

PRO-SLAVERY *versus* ABOLITIONISM.

A Political Farce, Founded on Facts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HAIGHT OF N. J.

PARKER OF MISS.

SCENE.—*Parker's room, East College.—Occupant and visitor in excited discussion.*

HAIGHT (*log.*) W-e-ll now, look-ah-h-e-r-e Parker, you-ah know that I come-ah from a-ah *free State*. But then, you see, I am a-ah *pro-slavery* man. I d-o-n't see what harm there is in having a few-ah niggers. I should like to have some myself. I think I *am* a good Southerner. Don't you? say, Parker, don't you?

PARKER (*indignantly*). Haight, look here, listen! I *once* had some respect for you, but I'll be *darned* if I have any for you now. Why, Haight, you are what that *noble*, that self-sacrificing philanthropist to humanity, Horace Greeley, would, in his own felicitous language, call a *doughface*. Oh, Haight! I am ashamed of you. Haight! anything but a—

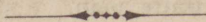
HAIGHT (*imploringly*). Now, look h-e-r-e, Parker; I didn't mean that, *exactly*—that-ah-slavery was right; but I *kinder* meant that-ah-the niggers were better off in-a-bondage. I admit that I am opposed to the *extension* of slavery. Darn it, Parker, I *am* opposed to it any how. I think that-ah-the nigger is as good as the white man. I should-ah-like to know how-ah-he can help being black. He c-a-n't help it. By Jupiter! Parker, you have made me ashamed of myself. I am an *Abolitionist*. There! it is out. I feel much better.

PARKER (*holds out his hand.*) Here, take my hand, Haight. I like to see a man come out frankly. Rattlesnakes and coon-skins! you are a hoss. Listen to me five minutes, and I'll relate to you scenes which will make the blood congeal in your veins—your face turn pale as that of an adolescent nigger emerging from a barrel of flour—your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth, and your whole appearance denote as much imbecility as a dead “nigger on a wood pile.” I have seen *new-born* darkies pitched into the turbid waters of the Mississippi, and with every wave of the stream you could see their intellec-

tual heads "bobbing along" on the top of the water, stretching piteously forth their effeminate *topnots*; yelling forth in language which would send a thrill through your inmost frame—"Massa—oh good massa, help me out." (*Haight here weeps.*) I have seen *fair* women, almost as white as you are or I am, —*leaving out the freckles*—bound to trees, and there whipped by *little children*, until their backs have become completely raw. Oh! I could say, with the *dear* Lucy Stone—"Oh Slavery! how many sins have been committed in thy name!" Aye! in the prophetically inspired language of Garrison, that illustrious Apostle of Liberty, I will say, "May I see the day when the stars and stripes shall be no longer polluted by the *black pall of slavery.*"

HAIGHT (*recovering*). Friend Parker, I am with you. Here on this spot; I in your presence declare myself to be a true *Abolitionist*—to wage unceasing war with slavery—to never rest while the sun rises and sets on a slave. The tenor of my life is changed. In prosperity or disaster I am with you in the *good work of Freedom*. Hurra for Horace Greeley and all Abolitionists!

PARKER.—Thou hast done well. Henceforth we are friends—*true* friends. We have a noble—a glorious work before us. When that day arrives when America shall be *truly* free, then posterity will cherish our memory. Let's take a drink. (*Both depart, singing "Poor Uncle Tom."*)



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