

**WILFRID AND MARY; OR,
FATHER AND DAUGHTER,
A DOMESTIC COMEDY**

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Wilfrid and Mary; or, Father and daughter, a domestic comedy by Theodore St. Bo'

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THEODORE ST. BO'

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A DOMESTIC COMEDY

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

AMERICAN SLAVE LIFE.

BY

THEODORE ST. BO'.

"Fleecy locks and dark complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."
COWPER.



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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX,

As a recognition of his past services in the cause of Slave
Emancipation, this work is dedicated, with
the most profound respect of

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

The raw material out of which I have spun the following simple, but, I should hope, telling little Comedy, was a trifling newspaper paragraph of the 2nd February last.

The scraps we occasionally meet with in that form are sometimes truly harrowing—nor will any one doubt the truth of these heart-rending details. I, at all events, am persuaded they are but meagerly told to what they might be, and that, too, with a strict adherence to truth. Ay, even "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "The White Slave," touchingly pathetic as they are—are yet, I am persuaded, but feeble pictures of the stern reality.

My ostensible object in writing "Wilfrid and Mary," is to appeal to the mind and tender sympathy of the British public, through the medium of the bodily senses, by portraying some of the everyday Scenes, and the repeated Acts of the sad Drama of life in the United States, as it effects our brother man in ignominious serfdom.

To me, in this enlightened age, it seems marvellous that such a system as slavery should exist for a day on any

known portion of the globe. Unflinchingly I hold, that it is not only a sin in any nation to tolerate such a system, but that it is a sin in other nations not to take an active part in its abolition. The subject ought to be before our own and other countries' legislatures; and if they did no more, they could at all events remonstrate. And a hearty and stout remonstrance from Queen Victoria and her Government, I am assured, will always have its due weight; not only so, but in a cause like this, she can enlist the sympathy and co-operation of other and influential nations.

It is quite within the province of a preface for an author to take a cursory or minute glance of the enlarged subject he proposes to elucidate, expose, or expound. But a preface is, or ought to be, something very different from a dissertation. It would therefore be unnecessary for me to give the briefest account of the horrors of slavery, as up to the present moment it exists in the United States of America. Nor have I patience to go minutely into the subject, in a preface to a work like this, to prove that these miserable slaves (four millions in number) are human beings like ourselves, possessed of hearts, feelings, passions, and intellects akin to our own: I fear in many instances more tenderly passionate than many of ourselves.

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Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.”—*Cowper*.