

Before the abolition of slavery, it had been supposed, that the Negroes, at such an important era of their lives—the transition from slavery to freedom—would be led into great and serious excesses; or, at least, that they would pass the first days of freedom in dance and song, in riotous feasting and drunken carousals. But when the time arrived, far different was the result. Instead of that day being the scene of wild revelry and disordered jollity, the Negroes passed it as a “Sabbath of Sabbaths,”—a solemn feast—

“One bright day of gladness and of rest.”

The churches and chapels were thronged to overflowing, and those persons who were unable to procure seats within the sacred walls, crowded round the open doors and windows, with eager looks of joy.

From every vale,—from every height,—came trooping gladsome groups. Old men and women, whose heads were silvered by the hand of time; young men and maidens; the robust and the weak; the parent and the child,—all rejoicing that the day had at length come when the iron yoke of slavery was removed from their shoulders, and they, like their masters, could boast that they were free! What reasons, we ask, can be adduced why the slaves, in the Southern States, would not receive the inestimable boon of freedom in the same spirit, and become equally valuable members of society as their West Indian brethren.

One word, on prejudice, to the Canadian and to the inhabitant of the free States of the Union. Every candid mind must allow the illiberality, not to call it by a harsher name, of despising or underrating persons, because it has pleased their Creator to give them less fair skins. Yet, how much of this feeling here exists. Let the *soi-disant* philanthropist who is perhaps loudest in his denunciations of the horrors of slavery, ask himself why he does not act as well as talk—and why he does not lend his assistance to remove this existing prejudice. Ambition is a principle inherent in man, in all ages, in all classes, in all *shades* it more or less abounds, and when tempered with reason, becomes, perhaps, more of a virtue than a vice. While the Negro was used as a beast of burden, a creature without feeling or soul, his mind became degraded, and he could not exercise his natural powers. But, let him

be free—bear with his ignorance for awhile—treat him as a being endowed with the same capabilities as ourselves; let him feel the difference between a man under the control of reason, and one who follows the dictates of his own impetuous will, show him what industry and perseverance can accomplish, and he will then be found a good citizen and a worthy member of society.

This is the only way to banish the stain of prejudice from this land, and to show that unlike our neighbours, we not only are willing to let a man, though darker than ourselves, exist, but are content that he should *live* amongst us on that footing of equality to which by his education and position in society he is entitled.

A SALE OF GOD'S IMAGE.—(Vide Engraving.)

“In Ramah there was a voice heard,—weeping, and lamentation, and great mourning; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted.”

MR. HALEY and Tom jogged onward in their waggon, each for a time absorbed in his own reflections. Now, the reflections of two men sitting side by side are a curious thing; seated on the same seat, having the same eyes, ears, hands and organs of all sorts, and having passed before their eyes the same objects,—it is wonderful what a variety we shall find in these same reflections!

As, for example, Mr. Haley: he thought first of Tom's length, and breadth, and height, and what he would sell for, if he was kept fat and in good case till he got him into market. He thought of how he should make out his gang; he thought of the respective market value of certain suppositious men and women and children who were to compose it, and other kindred topics of the business; then he thought of himself, and how humane he was, that whereas other men chained their “niggers” hand and foot both, he only put fetters on the feet, and left Tom the use of his hands, as long as he behaved well; and he sighed to think how ungrateful human nature was, so that there was even room to doubt whether Tom appreciated his mercies. He had been taken in so by “niggers” whom he had favored; but still he was astonished to consider how good-natured he yet remained!

As to Tom, he was thinking over some words of an unfashionable old book, which kept running through his head, again and again, as follows: “We have no continuing city, but we seek one to come; wherefore God himself is not ashamed to be called our God; for he hath prepared for us a city.” These words of an ancient volume, got up principally by “ignorant and unlearned men,” have, through all time, kept up, somehow, a strange