

NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVIII., No. 2.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1863.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

WHERE THE GOSPEL IS NEEDED.

With so much talk about mission work in all our churches in these days, one is sometimes tempted to think that by this time the world is pretty well evangelized. From such a comfortable delusion, one receives a pretty sharp awakening when one sees in the current newspapers descriptions by an eye witness of horrors in Dahomey.

Whenever the "Grand Customs" are held, says the writer, a number of victims are sacrificed to the *manes* of Dahomey. These unlucky wretches are usually prisoners of war, or, failing them, criminals.

to the dead kings are sent through the media of decapitated men and women, who receive a few cowries and a little rum and plantain to support them on their journey to the Dahomean Hades.

The cut is from a sketch by an Englishman who resided there for nearly twelve months.

"BARBARA FREITCHIE."

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH TELLS HOW WHITTIER CAME TO WRITE THE POEM.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, the popular novelist, lives in a picturesque house on the heights of Georgetown, overlook-

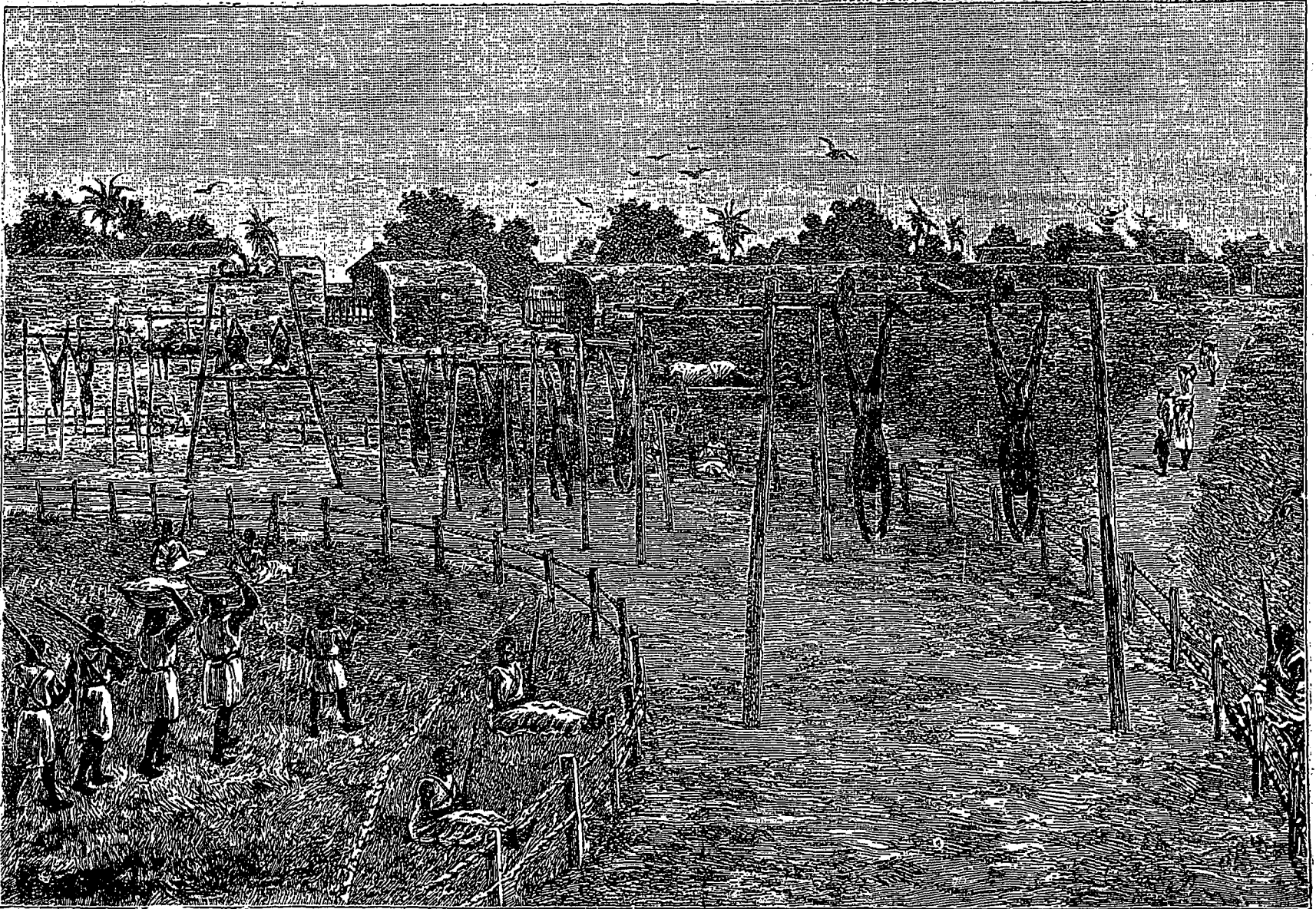
year and his passage through Frederick, telling us how old Barbara Freitchie, a connection of Mr. Ramsburg, hung out from her window the Stars and Stripes, and how they were shot down. If I remember rightly, Barbara was at the time more than ninety years old.

"The town was about equally divided between sympathizers with the Union and the Confederacy. Barbara was a staunch Unionist, and when, on hearing of the approach of Stonewall Jackson and his army, the Unionists of the town hid their flags, the brave old lady nailed a small American flag to a staff and placed

'march on.' That was about the way the incident was related to me by Mrs. Ramsburg," said Mrs. Southworth, "and upon my son remarking: 'What a grand subject for a poem by Whittier, mother,' I sat down and wrote to Mr. Whittier, telling him the story and acquainting him with my son's suggestion. I received an early reply, which was as follows:

"AMESBURY, 9 mo., 8th, 1863.

"MY DEAR MRS. SOUTHWORTH:—I heartily thank thee for thy very kind letter and its enclosed "message." It ought to have fallen into better hands, but I have just written out a little ballad of "Barbara Freitchie," which will appear in the next *Atlantic*. If it is good for anything thee deserve all the credit of it. I wish I could



PRISONERS SACRIFICED TO THE GOD OF WAR IN THE UHUNGLO MARKET, ABOMEY.

They are stunned with a club and then hung up in various positions or seated squat-fashion upon gallows which are erected in the Uhunglo market, just outside the principal Abomey gate. The day after this fearful exhibition is made in the market-place, a similar one is held within the palace, in which the Amazons are the executioners, and vie with their male partners in the dexterity with which they slaughter the victims. At these times two messengers

ing the Potomac. The authoress, who was a life-long friend of John G. Whittier, told the reporter to-day an interesting story of her connection with the writing of the Quaker poet's famous ballad of "Barbara Freitchie."

"In Sept. 1862," said Mrs. Southworth, "a messenger from Frederick, Md., brought me word that a brave old lady, and to the everlasting glory of the and soldier, ordered his men to

it at her window. Jackson came riding in at the head of his men and, seeing the flag, ordered them to shoot it down. They did so and the flag fell. It was then that Barbara caught the flag up and, leaning far out of her window, waved it high above Jackson's head, crying out to him: 'Shoot if you dare, but spare the flag.' Jackson halted, looked up at the brave old lady, and to the everlasting glory of the and soldier, ordered his men to

accept thy kind invitation to thy pleasant cottage home, but I am too much of an invalid to undertake the journey. I thank thee none the less, however, for asking me. I shall go there in imagination if I cannot otherwise.

"With best wishes for thy health and happiness, I am, most truly thy friend,

"JOHN WHITTIER."

"We corresponded for many years," continued Mrs. Southworth, "and when I sent him the story of 'Barbara Freitchie,' I wrote him that I considered it a message to the spirit world. Barbara died, if I

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