

THE  
SLAVE'S FRIEND.

VOL. II. No. VII.

WHOLE No. 19.



BIRD-NESTING.

THE above picture represents two boys, named James and John, robbing a bird's nest. As it was Saturday afternoon, these lads were not obliged to

go to school. They agreed, therefore, to go *bird-egging*, and *bird-nesting*.

They had not gone far before James stopped and looked eagerly up in a tree. John did not, at first, know what he meant, and asked him what he looked up there for. "I see a bird's nest," said James, "and I mean to climb the tree, and see what there is in it."

John began to be sorry that he had undertaken this cruel sport, and said *he* would not go up into the tree, and rob the poor bird of its eggs, or its young ones. "But *you* may, for all I care."

So James climbed up the tree, and in doing so frightened the old bird out of her nest. John forgot his unwillingness to rob, tried with all his might to catch the bird, and called out to James, "what is there in the nest? are there any eggs? are there young birds?"

James put his hand into the nest, and took out three little unfledged birds. He handed them to John to hold until he could get down. When he was on

the ground, "There," said he, "I've got them, and I wish we had the old one that is flying and screaming about our heads. Can't you bring her down with a stone, James?"

When James and John got home, John's father blamed him for what he had done; but John tried to justify himself. "I did not climb up into the tree," said he, "and after James had brought them to the ground it could not be helped. And as the little things could not take care of themselves, we thought it would be better to bring them home, put them into a cage, and feed them every day."

John's father was not satisfied with such an excuse. He told his son that he had done wrong; he should have remonstrated with James; and told him plainly that he would have nothing to do with the birds; and that he ought to have put them back into the nest.

Though the boys put the birds into a

cage, and fed them very often, the poor things died in a few days.

Now James acted as the slave-holders do. They seize men as James seized the birds. And they seize little children too, snatch them away from their distressed parents, and do not mind their cries.

How many there are who, like John, look on, and either help to commit the robbery, or offer all manner of excuses for the robbers. They say, as John did, after he had taken the little birds from the nest, "if I should let the birds go, they cannot take care of themselves; and as they have been taken, it cannot be helped now."

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#### SON OF LIBERTY.

Just after the long French war, as the English people called it, a sailor, coming over London bridge, met a boy, who had a large number of birds in a cage that he was offering for sale.

“How do you sell your birds, my lad?” exclaimed the sailor.

“Sixpence apiece,” answered the boy.

“How many of them have you?”

The boy counted them, and the sailor and he calculated how much all the birds would come to.

“I’ll take the whole of them,” said the sailor, and opening the door of the cage, he let them all fly away!

“What do you do that for?” exclaimed the boy.

“Why I’ll tell you, my lad,” said the humane sailor. Do ye hear? I’ve been two years shut up in a prison-ship, and I am determined that whenever I see any thing a prisoner, I will, if I can, set it free.” With that he paid the boy, and walked off, whistling a tune about “liberty, sweet liberty!”

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#### KIDNAPPING.

There are a great many persons at the north watching to kidnap little boys

and girls, carry them to the south, and sell them as slaves.

A gentleman residing near School street, Boston, was informed by a friend that his two children were with a strange female, who was walking with them up Washington street. Being alarmed at this information, he immediately went in the direction whither he had learnt the female was going, and providentially found her, walking at a brisk pace, near the Boylston market, holding the children by their hands. They were immediately liberated from the daring grasp of this woman, and the parent being wholly engrossed in the security of his children, suffered her to escape unpunished.

The children, a little boy and girl, said that the woman had met them while at play in Governor's Alley, and gave them candy and sugar-plums, and had promised to give them a great variety of pretty playthings, if they would go home with her.

## THE FAITHFUL NURSE.

On the 10th of June, 1770, the town of Port-au-Prince was almost destroyed by a dreadful earthquake. From one of the falling houses all the people had fled, except a colored woman, who was nurse of her master's infant child. She would not leave the little babe, though the walls of the house were then giving way, and about to fall. She rushed to the bed-side, where the infant lay, and clasped it in her arms. The house shook, and the roof fell in! The heavy fragments fell upon the faithful woman, but no harm was done to the child, for its nurse had bent across the body, and saved the life of the little one at the sacrifice of her own! Was'nt she a faithful nurse?

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HYMN

*Of colored orphans, under the care of a Female Charitable Society.*

[The following is from Mrs. Sigourney, who, although a Colonizationist at present, says, "there are many friends in the Anti-Slavery Society whom I respect

and love." This hymn was sung at the celebration of a Society of Ladies who have a few colored children under their care.

Scorn not the darken'd brow,  
Ye of that happier race,  
Who wear the rose-tint on your cheek,  
With beauty's fairest grace,  
Nor let our humble claim,  
Who bear the orphan's lot,  
Be disregarded in your prayers,  
Or in your alms forgot.  
For when before their Judge  
The gather'd nations stand,  
And Afric, long on earth opprest,  
Shall raise th' unfetter'd hand;  
And with a wandering eye  
Heaven's perfect justice share,  
The mercy that to us you show,  
Shall be remember'd there.

L. H. S.

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WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

The Juvenile Anti-Slavery Society of Pawtucket, R. I., have contributed to the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society the present year one hundred dollars! This is enough to purchase more than fifteen thousand copies of the SLAVE'S FRIEND. Why,



if all the young people in the northern states would do as much as those of Pawtucket have done, all the children in the country could have this little book. It is to be hoped that there will be many Juvenile Societies formed, and that they will collect a good deal of money for this good cause. Bestir yourselves, young friends, and do all you can for the poor slave.

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#### PICKING COTTON.

Here, James, take your slate, and cipher a little. I want you to find out how much each slave, who grows cotton, earns for his master every year," said Mr. Benson to his son.

"Perhaps," said James, "I can do the sum in my head."

"Very well," said his father, "you may do so, for I think mental arithmetic is better than ciphering, though both are useful."

Four hundred millions pounds of cotton are raised (or grown) in the United

States in a year. One hand, as they say, can grow two thousand pounds in a season.

“Now, James, how many field hands are required to grow all the cotton?”

James looked thoughtful, his mind was at work, and presently he said, “two hundred thousand hands are required.”

“Well, my son,” said Mr. Benson, “if the cotton brings twelve and a half cents a pound, how much money does each of the cotton-growers earn?”

“Two hundred and fifty dollars,” said James.

“Yes,” said his father, “that is correct. Now, if we estimate that each slave earns as much more by other labor, every year, we see that they earn five hundred dollars each for the slave-holders. From this must be deducted what it costs to supply them with scanty food and coarse clothing, and the rest is clear gain to their master.”

Read what the apostle James says of

wicked rich men. "Go to now, ye rich men, (ye planters,) weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted.—Your gold and silver are 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 together for the last days. Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, (grown and picked your cotton,) which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth; and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."

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#### FREE COLORED PEOPLE.

Mr. Owen, the traveller, went on shore at Jacmel, in his way to Mexico. He thus speaks of the people:

"It was a religious holyday. Everything was new to me; and more new, as it was the first free colored population I had ever seen. The people were better dressed, cleaner, more orderly, and more mild and polite, than any working or trading people I had ever seen in any country. This sort of habit will be found in the country

as well as in cities. I have, when travelling, come suddenly upon a cottage settlement in the forest, and have been greeted by the bows and curtsies of the children. It was done with a grace, ease, and confidence, which showed that it was an every day thing, and not depending upon their sight of strangers.

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#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following were taken from the *Charleston (S. C.) Courier*, of July 11, 1836.

#### ESTATE SALE.

*By Garrett and Mortimer.*

To-morrow, 12th inst., by permission of the Ordinary, will be sold at the north of the Exchange, at 11 o'clock,

JOHN, a Laborer.

Conditions cash; purchaser to pay for bill of sale.

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Negroes wanted. Cash will be given for any number of young NEGROES from the age of ten to twenty years. Persons having such to dispose of will

find it to their advantage to call at the store of

ALEXANDER McDONALD,  
*Corner of King and George streets.*

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Underneath the above advertisements was the following :

BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.  
*The Landscape Illustrations of the Bible, &c.*

For sale by

S. BABCOCK & Co.

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My dear young Readers—What do you think of such advertisements? Men bought and sold, and “Beautiful Illustrations of Scripture,” all advertised in the same newspaper! And this not in Turkey or Russia, but in Christian America!!

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#### HAYTIAN MANNERS.

I suppose that most of my little readers have heard of Port-au-Prince, the capital city of Hayti (one of the West India islands). All the inhabitants are free colored people. A gentleman, who was

there not long ago, gives an interesting account of the manners of the people. Among other things, he tells the following story :

“ One afternoon, as I stood in Mr. Wood's store, I felt very much interested in seeing a blind negro, clean and neatly dressed, who came with an ass-load of coffee bags that he had been sewing, and by which he earned a livelihood. His two sons were with him. They were two stoutly formed children, about six years old, so nearly of a height that one would think them twins.

“ One of the boys held the halter of the animal, and led him to the door of the store. The other boy gave his shoulder to his father's hand, who rested upon it lightly, his other arm being raised to support on his head a parcel of the same sort of bags with which the ass was loaded.

“ The father's hands being thus both occupied, his little boy had to carry his walking stick. This he grasped some-

what towards the ferrule, and brandish ed now and then with an important air, as he chatted with his father.

“The other lad, who had the ass for his companion, seemed to converse with *him*. He spoke to the ass familiarly when he wished to turn towards the right or left, and the animal appeared to understand him so well that there was no need of blows.

“In a minute or two they all stopped beneath the piazza of the store. Each seemed to know what he had to do. The father threw from his head the sacks. The son, that was with him, untied them, and handed them over to be counted. The boy with the ass slackened the halter, and prepared to unload him, while his father was to carry the bundle into the store. The ass stood quiet; stretched his leg, and scratched his knee, and then gently shook his sides as he felt himself relieved of the burden that had been upon his back.

“In an instant each was again in the same sort of order in which they came to the store, except that the father took his walking stick, and stepped on smartly, having his hand still on the shoulder of the little son that guided him as he came, and now guided him as he went away.

“This poor blind man is well known for his activity and shrewdness. He seems to know every body, and every thing, and every place. On my saying to him that he was happy in having two such sons to assist him, he said that he felt so, for they were indeed a help to him. But this was not all he had to be thankful for. He was happy in being the inhabitant of a country in which no man claimed him as a property, and no one obliged him to work without wages.

“This poor negro man earned, I found, as much as eight dollars a week by sewing bags, making a sum equal to four hundred dollars in the year. And this was all his own money.”