

## POETRY.

For the New-York Evangelist.  
LINES  
ON HEARING A MOTHER CALL HER CHILD "A CHARMING ROSE."

Oh, happy Florist! guard with care  
That opening bud, to all so fair!  
Lest the ungenial soil of earth  
Blight the plant of heavenly birth.

Only Love's pure and balm'ry air—  
The sun and dew of daily prayer—  
She on this sweet and folded rose,  
Can its fragrant leaves unclose.

Secluded in its native bower,  
It shall unfold, a stainless flower,  
And with its lovely charms repay  
Her care, who watch'd it night and day.

Long may it live to grace and bless  
Some spot in earth's wide wilderness—  
Throw o'er its barrenness and gloom,  
Its living beauty and perfume!

But earthly soil, nor mortal hand,  
Can its immortal germ expand;  
Never, but in celestial bowers,  
Will it mature, 'mong kindred flowers.

Governor, N. Y., 1836.

## TO A MOTHER.

Mourn I for thy, so beautiful, is dying!  
Dim close the eyes, no lightnings come—

Mourn for thy flower—the precious flower—now lying  
Broken and bowed; and 'ne'er on earth to bloom!

Weep for the little breast that heaves with anguish!  
And plead where misery never pleads in vain:

Better that he were dead than thus to languish!

While life thus feeds the lingering pulse of pain!

Peace!—tis the last, the last convulsive peace;

The lip yet quivers, but the heart lies still;

The parting soul is heavenward stealing—stealing—

Far from the wo'st weight of earthly ill!

Still forget not! But O! when flowers are sighing

And evening sunset fades along the west,

Think of thy child—'Oh! not pale and dying,

But living, smiling, radiant mid the blst!

From the Philanthropist.

HEAVEN HATH NO BONDME.

God of the wretched! hear a brother's prayer,  
Oh, let my infant lie! I though I'd find

Oppression's heaviest chain, for my loved child,

Hope still survives: a brighter day may dawn.

The love, that won the Savior from the skies,

May touch the icy heart of those who write

The warm lie-blood from ours.

My child! my child!

How feebly throb thy heart! oh, would I bring

Were still forever! Now the cold, cold drops

Are gathering on thy brow. Just God and true!

Oh! let my infant live. Forgive the prayer!

Thou who dost know the anguish of my soul,

Teach me to bow. Alas, my child! my child!

Thy little unstretched limbs, and trembling breath

Mark the destroyer's touch.

One moment more,

His eyes are turned on me. Those quivering lips

Oh, could they but pronounce thy mother's name—

Vain hope!—The last, the last, the last!

Heaven hath no boundmen!—I'm free, I'm free!

To whom for pity?—Methinks I'm bold!

Oh, would that I were cold and will like thee!

But sick—methinks, a soothng voice I hear,

Breathing of love and pity—"Come to me,

Ye that are weary, and I'll give you rest."

And now—methinks my child's sweet tones I hear:

Hark! hark! his songs—

Who wept my mother?—Forever I'm free

From the oppressor had bound on me.

Look on me, mother, and dry mine tears.

Heaven hath no boundmen!—I'm free, I'm free!

From the chain that the white man had bound on me.

WEEP not, my mother! I drink of the flood

That flows from the throne of the living God.

Very little I drink, for not thy is there,

To avert thy curse, I drink of despair.

Heaven hath no tyrant! I'm free, I'm free!

From the chain the oppressor had bound on me.

M. L. B.

Cincinnati, October 25th, 1836.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

For the New-York Evangelist.

TO CALL ME AN ABOLITIONIST IS TO DISGRACE ME.

SAND LAKE, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1836.

Brother—Col. Johnson is said to have reported that Francis Granger, his rival for the office of Vice-President, was an abolitionist. The Albany Evening Journal of Nov. 7th says, "What the public thus preferred against Mr. Granger is denied by numerous gentlemen of Kentucky." If one or two witnesses will establish a fact, the testimony of the "numerous gentlemen" must convince the public that Mr. Granger has not so far disgraced himself as to become an abolitionist.

But, if possible, we have still more convincing testimony—testimony from Mr. Clay at Washington; and now it is as clear as a sunbeam, that the candidate for Vice-Presidency is not "a fanatic, madman, or abolitionist." Hear Mr. Clay: "And I am perfectly sure that it is altogether inaccurate to say that he (Mr. Granger), is either an abolitionist, or an organ of the abolitionists." And who will dispossess the greatest statesman from Kentucky? Was not Mr. Clay at Washington? Let us hear the speech of Mr. Granger? Let us see if he did not say that the man who offered himself as Vice-President of the United States of America, in the year of our Lord 1836, is not an abolitionist. From the deep disgrace of abolitionism, Mr. G. is cleared by the testimony of "numerous gentlemen" in Ky., and Mr. Clay is "perfectly sure" that he is not "an abolitionist, or an organ of the abolitionists."

Now Mr. Editor, I am at a loss to know how abolition disgraces a man, if he be not in some of the following ways:

1. Abolition requires us to love our neighbor as ourselves. Was it a disgrace to our Savior, that he established this golden rule and acted on it? Yet it is a disgrace to care for the down-trodden negroes our brethren in slavery.

2. Abolition requires us to break every chain, and throw open the prison doors to the oppressed. Is it a disgrace to do? But, that this law is found on its side? Yet it is a disgrace for a man to have it told in a political trial, that he sanctions the law in favor of the enslaved.

3. Abolition requires purity of heart and of life.

Did God shake Mount Sinai when he wrote the seventh commandment—and did Christ say to the woman taken in adultery, "Go, sin no more?" Are God and Christ disgraced for meddling with these sins? Yet it is a disgrace to promote virtue among the slaves.

4. Abolition requires parents to train up their children in the ways of righteousness. Was "the wise man" beside himself when he urged the same duty upon parents? Was God to blame for establishing the marriage relation? Yet it is a sin to give the Bible to the slave, least perchance, the slave might love his children and practice virtue.

5. Abolition requires justice from the unjust. Was it wrong in Christ to allow Zacheus to make a complete restitution, as soon as he was convinced of the sin of extortion? Yet, the man who does right to those whom he has injured, and who calls on others to do the same, is very much disgraced.

6. Abolition requires all men to be treated alike, well, inasmuch as God hath made of one blood all the nations to dwell upon the earth. Ought God to have made a distinction? and because he has not, shall we condemn him at the bar of a worm? Yet it is a disgrace to call the colored man our brother, and we only act like men, when we say to our brethren in bondage, "You are my cattle—my goods and chattels."

The friends of Mr. Granger are very anxious that he should not bear the reproach from the community of being an abolitionist. Now, I would as soon plead for the reputation of an oppressor and a tyrant, as to have it told that I was not an abolitionist." "I worship the God of my fathers." Like Moses, the abolitionist esteemed the God of his countrymen of Christ of more value than the treasures of Egypt.

The same paper that labors to honor the character of Mr. G. opposes the re-election of Governor Mar-

ry, as he refused to vote for an appropriation to ren-

dy the "Overslaugh," near Albany. Hear what they say of the property of the friends of Governor Marcy: "We care not how much they suffer. Indeed, we take rejoice to see the property of all who voted for Marcy upon the Overslaugh." Was the spirit that dictated this sentiment from heaven or from hell? And with this same spirit office-seekers and slaveholders oppose the principles and persons of the abolitionists.

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Cincinnati, October 25th, 1836.

POETRY.

From the Journal of Public Morals.

DELICACY OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

The will of the community at large should demand from the conductors of the press, a sacred regard to the domestic interests and feelings. It should require delicacy of thought and language, and see that its requisition is obeyed.

It is a truth, which the experience of our race has taught, that if you destroy the delicacy of the mind, you expose to the inroads of vice all the principles of virtue. The mind, accustomed to degrading, concurring, or conduct which violates the strictest morality, becomes itself unconsciously, contaminated. That native delicacy of the human mind, which makes it recoil from degrading thought must be preserved where it is not impaired, and restored so far as possible where it is, if we intend to secure the most tender and affecting perceptions of human life.