

February 25, 1860  
Leaybron, Stephen A.  
*Weekly Anglo-African*

FRIENDS—The subject that I shall approach this evening should be one of interest to every lover of liberty. On the 4th of July, 1776, independence was declared, and the flag of liberty was raised and over-spread thirteen States, now numbering thirty-three, and the people were happy, rejoicing greatly, for the nation had prayed, and the God of mercy listened to their prayers, and delivered them from the oppression of a hard task master. But O, I regret to say, after being freed themselves, they showed but little leniency to their African brethren. They drove the iron wedge of slavery among them in 1620. In that year a Dutch vessel brought twenty Africans to Jamestown, Virginia, and sold them to the colonists, and directly after the Indian massacre was perpetrated. And now, my friends, allow me to inform you what has been chronicled for centuries past in the best history on earth. The anger of the Lord was kindled against David because he had Uriah the Hittite slain with the sword of Ammon, and took Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, for his wife. At this act of injustice the Lord's anger was very great, so that he sent his Prophet Nathan to declare unto him that the sword of his wrath should never depart from his house. Thus saith the Lord, "Behold I raise up an evil against thee out of thine own house."

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And now my hearers, what have you done? You have sold the African to the slaveholders; you have taken their wives and their sisters to satisfy your evil passions. Notwithstanding all this, in the time of the Revolutionary war, the Africans were not idle. They did all they could to assist you to gain the country which you now enjoy. Often have I heard my mother tell how my great-grandmother hid her master's silver and provisions in the well to keep the enemy from stealing them, while her master and her husband were in the army; and although it is now eighty-three years since independence was declared, that same grandmother lived to dandle me on her knee, and as I listened to her I have often wondered why it was we of the present generation do not enjoy the same privileges as our Anglo-Saxon coadjutors in that glorious struggle. Although united by the voice of freedom, (for their masters told them if they would help them whip the English, and if they gained the country they should be released from slavery,) yet, when Independence was declared, the slaves were sent home to their masters and the poor colored people's liberty forgotten. I say *you*, but I do not mean all of you, for I thank God that there are some among you that are free from this great sin—and I hope I may say all that are within my

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hearing to-night are free from it, and it is to all of you I plead. Already hath my heart been wrung with pain for the lovers of freedom, when I contemplate the atrocities and butcheries in Kansas; the ruffianly assaults in Congress, and the martyrdom in Virginia. Why is this? Allow me to answer the question. It is because the iron wedge of slavery, unlike the ore in its pristine state, which produces pure metal when refined, in this instance, being fused by covetousness, brings forth its golden harvest; and although the people of the United States appeared to be the chosen people of God, by his endowing them with a bounteous hand, keeping the land free from famine. Yet God is just, and his anger hath been kindled against you, and he hath afflicted you with an affliction like unto David's sword of blood, and he hath raised up an evil against you out of your own house. Now, ye lovers of freedom, if you would become reconciled with your God—if you would be rid of the sword of blood—if you would cast off the evil raised up against you in your own house—drive from you the evils of slavery, and let the flag of liberty that has waived over the Union eighty-three years, float unspotted—free from the blemish of African slavery.

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