

Poetry.

THE SCHOOL-BOY SPOT.

BY MILO A. TOWNSEND.
"O dear the school-boy sport,
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."—Byron.
'Tis a hallowed spot, for there have past
Such hours of pure delight and joy—
I can't forget while time shall last,
Those haunts I roamed a happy boy.
There on that green and sun-lit hill
The hours of youth fled swift away,
When hand in hand beside the rill,
With those I loved did fondly play.
'T was beautiful when morn awoke,
Upon the dew-bespangled lawn,
And when the sun with golden light,
Came smiling from the rosy sea,
O, then 't was sweet to roam among
Those flowery hills and ivy bowers,
To listen to the wild-bird song,
Her anthem to the golden hours.
And when the rippling stream was bright
With radiant moonbeams sparkling o'er,
O, then what joy and fond delight,
To trip along that flowery shore.
E'en now on Fancy's sportive wing,
I soar to that dear, blessed spot,
To hear the robin sweetly sing,
Mid wildwoods ne'er to be forgot.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

BY J. O. WHITTIER.
A Christian! going, gone!
Who bids for God's own image—for His grace,
Which that poor victim of the market place
Hath in her suffering won!
My God! can such things be?
Hast thou not said, that whoso'er is done
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,
Is even done to Thee?
In that sad victim, then,
Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand—
Once more the just-words of a mocking band,
Bound, sold, and scourged again!
A Christian up for sale!
Wet with her blood your whips—o'er task her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail!
A heathen hand might deal
Back on your heads the gathered wrong of years;
But her low, broken prayer and nightly tears,
Ye neither heed nor feel.
Con welly thy lesson o'er,
Thou prudent teacher—tell the toiling slave
No dangerous tale of Him who came to save
The outcast and the poor.
But wisely shut the ray
Of God's free Gospel from the simplest heart,
And to her darkened mind alone impart
One stern command—"obey!"
So shalt thou deftly raise
The market price of human flesh; and while
On thee, their pampered guest, the planters' smile,
Thy Church shall praise:
Grave, reverend men shall tell,
From Northern pulpits, how thy work was blest;
While in the vile South, first and best,
Thy poor disciples sell!
Oh, shame! The Moslem thrall,
Who, with his master, to the Prophets kneels,
While turning to the sacred Kebra feels
His fetters break and fall.
Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis; he hath torn
The dark slave dungeons open, and hath borne
Their inmates into day.
But our poor slaves in vain,
Turba to the Christian shrine his scolding eye—
Its rites will only swell his market-price,
And rivet on his chain.
God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayers to Thee, the bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong?
Oh! from the fields of cane,
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell;
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,
And coffin's weary chain—
Hear, horrible, and strange,
Rises to Heaven the agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
How loss, on God! now loss!

Miscellaneous.

The following biting satire is from the Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal. It holds up in a strong light the gross inconsistency of this nation, or rather its outrageous hypocrisy, in recording upon one page of its statute book, a law, condemning the buying of slaves upon the coast of Africa of King Tom or King Jo, as piracy and punishable with death, while on another page is a law authorizing Congress to sell a license (if we lived in an age of papal authority, we should say indulgence) to any one who will pay \$400 into the treasury, to buy slaves on the coast of America of Tom King or Jo King; pledging the entire power of the government for the protection of such traffic, and by governmental sanction making the trade respectable.

"Strange that such difference there should be,
Twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee."

MR. WISE AND THE SLAVER.

Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.
If the above quotation is not correct, Mr. Editor, please make it so. Taking it as it stands, I suppose I must call the following sketch a dream, as I have long ranked myself among old men. It may come true; there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent it. The promises are facts, and the conclusion is likely to follow as a natural consequence.
The scene lies about half a day's sail from the coast of Cuba. Day is just dawning upon the deck of one of our frigates, returning from the Brazilian station, and upon the wide waste of waters, gently undulating beneath the mild trade-wind. On board the ship is the Hon. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, our late minister plenipotentiary to the court of Brazil. He

has been recalled by his government a little sooner than he wished; but he has not quite given the death blow to the African slave trade, and is anxious to sign a law, ere he returns to his beloved country, by the capture of at least one slaver under American colors. He has just emerged from his state room and bid good morning to the officer of the deck, when a sailor is called from the mast head. "Where-away," shouted the officer. "Two points on our lee-bow, sir."

The ship's course was slightly altered, and as the sun rose, a handsome Baltimore built brig was seen about three miles distant. The frigate rapidly came up with her, and through the spy glass it was easy to perceive that her deck was crowded with negroes. Mr. Wise, in high glee called up the captain: "Now, said he, 'is our chance. Run up the English colors, that fellow will be sure to run the American flag; he knows full well that John Bull dares not search a vessel over which it waves, whether she be a piratical vessel, a slaver, or what not. Let the fellow enter show the stars and stripes, and he is ours."

Everything worked as Mr. Wise wished; the slaver answered a gun from the frigate by running up the American flag, and saucily continuing her course: what cared she for a British man of war? The cross of Old England was then lowered, the stars and stripes took their place at the mast head of the frigate, and another gun was fired. This manoeuvre proved successful; the chase backed her top sail and to, as did the frigate also. Mr. Wise donned his official costume, and being determined to manage the whole matter himself, stepped into the boat with the lieutenant, and was soon alongside the slaver. He counted her side with great agility, leapt upon her deck, (now clear of negroes,) and placing himself in the attitude of one about to make a speech, with one hand pointing upward, addressed the Captain thus: "Sir, if that flag (to me on this broad ocean the sacred personification of a patriot's hopes and a patriot's home) were trailing in the dust of defeat, in glorious war, I could weep over it, and love it, and honor it still; but to see it left in folds, like the bold countenance of a bad woman, ever a traffic at once infamous and horrid, and enough to turn its white into red, with shame."

The Captain looked first at Mr. Wise, then up at his flag, and then at Mr. Wise again: "Sacred personification!" quoth he: "well, I never! You ought to be made Professor of Poetry in the University of Virginia. And as for traffic in niggers I never heard tell of its being infamous and horrid, before, and I've carried it on all my life."

"Wretch!" retorted Mr. Wise, "you shall swing for this; you are caught at last. Do you know who I am?"

"No, nor don't care."

Mr. Wise's face turned as red as the American flag ought to have done. "Well, then, I'll let you know; I am the great slave-trade exterminator, Henry A. Wise of Virginia."

"Wise or not, in my opinion you're making a great fool of yourself. I sailed from Old Virginia only a fortnight ago, and nobody there thought the trade in niggers so 'shockingly revolting' as you seem to fancy it; else, how did I manage to load my vessel at Norfolk?"

Mr. Wise here looked as streaked as the flag at the mast head continued to do. "What," said he, rather faintly, "are you from Norfolk and bound to New Orleans?"

"To be sure I am, I was driven out of my course by a storm," said the Captain.

"O-o-o-h!" drawled Mr. Wise; "that alters the case." And turning to the lieutenant, and regarding his confidence, he continued: "Here, sir, you have a beautiful exemplification of the 'vast difference,' which exists 'betwixt tweedle dum and tweedle-dee.' Tweedle-dum would have hung this man, tweedle-dee sends him on his way rejoicing. Tweedle-dum would have turned the white of that flag into red, with shame, and sent the stars aloft in disgust; tweedle-dee only makes it wave the more proudly, the 'sacred personification' of 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.' Captain, I ask your pardon; I honor you, and will do all in my power to protect you in your lawful commerce. I wondered why that flag didn't turn red; the mystery is now explained."

"Don't make any apologies," said the Captain, "none are needed. Had I been from Africa, I should have deserved to be hung; but as you say, trading in Virginian niggers is a different sort of a thing. Why, it must be all right, for here's my friend, Parson Snoggs has got a dozen niggers on board, himself.—He had a 'loud call' from Louisiana which he felt constrained to accept, and having bought these darkeys of some of his old plantation wih. The law says that Virginia niggers are merchandise, and what the law makes merchandise is merchandise."

"To be sure," replied Mr. Wise, "but to trade in African negroes is a piracy; you see the two trades are entirely opposed to each other, and let me tell you, Captain, as one increases, the other must decline.—we Virginians must look to that. Every negro carried from Africa into Brazil, Porto-Rico, or Cuba, helps to swell the amount of sugar produced in those countries, and consequently to lower its price in the markets of the world. The result of this is to lessen the profits of the Louisiana sugar planters, and consequently to diminish the demand for slaves. In such a state of things, the slave breeding states must either keep their negroes at home, or sell them for a mere song. The latter they would not do, and keeping them at home would soon lead to the abolition of slavery in all the northern slave states. You see, sir, we must put down the African slave trade."

The visitors were here invited to partake of a collation, under the awning which covered the quarter deck; never did persons appear better satisfied with each other. The parson asked a blessing and made a short prayer, in which he alluded to the African slave-trade in such pathetic terms as drew tears from all present. The Captain thanked Mr. Wise as 'the African slave trade exterminator.' This brought up that distinguished gentleman, who made a long oration upon liberty and equality, several times apostrophizing the 'sacred personification,' and closing with "Success to the American Slave-trade!" This was re-

*See Mr. Wise's correspondence on the slave trade.

ceived with 'three times three.' Several toasts equally patriotic, followed, and soon after Mr. Wise prepared to take leave. But just as he was stepping over the rail, a voice from the main hatch way was heard to call out, "Massa Wise, massa Wise!" Mr. Wise recognized the voice at once, stepped down upon the deck again, and caused the speaker to be brought before him. He proved to be an old acquaintance of Mr. Wise—the slave of his next door neighbor. The wife and children of this man belonged to Mr. Wise himself.

"Why, Tom, how came you here?" asked Mr. Wise. "Massa say he want de money; I ask him to wait till massa Wise come home; he say no, and so here I am. Gorramory! massa Wise, do take me back to Sally and my little bidders."

"Captain," said Mr. Wise, "let Tom go with me; I will write you an obligation to secure you from damage." Mr. Wise's eye glistened as he spoke. The obligation was written, and Tom went with Mr. Wise on board the frigate. He did not load the boat down with baggage, and his own heart felt so light that his body seemed to him of no weight at all. The two vessels sailed away again, and continued on their voyages. Mr. Wise was a thoughtful man throughout all that day. He walked at least ten miles on the quarter deck of the frigate, spoke scarcely a word to any one, and when he retired at night to his state room, it was a long while before sleep visited his eyelids. As he turned himself for the last time previous to falling asleep, he muttered to himself, as the conclusion to which he had arrived after a day of severe cogitation. "D—n it! I verily believe, if I had been raised in New England, I should have been as red hot an abolitionist as Garrison himself."

He never spoke a truer word in his life.

VATTEL.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS' NARRATIVE.

Has just been issued in Boston. It is a work of thrilling interest, and will tell mightily against the horrible system of American slavery. Frederick Douglass speaks from terrible experience, having sighed and groaned in the great prison-house of bondage. His narrative is written in strains of stirring eloquence and power. It will fall upon the ears of this nation like a mighty bomb-shell, and awake it from its sleep of death, if any thing will. No one can read it whose heart is not cold as an ice-berg, without sympathy for the slave, and not see at the same time the inhumanity and heartlessness of American religion. Below are a few extracts from the work. Read and reflect:

"In August, 1832, my master attended a Methodist camp-meeting held in the Bay-side, Talbot county, and there experienced religion. I indulged a faint hope that his conversion would lead him to emancipate his slaves, and that, if he did not do this, it would at any rate, make him more kind and humane. I was disappointed in both these respects. It neither led him to be humane to his slaves, nor to emancipate them. If it had any effect on his character, it made him more cruel and hateful in his ways; for I believe him to have been a much worse man after his conversion than before. Prior to his conversion, he relied upon his own depravity to shield and sustain him in his savage barbarity; but after his conversion, he found religious sanction and support for his slaveholding cruelty. He made the greatest pretensions to piety. His house was the house of prayer. He prayed morning, noon, and night. He very soon distinguished himself among his brethren, and was soon made a class-leader and exhorter. His activity in revivals was great, and he proved himself an instrument in the hands of the church in converting many souls. His house was the preacher's home. They used to take great pleasure in coming there to put up; for while he starved us, he stuffed them. We have had three or four preachers there at a time. The names of those who used to come most frequently while I lived there, were Mr. Stork, Mr. Ewery, Mr. Humphry, and Mr. Hickey. I have also seen Mr. George Cookman at our house. We slaves loved Mr. Cookman. We believed him to be a good man. We thought him instrumental in getting Mr. Samuel Harrison, a very rich slaveholder, to emancipate his slaves; and by some means got the impression that he was laboring to effect the emancipation of all the slaves. When he was at our house, we were sure to be called in to prayers. When the others were there, we were sometimes called in and sometimes not. Mr. Cookman took more notice of us than either of the other ministers. He could not come among us without betraying his sympathy for us, and, stupid as we were, we had the sagacity to see it.

"While I lived with my master, in St. Michael's, there was a white young man, a Mr. A. A. A., who proposed to keep a Sabbath school for the instruction of such slaves as might be disposed to learn to read the New Testament. We met but three times, when Mr. West and Mr. Fairbanks, both class-leaders, with many others, came upon us with sticks and other missiles, drove us off, and forbade us to meet again. Thus ended our little Sabbath school in the pious town of St. Michael's.

"I have said my master found religious sanction for his cruelty. As an example, I will state one of many facts going to prove the charge. I have seen him tie up a lame young woman, and whip her with a heavy cowskin upon her naked shoulders, causing the warm red blood to drip; and in justification of the bloody deed, he would quote this passage of scripture—'He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes.' "Master would keep this lacerated young woman tied up in this horrid situation four or five hours at a time. I have known him to tie her up early in the morning, and whip her before breakfast; leave her, go to his store, return at dinner, and whip her again, cutting her in the places already made raw with his cruel lash. The secret of master's cruelty toward 'Henry' is found in the fact of her being almost helpless. When quite a child, she fell into the fire, and burned herself horribly. Her hands were so burnt that she never got the use of them. She could do very little but bear heavy burdens. She was to master a bill of expense; and as he was a mean man, she was a constant offence to him. He seemed desirous of getting the poor girl out of existence. He gave her away once to his sister; but being a poor girl, she was not disposed to keep her. Finally, my benevolent master, to use his own words, 'set her adrift to take care of herself.' Here was a recently-converted man, holding

upon the mother, and at the same time turning out her helpless child, to starve and die! Master Thomas was one of the many pious slaveholders who hold slaves for the very charitable purpose of taking care of them."

After reading the above extract from friend Douglass' narrative, turn to the appendix, and read the following. How it glows with truth! These are indeed "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

"I love the pure, peaceable, and impartial Christianity of Christ: I therefore hate the corrupt, slaveholding, women-whipping, cradle-plundering, partial and hypocritical Christianity of this land. Indeed, I can see no reason, but the most deceitful one, for calling the religion of this land Christianity. I look upon it as the climax of all misnomers, the boldest of all frauds, and the grossest of all libels. Never was there a clearer case of 'stealing the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in.' I am filled with unutterable loathing when I contemplate the religious pomp and show, together with the horrible inconsistency, which every where surround me. We have men-stealers for ministers, women-whippers for missionaries, and cradle-plunderers for church members. The man who wields the blood-clotted cow skin during the week fills the pulpit on Sunday, and claims to be a minister of the meek and lowly Jesus. The man who robs me of my earnings at the end of each week meets me as a class leader on Sunday morning, to show me the way of life, and the path of salvation. He who sells my sister, for purposes of prostitution, stands forth as the pious advocate of purity. He who proclaims it as a duty to read the Bible denies me the right of learning to read the name of the God who made me. He who is the religious advocate of marriage robs whole millions of its sacred influence, and leaves them to the ravages of wholesale pollution. The warm defender of the sacredness of the family relation is the same that scatters whole families,—sundering husbands and wives, parents and children, sisters and brothers,—leaving the hut vacant, and the hearth desolate. We see the thief preaching against theft, and the adulterer against adultery. We have men sold to build churches, women sold to support the gospel, and babes sold to purchase Bibles for the poor heathen! all for the glory of God and the good of souls! The slave auctioneer's bell and the church-going bell chime in with each other, and the bitter cries of the heart-broken slave are drowned in the religious shouts of his pious master. Revivals of religion and revivals in the slave trade go hand in hand together. The slave prison and the church stand near each other. The clanking of fetters and the rattling of chains in the prison, and the pious psalm and solemn prayer in the church, may be heard at the same time. The dealers in the bodies and souls of men erect their stand in the presence of the pulpit, and they mutually help each other. The dealer gives his blood-stained gold to support the pulpit, and the pulpit in return, covers his infernal business with the garb of Christianity. Here we have religion and robbery the allies of each other—devils dressed in angels' robes, and hell presenting the semblance of paradise.

"Dark and terrible as is this picture, I hold it to be strictly true of the overwhelming mass of professed Christians in America. They strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. Could any thing be more true of our churches? They would be shocked at the proposition of fellowshiping a sheep-stealer; and at the same time they beg to their communion a man stealer, and brand me with being an infidel, if I find fault with them for it. They attend with Pharisaical strictness to the outward forms of religion, and at the same time neglect the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith. They are always ready to sacrifice, but seldom to show mercy. They are they who are represented as professing to love God whom they have not seen. They love the heathen on the other side of the globe. They can pray for him, pay money to have the Bible put into his hand, and missionaries to instruct him; while they despise and totally neglect the heathen at their own doors."

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

That is called infidelity which does not acknowledge the supremacy of the dainty fingered priesthood. Sectarianism is a non-conductor of celestial fire. Priests and politicians have no sympathy with the laboring man.

The huge Leviathan of Politics has swallowed thousands. Love to God can only be made manifest by our desire and efforts to improve the condition of man, mentally, physically and socially.

None have occasion to fear free discussion except those who are conscious of being in error.

If an infidel stands at the corner of the street, and lifts up his voice against the oppressions in the world, the whole Church bellows from Cape Sable to the Lake of the Woods, and cries out that the Church is in danger. But great Sin may go up and down in the world, enlisting crime and cupidity into his service, causing misery and wretchedness to reign in the earth, and all is still and quiet in the church as a baby's sleep.—Rev. Theodor Parker.

No true individual can be happy with the knowledge of another's misery. We cannot reform the Church so long as we continue in the evil practices of the Church.

People wish a correct historical account of the past; but they are willing to take up any slanderous account of men and matters of the present day.

A man is not judged by his fruits these days, but by his opinions.

He whom the love of Truth predominates, will keep himself aloof from all moorings and affoot.

With misery around him, man cannot be happy, though his dwelling be of gold and he fare sumptuously every day.

Those who produce the most get the least; those who build the largest castles, often have not where to lay their heads; and then we say that man is bad by nature, because if he has not a crumb to eat, he will take some from his neighbor.

It cannot be to the interest of any intelligent being to be in error.

Philosophers always live centuries in advance of their age, and are ridiculed by their cotemporaries, while after-ages pay homage to their memory.