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Parrott, Russel.

An Oration on the Abolition of Slave Trade.

Philadelphia, Maxwell, 1812. [1], 10 pp.

PPL copy.



AN ORATION

ON THE

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE,

BY RUSSEL PARROTT.

DELIVERED ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1812.

AT THE

AFRICAN CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS.

PHILADELPHIA

PRINTED FOR THE DIFFERENT SOCIETIES.

By James Maxwell.

1812.

TO RUSSELL PARROTT.

SIR,

WE, the Committee of arrangement for celebrating the Anniversary of the abolition of the Slave Trade, highly gratified with your performance in the African Church, on the first of January 1812, in concurrence with the wish of many of our friends, and also believing it may be useful, solisit a copy of the Oration.

CYRUS PORTER, *Chairman.*

ORDER OF THE SERVICE.

1. A hymn by the Choir
2. Prayers by the Rev. Absalom Jones
3. A Hymn by the Choir
4. Oration by Russel Parrott, (*a descendant from Africa,*)
5. A Hymn by the Choir
6. A Prayer by the Rev. Absalom Jones.

Philadelphia, January 12, 1812.

AN ORATION

ON THE

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

BELOVED BRETHREN AND RESPECTED HEARERS,

THOUGH inadequate to the task assigned me, in the commemoration of a great and important event, yet it is with a heart filled with gratitude and joy that I address you on this day—a day that should be ever dear to the generous bosom, for the successful effort which has been made to effect a total abolition of that shameful traffic in the bones and sinews of man; a traffic that has desolated a fair portion of this great globe of earth, with war, rapine, and dismay. The friends of religion must rejoice at the discontinuance of an evil, that demoralized those who were engaged in it; unfitted them for any employment, but that of the private assassin, or the destroyer of the liberty of his country, and that eradicated every sentiment of generous feeling from the breast of them that participated in it. The abolition of the slave trade should be hailed by every lover of genuine liberty, as

the commencement of that happy era, in which Freedom shall reign to the “furthest verge of the green earth.”

Bear with me a while, until I recount some of the evils that accompany the merchandize in man. The merciless adventurer, when arrived on the shores of Africa, uses every art that vice can devise, or savages can execute, to accomplish his horrid purpose: hell itself seems loosed to aid him in his shameful design on the happiness and liberty of his fellow men. The sly, insidious promise, the professions of friendship, are all made, to lull him into a fatal security, to impress on his mind, that the object of his visit is consistent with the strictest rules of justice; the unhappy people thus marked for destruction, are instigated by these mercenary wretches to war against their unoffending neighbours, not for dominion, but for slavery; whilst they, like vultures, hover over the fight, ready to prey on the conquered. If they fail in an attempt to excite intestine commotion (which, unfortunately, is seldom the case) the house, that has sheltered them from the storm, is ravaged; the host, that has spread his choicest viands before them for their refreshment, sees perhaps an only son, the prop of his declining age, torn from his enfeebled arms, by these cruel marauders. In vain he supplicates for his child—in vain he pleads the rights of hospitality violated; the unhappy object is forced from his home, his family, and his native land, confined in the pestilential dungeon of

