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TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

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## POETRY.

### CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children!  
For I hear you at your play,  
And the question that perplexed me  
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows  
That look towards the sun,  
Where thoughts are singing swallows  
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sun-  
shine,  
In your thoughts the brooklets flow;  
But in mine is the wind of Autumn  
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us  
If the children were no more?  
We should dread the desert behind us  
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,  
With light and air for food,  
Ere their sweet and tender juices  
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;  
Through these it feels the glow  
Of a bright and sunnier climate  
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!  
And whisper in my ear  
What the birds and the winds are singing  
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,  
And the wisdom of our books,  
When compared with your creases,  
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads  
That ever were sung or said;  
For ye are living poems,  
And all the rest are dead.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE CALICO CLOAK.

"Have you seen the new scholar?" asked Mary Lark, a girl of twelve or fourteen years, as she ran to meet a group of school mates who were coming towards the school house; "she cuts the most comical looking figure you ever saw. Her cloak is made out of calico, and her shoes are brogans, such as men and boys wear."

"Oh, yes, I've seen her," replied Lucy Brooks; "she is the new washerwoman's daughter. I shouldn't have thought Mr. Brown would have taken her into the academy; but I suppose he likes the money that comes through such as well as any. It is cleaner of course."

"And the air rang with the loud laugh of the girls.

"Come, let us go in and examine her," continued Mary, as they ascended the steps of the school house; "I am thinking she will make some fun for us."

The girls went into the dressing room, where they found the new scholar. She was a mild, intelligent looking child, but very poorly though tidily clad. The girls went around her, whispering and laughing with each other, while she stood trembling and blushing in one corner of the room, without venturing to raise her eyes from the floor.

When they entered school, they found the little girl far in advance of those of her age in her studies, and was placed in classes with those two or three years her senior. This seemed, on the whole, to make those who were disposed to treat her unkindly, dislike her the more; and she, being of a retiring disposition, through their influence had no friends, but went and returned from school alone.

"And so you really think," said Mary Lark, as she went up to the little girl a few weeks after she entered school, "that you are going to get the medal?" It will correspond nicely with your cloak!"

"And she caught hold of the cape, and held it out from her, while the girls around joined in her loud laugh.

"Calico cloak get the medal? I guess she will! I should like to see Mr. Brown giving it to her!" said another girl as she caught hold of her arm, and peeped under the child's bonnet.

The little girl struggled to release herself, and when she was free, ran home as fast as she could go.

"Oh, mother," she said, as she entered her mother's humble kitchen; "do answer uncle William's letter, and tell him we will come to New York to live! I don't like to live in Bridgeville. The girls call me 'Calico Cloak' and 'Brogans,' and they don't know, mother, how unkindly they treat me!"

"Lizzie, my dear," said her mother, "you must expect to meet with some who will treat you unkindly on account of your poverty; but you must not be discouraged. Do right, my child, and you will eventually come off conqueror."

Although Mrs. Lee tried to encourage her child, yet she knew that she had to meet with severe trials for one so young.

"But, mother, they are all unkind to me," replied Lizzie; "there isn't one who loves me!"

"And the child buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud.

In Bridgeville Academy there were a few selfish, unprincipled girls; and the others joined them in teasing the little "Calico Cloak," as they called her, from thoughtlessness, and from a love of sport. But they knew not how deeply each spiteful word pierced the heart of the little stranger, and how many bitter tears she shed in secret over their unkindness.

Mrs. Lee, learning that the scholars still continued their unjust treatment towards her child, resolved to accept her brother's invitation, although she was a poor man, and become a member of his family, hoping that, while there, her

child could continue her studies, and perhaps, through his influence, lead a happier life among her schoolmates; accordingly, at the end of the term, she left Bridgeville and removed to New York. Although Lizzie had been a member of the school but one term, yet she gained the medal, and it was worn from the Academy beneath the despised garment.

Weeks, months, and years glided away from the students of Bridgeville Academy, and the little "Calico Cloak" was forgotten. Those who were at school with her had left to enter upon the business of life.

Twelve years after Mrs. Lee and her daughter left town, a Mr. Maynard, a young clergyman, came into Bridgeville, and was settled as the pastor of the village church. It was reported at the sewing circle, the week following ordination, that it was expected that he would bring his bride into town in a few weeks. There was a great curiosity to see her, and especially after it was reported she was a talented young authoress.

A few weeks after Mr. Maynard gratified their curiosity, by walking into church with his young wife leaning on his arm. She was a lady of great intellectual beauty, and everybody (as they always are at first) was deeply interested in the young minister and his wife.

The following week, the ladies flocked to see her, and she promised to meet them at the next gathering of the sewing circle.

The day arrived, and although it was quite stormy, Mrs. Deacon Brown's parlor was filled with smiling faces. The deacon's carriage was sent to the parsonage after Mrs. Maynard, and in due time it arrived, bringing the lady with it. The shaking of hands that followed her arrival can only be imagined by those who have been present on such an occasion.

"How are you pleased with our village?" asked a Mrs. Britton, after the opening exercises were over, as she took a seat beside Mrs. Maynard.

"I like its appearance very much; it certainly has improved wonderfully within the last twelve years."

"Were you ever in Bridgeville before?" asked another lady, as those around looked somewhat surprised.

"I was here a few months, when a child," replied Mrs. Maynard.

Their curiosity was excited.

"Have you friends here?" asked a third after a moment's silence.

"I have not. I resided with my mother, the Widow Lee. We lived in a little cottage which stood upon the spot now occupied by a large store, on the corner of Pine street."

"The widow Lee?" repeated Mrs. Britton; "I well remember the cottage, but I do not recollect the name."

"I think I attended school with you at the academy," replied Mrs. Maynard; "you were Miss Mary Lark, were you not?"

"That was my name," replied the lady, as a smile passed over her features at being recognized; "but I am really quite ashamed that my memory has proved so recalcitrant."

"I was known in the academy as the little 'Calico Cloak.' Perhaps you can remember me by that name."

The smile faded from Mrs. Britton's face, and a deep blush overspread her features, which, in a few moments after, was seen deepening upon the faces of others present.

There was a silence for some minutes; when Mrs. Maynard looked up, she found she had caused considerable disturbance among the ladies of her own age, by making herself known.

"O! I remember very well when the little 'Calico Cloak' went to the academy," said an old lady, as she looked over her glasses, "and I think, if my memory serves me right, some of the ladies present will owe Mrs. Maynard an apology."

"I had no intention whatever, ladies," replied Mrs. Maynard, "to reprove any one present by making myself known; but as it may seem to some that such was my intention, I will add a few words. Most of the younger ladies present will remember the little 'Calico Cloak'; but no one but the wearer knows how deeply each unkind word pierced the little heart that beat beneath it. And, as I again hear the old academy bell ring, it brings back fresh to my mind the sorrows of childhood. But let no lady mistake me; by supposing I cherish an unkind feeling towards any one. I know that, whatever the past may have been, you are now my friends. But, ladies, let me add, if you have children, learn a lesson from my experience, and teach them to treat kindly the poor and despised. A calico cloak may cover a heart as warm with affection and as sensitive to sorrow, as one that beats beneath a velvet covering. Whenever you meet a child that shows a disposition to despise the poor, tell it the story of the 'Calico Cloak'; it will carry its own moral with it."

"That is the shortest, but the best sermon I ever heard," said the old lady again as she put her handkerchief under her glasses; "and I do not believe its moral effect will be lost upon any of us."

The old lady was right. The story went from one to another, until it found its way into the old academy. At that very time, a little boy was attending school there, whose mother was struggling with her needle to give him an education. The boys often made sport of his patched knees and elbows, and he would run sobbing home to his mother. But when the story of the 'Calico Cloak' reached the scholars, the little boy (for he was naturally a noble-hearted child) became very popular in the school; and the children, from that time, were very kind to 'Little Patcher,' as he had always been called.

When Mrs. Maynard heard the story of 'Little Patcher,' she felt that she was well repaid for all that she had suffered in childhood.

## JIM FRANKLIN.

### OR THE 'FALLING STARS.'

The meteoric shower that fell on the night of the 13th of November, 1833, exhibited a scene long to be remembered by all who witnessed it. To the enlightened and well-informed it was grand, awful, sublime; but to the ignorant and superstitious, overwhelming and terrific.

Such a countless number of meteors never fell from the empyrean in so short a space of time before or since, the theories of Humboldt and Captain Twining to the contrary notwithstanding.

A few weeks after this grand display of fire-works, Jim Franklin, or 'Uncle Jim,' as he was most generally called, was seen hobbling on crutches, his lower extremities covered with a superabundance of red flannel. Jim's early educational advantages had been very limited. His learning from books and school was contracted to a few months, by a mind not at all inclined to study. But he had prospered in the world, and by raising cotton in the flatwoods of Elbert, where he lived, had accumulated a snug fortune. He was a general favorite in his neighborhood, and but for a slight habit of indulging sometimes too much in the 'ardent,' might be termed an unlearned, shrewd, exemplary man.

Jim was sitting with a number of gentlemen in the Petersburg Inn, his feet nicely adjusted in another chair, with his crutches across his lap, when some one inquired why he was working himself in shafts?

Whereupon he exclaimed: "You see we had at our house the other night, a small sprinkle of what we took to be the 'day of judgment.' It turned out we were slightly mistaken; but I assure you, if I'm judge of small matters, it was a right good counterfeit of that great day, when they say there is to be a general smash-up. Many a one of us, for a while, thought it was the genuine coin, and as the masons would say, 'conducted ourselves accordingly.' I took the wrong shute at the start. Now they say, 'man purposes, and God exposes;' this may or may not be good scriptural; at the latter end of my experience I would call it good sense."

I was suddenly awakened out of a sound sleep by Gabriel's horn, but a noise mighty nigh as loud, if not heard so far. Wife, children, and niggers were screaming and hollerin', 'the day of judgment was come, and stars were all fallin'; the world was burning up.' I sprang up, looked at the heavens; never seed such precedencies thar before! There being no mountains and rocks convenient to call on to hide me, I tuck a bee-line with average engine speed for the well, which I would say is ninety-two feet deep in the clear. It's the deepest hole in the ground I know anything about. When I got thar I found Bob and Sam, two of my nigger boys, on a quarry, which of the two elements to chuse. Bob, a bright molatter, was for water; Sam, an unquarried African, was for turning Sallymandy, and facin the music.

Says I, boys clear the track, and take hold of that wheel, and let me down into the bowels of the yeth as soon as the nature of the case will admit of; the outside is getting unwholesome, sure! Then, without hat, coat, pants, vest, stockings, or shoes, I tuck in the bucket and started; they hadn't tugged the wheelless twice round when I hollered to 'em to slip the britchin and let me slide. No sooner said than done, when I whirled cursish nigh unto three feet in the water. No man could have made the trip sooner, cepin' he had fallen in, and he'd had to tuck a far start at that.

About the time the water settled round me, and I was kivered all but my head, I felt fire-proof, and calculated they'd have to burn low to get me. Now they say a man in a deep well, in the day time, can see stars. I allow them is fixed stars—The ones I saw that that well that night was travelers, certain! Besides, if there was fixed stars that night, I never seed 'em. Some said they watched the mornin' stars, and as long as that stuck they had hope.

I made the boys draw me up several times, to see how things were coming on; but when one of them big blazin' meteors would dart towards me, I would whirl down to the length of my cable. I soon found I had gone beyond what was comfortable; I got tired of playing bull-frog, left the water, and felt like taking the fire, no matter in what form! I'll just say rite here, if any man should have hydrofoby agin fire, and will put himself through my performances in that well, and aint cured, his disease is too deep for hydrofoby. I put on dry clothes, tuck a stew of whiskey and red pepper, but too late—the rheumatics had me, so in braeing agin fire I got busted on water.

I wait the only man excited on that occasion by a long jump. My neighbor, Sam Stuart, am over next morning, and he asked me how we stood the racket? He looked solemn as a preacher; said his dwelling had never been a house of prayer before, but if they didn't make up for loss time, he was no judge of vigorous exercises. He said he and his crowd prayed nigh onto four hours; they heard the clock strike three times while they were on their knees. He said, the fact was, they exhausted the argument and he got up, and hadn't another word to say if the day of judgment had come. And I'm thinking I'd cum out better if I'd relied on faith and prayer instead of such work as I did!

In this opinion the company concurred, and laughed long and loud at his narrative. When the noise of their mirth had ceased, some one remarked to Jim if he had been as smart and philosophical as one of his ancestors, he would not have been at all alarmed, and could have explained it. "I have heard of him before," said Jim; "he was the fellow who could go out, when dangerous clouds were surging by, pull lightning put 'em, sample it, bless you! and carry the keetest home, and aperiment with. But he does this in the broad day

time, when he war wide-awake, which a man should be when he handles that article. But wake him up at midnight onto a deep sleep, make the racket around him which were turned loose about me, and let him see all them stars a-falling. If he will set to cyphering out causes, and forget consequences, he is no kin to me! Now, there is Franklin, and Solomon, and the other apostles the scriptures speak of war smart in their day, but they would be no whar with our people and thar fixens! I was at Augusta 't'other day, and seed a railroad engine and train come dashing in. Suppose old Solomon had seen the like of that come sporing, tearing, thundering by him, what do you think would be his performances? The way he'd run into his temple, and slam the door, lay low, and say nothing, would be a caution to his big family. Now, Franklin mout give it flunder, as he delts in the article; but Solomon not having the whar with, would make himself sages. The old gentleman never thought of such things. Now John on Patterson's Island, dreamed of sich, or something like into them. If Solomon's dreams had tuck that direction, it would have turned his propensities into recollections, and might have confused the scriptures."

Some gentleman here asked Jim where Patterson's Island was? "It's none of my look out. I kalkilate it's a fine place for dreaming, whether good for cotton I don't know, but I would advise its owners to keep it hid out, lest the Anglo-Saxon specie mout take a liking to it, and claim it, in working up to their clear and manifest destiny!"

Here a voice from without informed Jim his buggy was ready. When by the aid of his shafts, he worked himself out of the room, amidst the hearty cheers and farewell of his friends.

THE ADMIRAL'S DREAM.—Admiral Sir Henry Digby, in the command of a frigate, had shaped his course for Cape St. Vincent, and was running to the southward in the latitude of Cape Finisterre. He rang his bell at 11 o'clock for the officer of the watch and asked him—

"How are we standing?"

"South-west, sir."

"What sort of weather?"

"The same, sir, as when you left the deck; fine strong breeze; starlight night."

"Yes, the same; double reefed topsails and foresail."

"Has there been anybody in my cabin?"

"I believe not, sir; I shall ask the sentry."

"Sentry," asked the officer of the watch, "has there been anybody in the captain's cabin?"

"No, sir," said the sentry; "nobody."

"Very odd!" rejoined the captain; "I was perfectly convinced I had been spoken to."

At two o'clock the bell was again rung, the same questions repeated and the same answers given.

"Most extraordinary thing!" said Captain Digby; "every time I dropped asleep I heard somebody shouting in my ear. 'Digby! Digby! go to the northward! Digby! Digby! go to the northward! Digby! Digby! go to the northward! I shall certainly do so. Take another reef in your topsails," he continued to the officer of the watch; "haul your wind and tack every hour till daylight, and then call me."

The officer of the middle watch did accordingly as he was ordered, and when relieved at four o'clock, his successor was greatly astonished at finding the ship on a wind, and asked the meaning of it.

"Meaning, indeed," said the other; "the captain has gone mad, that's all!" and he told his story, at which they laughed heartily.

There was, however, nothing to do but obey the orders, and the ship was tacked at four, at six, at seven. She had just come round for the last time, as the day was breaking, when the look-out man cried out, "Large ship on the weather-bow!" A musket was fired to bring her to, and she proved a Spanish vessel laden with dollars and a rich cargo, which gave the fortunate dreamer a large portion of the great fortune which he amassed in the naval service. The story was told to my friend, the late Sir Jahles Brenton, and by him repeated to me; the high character of both him and Sir Henry Digby forbidding the possibility of fabrication.—*Sea Drift.*

WHO THE DOCK WAS IT?—Brown tells us a Vermont story which he says, is as authentic as the best of the Post anecdotes, and certainly nothing more can be required. A respectable gentleman in Windsor county, many years ago had an ambition to represent his town in the State Legislature. Though a man of good character and every way able enough for the office he sought, he happened, as Aunt Peggy used to say, to have "a great many winning ways to make folks late him," and was, in fact, the most unpoplar man in the town. Going to Squire X., an influential man who happened to be friendly to him, he laid his case before him, and asked his influence, saying that he didn't expect help without paying for it, and declaring that if he could get X.'s influence he was sure to be elected. The Squire "put in his best jumps" for his man, but when the ballot-box was turned another man was declared elected. The disappointed candidate called out to know how the votes stood, and learned that he had got just three votes! "But I don't understand it," said he, turning to Squire X., with a chop fallen countenance. "No, I either," said the Squire; "I put in my vote, you put in another, but who the d—l put in the third is more than I can imagine!"—*Boston Post.*

## EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE DAY.

T. Parker says some shrewd things, which go directly to the heart of the popular follies of the day. He has no exalted idea of the present system of domestic education, as tending to frugality or economy. He says in one of his sermons:

"In the town of Somers, lives Mr. Manygills. He is a toilsome merchant, his wife a hardworking housekeeper—Once they were poor, now they are eminently rich. They have seven daughters, whom they train up in utter idleness. They are all doing nothing, they spend much money, but not in works of humanity, not even in elegant accomplishments—in painting, dancing, music and the like, so paying in spiritual beauty what they take in material means. They were once seen; they are now known, and only in vain show, as useless as a ghost, and as significant as the block on which their bonnets are made."

"Now, these seven 'ladies,' as the newspapers call the poor thing, so ignorant and helpless, are not of ill, can earn nothing, but they consume much. What a load of finery is on their shoulders, and heads and necks. Mrs. Manygills hires many men and women to wait on her daughters' idleness, and these servants are drawn from the productive work of the shop or farm, and set to the unproductive work of nursing these seven grown-up babies."

"On the other side of the way the Hon. Mr. Manysons has seven sons, who are the exact match for the merchant's daughters: rich, idle, some of them dissolute; debauchery coming before their heads; all useless, earning nothing, spending much to kill time, and in summer they migrate from pond to pond, from lake to lake, having a fishing line, with a farm at one end, and a foil at the other. These are fast families in Somers; their idleness is counted pleasure. Six of these sons will marry, and five, perhaps, of Manygills' daughters, and what families they will found, to live on the waste of their grandfather's bones, until a commercial crisis, and the wear and tear of time, dissipate their fortune, and they are forced reluctantly to toil."

"Besides, there is an enormous waste of food, fuel, clothing, of everything. We are the least economical civilized people on earth. Of course, the poor are wasteful everywhere, they do not know how to economize, and they have not the means. They must live from hand to mouth, and half of what is put into the hand perishes before it reaches the mouth. The rich are the rich wasteful; they have no money, almost never such as have earned it. The great mass of the people are not economical, but wasteful. It is the habit of the whole country."

Woodcocks.—A correspondent of the Knickerbocker perpetrates the following: "I was recovering from sickness lately, and needed something to tempt my appetite. I thought woodcock, well cooked, and served, would move my dormant palate. My Irish servant was told to go down and purchase a pair. Mrs. B.—said to him: 'I suppose you know what they are?—those birds with very long bills.' 'Yes, mem, I do.' Then, turning to the cook, she gave directions for their preparation on the table. After the lapse of an hour the man returned with the change. 'Well, Jim, did you get the woodcock?' 'I did, mem.' 'But how is this? how much change have you brought?—what did they cost?' 'Sixteen cents, mem.' 'What!—sixteen cents for the pair?' 'Yes, mem.' 'Why, that is extremely cheap!' He stood in a hesitating way for a moment, and then asked Mrs. B.—if she would not step down and see them. She walked down to the kitchen, and Jim stepped up to the table, took a small package, which he unfolded, and handed out a couple of the longest kind of wooden saws! 'Why, bless you, mem, these are not woodcocks! Didn't you hear me give directions about cooking them?' 'I did, mem.' 'But don't you see that I could not cook one of these? I might boil them in the pot for a whole hour, and they would not be cooked.' 'I see, mem; I made a mistake. Shall I take 'em back, mem?'"

## THINGS LOST FOREVER.

Last wealth may be restored by industry; the wreck of health regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge restored by study; alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness; even forfeited reputation won by patience and virtue; but whoever looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years, stamped them, with wisdom, effaced from Heaven's record, the fearful blot of wasted time. The footprint on the sand is washed out by the ocean wave; and easier might it, when years are fled, find that footprint than recall last hours.

"Good morning, — how do you feel?" asked Jenkins of one of our badly defeated democratic candidates, as he met him near the head of State street, just after breakfast, yesterday morning. "Feel?" replied — very feelingly, "feel! Why I feel just as I suppose Lazarus did when he was licked by the dogs!"—*Boston Post.*

A gentleman, speaking of the marriage of Lord D. and Miss E. expatiated on the lady's beauty and elegant form, and praised as liberally the good nature of his lordship. "Then," said Butler Hanvers, "the worst thing they could do was to marry. It will spoil the shape of the one, and the temper of the other."

Hon. BURTON CRAIG.—Our immediate representative the Hon. Burton Craige, having just returned from Tennessee, is now at home looking remarkably well. While Mr. Craige enjoys the confidence of his political friends in the highest degree, his personal merits have secured him the admiration and esteem of all.—*Salisbury Banner.*

## THE ABOLITIONISTS—ARE THEY FANATICS OR KNAVES?

Sometimes we have been disposed to believe that the mass of abolitionists might be sincere—that they were rather fanatics than knaves. But if their hostility to slavery in philanthropic, and not political, why do they object to the diffusion and dilution of slavery over new territory, by which the condition of that race would be vastly ameliorated, without a single addition to their number? Again, if they love the slave, and seek his good, why do they object to the acquisition of Cuba as one of the United States, by which acquisition and annexation, our laws against the slave trade—making it piracy, and hanging those participating in the traffic, as pirates—would be extended over that beautiful island? If they love the slave, why do they object to his coming under our comparatively humane and merciful laws? Why keep him in subjection to Spanish rigor, rather than bring him under the patriarchal control of Anglo-Saxons, professing the protestant religion, and practising its holy precepts? They know that the slave trade is extensively carried on in their own vessels, commanded and manned by their own people, in conjunction with rascally Spanish and Portuguese; and the grand depot of these wretched marauders and outlaws, is the island of Cuba. They know that the Cuban authorities wink at the unholy traffic, and partake of its profits—and that this horrible trade has been carried on for years past, almost with impunity, and will be for years to come—and that thousands upon thousands of the wretched victims of Avarice die during their transportation, or in the process of acclimation. They know that when landed in Cuba, they are put on plantations, being taught nothing but how to labor, treated like brutes, and kept in a condition but little above them. They know that our slaves are kindly used and taught almost everything which we know ourselves, and as a general rule are treated scarcely worse than our children, and are much better cared for than the children of poor people, or poor people themselves, in many sections of the free States. They know all these things, and still object to the acquisition of Cuba, because it has slaves.

Ye self-righteous Pharisees! All ye love the slave more than all others? Would ye better their condition? Snatch them from Spanish tyranny and cruelty, and bring them under our own merciful yoke of bondage. Do you shudder at the horrors of the African slave trade? Bid them come, then, by spreading our own laws over their coast, and punish your countrymen who embark now so safely in this nefarious trade. Prove thus that your opposition to slavery is philanthropic—a love for the slave; and not political—a lust for dominion.

Whether the acquisition of Cuba is, or is not, an object to be desired, surely the Black Republicans ought to desire it, if they are not as a party the most unart hypocrites