

Booth's Corner.

THE FAMISHED HAND.

In the year 1834 or '5, I left Norfolk, (Va.) in a large schooner, bound for New-York. One of the cabin passengers had a sick child and no attendant. The second day after we left Norfolk, the child asked for food; and I offered to prepare a toast for it. For this purpose I went to the cook's room, which was below the deck, and in going to which, it was necessary to pass a quantity of freight, which had been put on board at Norfolk. The steward kindly assisted me in making the toast, and added a cracker and a cup of tea. With these, on a small waiter, I was retiring to the cabin, when in passing the freight which consisted of boxes, bags, &c. a little tawny famished-looking hand was held out from between the packages. The skeleton fingers, agitated by a convulsive movement, were evidently reached forth with a view to the food in my possession. Shocked but not alarmed by the apparition, I laid the cracker on the hand, which was immediately withdrawn. No one observed the transaction, and I went swiftly to the cabin. The sick child was gratified with its meal; and when in the afternoon it wanted more, I again offered my services. I apologized to the steward for the liberty I was taking, in visiting his premises so often, but pleaded the necessity of attending to the little invalid. I found he was a father, and inquired the names of his children. I brought him presents for them; and so ingratiated myself into his favour, that I soon had free access to the larder, and often found nice things prepared for myself as well as for the little one in the cabin. But whatever I could procure was divided with the famished hand, which, to me, had become a precious charge. There must have been an eye to watch my motions. In fancy, I could see that eye, gleaming at my approach, but at other times closed in dim despair.

As all was tranquil on board, it was evident that I alone was aware of the presence of the unseen fugitive; and I humbly returned thanks to God for allowing me the privilege of ministering to the wants of this, his outcast, despised and persecuted, image. That the unfortunate being was a slave, I doubted not; but how could I serve him, or her, or whoever it might be, effectually? I knew the law and usages in such cases. I knew the poor being had nothing to hope for from the captain and crew of the vessel, and repeatedly asked myself the agonizing question, will there be any way of escape? I had hope that we might land in the night, and so under favour of darkness, the fugitive be enabled to go on shore unseen by those on board. I determined to watch for, and assist the creature, who had been thus providentially consigned to my care.

On the 6th day (we having a long passage,) I found that the goods below were being moved in order to come at something that was wanted; and so I slipped up the passage that I could not go below. My heart seemed to die within me, for the safety of the sufferer had become dear to me. We sat down to dinner, but the dishes swam before my eyes. I felt that a discovery must take place. The tumbling of the freight below had not ceased. Each moment I expected an alarm. At length I heard a sudden "hallo!"—and all was quiet. Presently the steward came into the cabin; looked significantly at the company, and whispered to the captain. The captain was carving, and immediately laid down his knife and fork and went on deck. One of the passengers followed him, but soon returned; and in a laughing manner informed us that a strange passenger had been found among the freight. "It is," added he, "a small mulatto boy, who says he belongs to Mr. — of Norfolk; that he had been concealed among the lumber on the wharves, for two weeks, and secreted himself in the schooner the night before we sailed." He is going to New York to find his father, who escaped two years since. And," continued he, "he is starved to a skeleton, hardly worth taking back." Many jokes were passed, as to the manner of his being renovated, when he should again fall into the hands of his master. Some thought the vessel must put immediately back. Others were of opinion that, as we were within eight or ten hours' sail of New York, the trip would be made, and the boy carried back on her return.

The unfortunate child had been brought on deck, and we all left the cabin to look at him. I followed behind, almost unwilling to see him; and stood some time by the companion way in order to gain strength for the interview. I then proceeded forward. As soon as he discovered me, a bright gleam passed over his countenance, and he instinctively held out the same famished hand. My feelings were no longer to be controlled. There stood a child, before me; not more than eleven or twelve years of age, of yellow complexion, and sad countenance, nearly naked, his back seared with scabs, and his flesh wasted to the bone. I burst into tears—into lamentations; and the tears of others were for a moment turned into sympathy.

It, however, began to be suspected that

I had brought the boy away; and, in that case, the vessel must put back, in order to give me up also. But I related the circumstances as they occurred, and all appeared satisfied with the truth of my statement.

I requested I might be allowed to feed the boy, which request was granted; and I carried some dinner on a plate. He ate voraciously; and as I stood beside him, he looked into my face at every mouthful. There was something confiding in his look. When he had finished his meal, as I took the plate, he rubbed his fingers softly on my hand, and leaped his head towards me like a weary child. O, that I could have offered him a place of rest; that I could have comforted and protected him; a helpless child, a feeble, emaciated, suffering, innocent lad, reserved for bondage and the torture!

Towards evening he was taken below, and I was no more allowed to see him, but I learned that he was put in the steerage, strongly bound, and that the "proper authorities" of New York would be consulted as to the disposal of him. We came to anchor, during the night, at some distance below the city, the captain informing us, in the morning, that the vessel had been forbidden to enter the port with a fugitive slave on board; that she must discharge her cargo where she lay, and return with all possible despatch to Norfolk. A boat was provided to carry us up; and I remarked to the captain that there was "great ado about a helpless child." He replied, "the laws must be obeyed."

As I approached the city, I could not help exclaiming, "is this the region, this the soil of boasted freedom?" Here, where the child is treated like a felon, manacled, anchored from the shore, to be sent back to slavery and the lash, deprived of the fostering care, which even the brute is allowed to exercise towards its young! Here the slender boy seeks the protection of a father—name dear to helplessness. Does humanity aid him in the search? No. Humanity is circumscribed in her operations by laws which consign one portion of freedom's sons and daughters to the service, the control, and the brutality of the other. Humanity looks on them and weeps. Further she cannot go. "The laws must be obeyed."

And now since years have passed, where is that boy? Does he still live in hopeless bondage? Are other scars added to those imprinted on his infant skin? When I saw him, he appeared innocent as a child of freedom. He felt and suffered as a child of free parents would feel and suffer. His sorrows were touching as the sorrows of a white child would have been. Alas! poor youth; from me thy fate is hidden. If living thou art still young; were thy days turned into pages, what a volume to meet the human eye!—*Youth's Cabinet.*

SIR THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES.

Thomas Stamford Raffles, the son of Benjamin Raffles, an old captain in the West India trade, was born at sea, off the harbour of Port Morant, in Jamaica, in 1781. At the age of fourteen, he was appointed to a situation in the East India House, where, although hard-worked, he contrived by extra hours, to increase his salary, and also to add to his stock of knowledge. His parents were then in very poor circumstances, and to them he devoted all that he could spare of his income. "His affection to his mother," says Lady Raffles who survives her husband, "was one of the strongest feelings of his heart. At this time, with that self-denying devotion to the happiness of others which was his distinguishing quality through life, he deprived himself of every indulgence, that he might devote to her his hard-earned pittance; and, in after-days of comparative affluence, he delighted in surrounding her with every comfort." With regard to his efforts to improve his mind, he himself says, in a letter to his cousin, Dr. Raffles, "The deficiency of my early education has never been fully supplied. I had hardly been two years at a boarding-school (at Hammersmith) when I was withdrawn, and forced to enter on the busy scenes of public life, then a mere boy. My leisure-hours, however, still continued to be devoted to my favourite studies; and, with the little aid my allowance afforded, I contrived to make myself master of the French language, and to prosecute inquiries into some of the branches of literature and science. This was, however, in stolen moments, either before the office-hours, in the morning, or after them, in the evening."

The particulars thus given of the severity with which he taxed his powers of body and mind for the double purpose of providing for his parents' and acquiring knowledge, sufficiently account for the result that "the India House did not suit his health." His unremitting diligence however, had excited attention, and Sir Hugh Inglis procured for him the appointment of Assistant Secretary to the Government in Penang, situated on the coast of the Peninsula of Malacca, between China and the East Indies. With his accustomed industry, he applied himself to the acquisition of the Malay language on his passage; and as he possessed an extraordinary facility in acquiring a knowledge of languages, he made considerable progress before he arrived at his destination. He

required at once great influence, conversing freely with the natives, and securing his advancement to the office of Secretary in the following year, when the individual who had filled it was called to a higher station.

Having given these particulars of the manner in which Mr. Raffles commenced in early youth laying the foundation of the eminence which he attained, we simply state that his progress was in accordance with the beginning. He proposed measures for taking the valuable island of Java, evincing such consummate wisdom in his suggestions that even the route which he marked out for the fleet to pursue was adopted, contrary to the opinion of old practical seamen who apprehended danger and loss from it; the success of the expedition justified the deference which had been paid to his counsels, and he was rewarded with the office of Lieutenant Governor of Java and its dependencies, the great island alone containing five millions of inhabitants. The failure of his health obliged him to take a voyage to England in the year 1817; and the restoration of Java to the Dutch destroyed the fruits of many of those improvements which the Lieutenant Governor had introduced. During his stay in England, however, he received flattering attentions from the Prince Regent, who conferred the honour of knighthood on him, as well as from the Princess Charlotte, and Prince Leopold; and in the year 1817 he received the appointment of Lieutenant Governor of Bencoolen on the island of Sumatra. His talents and vigour were abundantly required, and cheerfully exerted in placing the affairs of this settlement on a good foundation. In the midst of the multiplied cares of his official station, he was visited with domestic bereavements of the most poignant character. His three eldest children died one after another, and he had to part with the youngest to be sent to England for the preservation of her life. He sent in his resignation, but could not leave the island till the year 1824; and on his arrival at St. Helena he learnt the death of his venerated mother whom he had greatly longed to see once more in this life. On his arrival in England, he retired to a country-residence near Barnet, where he died on the day previous to the completion of his forty fifth year, the 5th of July 1826.

A NOBLE SLAVEHOLDER IN JAVA.

When it was proposed, during T. Stamford Raffles' administration of the government, that all the slaves on the island should be registered, a native chief, the Penanbaham of Samunah, proudly declared, "I will not register my slaves! hitherto they have been kept such because it was the custom, and the Dutch liked us to be attended by slaves when we visited the palace; but, as that is not the case with the English, they shall cease to be slaves; for long have I felt shame, and my blood has run cold, when I reflected on what I once saw at Batavia and Samarang, where human beings were exposed for public sale, placed on a table, and examined like sheep and oxen." When Mr. Raffles mentioned this noble trait to Mr. Wilberforce on his first return to England, he was commissioned to carry out a seal to be presented to this chief, as an acknowledgment of his liberal act; and the latter, in return, requested Mr. Wilberforce's acceptance of a handsome creese [a dagger].—*Quarterly Review.*

[A Lesson for Christian Slaveholders. Ed.]

WEALTH, DOING HOMAGE TO THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

I know not a finer illustration of the topic than one which may be gathered from a recorded conversation between Dr. Carey, the missionary at Serampore, and a wealthy merchant in Calcutta. One of his clerks had determined to give up all the prospects and emoluments of a lucrative situation, and henceforth devote himself to the work of evangelizing the heathen. His employer, to whom this looked a very odd and inexplicable resolution, called on Dr. Carey, and inquired from him the terms, and the advantages, and the preferences of this new line, to which a very favourite servant, whom he was exceedingly loath to part with, was on the eve of betaking himself; and was very much startled to understand that it was altogether a life of labour, and that there was no earthly remuneration whatever; that in truth it was not competent for any member of their Mission to have any property at all; that beyond those things which are needful for the body, there was not an enjoyment within the power or purchase of money which any one of them thought of aspiring after; that each of them, free from care like a cominonier of nature, trusted that as the day came the provision would come, and never yet had been disappointed of their confidence; that with hearts set on their own eternity and the eternity of their fellow creatures they had neither time nor space for the workings of this world's ambition; so that, however occupied about the concerns of the soul, each felt light as the bird upon a thorn about the food, and the raiment, and the sufficiency of the coming days, all which they cast upon Providence, and had ever yet found, that Providence was indeed worthy of their reliance. There is a very deep interest to my mind in such a dialogue between a devoted missionary

and a busy, active, aspiring merchant; but the chief interest of it lay in the confession of the latter, who seems to have been visited with a glimpse of the secret of true happiness; and that after all, he himself was not on the way to it, whose own experience told him that, prosperous as he was, there was a plague in his very prosperity that marred his enjoyments of it; that the thousand crosses and hazards and entanglements of mercantile adventure had kept him perpetually on the rack, and sifted his heart of all those substantial sweets by which alone it can be purely and permanently gladdened. And from him it was indeed an affecting testimony, when, on contrasting his own life of turmoil and vexation, and checkered variety, with the simple but lofty aims and settled dependence, and unencumbered, because holy and unambitious, hearts of the pious missionaries, he fetched a deep sigh and said, "that it was indeed a most enticing cause."—*Chalmers.*

TOBACCO.

The following is the title of a curious pamphlet, in verse: "Tobacco Battered, and the Pipes Shattered (about their ears that idly idolize so base and barbarous a weed, or at least the wise over-love of so loathsome vanitie;) by a volley of Holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon." It is perhaps the earliest satire on smoking tobacco extant, and is by Joshua Sylvester, a friend of Ben Johnson.

A certain Editor, quoted in the *Boston Common School Journal*, says: "Suppose a tobacco-chewer is addicted to the habit of chewing tobacco fifty years of his life, each day of that time he consumes two inches of solid plug, which amounts to six thousand four hundred and seventy five feet, making nearly one mile and a quarter in length of solid tobacco, half an inch thick, and two inches broad." He wants to know what a young beginner would think, if he had the whole amount stretched out before him, and were told, to chew it up would be one of the exercises of his life, and also that it would tax his income to the amount of two thousand ninety-four dollars.

The same Journal quotes the *Vicksburg Constitutionalist* for the fact that "no smoking of cigars or pipes is permitted in any church in the city of Vicksburg, Mississippi; he allows that to be "Progress of Refinement." Mississippi must be very hopeful.

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