COMMON SENSE.

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Last Fall 'twas to the South I come,
Far from the North, my native home;
Where I was taught from infancy
That Southern slaves should all be free;
First read in primers, with the plates,
Where Southern men broke niggers' pates,
And cruelties were pictured there,
In books, in sermons, everywhere;
In prayers, in common conversation,
That slavery yet would ruin the nation.
I've listened too, with weeping eyes,
And almost heard poor niggers' cries,
Where nursing infants with the rest
Were sold and torn from Mother's breast.
Of shrieks and groans, and all such trash,
From murder, chains, down to the lash,
Cuts and kicks, yes, lacerations,
And sour corn, with half-starved rations:
With bleeding wounds—'twas them I saw
Crawling to their beds of straw.
In Sabbath School I this was taught—
In Tracts 'twas free as those I bought:

New Orleans
1859.

Class teachers too, and commentators
Call Southern white men aligators,
Who chain their niggers to a post,
And try who flesh could maul the most,
Till blood runs down from head to toe,
And on them brine, they then would throw,
In agony to keep them living :
Such treatment each day they were given—
And is it strange that youths should think
That Southern whites had ought to sink,
Nailing their minds to that position—
That's why they grow up Abolition.

'Tis from my cradle, this I've been taught,
Down to Tom's Cabin, which I bought :
And when sweet Harriet of poor Tom speaks,
The tears would trickle down my cheeks,
Of cruelties of one Lagree,
Who wades in blood up to his knee.
And kicks and cuffs, and even kills.
His plantation with bones he fills :
And of the damsel, fair and nice
Who walks the river on floating ice.
These things I've read, and have believed.
But now I've found I was deceived,
Yes, by fiction framed by scholars.
Got up to get Almighty dollars
To feed those morbid constitutions,
Belieing Southern institutions.
'Twas Henry Ward and all the rest,
From Pap all through the Beecher nest :
Each one gave Tom an extra groan
As Lagree broke bone after bone.

Had they but lived in times of old
When our Lord and master Judas sold,
And been disciples, I should think strange
If Judas had of got that change.
For Sharpe's rifle Christians, who shoot and pray,
Their master, I think, would betray—
Preach to the flock to get those fleeces.
With eyes intent on thirty pieces.

Christians meeting day and night.
Raising money for a fight.
Their paupers with it better feed,
Crying "Kansas, she doth bleed!"
If in Matthew twenty-sixth they'd read
Where our Saviour to one with him said,
Who drew his sword, which was not dull.
And took an ear clean from the skull!

Did our Saviour call a meeting then
To buy the tools for killing men?
"Put up thy sword!" he quickly said—
But Preachers now take off the head.
And to their flocks up North they say
"Aim for the head, and bang away!"
Enticing niggers from plantation
To rags, to poor-house or starvation.
And beckoned there by abolition,
'Tis said to better their condition.
And when in frost they there arrive,
Half starved, half froze, but just alive.
And dreaming of a happy time—
Abolition will not give a dime.
Sick or well they cannot shirk,
They must get up and go to work.

To dig or plow or break up boulders,
Without a coat upon their shoulders.
Look at the Northern niggers free,
And what a picture do you see!
Ragged, nasty poor-house filled,
Kicked and cuffed and often killed:
With empty stomach, empty purse.
Sick and sore, without a nurse—
They've got to steal, or cannot live,
For abolition will not give
A picayune to help a nigger,
Or a red cent, a lower figure.
They'd sooner see them sick or well,
Die on the ground, go straight to hell.

This is their help in Northern land—
No one is there to raise a hand
No further than to play their tricks.
Get nigger into politics—
And Seward dictates every figure
While he is riding on a nigger.
He'd ride a nigger, ride a louse
If headed towards the White-house.
'Twas Anti-Mason first he mounted,
But could not get it well discounted
To undermine Masonic pillars
And bring to justice Morgan killers.
He's rode all hobbies—rode on mules,
And tampered with the common schools—
On these he quickly shut his mouth.
At last he came down on the South,
And cursed the Southern institution
Guarantied by the Constitution.

He cries a higher law at last.
Disunion seeds sowing broadcast :
All must be slaves or all be free.
In his Rochester speech 'tis plain to see.
And there he made another blunder--
Twas there he stole Abe Lincoln's thunder.
Which Douglas silenced when out a fowling.
And sent long Abe back home a howling.
He's trampled down and overrun
The principles of a Washington--
Of Jefferson, one of the best—
Of Madison, and all the rest--
To this add Harry of the West--
Of Jackson, too, that old hero.
Who always met his country's foe
In single combat, or at the head
Our armies on to victory led.

But upstarts now call them mistaken ;
The nation's heart by them is shaken--
A thirst for glory is the fountain—
A flea is turned into a mountain ;
Wind broken hobbies all give out.
They turn and look and go about.
And think on what new thing to figure,
Like death they yet hang to the nigger.
Who is well fed and clothed also--
But a shine they've took to Dinah Crow.
And of their minds she's got possession--
They agonize and cry oppression.
They've talked it long and talked it loud,
And tears would flow all through the crowd.
Old ladies all with one consent
Into hysterics quickly went.

And all around low groans were uttered
Of poor slaves' bread, which was not buttered.
Old ladies all would at once shriek
When of bleeding Kansas they did speak,
Of murders there put down in figures,
A killing whites to plant poor niggers.
"Oh, lord!" they'd cry. "Oh, yes!" and groan,
For unborn niggers they would moan—
Each word 'twas spoke they did believe,
While Seward was laughing in his sleeve,
Thought to himself a pack of fools,
But politics needs just such tools!

He loved to hear them shriek and whine—
It strengthens much the darkies' spine,
On which he rides erect and straight,
Pointing to the White-house gate.
Darkey must go it or he'll be skinned,
He's rode him till he's broke his wind.
His hobby's back is getting lame
Since they've played out the Kansas game.
And Greeley's head is now all bare,
For Kansas blood took the last hair.
Its gone with Free Love spirit knocking,
Bursted hobbies awful shocking:
Nothing left on which to figure
Excepting now the naked nigger.
And Gerret Smith has struck his gait—
He wished to govern the Empire State.
He run quite well, got knocked so high
He could have proved an alibi.
The darkies would not vote for him—
The colored folks his corners trimmed.

He gives them land, and deeds he makes
For land so poor you can't raise snakes.
When darkies see it, night or day,
They either starve or run away.
He gives them homes for slaves protection,
The land so poor the Resurrection
Will never raise through the hard pan
Yellow, black or a white man,
Where streaked snakes for pebbles cry,
Where woodchucks starve and chipmucks die :
This is the land he gives to blacks,
Where wolves despise to leave their tracks.
'Tis done to help poor slaves' condition—
And such is Northern abolition.

Blow hot and cold all at one breath,
Coax slaves away to starve to death,
To rags, to hunger, destitution,
Sneering at the Constitution.
And violate that compact made
By those the corner-stone have laid
Of our Republic, great and free—
Their wisdom is wisdom for me :
And when I see with my own eyes
I think how long I have read lies.

See Southern slaves, much better off
Than many North who growl and scoff,
And who might envy slave's condition,
Who agonize on abolition,
And are not fed and clothed each day
As well as slaves who drive a dray
In New Orleans or on plantation
The happiest boys in all creation.

Banks may suspend and panics come
It matters not—they have a home.

Look at New York at girls that sew—
Talk of oppression, grief and woe!
In cellars damp, in garrets high
Needle in hand poor creatures die.
Does abolition hear those cries?
Are mourners those when each one dies?
No! Abolition cannot hear
The dying groans of those that's near,
Or even of it make a mention.
The South absorbs their whole attention.
Groans and death, yes! sorrow full
They cannot see on account of wool!
They hire their labor for one-tenth the pay
They ought to have, and that's the way
That abolition shows its head.
Let labor die for want of bread.
Snatching food from labor's mouth.
Sending all their sympathy South.
Pointing out most cruel scenes,
While whites are dying through their means.

If now at home they would commence.
Abolish cruelty, show common sense.
Keep all their howls for home consumption;
There then would be a slight presumption
That honesty had took the legion.
Had settled down in a new region.
Where, when it gets its full possession.
You'll hear no more of slave oppression.