







POETRY.

For the Liberator.
A FRIENDLY HINT TO CAROLINA.
Oh, sister Carolina! have you really lost your way...

THE YANKEE NEGROES GOING TO THE AMERICAN SLAVE-MARK.
Heave, say, my little giggers, my little black Mackerel...

SONNET TO JANUARY.
O'er the year, where wouldst thou lead us now?
O'er the year, where wouldst thou lead us now?

SONNET TO CLARIBON.
Patriot for England's conscience! Champion for
O'er the year, where wouldst thou lead us now?

REFORMATORY.

LETTER TO JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.
President of the late Baltimore Convention.
I send you, therefore, his Liberty Memorial...

never dared to take the milk of human kindness,
and those enjoyments that make glad the heart of man...

THE LIBERATOR.
The amount of the whole matter is this—Three Belligerents
are engaged in a contest for the mastery of the day...

THE CHAMPION OF NEW-YORK TAKES PART.
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