



# THE ANTI-SLAVERY ALPHABET.

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"In the morning sow thy seed."

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**PHILADELPHIA:**

**PRINTED FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.**

1847.

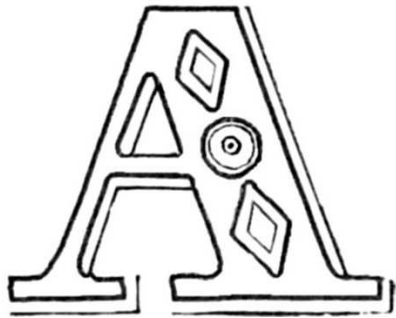
**Merrihew & Thompson, Printers, 7 Carter's alley.**



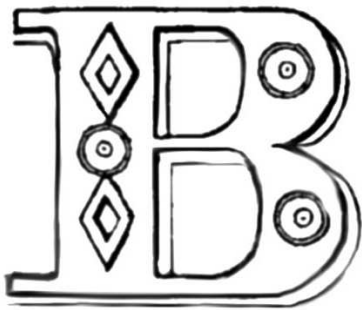
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## TO OUR LITTLE READERS.

Listen, little children, all,  
Listen to our earnest call:  
You are very young, 'tis true,  
But there's much that you can do.  
Even you can plead with men  
That they buy not slaves again,  
And that those they have may be  
Quickly set at liberty.  
They may hearken what *you* say,  
Though from *us* they turn away.  
Sometimes, when from school you walk,  
You can with your playmates talk,  
Tell them of the slave child's fate,  
Motherless and desolate.  
And you can refuse to take  
Candy, sweetmeat, pie or cake,  
Saying "no"—unless 'tis free—  
"The slave shall not work for me."  
Thus, dear little children, each  
May some useful lesson teach;  
Thus each one may help to free  
This fair land from slavery.



A is an Abolitionist—  
A man who wants to free  
The wretched slave—and give to all  
An equal liberty.



B is a Brother with a skin  
Of somewhat darker hue,  
But in our Heavenly Father's sight,  
He is as dear as you.

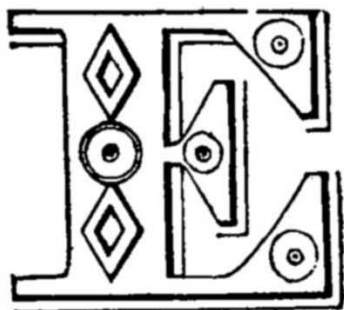


C is the Cotton-field, to which

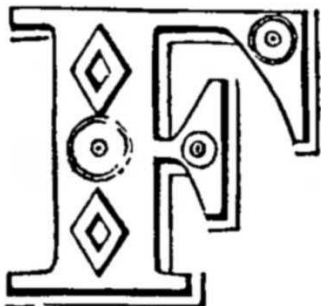
This injured brother's driven,  
When, as the white-man's *slave*, he toils,  
From early morn till even.



D is the Driver, cold and stern,  
Who follows, whip in hand,  
To punish those who dare to rest,  
Or disobey command.



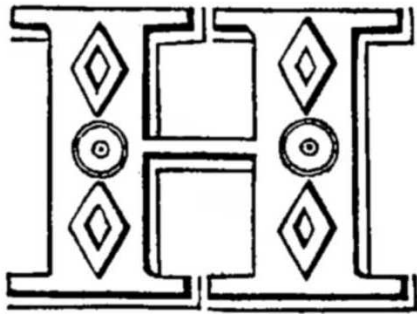
E is the Eagle, soaring high;  
An emblem of the free;  
But while we chain our brother man,  
*Our* type he cannot be.



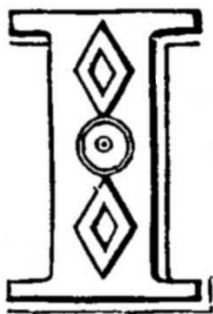
F is the heart-sick Fugitive,  
The slave who runs away,  
And travels through the dreary night,  
But hides himself by day.



G is the Gong, whose rolling sound,  
Before the morning light,  
Calls up the little sleeping slave,  
To labor until night.



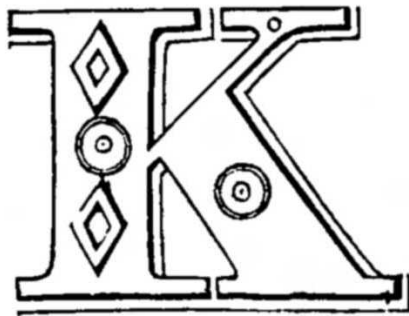
H is the Hound his master trained,  
And called to scent the track  
Of the unhappy Fugitive,  
And bring him trembling back.



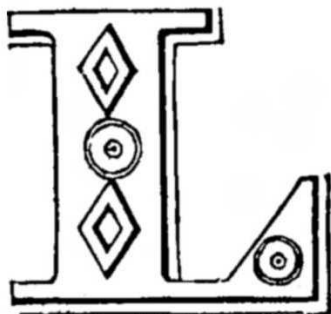
I is the Infant, from the arms  
Of its fond mother torn,  
And, at a public auction, sold  
With horses, cows, and corn.



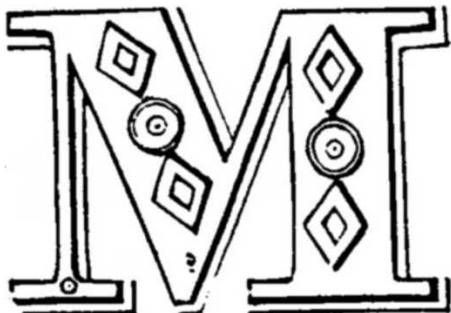
J is the Jail, upon whose floor  
That wretched mother lay,  
Until her cruel master came,  
And carried her away.



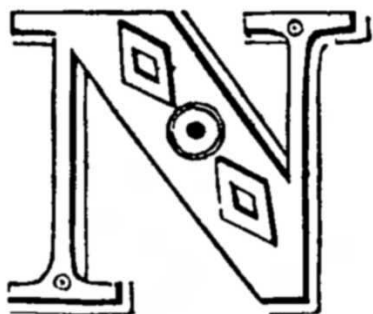
K is the Kidnapper, who stole  
That little child and mother—  
Shrieking, it clung around her, but  
He tore them from each other.



L is the Lash, that brutally  
He swung around its head,  
Threatening that "if it cried again,  
He'd whip it till 'twas dead."



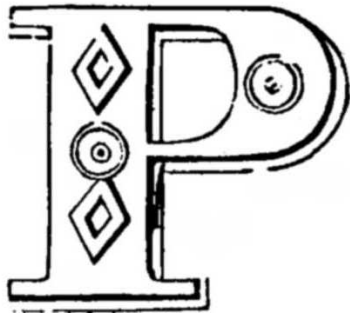
M is the Merchant of the north,  
Who buys what slaves produce—  
So they are stolen, whipped and worked,  
For his, and for our use.



N is the Negro, rambling free  
In his far distant home,  
Delighting 'neath the palm trees' shade  
And cocoa-nut to roam.



O is the Orange tree, that bloomed  
Beside his cabin door,  
When white men stole him from his home  
To see it never more.

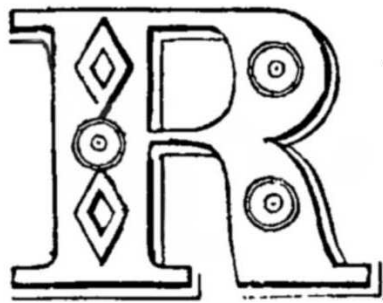


P is the Parent, sorrowing,  
And weeping all alone—  
The child he loved to lean upon,  
His only son, is gone!



Q is the Quarter, where the slave  
On coarsest food is fed,  
And where, with toil and sorrow worn,  
He seeks his wretched bed.





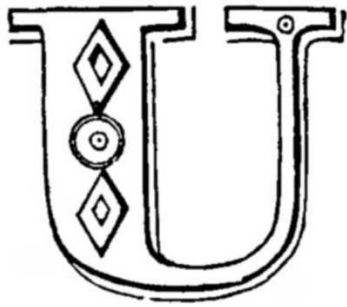
R is the "Rice-swamp, dank and lone,"  
Where, weary, day by day,  
He labors till the fever wastes  
His strength and life away.



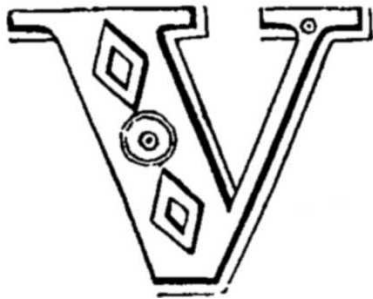
S is the Sugar, that the slave  
Is toiling hard to make,  
To put into your pie and tea,  
Your candy, and your cake.



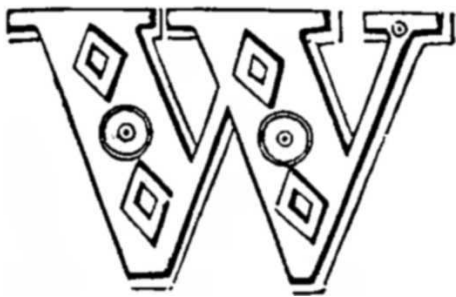
T is the rank Tobacco plant,  
Raised by slave labor too:  
A poisonous and nasty thing,  
For gentlemen to chew.



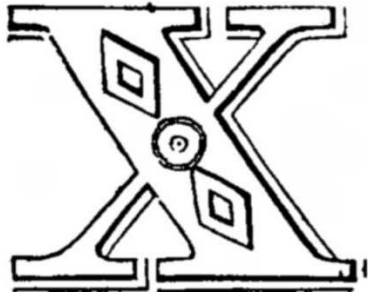
U is for Upper Canada,  
Where the poor slave has found  
Rest after all his wanderings,  
For it is British ground!



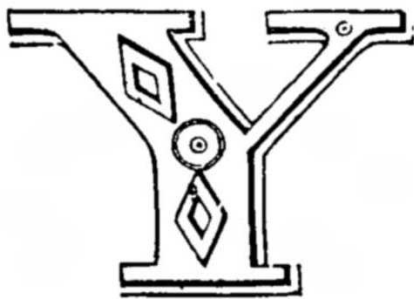
V is the Vessel, in whose dark,  
Noisome, and stifling hold,  
Hundreds of Africans are packed,  
Brought o'er the seas, and sold.



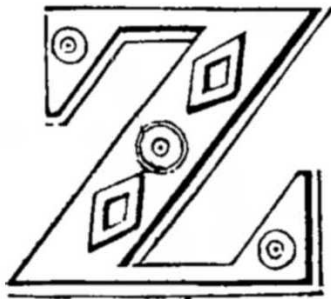
W is the Whipping post,  
To which the slave is bound,  
While on his naked back, the lash  
Makes many a bleeding wound.



X is for Xerxes, famed of yore;  
A warrior stern was he  
*He* fought with swords; let truth and love  
*Our* only weapons be.



Y is for Youth—the time for all  
Bravely to war with sin;  
And think not it can ever be  
Too early to begin.



Z is a Zealous man, sincere,  
Faithful, and just, and true;  
An earnest pleader for the slave—

Will you not be so too?