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NORTH & SOUTH.

North and South,

OR,

WHAT IS SLAVERY?

BY

J E H U G E E U P ,

OF JACKASS ALLEY.

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NORTH AND SOUTH.

1

I AM a thing some thirty years in life,
I have forgot the day that I was born,
It matters not, I owe it little thanks
For being born among the lower ranks.

2

It might have borne me, if the phrase is wrong,
The fault's not mine, the blame lays on my birth,
For if a fellow's born to get no schooling
Of pen or speech, how can he know the ruling.

3

I might, I could, I would, I should been born,
Worth half a million dollars in my mouth,
A real Havana, fragrant, rich and ripe,
In place of such a dirty, darn'd black pipe.

4

Ho, Gree—y, Gid—s, Gar—n & Co.
Do turn your eyes a moment from the South,
Poor Jehu Geeup humbly begs that you
Would give poor *Northern* slaves some pity too.

5

Knight of the Wool, Lord of the Shivered Sail,
Look how the poor of York are cultivated
For deadly fevers, cholera and hell,
As plants in forcing frames are rais'd to sell.

6

'Tis well enough to talk of love and peace,
With poverty in cottages residing ;
But Love can never long remain a dweller,
In human hearts *existing* in a cellar.

4

7

Love in a cellar, dirty, dark and damp,
The thing's preposterous, 'tis, upon my word,
The only love in such abodes attack us,
Is love to jolly, care destroying, Bacchus.

8

If cleanliness and Godliness are kin,
And some do say they cannot live apart,
Then godliness must surely be forgotten
When there is such a scarcity of Croton.

9

Although not black by nature, yet by dirt
I do assure you we are somewhat tawny ;
Although the cowskin do nt afflict our backs,
We've many evils that the nigger lacks.

10

As for the cowskin, I admit at once
That it must be a tantalizing tool ;
But still I think the lash that cuts the soul,
Must be unto the freeman worse than *thole*.

11

And we must bear it with an humble look,
A wife and children chains our rising wrath,
A fireless grate and hunger's bitter strife
Are woes that seldom trouble nigger life.

12

By being bought, at least you get an owner
Who feels some thousand dollars interested
In seeing that you're neither killed or starved,
Tho' you may get a whack if its deserved.

13

But the poor northern slave 's not worth a cent,
So work him up, there 's plenty more in Europe ;
And when his constitution is worn down
Why! put the useless *devil* on the town.

14

You 've shed a multitude of briny tears,
And spent a perfect hurricane of wind
About the sorrows that attend upon
The southern sales of human flesh and bone.

15

How is't the Tribune never spends a column
 Upon the human sales that stain the North?
 You weep for niggers! Coolly still endure
 To see your neighbors sold for being poor.

16

On Wednesday will be sold, so read the notice,
 The poor of Woolly-town, man, child and woman,
 And all that wish to bid must well consider
 They must be sold unto the lowest bidder.

17

The town-house clock has struck the hour of two;
 The company are met, the sales began;
 The auctioneer, to touch their tender feelings,
 Says paupers can be fed on 'tato-peelings.

18

A dollar, gentlemen, 's the lowest bid,
 Come, money can be made at less than that,
 Paupers can live almost upon a stone;
 Fifty I'm bid, come, going, gone.

19

Yes, gone, and deacon Woollyhead 's the man
 At fifty cents per week to keep each pauper!
 How it was done I really wished to know,
 And thus addressed the deacon, with a bow;

20

Dear sir, I hope you won't take it amiss
 If I inquire the mode that you adopt
 To board your folks so very, very cheap?
 I've quite a number got myself, to keep.

21

Stranger, I read the Tribune, holy paper,
 And there I learned from sawdust could be made
 Most excellent and palatable bread,
 Which put this lucky notion in my head.

22

A quart of sawdust and a pint of flour
 I tried upon a gormandising pauper,
 And let him do his best, he never more
 Could eat one-half of what he did before.

23

Again, I read in that same blessed sheet
 That horse's flesh was good and wholesome food;
 Savans and lords had used it at their suppers;
 Thinks I, my soul, it must be good for paupers.

24

And so I bought an old and spavined mare,
 Some eighteen years before she was a good 'un,
 And quietly killed her, cut her up to try
 How she would roast and boil, or stew and fry.

25

Cooked either way the beef *was* rather tough;
 The boiling took an awful lot of fuel,
 But Hoary-ism says there is no question,
 That thorough *chewing's* good for the *digestion*.

26

Some infidel may say that I am wrong
 In using horse's flesh to feed the poor,
 But Gospel says that aught is good to eat
 Since Peter saw the creepers on the sheet.

27

Economy, you know, 's a holy thing;
 If we expect the Lord to bless our store,
 We must be careful, frugal in our living,
 Be always getting and be never giving.

28

Hail, Hoary-ism, honored be thy name;
 Ages shall send it *down* in gratitude;
 But in thy list of triumphs still the chief
 Will be that paupers never lacked tough beef.

29

Young Sambo's rising ten, a growing boy,
 Rolls on the grass and does a bit of choreing,
 His merry laugh rings through the rip'ning corn
 Happy as day and cheery as the morn.

30

Hard work, or hunger, is to him unknown,
 No dusty hot room stunts his youthful frame;
 His master knows a growing boy to toil
 Would be the surest way the man to spoil.

31

Sambo rolls on, he neither knows nor cares
 How the world goes—*his* dinner always ready
 Creation is to him Eolian strings,
 And thus young Sambo to the morning sings :

32

“ Massa ’s gone to sell de cotton,
 Sell de cotton, sell de cotton ;
 Massa ’s gone to sell de cotton,
 And he ’ll be back pretty soon.

33

“ He bring Sambo sometin nice,
 Something nice, sometin nice :
 He bring Sambo sometin nice ;
 Oh, I wish dat he was come !”

34

Poor Mike is just about the same in age,
 Wan faced and feeble, ropy in the voice ;
 Hunger and over-work has stolen the joy
 That should light up the features of a boy.

35

From twelve to twenty hours a day Mike works ;
 No heav’n sent breeze relieves his laboring chest ;
 The air he breathes would make the Devil yell
 “ I wish that I was safely back to Hell.”

36

Poor Miky, thus thy early days are spent,
 But you are white and only worth your labor ;
 Die when you may another fills your place ;
 You’re gone, the world will soon forget your face.

37

Ah, me, in Mikey there was noble seed ;
 Had careful culture nursed its early growth,
 A noble tree from such a soil had sprung,
 And other lays than this had Mikey sung.

38

“ You bid me come to Sunday School,
 And learn the way to God ;
 My limbs are weary,
 My eyes are dim ;

I cannot see the road,
 And the whirling wheels
 Benumb my ears—
 I cannot hear his word."

39

Hard times are come and Sambo must be sold!
 There's many a tear shed on the old plantation!
 The mother clasps her darling to her heart!
 Kisses his brow, Oh God, and must we part?

40

Yes, they must part! It was a sorry sight
 To see Sam leave his happy home for ever!
 Weep, Hoary, weep; weep, gentle Mrs. Stowe;
 But do not shut your eyes to *Northern woe!*

41

Farewell, dear Sambo, happy be your lot;
 All can't be roses in your path or mine;
 Thorns in our road both you and I will meet;
 But we must take the bitter with the sweet.

42

The winter wind whirls through the leafless trees;
 The morning's dark and snowdrifts block the road;
 The factory whistle screams, poor Mike must go
 In answer to the call and face the snow.

43

Day after day poor Mikey toils and DIES;
 More feeble grown his breath, his face more wan,
 His widow'd mother marks his looks with pain,
 But Mikey smiles, *he* never does complain.

44

Ho, Gre—y, Gid—s, Gar—n & Co,
 Say, can the South a picture worse produce?
 Than thus to see your child wrought to the grave
 Whilst poverty denies the right to save?

45

The morning's bitter cold, the widow's chips
 Scarce warm the stove; the sparks freeze as they
 rise;
 Her weary look bespeaks a life of care;
 Kneeling she offers up her morning prayer:

46

" Almighty Father, spare, oh spare my boy ;
 O Lord restore my child again to health !
 My cup of sorrow 's full ; have mercy, God,
 Oh spare my boy ; oh lift thy chastening rod.

47

Arise, Mike, darling, the first whistle 's blown :
 If you are late you know the boss will scold !
 She touch'd his hand, 't was icy cold ; she rais'd
 his head ;

Poor Mikey gone ; the widow's son is dead.

48

There were no tears ; a stolid, stupid gaze
 O'erspread her features ; with a shade of doubt
 She felt, again then kiss'd his frozen brow,
 And rather moaned than said, Lord take me now.

49

There was a funeral—the deacon prayed,
 And Providence, as usual got the blame !
 Hush—hypocrites, 't is blasphemy to breathe
 That *God* not *you* were guilty of his death.

50

Knight of the sable plume, 't is no rare scene
 In your beloved factories I've described ;
 If slavery you would see in its perfection,
 Just give some northern factories an inspection.

51

'Tis true, there are exceptions to the rule ;
 Even in the North there's men with human hearts ;
 There's Allen, Sprague, and thank God many
 others
 That use their help as if they were their brothers.

52

If slavery means to toil from youth to age,
 For scanty food and rags to hide your skin,
 You need not go for it to Alabama,
 South Carolina or Louisiana.

53

There's thousands in the North that toil for years,
 And never see the color of a cent ;

There is a store, of course, across the way,
 And there the factory hands, *must* draw their
 pay.

54

There, rusty pork sends forth a rich perfume ;
 It costs three cents a pound and sells for twelve ;
 And flour with which its native maggots quarrel,
 Is sold for thirteen dollars for the barrel.

55

Butter, five cents above the market price,
 Would make a ragman's waggon-wheel to blush
 Did you but dare to grease with it its hub ;
 Good profits I must have, quoth Mr. Grubb.

56

Of course to Grubb belongs their dwellings too ;
 A twelve-months' rent would build a better stable ;
 And at the price if they should dare to grumble
 Why, out of work and hut at once they tumble.

57

Farm labor is to them a thing unknown,
 And as for chopping, Lord have mercy on them ;
 You could not tell the way they aim the blows,
 Whether they meant to strike their tree or toes.

58

For factory labor only are they fit,
 And they may travel months to find a job
 With wife and children, and an empty purse,
 And after all, perhaps, change for the worse.

59

These are the chains that bind the Northern slave ;
 Can Carolina forge them any stronger ?
 No ; if they rais'd the ghost of Tubal Cain
 He d ply his ghostly hammer all in vain.

60

The factory of Grubb has gone askew,
 The wheel can scarcely turn the laboring shaft ;
 Grubb sends for jobbing Jones the architect,
 To find the trouble and mend it quick.

61

Well, Jones, have you the building well examin'd?
 Found out what is the fault and what the cure?
 Yes, Mr. Grubb, I'm very much afraid
 That the foundation has been badly laid.

62

"Foundation badly laid,— it cannot be,
 Sir, It has stood for years without a crack!
 It must be a mistake, dear Mr. Jones,
 Sure it was laid with mortar and big stones."

63

But Mr. Grubb, "well, well, don't say a word,
 Go right to work and do the best you can,
 Put in some pillars, either iron or wood,
 At all events do make the place *look* good."

64

"Foundation gone; God bless me, that is bad,—
 I can't afford to lose that Southern order;
 But if the factory falls, God's will be done;
 I'm sure at least that it some months will run."

65

Twice two hundred living souls
 Arose at morning light!
 Few of all that varied throng
 Ever saw the night.

66

Man and woman, boy and girl,
 That morning broke their fast,
 And little thought that morning meal
 Was to be their last.

67

What means that sound, why shakes the earth?
 Is it an earthquake's throe?
 What means that shriek, where had it birth?
 So full of pain and woe!

68

Oh Grubbs! oh Jones! your pillars round
 The frail walls could not save;
 And man and child upon the ground
 Are buried in one grave.

69

And fire and smoke unto the sky
 Rolls up with ruddy glow,
 And dying shrieks of agony
 Arises from below.

70

My pen drops blood! the horrid scene
 No mortal hand could trace ;
 Nor any page could bear, I ween,
 The picture on its face.

71

Ah Grubb, had every soul in your employ
 Been worth to you a thousand dollars each,
 Would you have risked their lives within a wall
 That well you knew was tottering to its fall ?

72

Howl Yankeedom ! through all your noses howl !
 A nigger has been burned in Alabama !
 Of rape and murder only could he boast ;
 Quite petty crimes to finish with a roast.

73

Besides, it was unlawful at the North ;
 We always burn folk constitutionally ;
 Although sometimes to save a single dime
 We burn a hundred Paddies at a time.

74

A work was published some few years ago,
 A key to open Uncle Tommy's cabin !
 O would some hero to the world bring forth
 A key to ope the cabins of the North.

75

And when those doors are opened to the world,
 Let the world judge, I do not fear the verdict ;
 'Twill be, "the South's by no means free from evil,
 But Northern tyranny might shame the *Devil*."

