

PLEASE TO PURCHASE THIS PAPER,
 PRICE ONE PENNY.
OF A POOR AFRICAN,
 Who Escaped from Slavery with his Wife and Four Children.



NARRATIVE.

I was born at Minnie, in Africa, my Father, Mother and myself, were taken to the Slave Market at New Orleans and sold to different masters when I was only eight yeas old.

My master was a very tyrannical person He put me to learn the manufacturing of sugar and tobacco, When I entered the sugar establishment I was not aware of the process of the business, the controller was a blood-thirsty man; I came to work at 1 o'Clock in the morning and before six o'Clock I helped to prepare 4 tons of sugar ready to go the cooling pan; the sugar was not tranated enough, and two of the boilers exploded The overseer came forth in a rage, and had me taken to the whipping post, called one of the drivers and then had me tied hand and foot and flogged. After I had received my punishment they scored my back to let the blood run and they washed my hack with salt pickle; then I was taken and pnt in irons, with an iron banl round my waist, and a chain and ball 33lbs weight attached to it afterwards, I was turned out with the rest of the slaves in the field, and at night was brought and returned to my former duty. I run away hut it was not long before I was overtaken by the Negro-hunters, men who are employed in the Southern States of America to catch slaves who run away. I was taken back to the Plantation and received 150 lashes, and then taken back to the public market and sold to a man named Joseph Johnson, who was very severe with us, I started to run away again and went to a gentleman I heard of, who assisted me to escape to Boston; and then I found one of the Mission Gentlemen there he sent me to Montreal and I got on board the brig Elizabeth, Captain Mc Donald owner. I arrived in Glasgow on the 7th of last November.

Now ladies and gentlemen, I have made this narrative so as to give you an account of slavery I have been in slavery 33 years. Should any gentlemen ha e any left-off clothes I shall be very thankful for them, as I have been in ill health since my arrival in this country. May the Lord bless the British gentlemen for their kindness to me and other negroes.

The man of colour leaving this paper will ex for an answer.

JOHN COMBER.

"And they asked Him, saying, Master we know that Thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth. neither carest Thou for any man; for Thou regardest not the person of men Tell us therefore, what thinkest Thou? Is it lawful to tribute to Cæsar or not?"—Matthew xxii.—6, 17.

Turn, gentle chrestain not away,
 Nor our petition scorn;
 Christ hungered on the Sabbath day,
 And plucked the ears of corn.

The Slave's Hope.

From this sore bondage I then shall be free,
 After I'm dead,—after I'm dead;
 Rest, in the grave, there remains yet for me,
 After I'm dead,—after I'm dead.
 Here I expect still to suffer and toil,
 And with my heart's blood to fatten the soil;
 But Oh! I shall rest from this world of turmoil,
 After I'm dead,—after I'm dead

I shall be free from the tyrant's strong hand,
 After I'm dead,—after I'm dead,
 Nor trembling hear his loud threatening command
 After I'm dead,—after I'm dead.
 Now they may bind me and beat when they please
 Press me with burdens which give me no ease,
 No more as their victim on me shall they seize,
 After I'm dead,—after I'm dead.

I shall be from their scorn and contempt,
 After I'm dead,—after I'm dead
 They to their malice may giv a free vent,
 After I'm dead,—after I'm dead.
 Far from their power I then shall abide,
 Safe from their envy, secure from their pride;
 And soon in the dust they will lie by my side,
 After I'm dead,—after I'm dead.

I shall be free; O the rapturous name:
 After I'm dead,—after I'm dead.
 Free from the shackles and all mortal's claim,
 After I'm dead,— after I'm dead.
 And my dear Saviour I hope then to see,
 Who gave his life as a ransom for me,
 That I in his kingdom might ever be free,
 After I'm dead,—after I'm dead.

HYMN I.

Then dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of thee;
 No music's like Thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet to me.
 O may we hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak,
 And in our praise we will rejoice,
 Thou great Melchisedec.

Jesus shall be our theme,
 While in this world we stay,
 We'll sing of Jesus' holy name,
 When all things else decay.
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all the favourite throng;
 Then we will sing more sweet, more long,
 And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN II.

Whoever shall read this narration,
 If rich or poor, woman or man;
 Of whatever creed, colour or nation,
 Resolve to do all you can,
 To loose the African fetters,
 And take him to nations among.
 Teaching him science, religion, and letters,
 And soon he'll sing liberty's song.
 Columbia, take Briton's example,
 Who freed her black slaves in a day;
 Columbia, on selfishness trample,
 And wash your foul slave stains away.
 Our riches, distilled from oppression,
 Will profit you nothing on high;
 An unshackled slave's prayer and blessings,
 Will more future happiness buy.
 Many shouts of delight have ascended,
 From earth to the heavens above;
 But the shout when all slavery's ended,
 The ills their foundations shall move.

Hymn by Bishop Heber.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand;
 Where Africa's sunny fountains,
 Roll down their sunny land,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain;
 They call us to deliver,
 Their land from error's chain.
 What though the spicy breezes,
 Blow soft on Ceylon's isle;
 Thou' every prospect pleases,
 And only man he viles.

In vain with lavished kindness,
 The gifts of God are strewn;
 The heathen in his blindness,
 Bow down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted,
 With wisdom from on high;
 Shall we to man benighted,
 The lamp of life deny.

Salvation! O! salvation!
 Thee joyful sound proclaim,
 The heart's remotest nation,
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds this story,
 And you you waters roll;
 Till like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole.

Till o'er the ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain;
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns again.

PRICE ... ONE PENNY.