

Therefore, set free your slave directly. I declare to you, in the name of the Lord, that, until she be free, all her labour and her gain to you will be cursed, and the Lord will not cease to have a controversy with your soul. Sell her not: her price will be most cursed. By selling her you become a partaker of another man's sin, instead of wiping away your own. *Her Liberty is your first duty*, and till this is performed none other will be acceptable. Though you treat her like a queen, without this, you but offer sacrifice for robbery. Say not, What shall I do for her price? "The Lord is able to give thee much more than that."

I never saw a man of any learning or sense who had the confidence to defend that infamous practice of which I have been speaking; nor indeed any man whatsoever, but such as were themselves most evidently enslaved to avarice. Like profane swearing, drunkenness and whoredom, there are many to practise it, but it has few defenders. The four following objections contain the substance of all that I can conceive to be said in its favour:

1. Their colour may be improved as an argument to shew the propriety of enslaving the Negroes: "What! black Devils! What are they fit for but to be trodden under foot? They have the very image of the Devil! Certainly if they have not been designed for some despicable purpose they would not be black." Such an argument might reddens the cheek of a Negro. I believe you blush for them that use it. Blush for yourself then; for it prevailed with you to engage in the slave-trade, or it proves that you want nothing but an opportunity to enslave white people.

But to answer the objection: Reverend Sir, if you maintain that the Negroes have the image of the Devil because they are black, I will maintain, with greater probability, that you have his image because you are white; for this reason, that twenty white Ghosts are seen for one black: But the truth is, the Devil is so contrary to man, that in the day time, and among a white people, you will always find him black; but in the night time, and among the Negroes, he is invariably white. Were you to meet him in Africa, if you did not cast your eyes upon his cloven feet, you could not distinguish him from your brother. Reverend Sir, being a white man, you are accustomed to have a black idea of the Devil, and I doubt not but you would have taken the first Negro you ever saw to be him, if, at least, he had proceeded to torment you. But put yourself in the place of a Negro, and the thought will apply equally well to a white man. Allow me, Reverend Sir, to transport you, for a moment, to the banks of Senegal or Gambia, and to metamorphose you into an innocent shepherd, who never saw nor heard of a white man. Let me suppose, that while you tend your flocks in some green pasture, a boat full of British sailors makes towards you. You espie them at a distance, and gaze; but, as they draw near, you see plainly men of a strange, unheard of colour. You stand amazed. You recollect: the instructions of your nurse, the tales of your companions, and your own imagination unanimously concur to make them a company of Devils. Amazement gives way to horror. You say: But you see your pursuers advancing, and your terror adds to their speed. You are seized and bound. Your companions share the same fate, and you are all committed to the care of one of your pursuers, while the rest go in quest of more of your countrymen. Your dread and horror are unutterable. You find yourself entirely under the power of that hideous monster, whom you supposed to be the Devil. You and your companions are conveyed on board a vessel, and transported, I shall suppose, to the West-Indies. Reverend Sir, I shall not attempt to unfold your thoughts during the passage; but I may safely suppose, that they were none of the most favourable towards the white people. When you are landed the first thing you notice is a number of your countrymen, toiling, sweating, fainting, dying under the severity of their drudgery, and the toments of the lash waved by no gentle hand. You are soon made partaker of the cheer of your countrymen. You see more faces of the same colour with theirs who transported you thither, and without any appearance of sympathy, compassion, or love towards you in any of them; but, on the contrary, all of them filled with the same aspiring pride, the same domineering haughtiness, the same contempt and hatred of you which you know the Devil to possess. Reverend Sir, what would be your thoughts in this situation? Would it be an extravagant imagination for you to conceive, that you were arrived in Hell, and that all the white people you saw were Devils, whose only office with respect to you was, hating, whipping, tormenting and killing. If you should happen to survive, you would come, indeed through time, to be undeceived; for you would find some friends among the white people, which would also let you know that your oppressors were of the same species: But still you could not help being astonished that

there