to us in sending his Son to be the propitiation for our sins, and the Saviour of the world ; and because we dwell in God, and God in us, and He hath given us of His Spirit. And whenever such “good-will to man” resides and reigns in the heart, its exercise will be steady and consistent. Such men will habitually act like persons who have “the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto them.” They will be “followers of God as dear children.” *As He is, so are they in this world.* They will walk, even as Christ walked. As they have opportunity, they will do good to all. They will dispense, with large and liberal hand, the bounties and blessings of Providence which have been committed to their trust. But while they are promoting, according to their power, the present well-being of their fellow-creatures, they will be moved with the deepest commiseration for those who are as sheep without a shepherd ;—who are wretched wanderers from God, but have none to search after them, or to care for their souls. They will partake of the mind of **HIM** who came to seek

and to save the lost; and who sent forth His Apostles not only to heal the sick and to relieve the suffering, but also, and at the same time, to publish abroad the glad tidings of peace and salvation.

Such men will, indeed, greatly rejoice in the breaking up of a system of cruelty and injustice, which has inflicted so many and grievous evils upon the negro population of our Slave-colonies; but they will feel that the main part of their work and labour of love yet remains to be done. The consideration will affect their hearts as painfully as before, that—

“Stronger and heavier chains than those which bind  
The captive’s limbs, enthralled his abject mind :  
The yoke of man his neck indignant bore,  
The yoke of sin his willing spirit wore.”

Such men will chiefly regard the abolition of West-Indian Slavery as a means to an infinitely higher end; and having rejoiced to see the oppressed go free, and the suffering slave rescued from a temporal evil which he both feared and felt, they will be the more anxious for his redemption from an eternal evil which he neither feels nor fears.

In the ground already gained, such men will discover the means and the motives for renewed and redoubled exertions. They will see in their

present measure of success, the barriers to the progress of moral and religious instruction and improvement broken down ; — the negro-mind softened, conciliated, and better disposed ; hindrances, against which they had long struggled, done away ;—facilities once denied, now freely granted ;—opportunities often and earnestly desired, fully afforded ;—doors of usefulness widely opened ;—and these favouring circumstances, and better days, and brighter prospects, will give to their efforts the impulse of a more lively hope, and animate and urge them onwards in the pursuit of their final aim—the emancipation of the soul.

The philanthropy of such men will not rest contented when the objects of their benevolent regard have been admitted to a participation in the blessings of civil liberty and personal freedom ; but, having themselves experienced a far greater deliverance,—having come at the Saviour's call, and laid down their burden of guilt and fear at the foot of the cross, and found peace in believing ;—having exchanged the bondage of Satan and the servitude of sin, for that yoke whose service is freedom and whose labour is rest ;—having felt the power of divine grace in breaking the chains with which they were once tied and bound ;—having found by happy experience that the truth can make them free ; and that their disenthralled spirit can exult in hope, and soar aloft, as with

the wings of a dove, and flee away, and anticipate its eternal rest in that city where not a link of spiritual bondage will remain, but where the ransomed of the Lord shall rejoice for ever and for evermore in the glorious liberty of the children of God;—such men can never contentedly stop short of their high and holy purpose of adding to the privilege which has already been obtained for the objects of their compassion, the further inestimable blessing of spiritual freedom,—that liberty where-with Christ can make them free. They will pursue this purpose with the same immovable resolution,—patient perseverance, and union of hearts and hands which, through grace, have thus far crowned their efforts with success. They will take God at his word; they will believe Him when He says, that, “He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance;” and that “He will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth;” and going forth in His strength, they will not stagger at the difficulties which lie in the way; but, “sternfast in faith, and joyful through hope, and rooted in charity,” they will not cease their labours or their prayers till they have done all that lieth in them, to bring these untaught victims of oppression and neglect to the knowledge and obedience of the faith of Jesus; and, through God’s grace and blessing, to transform these degraded

and wretched idolaters into enlightened, holy, happy Christians. The true *Abolitionist* is the man, who does not break the fetters which bind the body, and then leave the soul enthralled,— who will not be satisfied with the admission of the slaves to civil rights and privileges, or even with their elevation to the rank of a free and well-conditioned peasantry ; but whose heart's desire and prayer to God for these injured children of Africa is, that they may receive a rich recompense of inestimable and eternal benefits for their past sufferings ; that they may have cause to bless God through the future and endless duration of their being, for that bitter bondage which brought them within sound of the words of life ; and to rejoice that they were made man's slaves, since thereby they became the Lord's freemen. That society alone deserves the name of "*Anti-Slavery*," whose members account their glorious task undone, so long as the objects of their benevolence remain strangers to spiritual liberty ; and who nobly determine that nothing shall be wanting on their part till, through the blessing of Heaven upon their stedfast and strenuous efforts, these slaves are emancipated from the yoke of guilt and sin,—*till the Son has made them free*, and they are "**FREE INDEED.**"

THOMAS BEST.

*Sheffield.*

## THEY ASK ME FOR SOME RADIANT LAY.

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“ There is an exquisite subtilty, and the same is unjust.”

ECCLESIASTICUS.

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### I.

THEY ask me for some radiant lay,  
Like that which high-toned minstrels breathe,  
When, blithe for victory's festal day,  
Their crowns rejoicing millions wreath ;  
For Britain now, in western skies,  
Hath snapt the Slave's envenomed thong,  
And loosed the thousand lingering ties  
That linked him with the brute so long.

## II.

But if, amid the strings I try,  
As prescient of enduring ill,  
In discord with the tones of joy,  
One chord, more plaintive, murmurs still,—  
And if amidst my brighter braid  
Of flowers, ye note the darkening rue,  
Ye must not chide the passing shade,  
Nor deem th' unflattering strain untrue.

## III.

For I had thought, when brooding o'er  
This Christian nation's load of guilt,—  
The tears—the shrieks—the stripes—the gore—  
Her marts have viewed, her children spilt,—  
That, like Elijah, when the seers  
Of Baäl were to Tophet driven,  
Her senate would have dried those tears  
With instant lightnings, called from heaven :—

## IV.

That, as on Carmel's brow sublime,  
Freedom's charged Prophet would have trod,  
And cried to yon far coasts of crime,  
“ The Lord alone, the Lord is God !

And instant let the chains be riven  
From off each Ethiop's swarthy limb ! ”  
Angels might then have stooped from heaven,  
Their glorious Exodus to hymn.

## V.

But they have sought the light and dark,  
The just and unjust to combine ;  
And freed, perchance, JEHOVAH’s ark,  
But not to grace JEHOVAH’s shrine.  
The sword, that should have driven in rout  
Each idol lure to England’s sin,  
Has chased, indeed, brute MOLOCH out,  
But left rapacious MAMMON in !

## VI.

Yet, piteous of the weak resolve,  
Still may His grace th’ offence forgive ;  
And what was of the dust, dissolve,  
And what was of the heavens, receive.  
Sent by His word, to Lybian lands  
Long absent Justice shall return ;  
And incense, heaped by dusky hands,  
Bright on His hallowed altars burn.

## VII.

And through the unendangered isles,—  
Those Edens of the western sun,  
Where now no Negro mother smiles,  
Save when her infant's course is run,—  
Shall Peace and Liberty restore  
Those golden times, ere plain and creek  
Shook to the Spaniard's shout, who tore  
His treasures from the mild Cacique.\*

## VIII.

And, for the curses and the groans  
That long from anguished hearts have burst,  
Shall then be heard, in grateful tones,  
The voice of solemn praise,—as erst  
O'er Pharaoh's dying host, the clang  
Of timbrels sounded in the breeze,  
At morn, when ransomed Israel sang  
“Salvation!” by the refluent seas.

\* When Columbus landed in Hispaniola, he almost imagined that he had found the seat of Paradise. “The country,” wrote his son, “excels all others, as far as the day surpasses the night in splendour. Nor is there a better people in the world. They love their neighbour as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable; their faces are always smiling; and their hearts the most gentle and affectionate,” &c.

## IX.

What troubles in their transit, yet,  
The Negro nation shall sustain,  
Ere, clearly 'scaped the tyrant's net,  
*Their* promised Land of Rest they gain,  
We ask not, so Thy cloudy shrine  
And fiery pillar go before,—  
And as deliverance, Lord, is Thine,  
Be Thine the glory evermore !

J. H. WIFFEN.

*Froxfield.*

## THE DYING NEGRESS.\*

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(Written after hearing Mr. Buxton's reply to Mr. Canning's speech,  
March, 1824.)

---

KIND Companion ! cease to mourn me,  
Not for Leila smite thy breast ;  
Fiercer pangs than these have torn me,  
Ending not like these in rest.

Weep no more to see me suffer,  
On this burning sand laid low ;—  
Can the grasp of Death be rougher  
Than these chains which gall me now ?

Yesternight my tears were steeping  
Slavery's coarse and scanty food,  
Guilty of the crime of weeping,  
I have paid each tear with blood.

\* This poem ought to have been placed in the former part of the volume, but it was not received in time.

Now, in vain his threats will urge me,  
Hark ! the blood-stained whip resounds !  
But the lash no more can scourge me ;  
Death is binding up my wounds.

Yet, though *they* are fresh and bleeding,  
And for me no cure remains,  
There *are* tortures far exceeding  
Those the *outward* frame sustains.

Scars deface my limbs all over ;  
Burning brands have scorched my skin ;  
But, couldst thou my heart uncover,  
Wounds more painful bleed within.

Where are those I fondly cherished,  
Husband, children, once my own ?  
May they all, ere this, have perished,  
Nor a lot like mine have known !

Till the fierce Oppressor tore us  
From our native land so fair,  
Life's gay prospect smiled before us ;—  
White men, then, were strangers there.

But, at midnight, they descended,  
Like the dread tornado's sweep ;—  
Seized us sleeping, undefended,  
Bore us to their dungeon-ship.

Swift we flew, with rapid motion,  
Chained together, o'er the wave ;  
Wildly gazing on the ocean,  
Longing there to find a grave.

Once, I burst the chains that held me,  
Resolute to plunge and die ;  
But my husband's voice withheld me—  
And I heard my children's cry.

To this land of woe they brought us,  
Weak, dispirited, forlorn ;  
Slavery's lessons soon were taught us,—  
Labour, stripes, injustice, scorn.

Still one gleam of comfort brightened  
For a time poor Leila's fate ;  
Even Slavery's yoke was lightened,  
While we *jointly* bore its weight.

Soon this solace was denied me ;—  
Husband, babes, were torn away ;—  
And the tyrant dared deride me  
While I knelt to weep and pray.

Since the fearful hour we parted,  
Though the frenzy left my brain,  
Leila, sad, and broken-hearted,  
Never raised her head again.

Oft, in Memory's vivid painting,  
I behold them standing near ;  
Oft I see them bleeding—fainting ;—  
Oft their cries of anguish hear.

O, ye loved ones !—could I view you  
*Once* before I yield my breath !—  
Still do pain and grief pursue you ;  
Or are ye at rest in death ?

Once they told me there existed,  
In some realm beyond the sea,  
Patriots, in our cause enlisted,  
Who had vowed the Slave to free.

Oh ! this thought assuaged my sadness ;  
For my babes I wept no more :—  
Oft my heart exclaimed with gladness,  
“ Freedom is for *them* in store !”

[*A Missionary enters, and addresses her.*

Hark ! What unknown voice is speaking,  
While my eyelids close in death ?—  
Though poor Leila's heart is breaking,  
Words like these can stay my breath.

[*She listens, while the Missionary reads from the Bible and prays ; then says :—*

Why, O why did Leila never  
Hear this heavenly news before ?  
Why must Death my life-strings sever  
Now I long to live once more ?

Now I hear, with awe and wonder,  
Of a God who loves to save ;  
And that He who wakes the thunder  
Pities e'en the Negro-slave.

Will the *white man's* Saviour bless us ?,  
Can his name indeed be Love ?—  
While they torture and oppress us,  
Can HE see them from above ?

[*She listens again, while the Missionary converses.*

Yes !—the day of light *is* dawning ;  
It will shine o'er Leila's grave !  
She has heard, in death, the warning :—  
Christ has freed the Negro-slave !

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

*Westfield Lodge,*  
*Brighton.*

HEARD YE THOSE MILD TONES OF  
GLADNESS?

HEARD ye those mild tones of gladness  
Echoing o'er the Western sea ?  
'Twas no shout of mirthful madness,  
In the dance of slavery.

As the swelling strain comes o'er us  
Many a manly tear-drop starts,  
At the sable mothers' chorus  
Poured from " hundred thousand hearts."

" Smile, my babes !—the words are spoken ;  
Bondsmen's children,—you are free !  
Now the coming fetter's broken,  
These soft limbs with joy I see—

“ Growing, not for chains to clasp them,  
Nor for burning brands to sear ;  
Ne'er for pitiless hands to grasp them  
While the lash is piercing here !

“ Grow, my babes, young freedom prizeing ;  
To the scourge no more ye'll bow :  
Love the suns from Britain rising,  
For ye'll love her white men now.”

How shall Britain's heart maternal  
Answer best these artless songs ?  
What but gifts untold, eternal,  
Can outweigh those ancient wrongs ?

Waft your sympathetic promise,  
Loud responsive, o'er the deep :—  
“ Sable mothers, ask not from us  
Yet to smile : 'tis ours to weep.

“ Weep we o'er that iron bruising,  
Borne for ages, healed not soon ;  
'Midst our tears with joy diffusing  
Heavenly freedom's nobler boon.

“ Tell your ‘ little ones ’ we *owe* them,  
And will send them, ‘ light and truth ; ’  
Light from heaven shall soon o'erflow them,  
Guard and guide their joyous youth.

“ We would have them free for ever ;  
‘ Free indeed ;’ in *spirit* free ;  
Bonds of guilt and grief dissever,  
Foil e’en death’s captivity.

“ Give ‘ glad tidings ’ from above ;  
Preach ‘ a blood-bought free reward ;’  
Then they *must* the white man love,  
When they love his bleeding Lord.”

J. S.

*Frome.*

## THE NEGRO IS FREE.

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Imitated from Moore's sacred melody, " Sound the loud timbrel o'er  
Egypt's dark sea."

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Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,  
Britannia hath triumphed, the Negro is free ;  
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,  
    His scourges and fetters, all clotted with blood,  
Are wrench'd from his grasp ;—for the word was  
    but spoken,  
        And fetters and scourges were sunk in the flood :  
Blow ye the trumpet abroad o'er the sea,  
Britannia hath triumphed, the Negro is free.

Hail to Britannia, fair Liberty's isle !  
Her frown quailed the tyrant, the slave caught  
her smile ;  
Fly on the winds to tell Afric the story ;  
Say to the Mother of mourners, " Rejoice !"  
Britannia went forth in her beauty, her glory,  
And slaves sprang to men at the sound of her  
voice :  
Praise to the God of our fathers ;—'twas HE,  
Jehovah, that triumphed, my Country, by THEE.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

*Sheffield.*

**THE GOAL;**

**OR, CLARKSON IN OLD AGE.**

NEAR half a century hath flown ;  
That way-side wanderer now  
A venerable sage has grown,  
With years traced on his brow.

More bent in form, more dim of eye,  
More faltering in his pace ;  
But time has stamped in dignity,  
More than it reft of grace.

And joy is his, age cannot chill,  
Memories it need not shun ;  
The lone enthusiast of Wades-Mill  
His glorious goal hath won !

Not vainly has he watched the ark  
Wherein his hopes were shrined,  
Nor vainly fanned fair Freedom's spark  
In many a kindling mind.

At times, indeed, those hopes might seem  
Lost in the whelming wave ;  
That spark—a faintly, struggling gleam—  
Quenched to the hapless slave.

Anon the dove, with weary wing,  
Her olive-branch would bear ;  
A sign to which his hopes might cling  
In hours of anxious care.

The bow of promise has come forth ;  
It stands as erst it stood,  
When the old land-marks of the earth  
Emerged above the flood !

And Christian states have owned His right,  
Who bade the waves recede,  
As Freedom's champions, in His might,  
For Afric rose to plead.

Well may the vet'ran of that band,  
In life's declining days,  
Offer, with lifted heart and hand,  
Thanksgiving, glory, praise !

His name, with those of his compeers,  
Have travelled earth's wide round ;  
And grateful hearts, and listening ears,  
Have hailed their welcome sound.

His toils are o'er, his part is done ;  
The Captive is set free ;  
But, EUROPE, though *his* goal be won,  
Much yet devolves on *thee*.

The bondage that made Afric vile  
Can ne'er be wrapt in night,  
Until her barren wastes shall smile  
Beneath the Gospel's light.

'Till where the Scourge created fear,  
The Cross shall waken love,  
And Afric's children altars rear  
To Him who reigns above !

BERNARD BARTON.

F I N I S.