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## MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

BY WHITTIER.

[In order to understand the following lines, it is necessary to premise that Latimer, a fugitive slave from Virginia, was arrested in Massachusetts, and rescued by the people of Boston, when about to be dragged back to slavery—a proceeding which raised great excitement in both States, and led to angry threats, almost amounting to a declaration of war from Virginia.]

The blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon its Southern way,  
Bears greeting to Virginia, from Massachusetts Bay :—  
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle-bugle's peal,  
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of horsemen's steel.

No train of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways go—  
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow ;  
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their errands far,  
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are spread for War.

We hear thy threats, Virginia ! thy stormy words and high,  
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt along our sky ;  
Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest labour here ;  
No hewer of our mountain oak, suspende his axe in fear.

What means the Old Dominion ? Hath she forgot the day  
When o'er her conquered vallies swept the Briton's steel array ?  
And side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachusetts men  
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout Cornwallis, then ?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call  
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil Hall ?  
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each breath  
Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of "LIBERTY OR DEATH !"

What asks the Old Dominion ? If now her sons have proved  
False to their father's memory—false to the faith they loved,  
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its Great Charter spurn,  
Must we of Massachusetts from Truth and Duty turn ?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hateful hell—  
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the bloodhounds' yell—  
We gather, at your summons, above our fathers' graves,  
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your wretched slaves !

Thank God ! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts bow,  
The spirit of her early time is with her even now ;  
Dream not because her pilgrim blood, moves slow, and calm, and cool,  
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's slave and tool !

All that a sister State should do, all that a free State may,  
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early day ;  
But that dark loathsome burden ye must stagger with alone,  
And reap a bitter harvest, which ye yourselves have sown !

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and burden God's free air  
With women's shriek beneath the lash, and manhood's wild despair ;  
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that writes upon your plains  
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of old,  
By watching round the *shambles* where human flesh is sold—  
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market value, when  
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the slaver's den !

Lower than plutimet soundeth, sink the Virginian name !  
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest weeds of shame ;  
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe—  
We wash our hands forever of your sin, and shame, and curse !

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for his prey  
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of grey,  
How, through the free lips of the son, the father's warning spoke ;  
How, from its bonds of trade and sect the Pilgrim city broke !

A hundred thousand right arms were-lifted up on high,  
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud reply ;  
Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling summons rang,  
And up from bench and sounding loom her young mechanics sprang.

The voice of Massachusetts ! Of her free sons and daughters—  
Deep calling unto deep aloud—the sound of many waters !  
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power shall stand ?  
No fetters in the Bay State ! No slave upon her land !

Look to it well, Virginians ! In calmness we have borne  
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and your scorn ;  
You've spurned our kindest counsels—you've hunted for our lives—  
And shaken round our hearths and homes your manacles and gyves !

We wage no war—we lift no arms—we fling no torch within  
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your soil of sin ;  
We leave ye with your bondmen—to wrestle while ye can,  
With the strong upward tendencies and God-like soul of man !

But for us and for our children, the vow which we have given,  
For Freedom and Humanity, is registered in Heaven :  
No slave-hunt in our borders—no pirate on our strand !  
No fetters in the Bay State—no slave upon our land !

## THE FORTITUDE OF THE CHRISTIAN DISARMING THE ASSASSIN.

Oh ! the majesty of love ; it has disarmed the bold unblushing swindler. Who has not read the well-known anecdote of the holy and noble-minded John Fletcher, of Madely ? He had a nephew, an officer in the Sardinian service, profligate, ungentlemanly, depraved. His depravity hurried him to desperation.

"He waited on his eldest uncle, General de Gons, and having obtained a private audience, he presented a loaded pistol, and said :—'Uncle de Gons, if you do not give me a draft on your banker for five hundred crowns, I will shoot you.' The general, though a brave man, yet seeing himself in the power of a desperado, capable of any mischief, promised to give him the draft if he withdrew the pistol, which, he observed, might go off, and kill him, before he intended it. 'But there is another thing, uncle, you must do ; you must promise me, on your honour, as a gentleman and a soldier, to use no means to recover the draft or to bring me to justice.' The general pledged his honour, gave him a draft for the money, and, at the same time, expostulated freely with him on his infamous conduct. The good advice was disregarded, and the young madman rode off triumphant with his ill-gotten acquisition.

"In the evening, passing the door of his younger uncle, Mr. Fletcher, the fancy took him to call and pay him a visit. As soon as he was introduced, he began to tell him with exultation, that he had just called upon his uncle De Gons, who had treated him with unexpected kindness, and generously given him five hundred crowns. 'I shall have some difficulty,' said Mr. Fletcher, 'to believe the last part of your intelligence.'—'If you will not believe me, see the proof under his own hand,' holding out the draft.—'Let me see,' said Mr. Fletcher, taking the draft, and looking at it with astonishment. 'It is indeed my brother's writing, and it astonishes me to see it, because he is not in affluent circumstances ; and I am the more astonished, because I know how much, and how justly he disapproves your conduct, and that you are the last of his family to whom he would make such a present.' Then folding the draft, and putting it into his pocket—'It strikes me, young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some indirect method : and, in honesty, I cannot return it, but with my brother's knowledge and approbation.' The pistol was immediately presented