













Poetry.

For the Liberator. TWICE THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN. Call twice three hundred thousand men, our President has said;

The Liberator.

SLAVERY, AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS. No. V. BY JOSEPH F. BRENNAN, OF LOUISVILLE, KY. In his speech in the Senate, on the 10th of May last, the Hon. Charles Sumner said, "God, in his beneficence, vouchsafes to nations as to individuals, opportunity, opportunity, opportunity, which, of all things, is most to be desired."

the people of nearly one half the States of America to accept, at the bayonet's point and the cannon's muzzle, a proposition of Union. But let our Government at once declare and prove by its declarations, that the war on its part is a war for the perpetuity of Republican institutions, and that its embattled hosts are fighting for freedom, liberty, and the rights of man, against anti-Republican and anti-Democratic institutions, the perpetuation of slavery, and the division of the territory of the United States, and the whole world will at once understand and rejoice, the oppressed and down-trodden of every land will cry, "God speed the right!"

Ferry, and touched a cord in the life of our country that will vibrate throughout the land, and will not cease until the last fetter has been struck from the limbs of the last bondman in the nation; and though the bodies of these heroes lie mouldering in the clay, their souls are marching on. "I never visit our 'Cradle of Liberty,' and look at the portraits that grace its walls, without thinking that the selection is sadly incomplete, because the picture of the massacred Crispus Attucks is not there. He was the first martyr in the Boston Massacre of March 5th, 1770, when the British soldiers were drawn up in line on King (now State) street, to intimidate the Boston populace. On that eventful day, a band of patriots, led by Attucks, marched from Dock Square to drive the red coats from the vicinity of the old State House. Emboldened by the courageous conduct of this colored hero, the band pressed forward, and in attempting to wrest a musket from one of the British soldiers, Attucks was shot. His was the first blood that crimsoned the pavement of King street, and by the sacrifice of his life, he awoke that fiery hatred of British oppression which culminated in the Declaration of American Independence. At this late day, a portrait of this hero cannot be had, but our children will live to see the day when the people of this Commonwealth, mindful of their deep and lasting obligation, will through their Legislature appropriate a sufficient sum wherewith to erect a suitable monument to preserve the memory of Attucks, and mark the spot where he fell.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ON HIS DEMAND FOR 300,000 MEN. We're coming, Father Abraham, we're coming all along— But don't you think you're coming it yourself a little strong? Three hundred thousand might be called a pretty tidy figure— We've sent you nearly white enough; why don't you take the nigger? Consider, Father Abraham, and give the thing a thought— This war has just attained four times the longitude it ought; And all the bills at ninety days as you have drawn 'd so free. Have been dishonored, Abraham, as punctual as could be. We've fought, old Father Abraham, and fought uncommon bold, And gained amazing victories, or so at least we're told; And having whipped the rebels for a twelvemonth and a day, We're now found them liquoring in Washington in May. Now, really, Father Abraham, this here's the extra ounce, And you're almost sick, you see, of such almighty bounce; We ain't afraid of being killed at proper times and seasons, But it's aggravating to be killed for Mac's strategic reasons. If you'd be so obliging, Father Abraham, as to write To any foreign potentate, and put the thing polite, And make him loan a General as knows the way to lead, We'd come and list. Jerusalem and snakes! we would, indeed. But as the matter stands, Old Abe, we've this opinion, and, If you say "Come," as citizens of course we're bound to come; But then we want to win, you see; if strategy prevents, We wish you'd use the nigger for these here experiments. Hereditary bondsmen, he should just be made to know He'd convenience us uncommon if he'ld take and strike a blow; The more as will not fight for freedom isn't worth a cent, And it's better using niggers up than citizens like us. So, Father Abraham, if you please, in this here matter, You'd better take the black men against the white, I guess; And if you work the niggers off before rebellion's slain, Which surely ain't expectable, apply to us again. —London Parch.

songer railroads, and was not Mr. Train arrested by debt on British soil? It is possible that Mr. Train himself was not fully aware of the rottenness of the nation, till it was revealed to him through the base ingratitude. However this may be, Mr. Train is entitled to the fame of a discoverer. It is no matter how far from that England is a "gigantic sham," that her people have neither brains, pluck, nor money; but her people enough that she asserts this, and proves it to the satisfaction by asserting it again and again. Reading over Mr. Train's speech, we find that the gist of it may be thus summed up:—"England is a sham, a gigantic sham. Her people have neither brains, pluck, nor money, and I can prove it."—"The English are a nation of cowards, and have been all along. I have discovered it."—"We are the most unassuming people in the world."—"The Church of England, I believe, exhibits a lower grade of morality than can be found in any other class of men on the face of the globe."—"The English are the most immoral race on the face of the globe, and how they dare to maintain the name of virtue, I do not understand. Their morality is a mere sham. England is a sham. Their people are neither more nor less than legal practitioners. They dare such a people talk of virtue? We are the virtuous race on the face of the world."—"One of the hopes of my life is to see an Irishman on the throne of England."—"The English are a nation of drunkards. The Englishman is made up of so many cubic inches of mutton chops and so many quarts of beer."—"We are a superior race. Our men are more manly and moral, our women more virtuous and beautiful. On arriving here, I could hardly resist the temptation of kissing almost every woman I met. I thought I was a married man, my enthusiasm was so great. I was so delighted to get among a race whose women have little hands and little feet. I got tired of seeing so much bare walking the streets on the other side of the water."—"I recommend that for the next six months the newspapers exclude all English articles and all English news."—"I have come back from England with a much better idea of my own abilities, and I am going to the field against Wendell Phillips, if he is willing to encounter Charles Sumner shall not go back to the United States Senate, if my efforts can prevent it." This is an able speech, and it is gratifying to know that its author has a magnificent idea of his own abilities. America has been fortunate in having Mr. Train in England as a self-constituted representative of her intelligence and refinement. It is a pity that we have not two such men; but Providence is of opinion that one is as many as we deserve. But let us all rejoice that the country which has given the world Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Burke, Goldsmith, Carlyle, and hundreds of other men great in literature, science and politics, is at last so low. The disgraceful ambition of England to lead the civilization of the world has the reward of all selfishness, and the country of Cromwell have become a nation of cowards, and covens and drunkards. The more of these papers, and the ladies big-footed her barbers, I shall see so, says Mr. Train.—Philadelphia City Item.

RESTITUTION.

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER. When last year's June, with queenly grace, Put on her raiment bright and fair, Her roses blushed into his face, Her smile lit his hair. His dear voice, like a dulcet chime, Made music ripple through his words; His smile was born of summer-time, His laughter woke the birds. The regal summer comes again, With all her tender heart aglow, Comes with her sunshine and her rain, Yet he who loved her so, Makes nevermore a dulcet chime With the sweet music of his words; Nor smiles the smile of summer-time; Nor wakes the slaying birds. Though all the woods are waving green, And all the fields are fair with flowers, The heavy clouds do lie between His loving heart and ours! Where war's terrific thunder pealed, Where from an awful carnage make, He perished on the gory field,— Did for his country's sake! Bowed low beneath this heavy cross, Our souls cry out in dreadful pain, For restitution for our loss— In anguish for our stain! Yet God knows best! The Nation's breath Is troubled—and her life in death; And heroes, through the gates of doom, Must cast her devils out! And when Oppression's upstart tree Lies stricken at its despot root, Then shall we say thy martyr blood, Beloved, beareth fruit! O, God! above his early grave Send forth the wailed-for decree; Unloose the fetters of the slave, Bring in the year of jubilee! Mason, Mich. —Tramp and Freeman.

AUTUMN.

Now sheaves are slanted to the sun Amid the golden meadows, And little sun-tanned gleaners run To reap them in their shadows; The reaper binds the bearded ear, And gathers in the golden year; And where the sheaves are glistening, The farmer's heart is dancing. There's peace a glory on the land, Flashed down from Heaven's wide portals, As Labor's hand grasps Beauty's hand To vow good-will to mortal: The golden year brings beauty down, To kiss her with a marriage crown, While Labor rises, gleaming, Her blessings and their meaning. The work is done, the end is near, Beat, heart, to fute and labor, For Beauty, wedded to the Year, Completes herself from Labor; She dons her marriage gown, and then She casts them off as gifts to men, And sunbeam-like, if dimmer, The fallen jewels glisten. There is a hush of joy and love, No giving hands have crowned us; There is a heaven up above, And a heaven from around us! And Hope, her province complete, Creeps up to Beauty's feet, While with a thousand voices The perfect earth rejoices! When to the Autumn heaven here Its sister is replying, 'Tis sweet to think our golden year Publish itself in dying; That we shall find, poor things of breath, Our own souls' loveliness in death, And leave, when God shall find us, Our gathered gems behind us. —London Athenaeum.

PRESENTATION OF A PORTRAIT TO A MASONIC GRAND LODGE.

The presentation of the portrait of JOHN T. HILTON to the Prince Hall Grand Lodge was an interesting occasion, and the following sketch of some of its features will, it is thought, prove acceptable to the readers of the Liberator. The presentation took place on the evening of Sept. 18th, in the Tenth Baptist Church in this city, in the presence of a very large and intelligent audience. The exercises consisted of speeches, interspersed with prayers by the Chaplains, and select music by the Boston Quartette Club. Miss Rachel Washington acted as organist. The presentation speech was made by the Grand Treasurer, THOMAS DALTON, between whom and Mr. Hilton there has existed an uninterrupted friendship for many years, which pleasing fact furnished the speaker with a chain of reminiscences of the rare fidelity and sagacity which have adorned his Masonic and public career. At an appropriate stage in his remarks, a curtain was drawn aside, revealing to the audience a handsome and faithful portrait, executed by the young colored artist, WILLIAM H. SIMMONS, adorned with an elegant frame, the handiwork of a young colored glider, JACOB R. ANDREWS, both of this city, which was greeted by the audience with a demonstration gratifying to all the parties concerned. Dr. JOHN V. DEGRASSE then delivered the reception speech, abounding with fine passages, from which we select the following:—"I accept this very appropriate and to us invaluable gift in behalf of our Grand Lodge; a gift which reflects credit upon the good taste and judgment of the donors, and cannot but be complimentary to him whose lineaments the artist has so truthfully traced upon the canvas. "With nations and societies, as with individuals, the portraits of those we love who have been most dear, have always been cherished and esteemed. They are our Penates, to be preserved from generation to generation, and the first to be rescued in time of danger. Scarcely is there a house, a public hall, or a temple dedicated to our mystic art, that does not bear upon its walls the portraits of the great and good, who have been of greatest usefulness. "To us, this portrait is invaluable, not only to remind us of the man whom we all esteem, and with whose life and character we are conversant, but to the young men who may have the good fortune to enter our sacred sanctuaries in after years, this picture can be pointed out, and we can tell them how faithful our friend and brother, JOHN T. HILTON, was to the order for more than forty years, and urge upon them the arduous, zeal and constancy that characterized him, not only for what would benefit the craft, but the community at large." Dr. DeGrasse was followed by ROBERT MORRIS, Esq., who, in addition to what specially concerned the Order, submitted these remarks, which found ready acceptance with the audience:—"This is our first effort to transmit to posterity a portrait of any of our public men; I trust it may not be the last. "I wish we could point to well executed likenesses of those old colored heroes of revolutionary memory, who so nobly, patriotically and willingly, side by side with their white brethren, fought, bled and died to secure freedom and independence to America. "It would be a source of continual pleasure could we have in some public room pictures true to life of those intrepid heroes, Denmark Vesige and Nat. Turner, whose very names were a terror to oppressors, who, conceiving the sublime idea of freedom for themselves and their race, animated by a love of liberty of which they had been ruthlessly deprived, made an attempt to sever their bonds; and though in such attempts to open the prison doors of slavery and let the oppressed go free, they were unsuccessful, their efforts and determination were noble and heroic. In the future history of our country, their names to us will shine as brightly as that of the glorious old hero who with his colored and white followers so strategically captured Harper's

LECTURES BY JEFF DAVIS'S OACHPAN.

FRIEND GARIBOLDI.—Wm. A. Jackson, formerly the coachman of Jefferson Davis, who made his escape from Richmond a short time since, spoke in the Salem Baptist meeting-house on Friday evening last. Owing to the very short notice of the meeting, the attendance was not large, but all who favored him with their presence on that occasion were very highly pleased with the address. On Sunday evening, the 21st inst., Mr. Jackson spoke at Fairhaven, in the Rev. Mr. Willard's church, which is the largest church in the town. Long before the appointed hour for the meeting, the house was filled to overflowing. The Reverend gentleman introduced Mr. Jackson to his congregation in such praiseworthy manner as I presume never will be forgotten by the speaker or those who heard him. Mr. Jackson commenced speaking about 7 1/2 o'clock, and continued until 9. During the whole time, not one person left the house. No better attention could have been paid to the most profound speaker of the age; and to prove how highly his address was appreciated, after it was concluded, a large contribution was taken up and presented to the speaker. Mr. Jackson, with a little instruction, cannot fail to be of great service in helping forward the accomplishment of that glorious victory for which you and your coadjutors have been so long contending. He wants education to make him a very useful man among his colored brethren. He was not at all backward in telling the people, on Sunday evening last, why this rebellion was not put down; because, he said, we will not do the will of God. Until that is done, we may never hope to accomplish any great, good or glorious result. He says the slaves down South had been waiting for the Proclamation of Emancipation long

TRAIN'S TROUBLES.

One of the most painful delusions of the day is that of Mr. George Francis Train, who imagines that the restoration of the American Union depends upon his eloquence. He isn't the first man who has mistaken volubility for value, and a flux of words for cogency of argument. A mountain-bank may prattle in a fair form from mill to dewey eye, but it is only to fools that he sells his corn-plasters and cough-drops. He may, no doubt, be overheard by many wise men, but that does not make his medicines infallible, as he would have you believe; nor does the fact that Mr. Train writes to the newspapers prove that he is a statesman, for men who are forever writing to the newspapers are always in danger of bringing up in a mad-house. If Mr. Train could only for a moment comprehend how infinitely silly his productions appear to sensible men, he would, we think, be modified into something like reason, and would write no more letters like this absurd one now before us, which is addressed to Charles Sumner and others, and which begins fiercely: "Conspirators!" As a general rule, we suspect that a man who writes confirmed slip-slop, and is never easy unless he is gyrating absurdly through all the gymnastics of rhetoric, is hardly a safe person to call to the rescue of an empire. It may be prudently presumed that a Senator of the United States is in no greater danger of his reprehensions, and, for that matter, of his comprehensions, than Mr. Train's only retort must be, "Well, neither does the Honorable Senator comprehend me!"—and, for Mr. Train, the reply would be uncommonly just and sensible. Mr. Train charges the gentlemen to whom he addresses this lurid letter with "a damnable conspiracy against three races of men"—against the Irish, "by placing an inferior race alongside of them in the cornfield," and against the negroes, who will all be murdered by their masters, according to G. F. T., unless the Abolitionists consent to their servitude. But one of Train's vaticinations fortunately knocked the other in the head. If the negroes are all to be murdered by their desperate masters, may not the fastidious George spare himself all painful apprehensions of anybody being compelled to work alongside the black in any cornfield or other field in this hemisphere? Massacred negroes don't dig, to the best of our knowledge, Mr. Train! There is a race of men—it is that to which Mr. Train belongs—who make a living, not by hoing and digging, but by gabbling about the infinite superiority of being white—by denouncing those who cannot see the exquisite equity of human servitude—by lecturing on Politics as other men lecture on Mesmerism and Table-Tipping—who convert their country's agony into a rare-show, and go about entertaining people with the public misfortunes—who achieve notoriety by rehabilitating slave plantations and rejuvenating venerable liars—who were unknown yesterday, are only notorious to-day, and will be forgotten to-morrow—and to this race, negro emancipation will prove fatal, for it will ruin their business, which is that of frightening honest folk and manufacturing bugbears. Mr. George Francis Train must not think that we mean to be disrespectful. On the contrary, when we put him in this absurd one now before us, which is addressed to Charles Sumner and others, and which begins fiercely: "Conspirators!" we are paying him the greatest compliment of all we ever received in his life, if we except those which he has paid to himself. We are ranking him with Doctors of Divinity and Members of Congress, and Theologians and Politicians of the most venerable variety, who, when Emancipation has finished them, will hail him as a humble brother in misfortune, and will go hand in hand with him to oblivion! It may be a satisfaction to the Cabinet to know that Mr. Train, in this very letter, announces his generous attention of standing by it to the end. He professes the most unbounded affection for Mr. Sumner; and if that gentleman be as absurd as he has the reputation of being, he will hasten to beseech Mr. Train to write no more letters. It isn't very Administration that can stand Mr. Train's admiration. And so much for George Francis!

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