

POETRY.

For the Anti-Slavery Cause.

The following humbug, called "Freedom's Invitation" I found in an eastern paper. It is such a palpable falsehood that I wonder the author was not ashamed to have it see the light. If he did not know it was a lie, it only shows how much people can be blinded and befogged by what they style patriotism, which as they use the word means nothing more than a selfish and contemptible prejudice which the true patriot would spurn from him. I have written a reply called the "Slave's Declaration," which if it does not contain so much poetry as the other, has the merit of being more truthful.

FREEDOM'S INVITATION.

AN ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY. Floating through Columbia's sky, Freedom's banners wave on high. While the nations gathering round, Hear her trumpet-accent sound:—

"Come, ye people, long oppressed, Underneath my banners rest; From the tyranny of kings Seek the refuge Freedom brings.

"Despots, with their iron tread, Europe's soil have overspread; In the regions of the West, I have found a place of rest.

"Ample is my Western home, Hither let the people come,— Oh, why will ye longer stay, Crushed beneath a tyrant's away!"

Monarchs trembled while she spoke; Men their galling fetters broke, Bade the land of slaves farewell, (H) Sought where Freedom reigns to dwell.

THE SLAVE'S DECLARATION.

AN EVERY DAY ODE.

Hark! upon Columbia's air Cries of anguish and despair, While the nations gathering round Listen to the piteous sound.

"Come not here, though ye have borne Tyranny, and hate, and scorn, Better to endure the worst Than to seek this land accursed.

Europe's tyrants may not dare To inflict the wrongs we bear, For Columbia's children bring Nought to us but suffering.

Freedom here is but a sound, Chains, and whips, and yokes abound; Yonder spangled banner waves Over tyrants and their slaves."

Hell is pleased and Devils laugh, And their fiery potions quaff, Boasting they have never sold Any brother imp for gold.

N. T. T.

CONFESSION.

A parent asked a priest his boy to bless, Who forthwith charged him, he must first confess.

"Well," said the boy, "suppose, sir, I am willing. What is your charge?" "To you 'tis but a shilling."

"Must all men pay? and all men make confession?" "Yes, every man of Catholic profession."

"And who do you confess to?" "Why—the dean."

"And do the deans confess?" "Yes, boy, they do, Confess to bishops, and pay smartly too."

"Do bishops, sir, confess? if so, to whom?" "Why, they confess, and pay the church of Rome."

"Well," quoth the boy, "all this is mighty odd; And does the pope confess?" "Oh, yes, to God."

"And does God charge the pope?" "No," quoth the priest, "God charges nothing." "Oh, then, God is best; God is able to forgive, and always willing; To him I will confess, and save my shilling."

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Liberator.]

HUMAN SACRIFICES.

It is not astonishing—astonishing! to see how absolutely the influence of pre-conceived opinion and accustomed habits of thought can subjugate and nullify reason, the faculty that distinguishes men from brutes! Never in my whole experience as a Christian minister, have I been more impressed with this truth than in my conversation this morning with a New Zealand chief, whose amiable disposition, acute mind and remarkable facility in acquiring our language and adapting himself to our manners, have induced the captain of one of our merchant ships to indulge his love of novelty by giving him a free passage to this country.

Captain H. who has long been an esteemed member of my congregation, and whose voyages generally furnish some accession to my little cabinet of curiosities, had this time brought me some curiously carved spears, paddles, and pater-pateros, and a perfectly preserved tattooed human head from New Zealand; and knowing how much it would gratify me to see a native of that heathen and savage island, he brought Tapio, and left him in my study, promising to call for him when he had finished some business with my next neighbors.

I was delighted with the opportunity of learning, from such unquestionable authority, the truth respecting the manners, customs, and religion of New Zealand, and especially respecting the horrible practice of human sacrifice, which is said still to prevail in that country. Indeed my eagerness upon the last mentioned point was such, that it formed the first topic of my inquiries, after such common place observations as were calculated to put him at ease in his new position. He showed no reluctance to speak upon the subject,

but answered me quietly, simply, and with no more emotion than if he had been speaking of the most unexceptionable act, that ARUA, his god, required human sacrifices on certain occasions, that he himself, in his office of chief, had sometimes assisted at them. To my successive inquiries he replied that he felt no compunction, but rather satisfaction in performing this office; that his god had a right to dispose of men at his own pleasure, and that his pleasure was to have many human sacrifices; that it was his imperative duty to obey the god's commands, and that he knew these offerings to be his command, because the priests assured him of it. I urged upon him as forcibly as I could, the consideration, that the Creator of the world being clearly a God of infinite benevolence, having commanded the love of human beings to each other not less than to himself, having implanted gentle and kindly affections in every human heart, and having so constituted men that mutual kindness, confidence, forgiveness, love and help always render them happier, while strife and opposition always diminish their happiness.—a command to one human being to kill another would be reversing his own work, and it is therefore impossible that he can have given such a command, and the priests who assert that he has done so must be deceived or deceivers. To this he replied that such might be the character of my god, but that ARUA was a vindictive and malignant being, who if not propitiated by such sacrifices, would bring great calamities upon the whole people.

I then presented to his mind the inquiry whether a being cherishing such dispositions, and issuing such commands, could possibly be the true God, and whether all such representations of the true God must not necessarily be regarded as impious and libelous, though all the priests in the world should unite in asserting them. He seemed struck with the justice of this thought, and begged me to tell him more of the true God, and his mode of communication with men. I then told him of the covenant of God with Abraham, and in reply to his further inquiries, narrated to him the chief events in the life of the father of the faithful. His attention was strongly arrested by God's command to the patriarch to sacrifice his son, and he insisted, with the strongest pertinacity, that this command was precisely like that of ARUA to the priests of his heathenish island, though I pointed out the difference in the clearest manner. He dwelt so long upon this point, that I felt rather relieved when a knock at the door interrupted our conversation.

My new visitor proved to be a messenger from the sheriff, requesting me to perform the religious services at the execution of two pirates, which was to take place that day.— Tapio accompanied me to the place of execution, and stood at a little distance while I ascended the scaffold to offer the last services to the criminals. The first proved to be a hardened wretch, for he turned contemptuously away from me,—refused the prayer which I proposed to offer for him, called our professions of sympathy hypocritical cant, and declared that, bad as he was, he was never bad enough to murder a fellow man in cold blood, as we were about to do. He remained obstinate to the last, and was sent into eternity without having manifested a single symptom of penitence during the whole six weeks which the judge mercifully allowed him to prepare for death. The other had pursued a far different course, having applied himself diligently, immediately after his sentence, to the great work of repentance. He gave abundant evidence of a real change of heart and I felt as I stood by him on the scaffold and mingled my prayers with his, and then saw him hanged by the neck till he was dead, that he was a true brother in Christ.

I would here mention, to show the malignity of infidelity, that as we were going away, one of the opposers of capital punishment said, evidently intending that I should hear it, that the sheriff and the parson had done a great deal for the kingdom of heaven to-day, having just damned a sinner and murdered a saint. Of course I took no notice of this scurrility.

We walked away in silence. I was meditating on the impressive scene we had just witnessed, with a view to the addition of some further reflections to my sermon on the necessity of capital punishment, and my new acquaintance seemed also absorbed in thought. But scarcely had we seated ourselves again in my study when, to my utter amazement, Tapio looked up to me and seriously asked, "why have you deceived me?" "In what have I deceived you?" I replied. "You have led me to believe," said he, "that human sacrifices were unknown in this country, and contrary to its religion." I explained to him that this execution took place in the ordinary operation of civil law. "Is this law then opposed to your religion?" asked he. "On the contrary," said I, "it is even founded on religion, for God hath said, 'He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' 'Is this God then," said he, "more powerful than the true God, of whom you formerly said that he is love, and commands inviolable love, forgiveness and kindness, in the intercourse of his children?" I told him that we have but one God, and that he commanded both these things; but this he declared he could not understand. And when I told him that no one was put to death in public in this deliberate way, except those who had committed some great crime, he said it was just so in New Zealand, those only being selected for sacrifice, whom the priests declared to have offended ARUA.

The intellect of Tapio had been so imperfectly developed, that it was obviously very difficult for him to understand the distinctions I pointed out; but I was about to attempt yet another explanation, when the door was suddenly and violently thrown open, and a man, clad in rags, covered with dust, and panting with fatigue, rushed into the room and threw himself on his knees before me, crying, in tones of piercing earnestness, "Save me, save me! For Jesus Christ's sake, don't give me up! I'd rather die on this spot than go back into slavery." Before I had time to speak, an athletic white man rushed in with equal violence, and seizing the negro by the collar began to say, "You damned rascal!" when I interposed, rebuked the man

for his profanity, and desired him to tell me his business. He immediately assumed a respectful demeanor, apologized for his ill language, which he said was not habitual with him, but was excited by the ingratitude and deceit of the slave of whom he had now obtained possession, and who had run away from one of the best and kindest of masters. On further inquiry, I found that the slave's master belonged to the church of the Rev. Dr. Fuller, a dear ministering brother of our denomination in South Carolina, whose defence of slavery from the Bible I had lately read. Of course there was nothing to be done but to pursue the course required by our constitution and laws. I therefore provided a piece of rope for the more effectual safe-keeping of the slave, admonished him to render faithful service for the future to his master, charged the overseer with my respectful and fraternal salutation to Dr. Fuller, and bade them go in peace.

As I returned to the study, Tapio said to me, "This looks very much like a human sacrifice." I was about to explain how incorrect his opinion was, just then Capt. H. returned and took him away.

I greatly fear that the poor blinded heathen still prefers ARUA and his sacrifices to the true God and the institutions of Christianity. C. K. W.

MARY M'HUGH.

BY MRS. CHILD.

The following extract, which we have been allowed to take from the records of the Prison Association, kept by Isaac T. Hopper, at the office of that excellent institution, No. 13 Pine street, may be interesting to the readers of the Evening Mirror. We trust that this affecting case may at least operate as a caution to employers how they injure the character, and blight the prospects, of poor young creatures engaged in their service.

"Mary McHugh belonged to a respectable Irish family in Upper Canada. There being several sisters at home, and her services not needed, she deemed it best to relieve her parents of a part of their burthen, by an effort to earn her own living. For that purpose she came to the United States, and entered into the service of Mrs. ——. She discharged the duties of her station in a satisfactory manner, and secured the confidence and affectionate good will of the family.

At the death of Mrs. —, she engaged with another family in the same neighborhood. This Mrs. — promised her a dollar a week for her services; but after she had been there three weeks, she told her that she should give but sixty-two cents. Mary then requested the wages that were due her, that she might go into the service of another family near by, who had offered a dollar and a quarter a week. Mrs. — declared that she should not leave till she had procured another servant; that she would not pay her a cent till another servant came, and that she would pay her only sixty-two cents a week from the beginning to the end of her stay.

This oppressive and altogether unjustifiable conduct excited Mary's resentment.— Partly in anger, and partly from the idea that her employer intended to wrong her, she hid a silver ean and some spoons in the wood house. There is every reason to believe that she had no intention of stealing them, and she was not aware that such a step subjected her to the danger of a criminal prosecution. Mrs. — was extremely exasperated; and, it is to be hoped, more under the influence of thoughtless anger than of deliberate cruelty, she caused the poor girl to be arrested. The silver was found where she confessed she had hid it, she was tried, convicted, and sentenced to Sing Sing for two years.

A sense of the disgrace which her impudence had brought on herself and family, and especially the anguish it would inflict on her mother's heart, completely broke the spirit of the poor sufferer. Her sensitive nature could not bear up under the terrible struggle, and she sunk into a listless despair. She took extremely little nourishment, and obtained scarcely any sleep. It soon became evident that reason was giving way under the influence of perpetual grief, and that she was in danger of melancholy lunacy the remainder of her life. Her father, a venerable old soldier, who had been lauded in the British army, at the battle of Saragossa, came from Canada with an earnest petition in her behalf, backed with letters and certificates from magistrates and other people of influence and high respectability, testifying to the good character and conduct of Mary and her family. The cruel circumstances of the case being officially laid before the Governor, in connection with these certificates, he granted a pardon, and communicated the welcome intelligence to the afflicted father in a letter which did him great honor.

While I write this, my heart ejaculates, "May heaven bless him!" A letter from Eliza W. Farnham, the excellent matron of Sing Sing prison, enquired of me whether the Prison Association could provide for this unfortunate creature, till such time as her father could come for her. I replied that a suitable place had better be procured in the neighborhood of the prison, and the Association would pay her board till she could be restored to her home. As she was laboring under derangement of mind, and required some gentle restraint, it was difficult to procure a suitable place, and she was conveyed to the County House.

Another letter from E. W. Farnham informed me of this, and expressed great anxiety on her account. For four days she had tasted no food, nor obtained a single hour of sleep. The letter concluded by saying, "This, in addition to her previous exhaustion, must, if continued, soon produce death. She is exceedingly miserable, and my heart is sore at the thought of leaving so sensitive and shrinking a spirit all unshielded as she is."

Unwilling she should remain in the County House an hour longer than was necessary, I started for Tarrytown the very day I received the letter. I had seen the poor child of misfortune at Sing Sing, some months before, and my sympathy had been greatly excited in her behalf. She recollected me at once, and made no objection to returning

with me to New York. She was in such a delicate state of health, mind and body, that I could not bear to place her with strangers, who would feel no sympathy for her; and though it was inconvenient to receive her into my family, I thought it best under the circumstances to do so. We found her simple-hearted, unfeeling, and grateful; easily guided, though somewhat troublesome, from the wanderings of her mind, and the highly excitable state of her nervous system. She expressed an earnest wish to see Bishop Hughes. I went for him, and I was pleased with the prompt and hearty cheerfulness with which he came to speak to her words of encouragement and consolation.— She soon began to take nourishment, and during the four weeks that she remained under my roof, she continued to improve in health, though her mind still remained feeble and wandering. The female branch of the Prison Association having provided a Home for the woman convicts released from Sing Sing, it was thought best that Mary should go there. A few days after she had left my roof her mother came for her. She appeared to be a respectable, worthy, hard-working woman. I conveyed her to her daughter, and it was truly affecting to witness their meeting. They threw themselves into each other's arms, wept, looked at each other, and wept again. On the eighth of this month, they departed together for their home in Canada, and it is hoped that time will gradually restore poor Mary to health and reason.

I have purposely avoided mentioning the name of the woman whose oppressive and harsh treatment occasioned the wreck of this poor, well-meaning girl, and such great distress to an innocent family. May the consequences of her proceedings teach her a lesson for the future. Not for the wealth of the Indies, would I do such an injury to a fellow being."

HASTY BURIALS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

From her Second Series of "Letters from New York."

The yellow fever raged fearfully in Boston, the last part of the eighteenth century. The panic was so universal, that wives forsook their dying husbands, in some cases, and mothers their children, to escape the contagious atmosphere of the town. Funerals were generally omitted. The "death carts," sent into every part of the town, were so arranged as to pass each street every half hour. At each house known to contain a victim of the fever, they rang a bell, and called "bring out your dead." When the lifeless forms were brought out they were wrapped in tarred sheets, put into the cart, and carried to the burial place, unaccompanied by relatives. In most instances, in fact, relatives had fled before the first approach of the fatal disease.

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence.—When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend such sickness. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him, for he would soon be too ill to know who attended him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a lifelong satisfaction to her to know who attended upon him, if he did not. She accordingly stayed and watched him with unceasing care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went round with the "death carts," had visited the chamber, and seen that his end was near. They now came to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overborne by the strength of her conviction, though their own reason was opposed to it. The half hour again returned, and again was heard the solemn words, "Bring forth your dead."

The wife again resisted their importunities, but this time the men were resolute.— They said the duty assigned them was a painful one; but the health of the town required punctual obedience to the order they had received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears, continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the utter absurdity of such an idea, but finally overcame by her tears again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half hour again came round and found him cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little more gentle force would be necessary. They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable strength of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances, she answered, "if you bury him, you must bury me with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise that, if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no further opposition to the removal.

Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bedside, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water upon him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, held hartshorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard passing through the street. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the hartshorn she had

been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head was become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short quick gasp—struggle—his eyes opened—and when the death-mien came, they found him sitting up in bed! He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.

I should be sorry to awaken any fears, or excite unpleasant impressions, by the recital of this story, but I have ever thought that funerals were too much hurried in this country, particularly in newly settled parts of it. It seems to me there ought to be as much delay as possible, especially in cases of sudden death. I believe no motions bury with so much haste as the Americans. The messengers took many precautions. They washed and anointed the body many successive times before it was carried to the burial. The Romans cut off a joint of the finger, to make sure that life was extinct, before they lighted the funeral pile. Doubtless it is very unusual for the body to remain apparently lifeless for several hours, unless it be really dead; but the mere possibility of such cases should make friends careful to observe un doubted symptoms of dissolution, before the interment.

From the Free Wesleyan.

Isaac T. Hopper, and the Methodist slaveholder.

During the late session of the General Conference of the Methodist E. Church in the city of New-York, that well known friend to the slave, Isaac T. Hopper, was introduced to three young ladies, daughters of a slaveholding Methodist preacher, from Mississippi. Said the Friend at whose house they were visiting, "This is Isaac Hopper, one of the most ardent Abolitionists in the North. And these," turning to the ladies, "are the daughters of a slaveholder from the South."

By this means they were soon well known to each other. And the conversation which ensued, with other interesting incidents, I will give in the language of Friend Hopper, who related it to me to-day.

"They were very intelligent girls. I was much pleased with them. One of them assured me, however, that they could not do without the slaves."

"Why, Mr. Hopper," said she, "I never dressed or undressed myself until I came to the North. And I did not know what to do when I left home; I felt inclined to bring a servant with me."

"I wish thee had brought one," said I. "Why? What would you have done, Mr. Hopper, if you had seen her?"

"I should have told her that she was a free woman now; but if she went back to the South she would go as a pig or a sheep, to be sold if occasion called for it."

"They only laughed at the frankness thus expressed, and continued the conversation for some time, on the same subject. I then told them I should like to see them at my house with their father. And in a few days they came very much to my satisfaction. We had a long talk about Slavery."

"Said this preacher, 'Mr. Hopper, do you say and think that I am not a Christian?'"

"I certainly do not regard thee as a Christian."

"Why, Mr. Hopper! do you think I cannot get to heaven?"

"That I will not say. But Slavery is a great abomination, and no one who is guilty of it can be a Christian or Christ-like. I would not exclude thee from the kingdom of heaven. To thy own Master thou dost stand or fall. If thou dost enter there, it will be on the ground of ignorance of the fact that thou art living in sin."

"We reasoned on it at some length, when the conversation turned upon the conduct of Abolitionists."

"Said the preacher, 'If the Abolitionists were all like you and Mr. Gibbons, we could come to some agreement on this matter.— Why, I never was treated so well by any body as you and Mr. Gibbons, your abolition friend, have treated me. But your Abolitionists generally are so violent and abusive.'"

"A Friend present remarked to him that, none were more generally execrated, as vile and abusive Abolitionists, than was the notorious, 'Hopper' as the Southern papers call him. I then said the slaveholders love and make a lie in this thing."

"Well," said he, "we should be glad to see you with us, Friend Hopper, on a visit."

"Ah! and thou would'st lynch me, or thy friends would, if they caught me."

"O no sir; we would treat you well.— But how would you do about Slavery when there?"

"Why, I should tell the slaves to be obedient, faithful, industrious, and never think of running away from a good master, unless they were sure they could escape; and in that case be off as soon as possible; for if caught, they would fare much worse than they do now. And I would say to thee, that as thou claimest to be a minister of Jesus Christ, consistency of character, and the spirit of thy Master, require thee to give deliverance to the captive—to let the oppressed go free."

"Before we separated I saw tears in his eyes. I appealed to him closely, and bore a faithful testimony."

"My friend, dost thou have a conscience void of offence? When thou liest down at night, is thy mind always at ease? After pouring out thy soul in prayer to thy Maker, dost thou not feel the outraged sense of right, like a perpetual motion, restless and disquieted within thy breast, telling thee 'tis wrong to hold these men in slavery,—their wives and little ones!'"

"To this he answered frankly, that sometimes he doubted; yet upon the whole, he thought it best and right. When they were about leaving, one of his daughters, a young widow, thus addressed me:

"Mr. Hopper, I thank God for this privilege. I never saw and talked with an Abolitionist before. I am now persuaded that slaveholding is sinful in the sight of God.— When my husband died, he left me several slaves. I have held them for five years.— But I return home now, resolved to be the owner of a slave no longer. We bade each other farewell."