

A picture of slavery, for youth

A PICTURE OF SLAVERY, FOR YOUTH. BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE BRANDED HAND” AND “CHattelized HUMANITY.”

Philanthropy imploring America to release the Slave and revive Liberty.

Undo the heavy burthen, let the oppressed go free, break every yoke.

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BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY J. WALKER AND W. R. BLISS, AND FOR SALE AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, 21 CORNHILL; BELA MARSH, 25 CORNHILL; ALSO AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICES IN NEW YORK, 142 NASSAU ST.; AND PHILADELPHIA, 31 NORTH FIFTH ST.

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PREFACE.

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Will my young friends have the kindness to carefully and candidly read and examine this little book, and bestow on its contents the attention due to the important subject upon which it treats?

With sincere devotion to the cause of humanity, and deep solicitude for the welfare of the slaves, and others who are degraded and oppressed, I submit the following pages, hoping they will be the means of awakening many to just thoughts, feelings and conduct, in relation to the system of slavery in these United States. Having seen its grievous wrongs practised on men, women and children, for many years, I feel a strong desire to use all right and proper means for its removal; and seeing but few anti-slavery publications adapted to the capacity of children, and those few having but a very limited circulation, I have long since considered this one of the most important branches to be attended to, inasmuch as the impressions made on the mind of the young are connected with the destinies of the future.

“Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.”

“To cultivate in every noble mind Habitual grace, and sentiments refined, Thus while you strive to mend the human heart, Thus while the heavenly precepts you impart, 4 Oh! may each bosom catch the sacred fire, And youthful minds to virtue's throne aspire!”

Phillis Wheatley, *a slave*.

Without troubling the reader with a description of slavery as it has been, or as it is, in other countries, I shall merely glance at it as we now find it in these United States, cherished and sustained by the American people; for, in the stirring language of a humane poet—

“This is proud Oppression's hour! Storms assail you—will you cower, While beneath a despot's power Groans the suffering slave! While on every southern gale Comes the helpless captive's tale, Comes the voice of woman's wail, And of man's despair!”

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HAVE WE NOT ALL ONE FATHER? "HATH NOT GOD-MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN TO DWELL ON ALL THE FACE OF THE EARTH?"

PICTURE OF SLAVERY.

HUMAN BEINGS MADE PROPERTY.

My Young Friends:

Do you know what slavery is? or what that kind of slavery is which is practised in this country, and with which we are connected? If you have never lived where you have seen people compelled to work day after day, month after month, and year after year, without having suitable victuals and clothes to satisfy their pressing wants—made to submit to all the demands of wicked and cruel masters, mistresses, overseers, or drivers—whipped, chained, bought and sold like cattle, and separated from brothers and sisters, husbands and wives, parents and children;—I say, if you have not seen this, you cannot know correctly what slavery is; neither can I tell you, so that you can understand it properly. Although I have been acquainted with this horrid system more than twenty years, I cannot describe it. It can only be known as it is, by seeing and feeling its cruelty, as do the slaves themselves. But I intend to give you a little knowledge of it, by such means as I have at command, in this little book.

The laws, which are made by wicked and cruel men chosen by the people for that purpose, declare 1* 6 as follows:—"Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reputed, and adjudged in law, to be chattels personal, in the hands of their owners and possessors, their executors, administrators and assigns, TO ALL INTENTS, CONSTRUCTIONS, AND PURPOSES WHATSOEVER."

Now, don't you see this law makes them just as much property as horses and oxen are, and that they are liable to be used as other property, and for any purpose? And, therefore,

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people buy, sell and trade in them, as you will perceive by the following advertisements taken from American newspapers:—

“ For Sale, a Man, who is well acquainted with running a steam saw-mill. Those who wish to purchase such a BOY,^{*} would do well to apply to Thomas H. Merrill. ”

* Black men are called boys at the South.

“ Wanted to purchase, two first-rate Seamstresses, not over 22 years of age. Apply to Douglass & Philpot. ”

“120 Negroes for Sale.—The subscriber has *just arrived from Petersburg, Virginia*, with one hundred and twenty *likely young negroes*, of both sexes and every description, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

“The lot now on hand consists of plough-boys, several likely and well-qualified house servants of both sexes, several *women with children, small girls* suitable for nurses, and several SMALL BOYS WITHOUT THEIR MOTHERS. Planters and traders are earnestly requested to give the subscriber a call previously to making purchases elsewhere, as he is enabled and will sell 7 as cheap or cheaper, than can be sold by any person in the trade.”

“ Great Bargains.—Splendid Property on Long Credit —a full set of FIRST-RATE Mechanics, a large stock of horses and mules,” &c.

HORSES SLAVES 8 OTHER CATTLE Sold Here.

My husband they have sold; Alas! the bitter day! Too true to leave me willingly, They forced him far away.

Our prattling infants, too,— Most piercing thought of all,— Sold into cruel strangers' hands, What evils may befall!

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I pray, O God, that thou Wouldst take them from the earth; I ask their death, who once from thee, More madly, asked their birth.

8

One thing at least I trust, My only hope it is, There'll be no slavery in the world That follows after this.

These pictures represent a very common way of selling slaves. I have been in sight of these vendues often, but always turned away, because it made my heart ache to see them sold.

Look at the pictures, and see if they do not correspond with the following advertisement:—

“Will be sold at Public Auction, without reserve, Elliott, 35 years of age; Tom, 14 years of age, yellow; Claring, 17 years of age, with child, born Aug. 17, 1837; Charlotte, 19 years of age; Mahaly, 13 years of age. Will be sold together, or separately, in lots to suit purchasers. F. H. Dolbeare & CO., *Auct'rs.*”

Thus the mother and children are sold together, or separately, as the purchaser may choose.

All the following described persons are taken from advertisements of property, as offered for sale:—

“Stevedore, boat-hand, carpenter, drayman, cartman, axeman, sawyer, butcher, farmer, seamstress, ostler, washer and ironer, cooper, blacksmith, gardener, driver, bricklayer, steamboat fireman, sadler, teamster, laundress, painter, tailor, cabin-boy, wagoner, pilot, plater, cook, child's nurse, &c.”

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Now cast your eye on the following representation of a slave auction in Richmond, Virginia, and ask 9 what these people have done, that they should be treated in this manner!

10

FUGITIVE SLAVES.

Sometimes the slaves run away from their masters, because they are used so bad, or because they are to be sold off, and separated from their friends; and then they are advertised again in the newspapers. I will here give a few cases for a sample. I have a large number of them taken from American Newspapers, published in this country, which boasts of being the freest country on the earth, while it has three millions of its own people in the markets for sale:—

“Ranaway, my negro man named Simon; he *has been shot badly* in his back and right arm.”

“Fifty dollars reward, for the negro Jim Blake—has a *piece cut out of each ear*, and the middle finger of the left hand *cut off* to the second joint.”

“Ranaway, the negro boy Teams—he had on his neck an *iron collar*. ”

“Ranaway, Jim—had on when he escaped, a pair of *chain handcuffs*. ”

“Ranaway, my man Fountain—has *holes in his ears*, a *scar* on the right side of his forehead—has been *shot in the hind parts of his legs* —is marked on the back with the whip.”

“Ranaway, a negro named Hambleton, *limps* on his left foot, where he was *shot* a few weeks ago while a runaway.”

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“Ranaway, a negro woman and two children; a few days before she went off, *I burnt her with a hot iron, on the left side of her face, I tried to make the letter M.*”

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“Ranaway, Mary, a black woman; has a scar on her back and right arm near the shoulder, *caused by a rifle ball.*”

“Ranaway, a negro named Henry, *his left eye out; some scars from a dirk on and under his left arm, and much scarred with the whip.*”

“One hundred dollars reward for a negro fellow, Pompey, 40 years old; he is *branded on the left jaw.*”

“Ranaway, my negro man Richard. A reward of \$25 will be paid for his apprehension, DEAD or ALIVE. Satisfactory proof will only be required of his being KILLED. He has with him, in all probability, his wife ELIZA, who ran away from Col. Thompson, now a resident of Alabama, about the time he commenced his journey to that State.”

I have omitted the names of the men, papers, places, and the dates of the foregoing advertisements, to make room for other matter, but can produce them, if wanted.

When a slave runs away from his master, he is considered an outlaw; that is, he may be killed in any way, and there is no law to punish those who kill him; as you see in the last advertisement, the same reward will be paid for killing Richard, as there will for taking him alive. I knew many instances, when I lived at the south, when people would go into woods and swamps with their hounds and guns to hunt runaway slaves; and not unfrequently, the poor fugitives are shot badly, their flesh is torn in pieces by savage bloodhounds, and they are left in the woods to die. See the following, taken from a late Alabama paper:—

12

“NEGRO DOGS.

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“The undersigned having bought the entire pack of Negro Dogs, (of the Hays & Allen stock,) he now proposes to catch runaway Negroes. His charge will be Three Dollars per day for hunting, and Fifteen Dollars for catching a runaway. He resides 3 1–2 miles North of Livingston, near the lower Jones' Bluff road. WILLIAM GAMBREL.

“Nov. 6, 1845.”

I knew a man who went to Florida from Connecticut, and lived a near neighbor to me, who shot a slave with buck-shot in his thigh and hip, so that he died a few days afterwards. This man professed to be a religious man, was a church member at that time, and a Sabbath school teacher. His murdering that poor man did not prevent his remaining in the church. A short time afterwards, I saw him partaking of the sacrament at the church, as though nothing wrong had been done by him!

WHIPPING SLAVES.

The slaves when taken, after running away, are almost always dreadfully punished, in various ways, as they are for many other things, and sometimes for nothing. This picture shows one way of whipping, and there are other modes still worse. In these tortures, the skin and flesh give way as the bloody scourge meets the naked parts of the body of the helpless victim.

This picture represents one mode too infamous to describe further.

13

O'er me, weighed down by care, Pierced through by sorrow's stings, O'er me from day to day the same, The slave-whip ceaseless swings. 2

14

Many were the whippings which came to my knowledge in the slave districts, especially while in prison at Pensacola, in 1844–5. I was often pained in being compelled to hear

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the blows of the whip and the paddle,^{*} as they fell heavily on the quivering flesh of the poor slaves. Nor is the business of whipping confined to the men, but women also take part in these degrading and cruel transactions. I knew one woman who whipped another more than forty times during my confinement of eleven months in prison. Whippings are so common, where slavery exists, that they are seldom noticed, except in extreme cases. While writing this, my eye has fallen on a paragraph in Frederick Douglass's Narrative, relating to the subject. Says Douglass:—"The wife of Mr. Giles Hick, living but a short distance from where I used to live, murdered my wife's cousin, a young girl between fifteen and sixteen years of age, mangling her person in the most horrible manner, breaking her nose and breastbone with a stick, so that the poor girl expired in a few hours afterward. She was immediately buried, but had been in her untimely grave but a few hours, before she was taken up and examined by the coroner, who decided that she had come to her death by severe beating. The offence for which this girl was thus murdered was this:— She had been set that night to mind Mrs. Hick's baby, and during the night she fell asleep, and the baby cried. She, having lost her rest for several nights previous, did not hear the crying. They were both in the room with Mrs.

* This is a horrible instrument of torture, made of thick hard board, with numerous holes through it for the purposes of making the skin blister.

15 Hick. Mrs. Hick, finding the girl slow to move, jumped from her bed, seized an oak stick of wood by the fireplace, and with it broke the girl's nose and breastbone, and thus ended her life."

Ladies Whipping Girls.

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OTHER CRUEL TREATMENT OF SLAVES.

Seeing I have mentioned Frederick Douglass, I will say something more about him. Some of you may have heard him lecture, as he has lectured three or four years in New England;

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but for some time he has been lecturing in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and is there called The Eloquent Slave, and I think he is truly eloquent, and highly intelligent too.

You must remember that Frederick Douglass was a slave in the state of Maryland more than twenty years; but he could not bear to be a slave, and having no other chance to get free, he ran away and came to Massachusetts, and there wrote his Narrative; and in it he speaks about his grandmother, who was a slave all her lifetime. When she was old and feeble, she passed into the hands of strangers, because she was held as property. And this is what Frederick says about it:—

“If any one thing in my experience, more than another, served to deepen my conviction of the infernal character of slavery, and to fill me with unutterable loathing of slaveholders, it was their base ingratitude to my poor old grandmother. She had served my old master faithfully from youth to old age. She had been the source of all his wealth; she had peopled his plantation with slaves; she had become a great grandmother in his service. She had rocked him in infancy, attended him in childhood, served him through life, and at his death wiped from his icy brow the cold death-sweat, and closed his eyes forever. She was 17 nevertheless left a slave—a slave for life—a slave in the hands of strangers; and in their hands she saw her children, her grandchildren, and her great-grandchildren, divided, like so many sheep, without being gratified with the small privilege of a single word, as to their, or her own, destiny. And, to cap the climax of their base ingratitude and fiendish barbarity, my grandmother, who was now very old, having outlived my old master and all his children,—having seen the beginning and end of all of them, and her present owners finding she was of but little value,—her frame already racked with the pains of old age, and complete helplessness fast stealing over her once active limbs,—they took her to the woods, built her a little hut, put up a little mud chimney, and then made her welcome to the privilege of supporting herself there in perfect loneliness; thus virtually turning her out to die! If my poor old grandmother now lives, she lives to suffer in utter loneliness; she lives

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to remember and mourn over the loss of children, the loss of grandchildren, and the loss of great-grandchildren.

“The children, the unconscious children, who once sang and danced in her presence, are gone. She gropes her way in the darkness of age, for a drink of water. Instead of the voices of her children, she hears by day the moans of the dove, and by night the screams of the hideous owl. All is gloom. The grave is at the door. And now, when weighed down by the pains and aches of old age, when the head inclines to the feet, when the beginning and ending of human existence meet, and helpless infancy and painful old age combine together—at this time, this most needful time, the time for the exercise of that tenderness and affection which children only can exercise towards a declining parent—my poor old grandmother the devoted mother of twelve children, is left all alone in yonder little hut, before a few dim embers. She stands—she sits—she staggers—she falls—she groans—she dies—and there are none of her children or grandchildren present, to wipe from her wrinkled brow the cold sweat of death, or to place beneath the sod her fallen remains.”

A few years ago, in Virginia, a transaction took place, which this picture in part represents. I will just state the substance of it. A minister, who was in possession of a stolen horse, wanted to get him off his hands, and so he swapped him away for a slave, whose name was TOM, and paid an equivalent, as the slave was thought to be of more value than the horse. The understanding between Tom and the minister was, that when Tom should earn enough to pay the minister what he cost him, he should have his freedom. So Tom toiled on for several years, during which time he got a wife, and was expecting not only to be free himself, but at no distant day to be able to free his wife by purchase or otherwise.

But Tom's master was in no hurry to liberate him; and after long years had passed by, and some of the neighbors had told Tom that he had much more than paid his master the cost, he began to tease his master for his freedom. But the minister held Tom as his property, and of too much value to be lost when a good price could be obtained for him,

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and was therefore about to sell him, when Tom found it out, and, in a fit of despair, seized an axe, and cut off his forefinger and thumb, which considerably reduce his price in the market.

Exchanging Citizens for Horses.

20

Alas! and am I born for this, To wear this slavish chain? Deprived of all created bliss,
Through hardship, toil and pain!

Oh, Heaven! and is there no relief This side the silent grave— To soothe the pain—to quell
the grief And anguish of a slave?

TREATMENT OF SLAVES' FRIENDS.

I have mentioned two or three times, about my being in prison; and the reader may feel anxious to know how and for what I was imprisoned. I can afford but little space to that occurrence here; although the whole of it, and much more of my experience, would be both interesting and instructive.

I have published a book, in which I have given a full account of what I shall give here but a brief sketch of. I shall not stop here to tell how much I hate slavery; my life is the best evidence on that point; and it is difficult for me to tell why everybody that knows anything about slavery, should not hate it, and exert himself to have it swept from the face of the earth, seeing it is a curse both to the slave and the slaveholder.

I lived in Florida more than six years. During that time, I became acquainted with many slaves and slaveholders, and at one time, when about to leave Pensacola to come to the north, some slaves with whom I was acquainted, wanted to come away with me. I had no vessel at that time, though I used to go master of vessels; but I had a small boat, about large enough to carry ten men, in good weather, and when the sea was not very

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rough. But as it was not large enough to come to the north, I thought it might do to go to the Island of Nassau, which is a small island about 130 or 140 miles to the eastward of the southeast point of the State (at that time Territory) of Florida. It is an English island, and they do not hold slaves there; for the English government proclaimed liberty to 800,000 slaves, which were all that were held in the British West Indies; and so all slaves who escape from this country, and get anywhere under the English government, become free. And now there are thousands of runaway slaves in Canada, who were robbed of their birthright in this country, but are now in the enjoyment of liberty.

Just look at this picture, which represents the scene when the British Emancipation Act took place, and inquire why your country cannot, or does not do such a noble act to her poor bondmen.

Dear Liberty! upon thy breast, I languish to respire; And like the swan unto her nest, I'd to thy smiles retire.

Oh, blest asylum—heavenly balm! Unto thy bowers I flee— And in thy shades the storm shall calm, With songs of Liberty!

22

THE LAST SCENE IN BRITISH EMANCIPATION.

“After the 1st, Aug. 1834, SLAVERY shall be and is hereby utterly and forever abolished and declared unlawful throughout the British colonies plantations, and possessions abroad.”— *Act, 3 d and 4 th, William IV.*

This noble Act was trammelled with an apprenticeship (to slavery to prepare its victims for freedom!) Antigua and Bermuda, declined the proffered continuation, with, of course, the happier results. The Legislatures of Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Vincent, St. Kitts, and the West Indies generally, have done likewise, and on Aug. 1, 1838, three-fourths of a million of human beings were, by law, restored to their birth-right by Nature.

But wait a little, and I will tell you what the American government does to those of its own citizens who venture to befriend the slaves, or aid them to get their freedom.

I said just now, that when I was about to leave Pensacola with my boat, seven slaves came, and wanted to go to Nassau, in order to obtain their liberty. I let them get into my boat to go with me. I was taken sick about that time, and being exposed to the weather, night and day, I grew much worse, so that after I had been at sea five or six days, I was so sick that I did not expect to live for several days; but by the kind attention of the slaves, I began to get a little better, when two vessels came across us, and carried us into the harbor of Key West. We had then been at sea 14 days, had gone about 100 miles, and were not far from Nassau.

This act of taking us at sea was an act of piracy. They had no right whatever to interfere with us, and if it had been any other than an American vessel, it would have been considered an atrocious outrage by the American people. But the watchword of this nation is, virtually, " Take Care of Slavery. "

When we were carried to Key West, the slaves were put on board another vessel, and sent back to Pensacola; and I was put in jail and kept there four days, then put on board of a United States steamboat, and there put in double irons, both hands and feet, and stowed away down in the hold, close to the boilers, where it was so warm that I could but just breathe. I was kept in that condition nearly all the time for six days while the steamboat went to Pensacola, and had to lie 24 upon the plank. When the steamboat arrived at Pensacola, I was put in prison, very sick, and chained to a strong ringbolt fastened to the sleepers of the floor, and had to lie upon the floor for some months. I was then brought before the United States Court, and punished as though I had committed some dreadful crime, by being put in the *Pillory*, *pelted with rotten eggs*, the letters S. S. burnt into my

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hand, with the United States Branding Iron, (as you see here on the pictures,) by a United States Officer, from the north.

I was then put in prison again, kept there six months longer, brought before the court again, had another trial, put back to prison again, kept there a month longer, and then released, after paying the following bill, and nine dollars more, to satisfy the demands brought against me.

The author confined in the pillory.

26

TERRITORY OF FLORIDA vs. JONATHAN WALKER. *Abducting Seven Slaves*. Verdict, *Guilty*.

Cost of Court, and fines in seven suits, \$291 05

Paid Witness from Key West, 57 75

“ do. R. C. Caldwell, 3 75

“ do. R. C. Caldwell, 2 50

“ Deputy for travelling to navy-yard, to arrest, 3 00

Paid Lock for Jail, 0 87½

“ Blacksmith, repairing Jail, &c. 9 13

“ D. Quind, for guarding Jail, 87 50

“ City of Pensacola for use of Jail, 25 00

“ City Jailer, for board up to May 23rd, 1845, 115 50

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\$596 05 ½

(Signed) E. Dorr, *U. S. Marshal.*

Received, Pensacola, 20th May, 1845, of C. C. Keyser, Esq., Five hundred ninety-six 5—100 dollars, in full for the above bill of cost.

(Signed) Eben Dorr, *U. S. Marshal for West Florida.*

There were many things which I had to suffer, besides witnessing a great deal of suffering by others, which makes my heart ache now to think of it. Thus you see, I was eleven months locked up in a loathsome, filthy prison, and eight and a half months in chains, and punished in many other ways, because I 27 practically preached “ *deliverance to the captives,* ” and endeavored to “ *set at liberty them that are bruised;* ” because I did “unto others as I would they should do unto me,” if I were in their condition.

I have not been the only one who has suffered, and is still suffering, for like deeds done to the poor victims of oppression in this country. Don't you remember Work, Burr and Thompson, who were imprisoned in the State of Missouri four years; Paine, Fairbanks, and Morris, now in prison in other States, from 5 to 30 years; and Charles T. Torrey, who was a short time ago, released by DEATH? Only think of it. When they saw he was going to die, and that he could not live, they would not let him die out of prison, where his wife and children might come to wipe the sweat of death from his cold face, and close his sunken eyes for the last time. *The tender mercies of slavery are cruel.*

WHITES AND INDIANS MADE SLAVES.

Allow me to present you one more picture of the hideous monster, (SLAVERY,) and leave you to such reflections as your judgment and conscience shall approve.

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The sufferings and outrages inflicted on the slaves are not confined to the descendants of Africa, the colored people, or their friends. But those who never dreamt of interesting themselves about the slaves are sometimes made to feel its fangs. See here a case.

Some years since, a white boy, about seven years old, was stolen from his parents. He was tattooed, 28

Tanning a Boy.

painted and tanned. Every other method was also adopted which wickedness could devise, to change the exterior appearance of the unfortunate creature into one uniform dark tinge. In this wretched and forlorn condition, he grew up to up to maturity; driven, starved and 29 scourged, like the colored people with whom he was obliged to associate. He was a genuine nondescript, neither of the white, Indian, nor African species of man. At length, some friends of freedom, compassionating his anguish, mercifully contrived to procure his escape to his parents in Ohio, who had lost this boy about twelve or fourteen years previous, when about to remove from Virginia, and of whom no vestige could be discovered. Like the Patriarch Jacob, they had been constantly bewailing their child, and like him, after long years of painful separation, they were permitted once again to see him.

The kidnapper was a pretended Christian, and when it was communicated to him that the youth was in safety, under protection of his family, he cursed and reviled all those persons who had aided in his flight, as notorious knaves who had united to rob him of his property, and threatened them with the punishment of the civil law; for it is one of the most flagrant crimes in the slave-driver's catalogue of iniquity, to encourage and assist a slave to escape from his fetters and agony.

No doubt exists that many Indians are now retained in slavery in Georgia, upon the same principles, and in the same manner; and any attempt on their part to fly from their tortures would secure their instant death, if they could not be taken and reduced to slavery again without.

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A short time before I left Pensacola prison, an Indian was taken up there as a fugitive slave, chained in prison for several weeks, advertised, and finally claimed by a planter in Alabama as his property. Two 3* 30 men came for him; the chain was taken from his ankle, an iron collar put round his neck, and riveted on, one end of the chain attached to it, and the other end fastened to the saddle of a horse, on which his tormentor sat; and in four hours afterwards, they were twenty miles from the prison.

Thus compelled, in the middle of a hot day, with his hands tied, and a rough iron collar around his neck next to the skin, to keep up with the horse, on foot, or be dragged by the neck 20 miles in 4 hours!

I frequently saw and talked with this man, and he had not the least appearance of the African about him, but was doubtless a mixture of the Indian and the white man.

TREATMENT OF THE INDIANS.

The Indians have always been wickedly and cruelly treated by the white Americans, ever since they have had the power to do it.

From 1833 to 1839, the white people of the United States were at war with a small tribe of Indians in Florida, because they had pity on the slaves, who ran away from their masters in Georgia, that they might get their liberty. They went among the Seminole Indians, who lived in the Territory of Florida, and the Indians received them in a very friendly manner, and they lived together, and were married, and had children, and were farming, hunting and fishing, as Indians do, for a living. But the Georgia slave-holders sent their agents among them to get 31 their slaves and their children. They took the advantage, and insulted many of the Indians. The Indians resented the insult, and in some cases used weapons. The *United States* sent their troops down there to punish and drive them off. They also sent over to the Island of Cuba, and got some bloodhounds, to help them drive

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the Indians away from their homes; and after hunting and shooting them for nearly six years, they succeeded in driving most of the Indians out of Florida into the western forests.

I lived in Florida during part of that war, and became acquainted with many cruel and barbarous acts of the United States agents, officers, and troops, and saw some of the Indians on board the steamboats while being transported from their homes to the far west. I will here mention one circumstance which took place near where I lived. There were none of what is called the hostile Indians, but a few friendly ones lived not far off. One day, one of these and his little boy came to a village not far from where they lived, and where they were acquainted, to sell some turkeys; and when returning home, on their way passed where some of the troops were stationed. They saw the Indian and his boy going home from the village, knowing that they were friendly, and attending to their own business; but as the troops had had no opportunity before to show their courage and skill in fighting the Indians, they were not willing to let this pass unimproved. After the Indian and his boy had passed them a short distance, one of the troops (a volunteer) took deliberate aim and shot the man! He fell, mortally wounded. He took from his belt a knife, cut his own throat, and tossed the knife to his boy. The boy took the hint, caught the knife, and followed the example of his father, rather than to trust himself to the tender mercies of the United States legalized murderers.

MEETING OF A MISSIONARY AND THE CHIEFS.

In order that our young friends may have a little better knowledge of the character of the American Indians, who are much misrepresented by many prejudiced and bigoted writers and people in this country, and spoken of as *savages*, I will relate one occurrence which is not unlike much that has been experienced by that greatly abused class of our fellow-men.

In the year 1805, an American missionary met with a council of Indian chiefs, to induce them to embrace and diffuse our religion among their tribes.

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At the close of the council, he was addressed by one of the chiefs, (whose name was Sagnym, who was commonly called *Red Jacket*,) in behalf of his people, as follows:—

“Friend, and Brother:—It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things; and has given us a fine day for our Council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness. Our eyes are opened, that we may see clearly; our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly, the word you have spoken. For all these favors, we thank the Great Spirit—and him only.

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“Brother: listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island; their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun; the Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver; their skin served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All these he had done for his red children, because he loved them.

“If we had disputes about our hunting ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of blood. But an evil day is come upon us: your forefathers crossed the great waters, and landed on this island. Their number was small. They found us friends, and not enemies. They told us that they had fled from their own country, through fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them, and granted their request, and they set down among us. We gave them *corn* and *meat*, and in return they gave us *poison*. The white people having now found our country good, tidings were sent back, and more came among us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers; we believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their number so increased, that they wanted more land—they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened: and we became uneasy. War took place. Indians

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were hired to fight against Indians; and many of our people were destroyed. They also distributed liquor amongst us—which has slain thousands.

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“Brother;—once our seats were large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied. You want to force your religion upon us.

“Brother: continue to listen. You say you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit, agreeably to his mind; and that if we do not take hold of the religion which you teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us, as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given it to us? and not only to us, but why did he not give to our forefathers the knowledge of that book, with the means of rightly understanding it? We only know what you tell us about it: and having been so often deceived by white people, how shall we believe what they say?

“Brother: you say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? why not all agree, as you can all read the Book?

“Brother: we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion, which was given to our forefathers; and has been handed down to us. It teaches us to be thankful for all favors received; to love each other, and be united. We never quarrel about religion. The great Spirit made us all. But he has made a great difference between his white and 35 his red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you he has given the arts,—to these he has not opened our eyes. Since he has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may he not have given us a different religion? The Great Spirit does right. He knows what is best for his children.

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“Brother: we do not want to destroy your religion, or to take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own. We have been told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We will wait a little, and see what effect your preaching has had upon them. If we find it makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

“Brother: you have now heard our answer, and that is all we have to say at present. As we are about to part, we will come and take you by the hand; and we hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends.”

Thirty years have since passed away, and what now do those Indians behold? What effect has our preaching had upon those white neighbors? A constant persecution of those noble-spirited people, (the Indians,) has been carried on up to the present time. The enslavement of three millions of our weaker neighbors, making merchandise of them, and cultivating a cruel and fiendish prejudice against nearly four millions of our own people, because GOD (the GREAT SPIRIT) has seen fit to make us differ somewhat in complexion! And now we are engaged in a barbarous and bloody war with a weak neighboring nation, (Mexico,) to strengthen the hands of slave-holders, and give them dominion over all the land. Alas for the favorable consideration of those Indians, or any other people who know anything of us!

In this small book, I have shown but little of the system of slavery, and its evils. It is the cause of a great deal of suffering and cruelty which I have not alluded to. It is the cause of the war with MEXICO, with all its horrid deeds, such as making thousands of women widows, parents to mourn the loss of their children, and children to become fatherless. Slavery and war are connected. In order to sustain the one, the other must exist in some form or other.

In taking leave of my young friends for the present, allow me to beseech you to remember those who are in slavery, and make their case your own, and see if you cannot do

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something to remove the dreadful evil, which not only deprives three millions of our brothers and sisters of their rights and liberties, but endangers our own also. Remember that prejudice against the colored people helps the slave-holders very much, to keep their slaves in ignorance and bondage. I have suffered a great deal myself for the slaves, and am willing to suffer still more if I can do anything for their emancipation. And now, for the sake of the slave, for the sake of humanity, and for righteousness' sake, do what you can for them.

BY A SLAVE.

Am I sadly cast aside, On misfortune's rugged tide? Will the world my pains deride

Forever?

Worst of all, must hope grow dim, And withhold her cheering beam? Rather let me sleep
and dream

Forever!

Leave me not a wretch confined, Altogether lame and blind, Unto gross despair consigned,

Forever!

Heaven! in whom can I confide? Canst thou not for all provide? Condescend to be my
guide

Forever!

And when this transient life shall end, O, may some kind, eternal friend Bid me from
servitude ascend,

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Forever!