

NARRATIVE OF HENRY BOX BROWN, who escaped from Slavery in a box three feet long, two feet wide, and two and a half high. BELLA MARSH, Cornwall, London. Price 25 cents.

What will not a man do for freedom! Slaveholders tell us that slaves are contented and happy. Behold the proof! To escape from that state of happiness which, according to the Southern doctrine, is the perfect and natural condition of the negro, we find him enduring all sorts of strange and unheard-of hardships. At one time, he is seen, cold worn out, and perishing, hiding from the bloodhound—biped and quadruped, in marshes and forests, at another time, secreting himself in the hold of a steam-boat in imminent risk of suffocation; at another, as in this case of the adventurous Henry Box Brown, cramped up and packed away, like so much merchandise, in a box three feet by two.

America has the melancholy honor of being the sole producer of such books as this. She is so busy talking about the doctrine of human rights, that she has not time to put it in practice. Boasting forever of her republican institutions, where shall we find the nation that has less reason to boast! Shouting continually about freedom, and human equality; but in practice denying the existence of either.

The narrator, commencing his story of wrong, says that he is not about to harrow the feelings of the reader by a terrific representation of the untold horrors of Slavery. He will present the beautiful side of the picture, will relate stories of partial kindness on the part of his master, and of comparative enjoyment on his own part. He never, during his thirty years of bondage, received a whipping. It was not for fear of bodily torture, that he suffered himself to be confined alive. Is there nothing besides this, in slavery, to be feared!

Henry Box Brown was born a slave in Louisa county, Va., forty-five miles from the city of Richmond. His mother was a religious woman, and used to instruct him in the principles of morality. She taught him not to steal and not to lie. From some other quarter, his youthful mind got hold of the idea that his master was Almighty God, and his young master Jesus Christ. While a young lad, his chief employment was waiting upon his master and mistress, with, at intervals, lessons in the cultivation of the plantation, with the fearful apprehension hanging upon his mind, that the time was not far distant when he should be driven to daily toil beneath the rays of the scorching sun. He was anxious to learn the condition of the slaves on other plantations, and did not lose any opportunity of gratifying his curiosity. He and his brother were in the practice of carrying grain to a mill twenty miles distant. On one occasion, while waiting for their grain, they saw a number of forlorn-looking beings pass, who, as they passed looked with astonishment at the two colored persons with shoes, vests, and hats on. The brothers followed these poor creatures to their quarters, and entered into conversation with them, which was soon cut short by the approach of the overseer. They had not gone far when they heard their screams while suffering under the lash for the crime of talking to strangers. Henry and his brother felt thankful that they were exempted from such terrible treatment, but were filled with apprehension. By and bye their master died. As he was about to expire, he sent for the two brothers. They ran to his bedside with beating hearts, expecting to be set free. The unrepentant slaveholder's dying bequest was, "I have given you to my son William, and you must obey him." After this, he was taken to Richmond, to work in his young master's tobacco manufactory. The overseer of this establishment was a bad man. He used to rob and cheat his employer, who never suspected anything of the kind. He thought Mr. Allen was always right. This man was a church member, and was very devout and regular in his attendance on public worship. He prayed long and loudly with the pupils in the Sabbath school; but was often heard to say that he thought it all "a d—d lie" that niggers could be converted; for they had no souls. Another part of his creed was that a white man might do as he liked, provided he read the Bible and joined the church.

As Henry grew up, he began to think about finding a wife; and formed an acquaintance with a young woman named Nancy. He learned to love Nancy. Her master was a pious man, and promised Henry Brown; if he married her, that she should never be sold. After their masters had talked the matter over, and given their permission, they were married. About a year after, the pious Mr. Lee forgot his promise, and sold Henry's wife. She now became the property of a saddler, one of Dr. Plummer's church members. This man's wife used her cruelly. Not long after she was again sold to a Mr. Cartrell, another member of Dr. Plummer's church. This man induced Henry Brown to pay him \$50,00, to assist him in the purchase; and also \$50,00 a-year for her time; and for a season all went smoothly. But soon came the crowning catastrophe. It was on a pleasant morning in August 1846 (says Henry Brown,) I left my wife and three little children safely in our little home, and proceeded to my labor. I felt that although I was a slave, there were many alleviations to my cup of sorrow. I felt that life was not all a blank to me—that there were some pure joys yet my portion. That day, as he continues his sad story, as the hour approached when he should take his little prattling children on his knee, he was told that his wife and smiling babes were locked in prison, and that to-morrow's sun would see them on their way to the distant South. He attempted to persuade his master to buy his wife; but he would not; he tried to persuade others to do it, but all in vain. The next day (he proceeds) I stationed myself by the road, along which the slaves were to pass. The purchaser of my wife was a Methodist minister, who was about starting for North Carolina. Pretty soon five waggon-loads of little children passed; and looking at the foremost, I saw a little child pointing its tiny hand towards me, and saying "There's my father!" It was my eldest child. Soon the gang approached in which his wife was shained. He looked and saw her familiar face. He seized her hand, intending to bid her farewell; but words failed him. He accompanied her for some distance, with her hand clasped in his, but could not speak; and was compelled to turn silently away.

Henry Brown then relates the particulars

of his journey from slavery to freedom. The story is soon told. After this cruel separation, he could think of nothing, but how to escape from slavery. He prayed earnestly to Heaven for guidance. The thought darted into his mind "get a box, and put yourself in it." He got the box and carried it to his friend who had promised to assist him, who inquired, when he saw it, if it was to put his clothes in. No, said he, it is to put Henry Brown in. Henry's friend was astonished, as well he might be; but upon his insisting, he finally consented. The box was taken to the Express office, and although directed "This side up with care," it was placed on its end; so that the candidate for liberty started with his head downwards. From thence it was carried to the depot, and tumbled roughly into the baggage wagon—"right side up" this time. He was then put on board a steamboat, head downwards again, and so remained for an hour and a half, but as he had resolved on "victory or death," he endured the pain of his eyes bursting from their sockets, with the courage of a martyr. Soon a cold sweat covered him from head to foot. He expected that every minute would be his last. He prayed to God for deliverance. He overheard one of the passengers say to another. "We have been here two hours, and have travelled twenty miles. let us sit down and rest ourselves." They turned over his box, and sat upon it. They wondered what the box contained. One of them guessed it was the mail. On arriving at Washington, he again fell on his head. He was then rolled down a declivity, when he thought his neck was dislocated by the violence of the concussion, and then to add to his misery, he heard some one say, "there is no room for this box; it will have to remain behind," but in a short time, directions were given to place it aboard. The box was then tumbled into the car—head downwards again. More baggage was taken in at a stopping place not far on the road; and the good Samaritan of a baggage-master placed him "right side up." The box reached Philadelphia at three o'clock in the morning. At six o'clock a wagon drove up, and a voice was heard inquiring for a box. It was the box he wanted. They were not long in getting it carried to the house, where a number of persons were waiting to receive it. Now is an anxious moment. They crowd around, doubting whether the box contains a dead body or a living man. At last one ventures to rap upon the box, and with a trembling voice asks—"Is all right within!" To which the one time slave, but now freeman, replies "All right!" Then the box is opened, and Henry Box Brown appears, a noble specimen of humanity, who has dared and suffered for freedom in such a way as was never before dreamed of.

Such is a very imperfect sketch of this interesting Narrative. We say to all our readers, Get the book.—J. V.