

THE

SLAVE-AUCTION.

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' Blush ye not
To boast your equal laws, your just restraints,
Your rights defined, your liberties secured,
Whilst, with an iron hand, ye crush to earth
The helpless African, and bid him drink
That cup of sorrow which yourselves have dashed,
Indignant, from Oppression's fainting grasp? '

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P R E F A C E .

THE Nineteenth Century is generally believed to be an enlightened one. Great discoveries have been made in the fields of science. Countries which were almost unknown a century ago are now competing in art and wealth with the mother countries. Civilization has made a decided step forward ; but in some countries, civilization has made, in one respect, no progress ; on the contrary, it has made a step backward.

There is an institution, which is called by many civilized men a 'lawful one,' but which is in reality an institution of ancient barbarity. It is the institution of slavery ! If we take for truth, that civilization and Christianity go hand in hand, we are astonished to see a civilized and Christian people violating the laws of civilization and of Christianity, by adhering to and nursing said institution of barbarity. Christianity and barbarity will always oppose each other, and if a nation is trying to make a mixture of both, civilization as well as Christianity will suffer extensively.

The motive of my present writing is not a political one. I have been plainly trying to answer the question, 'Can slavery and Christianity go hand in hand together?' by giving a faithful picture of what I have seen with my own eyes, while residing in some of the slave States for more than ten years. If the glorious redemption through the crucified Nazarene shall be of equal blessing to every Christian, how can a white Christian treat a Christian of color like a beast? How can the former have a right to sell his black or yellow brother or sister at public auction for money or approved paper?

I have no personal ill feeling against the owners of slaves in the slave States of this Union, but to their institution of slavery, and particularly to their slave-auctions and to their slave-markets, I am a decided enemy. As a man and a Christian, I am obliged to protest solemnly against an institution which is a burning shame to Christianity, which is a backsliding from civilization to barbarism, a destroyer of family-life, a crime against virtue, and a blasphemy to the cross of the Redeemer!

J. T. K.

THE SLAVE-AUCTION.

They were born as slaves, through the iniquity of men. They are redeemed to be free men, through Christ Jesus.

There is a broad hall, situated in one of the most frequented streets of a large and well-known city in the South. You will be astonished when you shall find, in place of a lion's den or a man-trap, a nicely-fitted up refreshing-place. Nothing formidable is presented to your eyes. Several corpulent and richly dressed gentlemen are helping themselves to fine liquors and delicacies, profusely spread out before you, and placed upon an elegantly shaped bar. Beautiful pictures, ornamenting the walls, attract the eyes of some amateurs of art; while others, preferring nice lots and buildings, are studying the designs of several large maps, showing various city lots and splendid buildings, advertised 'for sale at auction.' In the vicinity of said maps is a platform, whereupon a table is placed, together with a writing-desk and a few chairs. Two colored waiters are busy placing several hundred commodious chairs, facing the platform. The doors of the hall open frequently, for there are many gentlemen entering, and soon is gathered a large

assemblage, by whom the chairs are occupied. There you will see the elegantly dressed dandy, smoking his sweet-scented Havana, while examining, through his richly gilded eye-glass, the designs of building lots. Next to his chair you will perceive and admire the athletic form of a Kentucky trader, with his plain frock, and with his boots reaching over his knees. There you will also see the rich and proud planter from Mississippi, reasoning with his fierce-looking, but now, before his employer, creeping overseer.

The doors are opened again. Four ladies, splendidly dressed in black silk and satin, and glittering with precious jewels, are entering the hall. Eight or ten gentlemen, who were already comfortably seated next to the platform, jump up from their chairs, and politely offer their seats to the fair guests.

But, you will ask, for what reason is all this going on? What are the ladies and gentlemen waiting for? Perhaps it is court-day, and the people are waiting for the Judge. It cannot be, for the court-house is opposite the Square. Is it perhaps a prayer-meeting? Pshaw! Prayer-meeting and liquor-bar--would that do?

But what can it be? Who is that jolly round gentleman, placing a large book upon the writing-desk, and looking like a bird which has never seen a cage, but which has its three meals per diem in the middle of a ripe wheat field? Is it not a pleasure to take a glance at his face, radiant with contentment and plenty? If that man were a pastor, should we not like to pasture with his flock? See there! he hands

now to the waiters a large package of bills. We shall soon learn what kind of a concern all this is. It will be, most probably, neither a session of a court, nor a prayer-meeting.

A SLAVE AUCTION! Great God in heaven! a SLAVE AUCTION! And that man upon the platform is the auctioneer!

What a noise is going on outside of the doors! There will, surely, enter a troop of men, women and children. How will they find places amongst the spectators of the tragedy which will soon commence?—for every chair is occupied, and many men are leaning upon the bar. There is room in front of the table, and near to the walls of the hall.

A gentleman is entering. The auctioneer hastens to receive him with distinction, and conducts him to the chair behind the desk. The stranger is an American gentleman, and owner of the slaves who are now to be sold at auction. He owns a beautiful plantation, about forty miles from the city, near the railroad. He intends to run as a political candidate; he needs, therefore, money. He says he is 'truly sorry' to be obliged to sell his slaves at auction. Why sorry? Because his father raised most of them. 'They are 'family slaves,' and 'very likely indeed.' He is a young man of about thirty years. He has a high forehead, and an intelligent, upright face.

But why can he not take a glance at the assembled audience? What is the matter with him, that he always bends his face over the desk, and that he will not look up? Has he not a right to be proud, and

shall not the multitude envy the happy owner of a gang of one hundred and forty-nine slaves? But we comprehend what is the matter with him. He pretends to be a good Christian, and he is acquainted with the gospel; he therefore knows what is right, and what is wrong. It is his conscience that troubles him. His inner man is well aware that he is doing a heinous crime to sell at auction one hundred and forty-nine fellow-beings, redeemed by his Savior upon the Cross!

While we were regarding the man behind the desk, we never perceived that the doors were re-opened, and that a large number of people had entered the hall. There are men, women and children, and some babies upon their mothers' arms. Their color differs from that of the ladies and gentlemen sitting upon the chairs. Some are black as ebony, some brown, some yellow. There is also a beautiful young girl, nearly white, and you would readily infer that she is of Spanish or French blood. Not one among all of these poor creatures will raise his or her head and eyes, to take a glance at the sitting assemblage. Some poor girls are weeping audibly, and all are looking sad—sad—sad! Reader, if you should happen to be of a gentle nature, take a glance at the little babies upon the arms of their poor and distressed mothers! Can babies feel their misery? Yes, indeed, they can. Every mother will endorse my words. I shall never forget those looks of deep sorrow, which I perceived in the faces of all those poor little children upon the auction-stand. I know that they participated in the

distress of their mothers; I believe that they were conscious of their horrible fate in that awful hour—to be sold for money to the highest bidder! You, who have human feelings—you, who are no figures of cold marble—contemplate each of these one hundred and forty-nine descendants of Africa's sons and daughters! Will you be still indifferent towards that 'institution' which degrades men to beasts, which is the deepest pit of barbarity?

But, you will say, are they not tolerably well dressed? And who would say that their bodies have been worn out by hard labor, or by the effect of hunger? No; it seems rather that their master had treated them kindly, that they have seen but little trouble, but few hard times. Why then are they looking grave and distressed, as if some heavy misfortune had befallen them? Their knees tremble, as if they had the foreboding of some awful calamity!

Yes, indeed, they have cause to tremble—they will not do wrong if they cover their eyes (which are not their own)—they may bend down their heads in deep mourning; for—reader! these one hundred and forty-nine human souls shall be sold to-day as so many heads of cattle!

They have been taught the religion of freedom, the gospel of the only Master in heaven and upon earth. They know that they ought to be free, because they are Christians. They believe that the Son of God has abolished slavery by his death upon the accursed tree. They were told by their own master that they were made free through the merits of the blood of

Jesus Christ, and that they have a right to claim their freedom for themselves and for their children.

Such are the teachings of the slaveholders in the slave States, but they must themselves surely believe in a very different gospel from the gospel of freedom, as given by the Nazarene !

To excuse themselves, they say that, through the curse of the patriarch Noah, a whole race of men were made slaves forever. They are deaf to the great truth, that, thousands of years after the death of Noah, the great Liberator, JESUS CHRIST, appeared, and that he broke, by his death upon the Cross, all chains of slavery forever !

Let us return to the table of barbarity, and we will follow the course of proceedings at the public auction sale of one hundred and forty-nine of our fellow-men.

The auctioneer stands upon the platform : he is ready to sell any of these to the highest bidder for gold, silver, or approved paper. He calls himself a Christian. He seems to have no idea that he is going to perform an act which is the greatest blasphemy towards his Lord and Master. Is not any man, pretending to be a Christian, and selling his Christian brothers like horses, mules or dogs, a hypocrite ? And is any man, calling himself a disciple of Christ, but favoring and seconding slave auctions, any better ?

We will listen to the reading of the auctioneer, who is holding a paper in his right hand :—‘ I am authorized,’ he begins, ‘ to sell at auction, one hundred and forty-nine plantation negroes, comprising carpenters,

bricklayers, blacksmiths, coopers, drivers, house and field-hands. Families will be sold in block. These slaves have been raised, and the larger portion of them were born on the estate of Minor R., Esq., who is retiring from the plantation interest on the Beau-Bosquet Place. The slaves are considered as one of the most valuable and healthy gangs in the South. They will be guaranteed only in title. Terms of sale, one-third cash, balance at one and two years' credit, with interest of six per cent. per annum, until final payment. If the terms of sale are not completed within four days from date of sale, the slaves will be resold, for account and risk of former purchasers, after two days' advertisement in two of the city papers, without further notice of legal default.'

No. 1. Harvey, field hand, about twenty years old. 'Come up here, my boy! There you are—bon! A capital boy! Ladies and gentlemen, look here at this healthy child! Can any darkey upon God's beautiful earth beat him? Wouldn't he whip Hercules, if that personage should happen to be present? What a splendid fellow he is! The gentleman who will buy Harvey will draw a lucky number. Who is going to bid? Go ahead, gentlemen! Here is a capital opportunity.'

'Eight hundred dollars.'

'Pshaw! Eight hundred dollars? Why, twice as much shall never buy him; he is fully worth two thousand dollars. Who will bid more?'

‘ Nine hundred.’

‘ Nine hundred dollars is no money for such a fellow, and if you will pay every picayune twice, you can’t get him! Nine hundred for Harvey? Gentlemen, you have had, probably, bad news to-day; or is the news confirmed, and has the California steamer foundered? They say so, but do not believe a word of it. I say it is safe! Nine hundred dollars for Harvey!’

‘ And fifty.’

‘ Nine hundred and fifty dollars for Harvey, the most likely boy in the noble and fair State of Louisiana! Ain’t it too bad? Who bids more?’

‘ One thousand!’

‘ Well, a little better! Go on, gentlemen, if you please. One thousand—one thousand—one thousand dollars.’

‘ And fifty.’

‘ And fifty! My dear sir, do me a favor, and say at once two thousand. And fifty—and fifty! Ten hundred and fifty dollars!’

‘ Eleven hundred.’

‘ Eleven hundred! Too little yet.’

‘ Twenty dollars more.’

‘ Sir? Twenty dol——. Pardon, excuse me, if I am truly astonished to hear a gentleman bid twenty dollars for Harvey, the American Hercules! Twenty hundred I would like it better.’

‘ Twelve hundred and fifty.’

‘ There is a generous gentleman! Sir, take my best wishes for your welfare! Twelve hundred and fifty dollars——’

‘And fifty.’

‘Still better! And fifty! One thousand three hundred dollars!’

‘Fourteen hundred.’

‘Fourteen—thank you, sir, thank you! Fourteen hundred dollars! Fourteen hundred! Fourteen—Gentlemen, bid more, if you please! Fourteen hundred dollars for Harvey are nothing. Fourteen—’

‘And fifty.’

‘Fourteen hundred and fifty dollars for a boy who is worth two thousand! Gentlemen, here is a good chance to improve property! Whoever will buy Harvey, shall own a fortune. Who is going to bid more? Fourteen—fourteen hundred and fifty dollars—going? One thousand four hundred and fifty dollars—dollars—dollars! Who will bid more? Nobody? Nobody more? Fourteen hundred and fifty dollars for the negro boy Harvey, the best field hand and the most gentle boy amongst all the darkeys in the United States! Going—for the first—second—who will say more? Fourteen hundred and fifty dollars—going—going—going—gone!’

‘Go off, Harvey! Hurry yourself! Don’t believe your bones are made of sugar and eggs.’

No. 2. Joseph, field hand, aged about seventeen.

‘Gentlemen, there is a young blood, and a capital one! He is a great boy, a hand for almost every thing. Besides, he is the best dancer in the whole lot, and he knows also how to pray—oh! so beautifully, you would believe he was made to be a minister! How much will you bid for him?’

‘ One thousand dollars.’

‘ Good—but that is not half the price he is really worth. Gentlemen, if you will bid two thousand at once, it may not suffice to buy him. One thousand dollars for a boy, who will be worth in three years fully twenty-five hundred dollars cash down. Who is going to bid two thousand?’

‘ Twelve hundred dollars.’

‘ Twelve hundred dollars! Sir, I did say, he would soon bring two thousand. I am always pretty near certain of what I say. Twelve hundred for Joseph! Splendid fellow that! Eleven hundred and eighty dollars more than for his namesake of old in the land of Egypt. Twelve hundred dollars! Gentlemen, bid more!’

‘ Twelve hundred and fifty dollars.’

‘ One thousand two hundred and fifty dollars! All right; but more! more! more!’

‘ And fifty.’

‘ And fifty—and fifty—and fifty for Joseph—not the Hebrew.’

‘ Thirteen hundred.’

‘ Thirteen hundred—a bad number, gentlemen—don’t let him rest at thirteen hundred.’

‘ And fifty.’

‘ Thirteen hundred and fifty is said to be a lucky number in lotteries. I don’t know as it is true, but I do know that thirteen hundred and fifty dollars will not buy Joseph.’

‘ Fourteen hundred.’

‘ Well, no ticket of any lottery will cost that much;

but Joseph must bring more. Fourteen hundred dollars !'

'And fifty.'

'One thousand four hundred and fifty dollars. It looks like rain; for cash will not out, and I am unable to procure a magnet which will draw gold for value received. Fourteen hundred and fifty dollars! Too small an amount for Joseph. Seventeen years only—a strong, healthy, fine-looking, intelligent boy. Fourteen hundred and fifty dollars! Gentlemen, Joseph is worth more than Harvey—upon my word! One thousand, four hundred and fifty—going! Fourteen hundred and fifty for the first—second—going? Fourteen hundred and fifty dollars—going! going! going! and last—gone! He is sold to you, sir! Please state your name.'

No. 3. John Dowson, a carpenter, thirty-five years old, (afflicted with slight hernia,) an intelligent looking man, stands upon the platform.

But as the reader would get tired of listening to every word that the auctioneer of human souls says, we will stay with some of the poor creatures, merely giving the names, age, and the price of sale of the rest. The above named John Dowson was sold for \$1200.

No. 4. Alfred, cooper, (injured in left leg,) 19 years of age, a strong and very honest looking boy, brings \$1550; a very small price for a first-rate cooper, but surely the price of blood for a man and a Christian!

No. 5. George Bedford, field hand, 30 years, sold

No. 6. Jim Ludlow, field hand, 30 years old, brings \$1400.

No. 7. Chap, field hand, 34 years, brings the round sum of \$1000.

No. 8. Henry Wood, 23 years old, for \$1375.

No. 9. Charles Longback, plowman and harness maker, age 35, value received, \$1300.

No. 10. March, field hand, 26 years old, fine looking fellow, splendid eyes, teeth white like ivory. That dandy there, who is lighting his cigar with a fashionable Parisian silver-match, would be glad to give his gold watch with chain, and his diamond breastpin in the bargain, for March's beautiful set of spotless teeth. But how can we see them? Is March so much pleased as to show all his teeth? No, reader! he is very, very far from laughing. His eyes are cast down; they are fixed upon the floor of the hall. But tell me why March shows his teeth? Out of rage? Yes, indeed, out of rage. Why?

There is a poor young woman at his side; they call her Caroline. A Christian minister gave her that name when she was christened. She is bitterly crying; she casts a look of extreme sorrow upon her husband. Why?

Caroline is the lawful wife, (lawful, indeed? lawful in a Slave-State?) of March, and the 'gentleman' who bought him for \$1250 will not buy Caroline. She is twenty-two years of age, and the auctioneer calls her a splendid washer and ironer, a very likely girl. She has always conducted herself well; she is a member of the Methodist Church; she is one of

the most gentle persons in the South ; she calls March her husband, and she loves him dearly. And now, gentle reader, tell me why Caroline shall be torn from her husband ? Why shall she belong to a tyrant ? Because that man has money—because he bought her for \$1100.

Friends of humanity ! take another glance at No. 10½. There stands Caroline, crying for her husband in a manner to move a heart of stone ; but she is not crying loud enough to move pretended ‘ Christians,’ who are going to church every Sunday, there to adore the Redeemer of mankind, the Savior upon the Cross !

No. 11. Abraham Arkansas, plowman and carter, 28 years of age ; he brings \$1350.

No. 12. Michael, carter and plowman, 29 years, sold for \$1300.

No. 13. Booker, plowman, 28 years, brings \$1375.

No. 14. Lucy, a young girl of 14, yet nearly a child. Her color is black, but her features are handsome. She stands upon the platform like a lamb, doomed to be sold to a wolf. See those long, silky eyelids ; how the large full drops are falling upon the table ! Look at the sad, silent face of a poor lovely girl of dark color, innocent like the blossom of a fair nightly flower ! Her crime is, that she is a descendant from African blood. Look, how her full, red lips open with untold agony, showing a string of pearls rarely to be met with. Her dark but soft eyes are fixed upon the man who has already bid twice for her. She casts them down in despairing hopeless-

ness, as he is bidding for her \$1025 for the last time. She belongs to him! Her whole body belongs to the man with the lustful countenance; to the very man who whispered in her ear when she was entering the hall of perdition, 'Thou art mine, black little dove! Thou art mine, even though God and all his holy angels should defend thee!' Does not that man look like one of the fiends? But he has paid for her, one thousand and fifty dollars in gold and approved paper; he takes her away—and hell solemnizes its triumph!

No. 15. The boy Clifford, a field hand, fourteen years of age, is sold for \$1000.

No. 16. Sam, twenty-one years, truly as honest a boy as could be found south of Mason and Dixon's line. A gentleman behind my chair is exclaiming, 'What a splendid jet black animal he is!' Sam brings the nice round sum of \$1500.

No. 17. Little Henry, plowman, twenty-four years, brings \$1325.

No. 18. Titus, blacksmith, cooper and engineer, 'extra,' 23 years. Of course, he must be 'extra,' for he is able to work for his master at the rate of \$5 a day. Now, suppose he could work for himself at the rate of only \$3 a day, it would take him only two years five months and seventeen days to produce the money for which he is now sold at auction. But his master will be a wise man, (though he is a prominent member in his church)—he will let him have no time to work for himself; no, not one hour!

The kind reader will give me permission to retreat, for a short time, from the auction hall, in order to re-

late an event which happened at the time of my stay in the same city where our auction takes place. A certain citizen of said city had a very honest and diligent slave, a blacksmith by trade. The slave agreed with his master to pay him two dollars and a half a day, but the money which he should earn besides, should belong to himself. He diligently worked by day and night, hardly allowing himself any rest. By so doing, he made two dollars and a half a day for his master, and one for himself. After five years of the hardest toil, the slave had collected the required sum of money to buy himself free—say \$1800. He—poor honest fellow!—not suspecting the rascality of his ‘Christian’ master, had given to him, at the end of every week, \$24,50: all of his very hard earned money; and after the lapse of five years, he demanded his freedom from that master. But the hardened wretch laughed at him, and told him to go to hell, and to his work again. Now, could not the slave find justice in the court of justice? No, never—for the laws of the Slave States provide that no slave shall bear witness against any white person. No ‘Christian’ judge nor ‘Christian’ jury could help the poor slave; for the laws of a ‘Christian’ State regard a fellow-man of color as a tool, belonging to any rascal who happens to possess a sufficient quantity of money to buy that human tool!

No. 19. Rosa, field hand, 16 years of age, a capital girl, well built, good natured and intelligent. There she stands upon the platform, gazed at by several hundred men. She has to submit, without a

murmur, to be examined by the hand of a rough fellow, a slave-driver—a name which I consider equivalent to ‘human butcher.’ Her fine teeth are touched by his bloody fingers; so are her beautiful eyelashes; and when he is handling her beating bosom, oh, reader! mark the just indignation expressed in all her features! Poor Rosa! there is no help for you; there is no salvation. She knows it, and the awful conviction of so crushing a calamity casts her down,—down into the abyss of utter despair. She is sold at last to the highest bidder—to the slave-driver—to the tiger in frock-coat and pants, for \$1250.

No. 20. Ben, field hand, 30 years old, for \$1150.

No. 21. Isam, a field hand, 40 years old, is not able to bring more than \$700, because his youth has gone. Of course, a mule of 18 is worth less than one of 6 years. It is certainly very reasonable to sell an old animal for less than a young one. But, let us see what kind of an animal Isam is? Isam is not a strong man; his health is rather delicate; but his mind is sound. He has not only an inclination toward religion, he is himself a Christian, and he acts on Sundays among his unfortunate fellow-men as a minister of the gospel.

What! A minister of the gospel a brute—to be sold at auction for \$700! Is not that a shameful untruth? No barbarian, in whatever part of the globe, will sell at public auction the priest of his faith for any money! Behold, ye nations of Christendom! There is a country which is called a Chris-

tian one, in which a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ is sold at public auction like a brute! Will that time never come when such as he shall be sold no more to the highest bidder by the pretended disciples of that Savior who came to break every yoke, and to set every captive free?

No. 22. Yellow Charles, carter and plowman, (has a short leg from infancy,) 27 years of age, is sold for \$950,—a very trifling sum. Yes, indeed, trifling for his own natural father—the rich banker—the man of refinement—the gallant ‘defender of liberty.’

No. 23. Sam Bayou, field hand, 32 years old, for \$1075.

No. 24. Brown, field hand, 28 years, brings \$1200.

No. 25. George, the valorous, 26 years old, strong enough to be a rival to his celebrated namesake, the dragon-killing knight of the middle ages. At least, he is able to kill two alligators in five minutes. George (not the knight) is sold for \$1400.

No. 26. Etienne, carter and plowman, 29, sold for \$1150.

No. 27. Quacco, plowman and carpenter, a young man of 23, brings \$1275.

No. 28. Bob, blind of one eye, plowman and carter, aged 35, brings \$850. Why only \$850? Because he has but one eye. How did he lose the other? When he was a little boy, he had a sister, a very kind and gentle little girl, whom he dearly loved. One Sunday, they were walking together near the plantation to which they belonged. Beneath an orange tree, covered with red, beautiful, juicy fruits, they sat

down upon the grass. Nancy, which was the name of the little girl, dropped silently her head; not a word came from her lips, but large drops fell from her eyes upon the grass. Bob took her hands in his, asking her tenderly, 'Sis, what is the matter with you? Why will you cry?' 'O Bob,' sobbed she, 'I am very unhappy—I wish to die.' 'Why, Nancy?' But Nancy gave no answer—all her limbs trembled—her eyes stared in agony towards the sugar-house. A big white boy came running towards them, holding in his hand a large whip. It was Peter, the overseer's oldest son—the most malicious and cruel young rascal in the parish—the terror of the poor slaves on the plantation.

'Ay! you black little grasshopper, have I caught you at last!' cried the young loafer, grasping her by the neck, and throwing her upon the grass. 'You shall know that I am master, and you are my slave.' The terror-struck girl made no reply; she only uttered a long, painful groan. Bob, in great excitement, placed himself between his sister and the boy, crying, 'Oh, master Peter, don't hurt my sister! No! you shall not hurt my sister!' At once, the young overseer got into a terrible rage, and crying, 'Hie, dog of a nigger!' he struck Bob with the heavy handle of his whip in the face, and the poor boy fell with a single piercing cry to the ground. From that day, Bob had but one eye, and the stripes made by the whip of the overseer upon Bob's back can be still seen to-day.

No. 29. Charles Yellabusha, field hand, 24 years old, price \$1525.

No. 30. Allrick, field hand, age 45. He looks very good-natured; twenty years ago, he was worth \$2100, but is sold now for \$1025.

No. 31. Jake, good cooper, sugar-maker, and vacuum boiler, 32 years of age. His color is a mingling of yellow and white. His forehead is high, his face intelligent. There is no mistake—plenty of Anglo-Saxon blood is running through his veins. If he had been born in Massachusetts, or in one of the other Free States, in Canada or in Europe, I would bet a hundred dollars against one, he would be a professor, a minister, a doctor, or some kind of a savan, now. If his star had cast him into the empire of France, I should by no means be surprised to see in him a second Alexander Dumas; and if, in that case, he would not be able to write as admirable a story as is ‘The Count of Monté Christo,’ I should despair of finding any sense in a Gall or a Lavater. Well, this second Alexander Dumas is sold at auction for \$2625, a sum which he could realize for himself in less than one year, if he were not born in a Slave State.

Who was Jake’s mother? Of course, a mulatto woman, and a slave. Most probably, she has gone to that land where the master and the slave enjoy ‘equal rights.’

But who was her father? There we have a problem, which even the discoverer of the quadrature of the circle can never solve. Perhaps Jake’s grandfather was a ‘rising man,’ and his white grandchildren are now celebrated senators and lawgivers.

And who was the father of Jake? Don’t know.

But may it not be possible that he was a Governor, or some other big personage? Perhaps, while Jake is being sold at auction to the highest bidder, his natural brothers and sisters are sitting in splendid parlors, or in the drawing-room of some fashionable hotel, 'up North.' May not one of Jake's natural brothers be a Judge of the Supreme Court, and the other a learned minister of the gospel? How does it happen that, while one of the children of the same father is a rich and high-standing favorite of the people, the other child is sold at public auction, like a valuable mule? Can it be the little difference in their color? Well, let the former brother stay for some years in South America, or in some other warm climate, and I am sure his color would show no great difference from that of his brother who is sold at auction. Why, then, shall the one brother be treated as a beast, and the other brother as a gentleman? Can any one of my learned readers solve this problem for me?

No. 32. Willis, field hand, 24 years, sold for \$1350—and

No. 32½. Lucy Scott, field hand, 25. She is not placed upon the platform. Why? We cannot say; but the distressed face of the poor woman tells us that she has been sold privately to a personage, of whom they say that he is a member of the church, but who in reality may prove to be a demon.

No's 33, 34, 35, 36 and 37.

A very good-looking pair is first put upon the platform. Davy, a good vegetable-gardener, 50 years

old, and his wife Harriet, about 45, together with their daughters, Cassy and Scilla, twins, 14 years, and Amy, 12 years. Really, I would give something if you could see the daguerreotype of this family standing upon the platform, to be sold at auction. But, no—I recall the wish. Thank God that you cannot see that picture, because it would haunt you like a dreadful vision.

I remember an event which I heard related while I was in France. A young French lady had occasion to visit a picture gallery. Her eyes fell upon a large picture, representing the martyrs thrown before wild beasts, at the time of the Roman Emperor Dioclesian. The expression of agony in the features of the bleeding Christians was so fearfully given, that the maiden fell into hysterics, and she never recovered from the effect of her terror.

I will not attempt to imagine the anguish and horror that my fair female readers would have felt, if they could have witnessed the picture of that poor distressed family—the despairing features of those three innocent girls upon that slaughter-bench, like three faultless lambs offered for sacrifice! All five were sold for \$3000.

No. 38. Big Bill, cooper, 55 years, and

No. 39. Winey, his wife—(to sell a wife at auction!—what a sacrilege of the sacred name!) 54 years old. Both together were sold for \$1850.

No. 40. Tom, field hand, 28 years, and

No. 41. Matilda, 25 years. For both, \$2250. One family.

No. 42. Shad, field hand, 38 years—

No. 43. Rachel, 29—and

No. 44. James, their son, 6 years of age—all were sold at \$2275. Dear family that! But how much dearer shall he pay at the day of judgment, who sells the 'bodies and souls of men' for gold, silver, and approved paper, like cattle!

No. 45. Louis Mare, bricklayer, 42 years.

No. 46. Yellow Mary, 23 years of age. For both was offered \$1750.

Kind reader, I must make your heart sad again—sad with compassion for your unfortunate and oppressed fellow-men. But I will speak the truth, only the truth, and nothing but the truth. God has given me a feeling heart; and, certainly, I suffered, while being present at the slave auction, of which I am giving you a faint description. But I had to stay, and my face had to be as stern as any of the slave-buyers present, while my heart mourned. Is it not a vision? There stands a girl upon the platform, to be sold to the highest bidder; perhaps to a cruel, low and dissolute fellow, who, a day or two since, won a few thousand dollars by his playing tricks at the faro table. She is nearly white; she is not yellow, as they call her. She has a fair waist, her hair is black and silky, and falling down in ringlets upon her full shoulders. Her eyes are large, soft, and languishing. She seeks in vain to hide the streaming tears with her small and delicate hands. Her features are fair, like those of the girls of the Caucasian race; they remind me of those of the highland girls of my native

country, Switzerland. Who in all the world can have anything against her color? In England, she would be called a 'star'; in France, a 'belle'; in Germany, a 'nice little woman'; and in the free States of the Union, she would pass, when fashionably dressed, for a 'fair French lady.' But, in the Slave States, she is openly sold, as though she were nothing more than a 'beautiful mare' or a 'splendid cow'!

They say, in the Slave States, that they are Christians; yet they consider a fair Christian girl as a brute, because she is not of pure white blood! Why do they not make company with the fishes in the lower Mississippi? Have they not 'white blood'?

If Mary's father, who is, perhaps, a very much honored gentleman, 'one of the best members of his church'—if that great man could see his only daughter, his own flesh and blood, standing upon the platform, with tearful eyes, and sighing in untold misery to be sold like a quadruped—surely, his blood would turn 'white' for shame and terror!

No. 47. Josephus, accomplished blacksmith, 35 years old—and

No. 48. Catharine, field hand, 30 years old. Catharine is a very strong and healthy-looking woman. If this pair of giants had the liberty to keep the earnings of their own labor for themselves, they would surely make the money for which they are sold now,—those \$2800,—in less than three years. But their bodies belong to another, because the laws of the Slave States regard men and women of color as beasts of burden.

No. 49. Dennis, field hand, (suffers from hernia,) fifty-five years—

No. 50. Isabella, thirty-one years. Price for these poor human beings, \$1350.

No. 51. Amos, field hand, a very smart and intelligent looking boy of sixteen, brings \$1450, or one hundred dollars more than the poor couple sold before him.

No. 52. Fielding, field hand, 26 years, and—

No. 53. Nelly, also a field hand, 30 years, both bring \$2200.

No. 54. George Sunday, field hand, age 22, for \$1400.

No. 55. Gay, 30, and

No. 56. Hannah, 35, together with

No. 57. Ellen, her daughter, a young girl of 13 years. Both Hannah and Ellen are crying very hard, because they are perhaps to be sold to a ruffian who made his fortune by swindling, and who will pay now \$2300 for honest people, who have never done the least harm to anybody, who are faithful Christians, and whose hearts are to be broken by an act worthy of any blood-thirsty barbarians!

No. 58 Quash, field hand, aged 17. A black skin he has, like polished ebony, but no doubt his heart is white. How much whiter than the 'man-driver' who is going to buy him for the sum of \$1400!

No. 60. John Louis, field hand, 24 years, and

No. 61. Fine, his wife—(wife? yes, as long as her master will permit her to remain such!) age 19, and

No. 62. Collar, a plump, little boy of 3 years. The last bid for them is \$3050. Hear what the man behind my chair says to his companion:—‘Splendid family that! Very likely girl—fine child—but he paid a good deal of cash for them three black animals.’

‘Yes, Bob,’ says the other, ‘he spends plenty of money, but he will make ’em work! Holy Tschoupitoulas! they will get more lickings than tomatoes and bacon.’

Collar’s mother presses her little boy to her bosom; she casts her tearful eyes towards heaven. But even heaven seems to be closed to her prayers and to her tears. Shall she doubt that there is a just God above the clouds? Must her faith in the precious redemption of mankind, through the Savior, be destroyed in this dreadful hour? Can she still believe in the Lord and Master of her soul, when her tormentors call themselves disciples of this same Lord? Christian reader, will you not mourn while so many thousands of your humble fellow-men are groaning in chains? Can you sing and pray with a joyful heart in the house of the Lord, when you know that the cross of your Savior is trodden upon by the feet of ‘Christian slave-drivers’?

Nations, mourn! for justice is dead, and crime is triumphant!

Let us return to the ‘hall of perdition,’ in mourning apparel.

No. 63. Squire, 28 years, and

No. 64. Gertrude, cook, washer and ironer, age about 21. This fine but sad-looking pair bring \$2600.

No. 65. Richard, field hand, age 19, sold for exactly \$1000.

No. 66. John, plowman, 32 years, and

No. 67. Nancy, field hand, about 30. Highest bid for both, \$1750.

No. 68. Davy, 58 years, and

No. 69. Polly, 50 years old, both sold for \$500.

Five hundred dollars is a fair price for a horse, or for a valuable mule. But here we can perceive neither horses nor mules, but human beings, who, without regard to color or standing, await, like us, the hour of their call from this world to the judgment seat. Those two grey heads, of very humble looking persons, have been placed upon the auction-stand or platform. For forty years they have devoted their strength to the father of their master, and to him. They have gathered forty harvests for him—yes, for him who is now selling them for \$500! They brought him ten times as much as he is now getting for their worn-out bodies.

No. 70. Frank Fortier, field hand, 36 years, and

No. 71. Fanny, 26 years, both were sold for \$1600:

No. 72. James Pegram, field hand, 37 years.

No. 73. Johanna, 16 years.

No. 74. Cornelius, 8 years.

No. 75. Jane, 7 years.

No. 76. Old Maria, 60 years.

Another tableau, which, if Mr. Keller, the celebrated performer of 'living tableaux,' should exhibit in the Academy of Music, in the Athenæum, or in some other public hall of a 'free city,' he would cer-

tainly take the house by storm, and every nerve of his justice and freedom-loving audience would powerfully vibrate with indignation against the cold-hearted destroyers of family life and of human rights.

Reader! imagine five persons, standing upon a platform, similar to a funeral pile erected for martyrs. Their color is darker than that of the persons sitting in front of the arena. There are eighty-three human beings, of various colors, and of different ages, bending down their heads, and looking as if they were condemned to death, and were now to be executed. Those five 'articles for sale at auction' consist of a father, three children, and their grandmother. Their mother has gone to bear witness, before the holy tribunal of the great Judge of the world, and to accuse the tormentors of her unfortunate people.

James, a strong, intelligent-looking man, gazes in utter despair upon his youngest child, who clings to him in distress. Poor little Jane! At the youthful age of seven, thou shalt already drink the bitter cup! And Johanna! O gentle maiden of sixteen summers! How she covers her eyes with one tip of her head-cloth, grasping her trembling little brother Cornelius by the hand! And what is their father doing? He is raising his eyes—there is one flash—a terrible one!

Tremble, O South! Though that slave is but one, and has no power as a single man, let others join him! Let a million of his brothers rise against their masters' reign of terror! Let them break their chains! Then, South! it shall be too late to repent! Then thy day of judgment has come!

Old Maria—how pitiful she looks! Poor old grandma! Sixty years have passed over her gray hairs; she has done her duty—(what duty had she to do?)—she has done all she could, without murmuring. She has raised children, nursed grand-children. Never as her own—no, always for her master! She has been always a very meek, a very quiet, good-natured soul. But to-day—had she ever such a feeling of approaching evil? She is not quiet to-day; she trembles every time she glances at her dear family. She is asking herself, ‘Shall I be permitted to go with them? or shall I be sold alone?’

Hear! What said he there—that stately man with his white neckcloth, his gold chain, and large seal thereon? What said he? ‘I do not want the old woman. Sell her alone!’

Yes! that man had the last bid. He paid \$3000 for James, & Johanna, Cornelius, and Jane; but he won’t buy the old woman. No! he only wants ‘young hands.’ And the old mother, the kind grandma, is torn away from her dear family, and will never see them again. She is sold for \$200 to another, and all her happiness is given in the bargain!

Some people pretend that slaves are indifferent to their being bought and sold. Upon questioning, I was told by many slaves who had comparatively kind masters, that their minds are constantly troubled for fear of being sold. They would rather submit to the most cruel treatment at the hands of their masters, than to be separated.

A very strong and valuable slave in Mobile assured

me, that if his master should ever attempt to sell him, he would jump into the river. His idea of hell, he said, was a large platform of red hot iron, where bad people are to be sold. The auctioneer there is the devil. 'There is,' said he, 'a good deal more white folks sold there by the devil than black ones.' If those poor fellows had no reason like brutes—if they could not be conscious of their miserable condition—if they had no rational feeling—they might be less unhappy; but their reason, their power of intellect, is frequently superior to that of their brutal and often drunken masters. When slaves, who have been raised by kind masters, know that they shall be sold to men of ill repute, they live in a constant state of desperation, until they are sold, when they submit themselves to their deplorable lot, or look out for some opportunity to run away.

I shall never forget an awful catastrophe which took place in a large Southern seaport while I resided there. A beautiful quadroon slave girl, of about sixteen summers, with a skin such as many a Spanish lady would be proud of, and with splendid long black curls, was bought at auction for \$1900 by a confirmed dissolute rascal, who forced her in the same night to stay with him.

Though she was a slave, Raimond Legrand, an honest young Frenchman, had fallen in love with her. He had sworn to buy her, and to bring her to 'la belle France,' where color of skin is never punished by imprisonment in the galleys, nor elsewhere. Unfortunately, he was not in possession of the

money which her master asked for her. To procure it, Raimond went to California. During the time of his absence, the rather good-natured master of Madeline, (that was her name,) died suddenly, and his heir put Madeline up at auction. She was bought by the fellow I mentioned before, and all her happy dreams and hopes were at once blasted. Her pitiful cries and groans of anguish, in that horrible night, were heard for several houses from that of her inhuman new master. But there was no help for her, no salvation for Madeline. For the law of the State says:—‘A slave has to obey in all cases his or her master.’ In the following morning, a human chase was seen down the street towards the wharf. A young and beautiful girl, with flying curls, crying piteously, and running with all her might, was followed by a man who shouted, ‘Stop her! stop her!’ That poor girl was Madeline, and her pursuer was her new master. A man? No, a demon in human shape! They arrive together upon the wharf above the stream. He seizes hold of the dress of his victim, exclaiming, ‘Mine again! curse you!’ But, in an instant, she tears herself from the grasp of her tormentor—she casts one quick despairing glance upwards—and, uttering the words, ‘Adieu, cher Raimond!’ she throws herself from the wharf into the stream, and was seen no more.

No. 77. Scott, field hand, aged about 19, for \$1375.

No. 78. Campbell, 22 years, for \$1500.

No. 79. Dennis, 26 years, brought \$1600.

Three valuable laborers, healthy and strong men,

They are condemned to 'hard labor for life' as a reward for their good behavior and diligence.

No. 80. Frank, field hand, and excellent gardener, 22 years, for \$1425.

No. 81. Gerrard, 24 years, for \$1500.

No. 82. John, 18 years, for \$1375.

No. 83. Betty, a mild-looking young girl of fifteen summers. But what kind of summers? 'Driving' ones, of course. And what shall be her winters? We are going to learn it directly.

No. 84 and No. 85 are placed upon the stand. Tom, field hand, about 48 years, and Old Betsy, his wife, three years' older than Tom. Tom is a very honest-looking man. Perhaps he is a cousin to the celebrated 'Uncle Tom,' well known by the brilliant pen of that truth-loving writer, MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Tom dares not to look up, for he feels dreadfully ashamed to be put up at auction, like a mule or a dog. He suffers from hernia, a complaint which he contracted while catching a barrel of molasses, which, rolling down from a hill, endangered the life of a white infant child. Tom is therefore entitled to a reward for saving human life, and particularly white life. Entitled to a reward? O, yes! There stands Tom upon the platform of a slave auction-room, and enjoys his reward—to be sold to the highest bidder for \$250!

I have seen a valuable mule, which, by kicking, caused the death of a child. This animal was afterwards sold at auction for the sum of \$375, fully \$125 more than our generous Tom!

No. 85. Who is No. 85? Ay, there we find poor

old Betsy, kind old soul! She labored more than 40 years in her master's house. She had sung and cradled the children to sleep, carefully protecting them from all harm. She watched over those children like a mother; and if there were some particularly fine, golden oranges hanging over the porch, she had to get them down for her darling boy, her master's child. And this very child, now a full-grown man, is selling her to-day at auction for \$100.

No. 86. John Jones, field hand, (suffers from slight hernia,) 23 years old, and

No. 87. Anna Kentuck, 22 years, and

No. 88. Her little boy, Armstead, 3 years. All together were sold for \$1950. But the stranger who had the last bid is not able to give the requisite security, nor is he in possession of cash; and the poor family is placed again upon the platform, to be resold. The torture begins anew; they have again to feel the mortification of being placed in the same category with cattle. Armstead, the poor little boy, will give you the best proof that even little children can feel the atrocity of being thus sold. He begins to cry most pitifully, and hides his face under the white apron of his weeping mother.

No. 89. Louisa, and

No. 90. Her child, a babe.

Louisa is a splendid young woman, of about 21. Her stately form and noble features will make you believe that she is a descendant of pure royal African blood. She is, perhaps, the grand-daughter of some princess, who was stolen from her native country by

some pirate who called himself a Christian! Her splendid black eyes are proudly surveying the sitting assemblage, as if scorning the power of those dealers in human souls. But, suddenly, their flashing light is gone; she casts them down, and large drops are falling upon her darling babe in her arms. Picture a sleeping babe and its mother for sale at auction! To you, gentle mothers of darling babes, I am now addressing my simple words. If the heart of man should be cast of iron, or carved out of granite, a loving mother's heart is soft, like pure melted wax, and always susceptible to every impression of goodness and of compassion. She alone can tell how great is the pain to see her darling babe suffer. She alone can understand the sufferings of other unfortunate mothers.

Mothers! which among you could bear to see your own dear babe torn from your arms? But poor Louisa is forced to see it! Can she bear the dreadful thought? Why is she a Christian? Can that faith be a true one—can it be a just one—when they who sell her and her babe call themselves Christians? Can she still believe in the Savior of mankind?

But, be silent, and take a glance at that poor mother! Though sold for \$1275, she presses her babe closer to her beating bosom; she raises her large tearful eyes towards heaven, from whence salvation shall come; for she believes in her Savior upon the Cross, in that Savior who shed his blood for the everlasting freedom of all human beings.

Reader, a loving mother is a prophetess; and al-

though she foresees the dangers that shall befall her darling babe, she also recognizes its deliverance, and its final happiness, through the almighty hand of the Lord, who is the Savior of little babes, as well as the Savior of men and women.

No. 91. Yellow John, field hand, 28 years, and his companion in his life of misery—

No. 92. Martha. Both were sold for \$1800.

The kind reader will please enter a magnificent castle, situated in a romantic province, upon the charming borders of the river Seine. The noble Count is sitting upon a richly gilded fauteuil, leaning with his arms upon a small table of rosewood. A golden goblet and two sealed bottles of the first quality of old 'Chateau-Haut-Briou' are placed before him upon the table. A footman, dressed in glittering livery, is awaiting his orders. But the Count remains silent; his eyes are wandering out through the arched window, until they are fixed upon the sublime scenery before them. The setting sun is casting its mild rays upon the beautiful landscape. The soft waves of the river are reflecting the light with the brilliancy of an ocean of diamonds. The deep blue sky is partly painted with purple, green and violet, shining with a celestial splendor. Doves of cows and flocks of sheep are descending the fair hills, and are making for home. Bright and lovely maidens, wearing upon their black, curled hair beautiful wreaths of flowers, are dancing like so many fairies upon the green, flowery turf of the pasture ground, above the stream.

Sir Count! do you not enjoy the lovely scene be-

fore your eyes? Are you not a happy man, to be the owner of so much beauty?

But the Count hears nothing—sees nothing; his mind is absent; he is dreaming of by-gone days. Suddenly, his face seems to be troubled with a strange thought—his lips are audibly uttering the words, ‘*La Louisiane! Mon Dieu, que j’étais fou! Pauvre Jeannette! Comment? Non, non, c’est impossible! Ca se ne peut pas!*’

What is he saying? Is he not speaking of Louisiana? He says: ‘*My God, what a fool I was! Poor Jane! How? No, no, it is not possible—it cannot be so!*’

What cannot be so? Who is Jane? Didn’t they call John’s mother Jeannette, or Jane? Yes, Count! Indeed, it can be! Noble Count, while you are living in riches and plenty, master of a proud and magnificent castle, your son—yes, Count! your only son, is a miserable slave! He is standing, this very hour, upon the platform of a slave-auction room! He, your own flesh and blood! Listen, O Count! listen to the terrible story! He—your son—is sold to the highest bidder like a brute!

Count! if your heart is able to feel—if you are not a lump of ice, like the heart of yonder unfeeling slave-driver—fly from your splendid castle, and go to parts unknown; for the terrible vision of the dreadful calamity that awaits your only son will haunt you from the saloon to the sleeping apartment, and from the garden to the pinnacle of the tower.

But John, the young Count of Chateau-Brillant,

is forced to await the orders of his new master—for he is a slave !

No. 93. Moses, field hand, 35 ;

No. 94. Matilda, 30 ;

No. 95. Richard, 9 ;

No. 96. Mike, a bright little boy of 6.

Again a splendid family, all the members of which are 'very likely'; so says the auctioneer. 'Superior to all sold heretofore.' Moses, a strong, healthy and intelligent-looking man, is standing upon the platform, with the feelings of a father whose dear ones and himself are disposed of like dogs. See, he is strong; he is able to fight for his freedom, and no doubt could overpower half a dozen of those sickly-looking slave-drivers. Well, why don't he fight to gain his liberty, and, consequently, be regarded as a man, and not as a mule? Because he is well aware that he has no power as a single man, and that he cannot combine with his other unfortunate brothers to break the yoke, as did his great namesake of old several thousand years ago. Is he afraid of death? O no, for he knows perfectly well that his body is not his own; that the bodies of his beloved ones do not belong to themselves. Who then would suffer, in case of his death, but his money-making master? But Moses has two reasons for not avenging himself. The first is, he is sure that the attempt to excite his brothers in bondage to revolt against their masters, would not only imperil their lives, but in all probability subject them to an awful death upon the burning wood-pile. Moses is not afraid of any wood-pile,

whether burning or not; but he has a good-natured disposition, and therefore shrinks from involving his brethren in so awful a catastrophe. He will continue to suffer under the whip, rather than cause the death of his fellows upon the funeral pile.

His second reason is, because he is a Christian.

Every slaveholder knows perfectly well that a Christian slave is worth much more than one who has no faith at all. Many of them are sagacious enough to teach their slaves the gospel, and particularly those words of the apostle Paul: 'Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters, according to the flesh, with fear and trembling.' Ephes. vi. 5. Here and there, a slaveholder will forbid his slaves to attend religious exercises; but he is a fool, and he will surely suffer for it.

I happened once to get acquainted with a Frenchman, an owner of slaves, who said to me, 'Doctor, I will be obliged to you if you will teach my slaves your religious opinions; for though they are to me ridiculous, I know very well that my slaves, once believing in your nonsense, will be worth more to me than they are now.'

Alas! poor Moses will remain a slave until death shall break his chains! But, no! His chains shall be broken before! God grant it!

No. 94. Matilda, wife of Moses, (though she is never regarded as a wife by the slave code,) seems to be a very good creature. While she is weeping silently, she presses her last-born, her darling boy, her Mike, close to her bosom. Poor child! Bitter, yes, very

bitter are the tears thy unfortunate mother is weeping over thee! Alas! she fears that thou mayest be sold to a man whose gospel is 'money.' O Mike! will he order you to his infamous gambling saloon? Will you learn his tricks, and will he poison your pure innocent heart with his blasphemies? Is it his intention to make you a deceiver, a thief, a robber, a murderer? Dreadful thought! that child of affliction and of prayers shall perhaps become a candidate for the gallows! And why? For money's sake! Yes, to fill a villain's pockets with money!

And Richard—the noble, the smart, the truth-loving boy, with those clear innocent eyes—what shall become of him when his new master shall prove to be man of dissolute habits?

Mourn again, reader! for virtue and justice shall succumb, and crime shall be triumphant. That family brings a good price. These Christians are sold for \$3000; and with them their hope, their virtue, their faith, all that they possess in this world. The curtain falls—the tragedy closes.

No. 97. Jerry, field hand, 42 years, and

No. 98. Molly, 40 years. An old looking couple, but a kind, a true-hearted one.

'Gentlemen,' says the auctioneer —. But before I proceed, the reader will give me permission to mention that the four ladies, present at the commencement of this auction sale, did not bid, nor did they remain for more than half an hour. For the honor of their sex, I am bound to mention that they (though most probably themselves owners of slaves,)

seemed to feel very uneasy while present. I believe that there is a certain natural feeling with the great majority of the gentler sex, which is more just, and more open to the truths of the gospel, than we of the masculine race are able to comprehend.

‘Gentlemen,’ says the auctioneer, ‘Jerry and Molly are the last couple to be sold to-day; for it is late, and we have to close. To-morrow at 12 M., the rest of the slaves, belonging to this gang, fifty-one very valuable, sound and likely negroes, will be sold to the highest bidder for cash and approved paper.’

I intend,—*Deo volente*,—to delineate at some future time the proceedings of ‘the sale of to-morrow.’ Let us close, for the present, with poor Jerry and unfortunate Molly, who were sold to a not very kind looking man for \$1125.

The chattels are sold. There were ninety-eight large and small articles—Christian goods—bringing to their former owner the snug little sum of \$80,890. Will that sum be sufficient to buy ninety-eight souls of men, baptized in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit? Friends! eighty millions will never buy them from their Father in heaven, for they have been ‘bought with a price’—with the precious blood of the Son of God!

Surely, if we are convinced that the institution of slavery is a great wrong against humanity, and a heavy curse to Christianity, we shall seek to abolish it without delay.

But how can we do it? By what means can we induce the slaveholders in the South to give up their

‘property,’ their ‘wealth,’ their ‘merchandise,’ their ‘valuable goods?’ Shall we invade the Slave States with a large army, and liberate the slaves by means of revolvers, knives, swords, and Sharp’s or Minnie rifles? I know the Southerners too well, not to be convinced that every one of them would fight to the death—that they would lose every drop of their blood, rather than consent to give up their slaves. The Southerner is no coward; he is brave in battle, and faces death without fear. But, suppose that the whole body of the oppressed slaves should rise as one man, and strike for their liberty—would not their victory be certain? Yes, but what a victory! Streams of blood would stain the ever-blooming soil of the South, and legions of corpses would become a prey to the vultures. And whose blood would flow? That only of mean and cruel slave-drivers? Oh, no! Many thousand corpses of innocent babes would point up to heaven for vengeance! Thousands of blooming young maidens would be slaughtered, causing the blood-stained soil to remain a curse for many centuries!

No, my friends! No revolver, no rifle, no knife, no bloodshed nor slaughter shall be necessary to metamorphose slaves into freemen. No war is able to abolish the institution of slavery. There is a standard which is bound to be victorious in the hottest of battles—a standard, before the glory of which, the most stubborn of slave-drivers shall be forced to fall upon his knees, crying, ‘Lord! what shall I do to be saved?’ That standard is the Cross of the Re-

deemer of mankind! If the slaveholders will truly believe in the powerful supremacy of that standard, it will be impossible for them to keep any longer their colored brethren in so shameful a bondage as Slavery. If the slaveholder of the South would call himself a Christian, without being a hypocrite, he will be obliged to do away with Slave laws, Slave markets, and Slave auctions—in fact, TO ABOLISH SLAVERY.

THE CHRISTIAN SLAVE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

[In a publication of L. F. TASISTRO, 'Random Shots and Southern Breezes,' is a description of a slave auction at New Orleans, at which the auctioneer recommended the woman on the stand as 'A GOOD CHRISTIAN!']

A CHRISTIAN! going, gone!
 Who bids for God's own image?—for His grace
 Which that poor victim of the market-place
 Hath in her suffering won?

My God! can such things be?
 Hast thou not said that whatsoe'er is done
 Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one,
 Is even done to Thee?

In that sad victim, then,
 Child of Thy pitying love, I see Thee stand,

Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,
Bound, sold, and scourged again!

A Christian up for sale!

Wet with her blood your whips—o'ertask her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail!

Cheers for the turbaned Bey
Of robber-peopled Tunis! he hath torn
The dark slave-dungeons open, and hath borne
Their inmates into day:

But our poor slave in vain
Turns to the Christian shrine her aching eyes—
Its rites will only swell her market price,
And rivet on her chain.

God of all right! how long
Shall priestly robbers at Thine altar stand,
Lifting in prayer to Thee the bloody hand
And haughty brow of wrong!

O, from the fields of eane,
From the low rice-swamp, from the trader's cell—
From the black slave-ship's foul and loathsome hell,
And coffle's weary chain—

Hoarse, horrible, and strong,
Rises to heaven that agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
HOW LONG, O LORD, HOW LONG!

THE SLAVE MINGO'S POEM.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal :

[The following remarkable poem was sent me from the South by a friend, who informs me that the author of it was a slave named Mingo, a man of wonderful talents, and on that account oppressed by his master. While in the slave-prison, he penciled this poetic gem on one of the beams, which was afterwards found and copied. My friend adds that Mingo did escape, at night, but was recaptured and destroyed by the bloodhounds. My friend promises to send other poems of his, which, he says, are in possession of Mingo's aged wife.]

C. W.

Good God ! and must I leave them now—
 My wife, my children, in their woe ?
 'Tis mockery to say I'm sold—
 But I forget these chains so cold,
 Which goad my bleeding limbs, though high
 My reason mounts above the sky.
 Dear wife, they cannot sell the rose
 Of love, that in my bosom glows.
 Remember, as your tears may start,
 They cannot sell th' immortal part !
 Thou sun, which lightest bond and free,
 Tell me, I pray, is liberty
 The lot of those who noblest feel,
 And ofttest to Jehovah kneel ?
 Then I may say, but not with pride,
 I feel the rushings of the tide
 Of reason and of eloquence,
 Which strive and yearn for eminence.

I feel high manhood on me now,
 A spirit-glory on my brow ;
 I feel a thrill of music roll,
 Like angel harpings, through my soul,
 While poesy, with rustling wings,
 Upon my spirit rests and sings ;
He sweeps my heart's deep throbbing lyre,
 Who touched Isaiah's lips with fire.

To Plymouth Rock, ye breezes, bear
 These words from me, as I would dare,
 If I were free : Is not our God
 Our common Father ?—from the sod
 He formed us all ; then brothers—yes ;
 We're brothers all, though some oppress,
 And grind their equals in the dust.
 O Heaven ! tell me, is this just ?
 'Tis fiendish. No ! I will not go,
 And leave my children here in woe !
 God help me ! Out, bright dagger ! gleam,
 And find the coward's heart, and stream
 With fiendish blood ! This night, this night,
 Or I am free, or it shall smite
 The master and his slave, and we
 Will seek the heavenly liberty !
 There will my master's bloody lash
 No longer lacerate * * *

NOTE. The last line was, from some cause, incomplete ; perhaps his feelings overcame him at the conception. I concluded to give it as it was. C. W.