

Varieties.

PLEASURE NOT FOUND IN THE WORLD.

DALE.

In search of enjoyment I wander in vain,
With a void in my bosom that nothing could fill;
For mirth's gayest smile was succeeded by pain,
And the sweet cup of pleasure prov'd bitterness still.
The young days of fancy roll'd rapidly by,
And I shrunk with dismay from the future's dark gloom.
Where the clay-fetter'd spirit must mourn till it die,
And man has no rest but the rest of the tomb.

And yet I have revell'd in hope's fairy dream,
And tested the raptures of Love's purest bliss;
Delusive are both, though alluring they seem,
Like vapors that gleam o'er a hidden abyss.
The proud thirst of glory was mine from my birth,
But what can this world to ambition display,
Which grasps at the skies, but is bounded by earth—
A spirit of fire in a prison of clay?

And now I have heard of a nobler crown,
A kingdom unfading, a glory divine;
But the humble alone shall inherit the crown,
And how shall that kingdom of glory be mine?
Let my strength turn to weakness, my honor to shame,
The reproach of the cross be my earthly reward;
All, all shall be welcome for one blessed name,
The lowly disciple of Jesus the Lord.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.

The following deeply affecting incidents have been given to the world by an eye-witness of the occurrences, in consequence of the denial of some pro-slavery papers of the horrible pictures drawn by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, in her recent highly popular work, entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life among the Lowly." We are indebted to the "New York Independent" for the following extracts:—

"I was on a hunting expedition, and about thirty miles from the town. The 'rancho' where I stopped was on the lonely bank of a gloomy stream, in the heavily timbered bottom, surrounded by live oaks and towering cotton woods heavily draped with the darkly trailing moss, and miles from any other human dwelling. The proprietor of the establishment was a brawny, coarse, brutal man, from whose soul every noble and generous feeling, if such had ever existed there, seemed to have been obliterated through the combined indulgence of passion and appetite; his 'accustomed beverage' was whiskey, and oaths his vernacular. He was the owner of four slaves, one of them a woman. During the three days I spent there, I saw no smile nor gleam of happiness or hope on the countenances of those poor creatures, but one changeless look of sullen, blank despair. The only reign they appeared to know was a reign of terror. Even the little child that crept silently out of their cabin and about the yard seemed never to have learned that there was such a thing in the world to which he had been doomed, as joy. Observing that the poor woman was scarcely able to move about, we inquired the reason, and received the following reply: that the day before she had accidentally broken the spout of a cast-iron tea-kettle, and for this had been most cruelly beaten. 'She won't break another, though,' said the monster, to whose tender mercies God had mysteriously entrusted that, his desolate creature, 'for I gave her the — flogging that ever one nigger had.' The poor creature was a woman in a Christian land.

"As we sat by his log-fire in the evening, our host told us of a case that had lately occurred on a plantation, just across the prairie. An old man, who had been a fireman upon one of the boats on the Mississippi, had become worn out and been sold, and had reached that final scene, the 'plantation.' Possessing a vein of genuine wit, and having been long employed to make sport for others through his shrewd remarks, he had contracted the habit of great talkativeness. Upon the plantation, 'no noise' being allowed, this habit of his had to be broken up. Other means having proved unavailing, the lash was resorted to, and failing in the first application to effect a cure, had been applied most fearfully a second time, and at the close, mingled gunpowder and vinegar rubbed into his lacerated, quivering flesh. In despair, the poor wretch had wandered out into the prairie, and there, in his desolation and loneliness, had perished of his wounds and the cold. All this had occurred a few days before the time of the narration. That poor creature had a human heart, and this is a Christian land. 'I tell you,' said our Legree, in conclusion, 'if you're going to break a nigger, you've got to take him when he's young.' Yes, he who has once learned that he is a man, can never forget the lesson.

"Disgusted and sick at the brutality and loathsome coarseness of this human ogre, I stepped out of the cabin, and stood alone on the river bank. The dark stream was flowing beneath me, the dense and gloomy swamp-forests were standing around me; all was sad, and rayless, and hopeless. Never shall I forget my emotions as I stood there, in silence and alone, and asked why a just God should permit such things to be. The burning prairie, just over the tree-tops on one side of me, was rolling upward its lurid volumes of smoke and flame, while in the opposite heavens the stars were quietly shedding their silvery light, and the constellations ascending the skies as peacefully and joyously as though there were no sorrow or suffering on earth. I remembered that a day was coming, of vengeance and fire, and that above the stars sat a Being, who regarded from heaven the lowliest of His creatures, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed and had no comfort, and I looked forward exultingly from that lonely scene of sorrow and sighing, to that day when God should right all wrongs, and pour an awful radiance over all his dark providences in this world. 'When he maketh inquisition for blood, he remembereth them; he forgetteth not the cry of the humble.'

"I afterwards inquired of an intelligent gentleman, with reference to these causes, if there were no laws against such cruelty. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'there are statutes against it, but they are a dead letter, for one planter doesn't like to interfere with the concerns of his fellow-planter, and the 'property' consideration is the only one that is of any practical avail. If a man kills his nigger, it is his own loss, and he cannot afford to be cruel!'

"I take no pleasure in narrating these circumstances. They are not given as examples of the ordinary working of the system. Such acts would be condemned by the great mass of slaveholders themselves, as utterly and indignantly as by any men on earth; they are the blood spots on the garment. But they show what the system admits of—what in fact the system is. No power on earth can preserve the slave from falling into the power of such masters—and then how desolate his condition! Alone on the plantation or in the swamp, no eye beholds his sufferings, no ear hears his groanings. God alone takes cognizance of his wrongs; but of Him, his merciful Father in heaven, the poor creature knows nothing. The wretch that rules him is his only God, and he only knows to quail beneath the eye that glares on him. It is vain to attempt to ignore the truth in relation to the system of American slavery, that system which places one human being at the sole mercy of his fellow, with no protection and no hope on this side the bar of God. Let him who can believe that, with a just God above us, it is to abide for ever.

"Another instance that came under my observation was of an entirely different character, but scarcely less affecting. A tall, proudly-formed, noble looking African had been torn from his home and brought across the waters. They told me he had been a chief in his own country, and accustomed to receive all attention and honors from his tribe. He still bore the marks of the royal tattoo upon his face. His manner was gentle and mild. He was unable to converse with any one about him, but with a kind master lived pleasantly, and was treated with tenderness. His spirit had been broken by his sufferings, and he was as quiet as a child. I inquired if he was always thus, and was told in reply, 'Always, except when he thought of his home, and that made him crazy.' All else had perished—pride, and strength, and hope; but the undying affections of his human heart had outlived all, and were throbbing in his bosom still.—Love is stronger than death!

"I stood beside him in the garden one day, as he plied his spade, talking the while to himself in his own strange dialect, the tongue of his childhood and his home, and tried to go back with him in imagination to the spot where he had learned it. There, beside the 'living freshness' of some one of Africa's 'sweet fountains,' underneath the foliage of some one of its green and fragrant groves, had stood his cottage, his home. There, 'a prince among his tribe,' he had received their homage. There, as the mild shades of evening closed the day, he had fondly passed the hours with his wife beside him, and his little children around him. Now, torn from them by ruthless hands, afar in a land of strangers, how sadly and tenderly might his thoughts go back; how tearfully would memory awake the past. Well might he weep, well might he plead for freedom and return.

"My wife, the long, long, day,
Weeps by the cocoa tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

"As I stood there gazing in silence on him, such busy thoughts thronging my mind, the tears came to my eyes, as I reflected that he must die far away from all he loved; that, 'by the cocoa shade,' his wife should wait for him in vain—and weary with watching, finally sink down in like despair. What would I not have given, could I have taken him back to her once more, and once again gathered his children about him at the door of his own beautiful home! They will meet again at the bar of God, and he who sitteth there will deal with them in mercy."—*Anti-slavery Reporter*.

A BETTER WAY.

"I have come to tell you," said Mr. Williams to Mr. Holmes, "that I cannot endure Smith's treatment any longer."

"I know," said Mr. Holmes, "that he has not treated you very well, but as I had heard nothing new lately, I was in hopes he was coming round a little."

"If I had given him any just provocation, his course towards me would not be so utterly intolerable."

"You have borne his ill treatment thus far with a good deal of meekness. I hope he will not succeed in causing you to render evil for evil. That is, I presume, what he desires. If he could provoke you to some act of retaliation, he would not feel the trouble which he now doubtless feels from a sense of injustice."

"I have made up my mind to go and see him and tell him how he has treated me, and warn him that I will not submit to it any longer."

"I would do no such thing."

"Why not?"

"Because, in the first place, he does not need to have you tell him how he has treated you—he knows that already. In the next place, you would probably get angry, and say something which you would have to repent of, besides furnishing him with a self-justifying plea. No, my friend, I will tell you a much better way. Do as Hezekiah did when he received the insulting letter from the King of Assyria. You know he went and spread it out before the Lord. Go and spread out your case before the Lord. Instead of telling Smith how he has treated you, tell the Lord how he has treated you. You may enter into all the particulars, for the Lord has a patient ear for all the troubles of his children. When you have made a full statement of your case, you will find yourself relieved; you will find yourself in a very different frame of mind from that which would result from telling your story to the author of your injuries."

"When you have told the Lord your affliction, ask him to give you grace to bear it without murmuring, and to sanctify it to your growth in grace. Use as an argument

the fact that he in his wise providence has permitted the affliction, and that his glory is concerned in your bearing it aright. It is always wise for us to interest the glory of God in the accomplishing of the ends sought by prayer.—Use also, as an argument when seeking for grace to bear your trial, the fact that Christ, your great example, suffered patiently and silently the insults and injustice of men. Say 'O Lord, help me to bear this grievous wrong calmly, because Christ when he was reviled reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed his cause to him who judgeth righteously.' Ask him for grace to forgive your enemy, and urge as an argument the fact that otherwise you cannot obey your Savior, who bids us pray, 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.' You see we have strong arguments to use with the Lord—so strong that we must prevail. Now, when you go home, enter into your closet, and spread this whole matter before the Lord somewhat after the manner I have set forth."

Mr. Williams sat for a few moments in silence, then thanked Mr. Holmes for his advice and expressed his determination to follow it. He then bade him good morning and retired.

About a week afterwards, he called on Mr. Holmes again. He appeared to be in good spirits as he had been wont to be on former visits. After some conversation on a variety of topics, Mr. Holmes asked, "How are you and Smith getting on?"

"Much better than when I saw you last. He has been to see me, and has made some concessions, and promised to do better for the future."

"What has caused the change in him?"

"I do not know."

"You did not go to him and give him warning to change his course, did you?"

"No, I tried to follow the advice you gave me."

"If you had gone and spread out your case before him, instead of spreading it out before the Lord, I doubt very much if he would have made any concession, or promised amendment. I am satisfied, from experience and observation, that it is best to make our complaints to the Lord, and to the Lord only. You can reach a man's heart more readily by prayer than in any other way. I make it a rule to tell the Lord all my troubles, and I have seldom occasion to tell them to any one else."—*N. Y. Obs.*

A STREET SWEEPER.

Not long since, a gentleman was crossing one of our streets, where a little girl was sweeping off the mud. Her little hand was opened as he passed, and he placed as he supposed in his haste, a penny therein. She immediately followed him, calling "gentleman, gentleman, see what you have given me." The gentleman stopped, and she handed him an *Eagle*, saying she did not think he meant to give her more than a penny. He asked her why she did not keep it. She replied, "that would not have been right." He looked at her with astonishment, and enquired of whom she learned that. "In the Sunday School," was her reply. He then enquired her name, age, and residence. Her mother, she said, was very poor, and lived in an obscure place. While he was talking with her, some fifteen or twenty persons were gathered around them, and a contribution was proposed, which resulted in the sum of about fifteen dollars. The gentleman called to see the little girl and her mother and finding the statement he received verified, placed the mother in a tenement of his own, free of rent, and has taken the little girl to educate.

ETNA, PROTECTION, AND HARTFORD INSURANCE COMPANIES.

AGENCY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

7th January, 1853.

THESE are to certify, that Messrs. ROBERT and HUGH DAVIS, having recently lost by Fire their Milling Establishment in the Parish of Hampstead, Queen's County, and having furnished me with the several proofs required by the conditions of Insurance, and being satisfied therewith, I have paid them their claims; and do hereby declare that I still do, and have no desire to relinquish the Insurance on their Property in Woodstock, or to effect further Insurance for them if required, notwithstanding the several rumours that have been circulated regarding the origin of the Fire, and also as to the value of the property recently destroyed.

A. BALLOCH, Agent.

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E. W. FLAGLOR.

St. John, N. B., January, 1853.

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5 Drums Sultana Raisins;

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