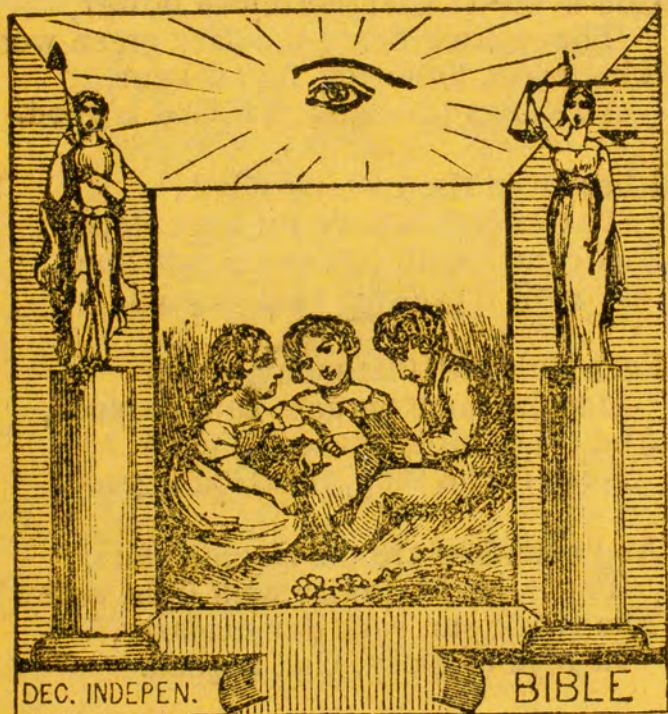


THE
SLAVE'S FRIEND.

VOL. III. No. XI.

WHOLE No. 35.



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HYMN.

' All thy works praise thee.'

God is good ! each perfumed flower,
The smiling fields, the dark green wood,
The insect, fluttering for an hour,
All things proclaim that God is good.

I hear it in the rushing wind ;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds with golden colours lined,
Are all repeating, God is good.

Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song, that God is good.

And countless are the blazing stars,
That sing his praise with light renew'd ;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.

The moon, that walks in brightness, says,
That God is good ! and we, endued
With power to speak our Maker's praise,
Will still repeat that God is good.

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ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The above picture is the arms of the UNITED STATES. It is the device of one side of the great seal of the nation. The whole seal is thus described in the law of December 20th, 1784.

Arms: Paleways of thirteen pieces, argent^a and gules^b, a chief, azure^c; the escutcheon^d on the breast of the American eagle displayed, proper, holding in his dexter^e talon^f an

^a Bright like silver. ^b Red. ^c Faint blue.
^d The shield of the family. ^e The right. ^f Claw of a bird.

olive branch, and in his sinister^g a bundle of thirteen arrows, all proper, and in his beak a scroll inscribed with this motto: "E PLURIBUS UNUM^h."

For the CREST: Over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a glory, or, breaking through a cloud, proper, and surrounding thirteen stars forming a constellation, argent, on an azure field.

REVERSE: A pyramid unfinished. In the zenith an eye in a triangle, surrounded with a glory, proper: Over the eye these words: "Annuit Coeptisi." On the base of the pyramid the numerical letters MDCCLXXVI. And underneath, the following motto: Novus ordo seclorum^k."

My little readers can ask some one to explain the above to them more fully than is done in the notes. The idea of the bundle of arrows is taken from Æsop's fable of "The old man and his sons." An old man called his sons before him, and had a bundle of sticks brought in. They all tried, one by one, to break the bundle, but they could not do it. The bundle was then untied, and the

^gThe left. ^hOf many one. ⁱHe has favored our endeavors. ^kA new order of ages.

old man gave a single stick to each son. They could now break them very easily. The father said, if you keep yourselves united in friendship no mortal can hurt you, but if you lose your affection for one another you will soon fall to pieces, and any one can hurt you.

There are many States in this Union, but they are all united in one government. "E PLURIBUS UNUM"—*Of many one*. Now, abolitionists love this country, and they love the union of the States. SLAVERY threatens to break the Union. EMANCIPATION will prevent it. Slavery is like the bundle of sticks *untied*, but Emancipation is like the bundle *tied fast*. Who then love their country best? Answer: ABOLITIONISTS.



THE PROUD GIRL.

A little girl, whom I know, said she was an abolitionist, and I believe she really thought she was. One day she came home from school, and looked very sulky. Her father asked her what the matter was. This proud girl said, "one of the scholars asked me if my father was not an abolitionist." What did you say, asked her father. "I did not say any thing," said his daughter, "but I do not want you to be an abolitionist." Why? "Because the scholars tease me so." Now was not this a proud little girl? She ought to have said "yes, my father is an abolitionist, and so AM I." Then the scholars would have respected her.

I knew a little boy once, whose father was an abolitionist. He went to school with an old hat. The boys laughed at him. But he said, "I should not have worn this old hat many days here, but now you laugh at me I mean to wear it six months longer." He did wear it until he was the first scholar in his class!

When the boys saw him above them all they did not laugh at his old hat any more.

Did not this little boy behave better than the little girl did?

THE HYÆNA.

In the South of Africa these ferocious beasts are numerous. They prefer human flesh to any other.

The Mambookies build their houses, which are in form like beehives, and tolerably large, often 18 or 20 feet in diameter. They tie the calves in the houses every night, to protect them from the storms or from wild beasts.

The hyænas pass by the calves, and take the children from under the mother's kaross; and this in such a gentle and cautious manner, that the poor parent has not missed her child until the cries of her little innocent have reached her from without, when a close prisoner in the jaws of the monster.

Dapa's great grandson was about ten years of age. The hyæna had already

seized his younger brother, and torn away part of his face. Another night he came into the house, and took a second, carrying him quite off. On his third visit he seized the last mentioned by the left shoulder. The little fellow, awakened by this grasp, struck him with his hand. The hyæna let go his hold, and seizing him on the other side, broke his collar-bone. The poor boy still fought with his left hand, and the hyæna, letting go his hold a second time, grasped him by the fleshy part of his thigh, and ran off with his prey.

It was not until he had carried him a quarter of a mile, that he could be made to drop him. The poor boy was taken care of and recovered.

WEST INDIA SLAVE CHILDREN.

They are made to work at the early age of five years. They are either sent to gather sour oranges for the hogs, or hoes are put into their hands, and they assist in clearing and weeding the canes,

or in putting the overseer's garden in order. An old colored woman, armed with a whip and switches of bamboo, takes care of them.

How I pity the poor things, to see their little bodies trembling with fear, and casting their glances around to see if the old dame is near by. They do not enjoy the happy hours of childhood, such as free children enjoy!

Their little hearts are sad and grieved. In the night they forget their sufferings, and sleep soundly, but in the morning the driver's whip thunders in their ears, and makes them feel their bitter lot. They go weeping along to their work.

If any have overslept themselves, O, how they are punished when they arrive at the place of labor. Their treatment is cruel. The old dame begins by scolding at them with her screeching tongue, that is as shrill as the peacock's. She orders the trembling little culprit to be seized by its companions, and she puts on the blows till its flesh quivers with pain.

One little girl, on an estate, was flogged and abused in a cruel manner, almost every day. Her life was wretched and miserable. She was actually *quite lame* from the *effects of the lash*.

I have seen the old man of seventy flogged, the child of five years flogged, the slender youth, the young woman, and the mother of a large family. There is nothing, except what may be seen in the United States, to be compared to the cruel scenes witnessed in the islands of the west.

“———Those islands fair,

“That lie like jewels on the Indian deep.”

Yet the flag of liberty, will yet wave over that lovely country, and the sound of the jubilee-music will re-echo the joyful news throughout valley and hill—*O hasten the day!*

Note.—The above is what slavery *was* in the West Indies before August 1, 1834, and as it *is* now with all except children. By the Emancipation act they are free. O, that they were free in the United States.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

By Robert Southey.

It was a summer evening,—
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green,
His little grand-child, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he, beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found :
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round,

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And when the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
“ 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in the great victory.

“ I find them in the garden,
There's many here about ;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in the great victory.”

“ Now tell us what 'twas all about—”
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes—
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.”

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ Who put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out :
But every body said,” quoth he,
“ That 'twas a famous victory.”

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by :
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“ With fire and sword the country
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a hapless mother then,
And many an infant, died ;
But things like these, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“ They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;

But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the duke of Marlbro’ won,
And our good prince Eugene.”

“Why, ’twas a very wicked thing!”
Said little Wilhelmine.

“Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
“It was a famous victory.”

“And every body praised the duke
Who such a fight did win.”

“But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth young Peterkin.

“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he;
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

CONVERSATION ON SLAVERY,

Between a Father and his Children.

Mr. Green. What is slavery?

Sarah. Holding men as property.

Mr. G. Yes, and at the same time
treating them as brutes.

Benjamin. Why is *American* slavery
more base and wicked than any other
slavery?

Mr. G. Because *we* profess that all

men are created equal, and are entitled to Liberty.

Rebecca. Is slavery confined to color?

Mr. G. No. Mr. Paxton said "the best blood in Virginia flows in the veins of the slaves."

Lucy. How many slaves are there in the world?

Mr. G. About five millions, of whom more than half are in this country.

William. What is the yearly increase in the number of slaves in the U. S.?

Mr. G. About seventy-five thousand, or two hundred a day. That is the increase. And as nearly two hundred slaves die every day, the number of slave-children born in this country, is about four hundred a day!

John. Are slaves prohibited from religious worship?

Mr. G. In South Carolina it is not lawful for any number of slaves, *even in company with white persons* to meet for religious worship before sunrise, or after sundown.

HATRED TO COLORED PEOPLE.

As I was going home to dinner one day in the city of New-York I saw a neat looking colored woman sitting on one of the door-steps of a house in Elm street. She looked tired, and I suppose she had sat down to rest herself. A white boy, about nine or ten years old, stood a little way off. When I came near I saw him snap a pea at the woman's face. It did not hit her, and she did not appear to see him. He then snapped another at her, and it hit her plump in the face! The woman started a little, and looked at the naughty boy, but she said nothing to him, and did not even look angry. I caught him by the collar, and said, "Why did you snap that at the good woman?" He started, and appeared to be affrighted. I dare say he thought I was going to whip him, for he knew that he deserved to be whipped. But I spake kindly to him, and he walked off looking very much ashamed of himself. The woman showed *meekness*, and the boy *mortification*. I

should rather be the person *injured*, than the *injurer*. "Blessed are the *meek*, for they shall inherit the earth," said Christ.

A QUEER SCHOOL-MASTER.

In the life of Oberlin it is stated that, when Mr. Stoubert went to take possession of the cure of Ban de la Roche, he began by first enquiring into the manner of education there. Asking for the principal school, he was conducted to a miserable hovel, where there were a number of children crowded together without any occupation, and in so wild and noisy a state, that it was with some difficulty he could obtain a reply to his enquiry for the master.

"There he is," said one of them, as soon as silence could be obtained, pointing to a withered old man, who lay on a little bed in one corner of the room.

"Are you the school-master, my good friend?" inquired Stoubert.

"Yes, Sir."

"And what do you teach the children?"

"Nothing, Sir, nothing."

"How is that?"

"Because," replied the old man, with much simplicity, "I know nothing myself."

"Why, then, were you appointed school-master?"

"Why, Sir, I had been taking care of the Walbach pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, they sent me here to take care of the children."

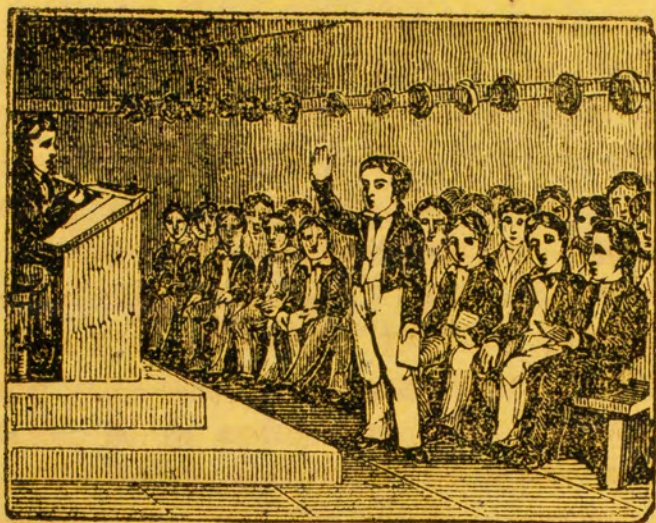
Such, alas, is but too much the state of education amongst the Boors in the more remote districts of the Colony at the South of Africa, says the traveller Steedman.

TREAD MILL.

A black girl, about eighteen, was obliged to *dance the tread mill* in Barbadoes, West Indies, and the pain made her moan piteously. Her moaning was answered by the cut of the whip. She tried again and again to tread the mill, but was utterly unable. She had lost all power, and hung,

in a helpless way, suspended by the left arm, held on by the wrist by a negro above. The bend of the arm passed over the rail, the wrist was held down tightly, so that she could not alter her position, or get the least ease by moving. It was most affecting to hear her appeals to the driver. 'Sweet massa, do pity me—do sweet, sweet massa, pity me—my arm is broke.' Her entreaties to be relieved were answered by cuts from the whip, and threats that if she did not cease to make a noise, he would have her down and flog her.





A GOOD SCHOOL.

A boy is speaking a piece. It is about slavery. How the rest of the scholars listen. Perhaps he is telling them about the dreadful murder of Mr. Lovejoy. O, what a wicked deed was that!

With grief we hear a startling sound
 Appeal from earthly wrong:
 Our brother's blood cries from the ground,
 "How long, O Lord! how long?"

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