

THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

[The following Ballad is founded upon one of the marvellous legends connected with the famous General M., of Hampton, N.H., who was regarded by his neighbors as a Yankee Faust, in league with the adversary. I give the story, as I heard it when a child, from a venerable family visitant.]

DARK the halls, and cold the feast —
Gone the bridemaids, gone the priest!
All is over — all is done,
Twain of yesterday are one!
Blooming girl and manhood gray,
Autumn in the arms of May!

Hushed within and hushed without,
Dancing feet and wrestlers' shout;
Dies the bonfire on the hill;
All is dark and all is still,
Save the starlight, save the breeze
Moaning through the grave-yard trees;
And the great sea-waves below,
Like the night's pulse, beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride
She hath wakened, at his side.
With half uttered shriek and start —
Feels she not his beating heart?
And the pressure of his arm,
And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed
Springs that fair dishevelled head,

And a feeling, new, intense,
Half of shame, half innocence,
Maiden fear and wonder speaks
Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantel glowing
Faintest light the lamp is throwing
On the mirror's antique mould,
High-backed chair, and wainscot old,
And, through faded curtains stealing,
His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,
Silver-streaked his careless hair;
Lips of love have left no trace
On that hard and haughty face;
And that ferehead's knitted thought
Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,
More than these calm lips will tell.
Stooping to my lowly state,
He hath made me rich and great,
And I bless him, though he be
Hard and stern to all save me!"

While she speaketh, falls the light
O'er her fingers small and white;
Gold and gem, and costly ring
Back the timid lustre fling —
Love's selectest gifts, and rare,
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow
From those tapering lines of snow;

Fondly o'er the sleeper bending
His black hair with golden blending,
In her soft and light caress,
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha! — that start of horror! — Why
That wild stare and wilder cry,
Full of terror, full of pain?
Is there madness in her brain?
Hark! that gasping, hoarse and low:
"Spare me — spare me — let me go!"

God have mercy! — Icy cold
Spectral hands her own enfold,
Drawing silently from them
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,
"Waken! save me!" still as death
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;
But she hears a murmur low,
Full of sweetness, full of woe,
Half a sigh and half a moan:
"Fear not! give the dead her own!"

Ah! — the dead wife's voice she knows!
That cold hand whose pressure froze,
Once in warmest life had borne
Gem and band her own hath worn.
"Wake thee! wake thee!" Lo, his eyes
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,
Closer to his breast he holds her;

Trembling limbs his own are meeting,
And he feels her heart's quick beating:
"Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"
"Hush!" she saith, "the dead is here!"

"Nay, a dream — an idle dream."
But before the lamp's pale gleam
Tremblingly her hand she raises, —
There no more the diamond blazes,
Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold, —
"Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was cold!"

Broken words of cheer he saith,
But his dark lip quivereth,
And as o'er the past he thinketh,
From his young wife's arms he shrinketh;
Can those soft arms round him lie,
Underneath his dead wife's eye?

She her fair young head can rest
Soothed and child-like on his breast,
And in trustful innocence
Draw new strength and courage thence;
He, the proud man, feels within
But the cowardice of sin!

She can murmur in her thought
Simple prayers her mother taught,
And His blessed angels call,
Whose great love is over all;
He, alone, in prayerless pride,
Meets the dark Past at her side!

One, who living shrank with dread,
From his look, or word, or tread,

Unto whom her early grave
Was as freedom to the slave,
Moves him at this midnight hour,
With the dead's unconscious power!

Ah, the dead, the unforgot!
From their solemn homes of thought,
Where the cypress shadows blend
Darkly over foe and friend,
Or in love or sad rebuke,
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest
Lifting from those dark, still places,
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,
O'er the guilty hearts behind
An unwitting triumph find.

1843.

VOICES OF FREEDOM.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

[TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation "de Libertas," belonging to M. BAYOU. When the rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, TOUSSAINT refused to join them until he had aided M. BAYOU and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in TOUSSAINT many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the negro's gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE was appointed, by the French government, General-in-Chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General MAITLAND, for the evacuation of the island by the British. From this period until 1801, the island, under the government of TOUSSAINT was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of NAPOLEON to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by LE CLERC, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of TOUSSAINT finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke D'ENGHIEN. It was the remark of GODWIN, in his Lectures, that the West India Islands, since their first discovery by COLUMBUS, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.]

'T WAS night. The tranquil moonlight smile
With which Heaven dreams of Earth, shed down
Its beauty on the Indian isle —
On broad green field and white-walled town;

And inland waste of rock and wood,
 In searching sunshine, wild and rude,
 Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,
 Soft as the landscape of a dream,
 All motionless and dewy wet,
 Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met:
 The myrtle with its snowy bloom,
 Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom —
 The white cecropia's silver rind
 Relieved by deeper green behind, —
 The orange with its fruit of gold, —
 The lithe paullinia's verdant fold, —
 The passion-flower, with symbol holy,
 Twining its tendrils long and lowly, —
 The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,
 And proudly rising over all,
 The kingly palm's imperial stem,
 Crowned with its leafy diadem, —
 Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,
 The fiery-winged cucullo played!

Yes — lovely was thine aspect, then,
 Fair island of the Western Sea!
 Lavish of beauty, even when
 Thy brutes were happier than thy men,
 For they, at least, were free!
 Regardless of thy glorious clime,
 Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,
 The toiling negro sighed, that Time
 No faster sped his hours.
 For, by the dewy moonlight still,
 He fed the weary-turning mill,
 Or bent him in the chill morass,
 To pluck the long and tangled grass,

And hear above his scar-worn back
 The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack;
 While in his heart one evil thought
 In solitary madness wrought, —
 One baleful fire surviving still
 The quenching of the immortal mind —
 One sterner passion of his kind,
 Which even fetters could not kill, —
 The savage hope, to deal, ere long,
 A vengeance bitterer than his wrong!

Hark to that cry! — long, loud, and shrill,
 From field and forest, rock and hill,
 Thrilling and horrible it rang,
 Around, beneath, above; —
 The wild beast from his cavern sprang —
 The wild bird from her grove!
 Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony
 Were mingled in that midnight cry;
 But, like the lion's growl of wrath,
 When falls that hunter in his path,
 Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,
 Is rankling in his bosom yet,
 It told of hate, full, deep, and strong, —
 Of vengeance kindling out of wrong;
 It was as if the crimes of years —
 The unrequited toil — the tears —
 The shame and hate, which liken well
 Earth's garden to the nether hell,
 Had found in Nature's self a tongue,
 On which the gathered horror hung;
 As if from cliff, and stream, and glen,
 Burst, on the startled ears of men,
 That voice which rises unto God,

Solemn and stern — the cry of blood!
 It ceased — and all was still once more,
 Save ocean chafing on his shore,
 The sighing of the wind between
 The broad banana's leaves of green,
 Or bough by restless plumage shook,
 Or murmuring voice of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again
 Pealed to the skies that frantic yell —
 Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain,
 And flashes rose and fell;
 And, painted on the blood-red sky,
 Dark, naked arms were tossed on high;
 And, round the white man's lordly hall,
 Trode, fierce and free, *the brute he made*;
 And those who crept along the wall,
 And answered to his lightest call
 With more than spaniel dread —
 The creatures of his lawless beck —
 Were trampling on his very neck!
 And, on the night-air, wild and clear,
 Rose woman's shriek of more than fear;
 For bloodied arms were round her thrown,
 And dark cheeks pressed against her own!

Then, injured Afric! — for the shame
 Of thy own daughters, vengeance came
 Full on the scornful hearts of those,
 Who mocked thee in thy nameless woes,
 And to thy hapless children gave
 One choice — pollution, or the grave!

Where then was he, whose fiery zeal
 Had taught the trampled heart to feel,

Until despair itself grew strong,
 And vengeance fed its torch from wrong?
 Now — when the thunderbolt is speeding;
 Now — when oppression's heart is bleeding;
 Now — when the latent curse of Time
 Is raining down in fire and blood —
 That curse which, through long years of crime,
 Has gathered, drop by drop, its flood —
 Why strikes he not, the foremost one,
 Where murder's sternest deeds are done?

He stood the aged palms beneath,
 That shadowed o'er his humble door,
 Listening, with half-suspended breath,
 To the wild sounds of fear and death —
 Toussaint L'Ouverture!
 What marvel that his heart beat high!
 The blow for freedom had been given;
 And blood had answered to the cry
 Which earth sent up to Heaven!
 What marvel, that a fierce delight
 Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,
 As groan, and shout, and bursting flame,
 Told where the midnight tempest came,
 With blood and fire along its van,
 And death behind! — he was a MAN!

Yes, dark-souled chieftain! — if the light
 Of mild Religion's heavenly ray
 Unveiled not to thy mental sight
 The lowlier and the purer way,
 In which the Holy Sufferer trod,
 Meekly amidst the sons of crime, —
 That calm reliance upon God

For justice, in his own good time,—
That gentleness, to which belongs
Forgiveness for its many wrongs,
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling
For mercy on the evil-dealing,—
Let not the favored white man name
Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.
Has *he* not, with the light of heaven

Broadly around him, made the same?
Yea, on his thousand war-fields striven,
And gloried in his ghastly shame? —
Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,
To offer mockery unto God,
As if the High and Holy One
Could smile on deeds of murder done! —
As if a human sacrifice
Were purer in his Holy eyes,
Though offered up by Christian hands,
Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!

* * * *

Sternly, amidst his household band,
His carbine grasped within his hand,
The white man stood, prepared and still,
Waiting the shock of maddened men,
Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when
The horn winds through their caverned hill.
And one was weeping in his sight —
The sweetest flower of all the isle, —
The bride who seemed but yesternight
Love's fair embodied smile.
And, clinging to her trembling knee,
Looked up the form of infancy,

With tearful glance in either face,
The secret of its fear to trace.

“Ha — stand, or die!” The white man's eye
His steady musket gleamed along,
As a tall Negro hastened nigh,
With fearless step and strong.
“What, ho, Toussaint!” A moment more,
His shadow crossed the lighted floor.
“Away,” he shouted; “fly with me, —
The white man's bark is on the sea; —
Her sails must catch the seaward wind,
For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.
Our brethren from their graves have spoken,
The yoke is spurned — the chain is broken;
On all the hills our fires are glowing —
Through all the vales red blood is flowing!
No more the mocking White shall rest
His foot upon the Negro's breast;
No more, at morn or eve, shall drip
The warm blood from the driver's whip; —
Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn
For all the wrongs his race have borne, —
Though for each drop of Negro blood
The white man's veins shall pour a flood;
Not all alone the sense of ill
Around his heart is lingering still,
Nor deeper can the white man feel
The generous warmth of grateful zeal.
Friends of the Negro! fly with me —
The path is open to the sea:
Away, for life!” — He spoke, and pressed
The young child to his manly breast,
As, headlong, through the cracking cane,

Down swept the dark insurgent train —
 Drunken and grim, with shout and yell
 Howled through the dark, like sounds from
 hell!

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail
 Swayed free before the sunrise gale.
 Cloud-like that island hung afar,
 Along the bright horizon's verge,
 O'er which the curse of servile war
 Rolled its red torrent, surge on surge.
 And he — the Negro champion — where
 In the fierce tumult, struggled he?
 Go trace him by the fiery glare
 Of dwellings in the midnight air —
 The yells of triumph and despair —
 The streams that crimson to the sea!

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,
 Beneath Besançon's alien sky,
 Dark Haytien! — for the time shall come,
 Yea, even now is nigh —
 When, everywhere, thy name shall be
 Redeemed from *color's infamy*;
 And men shall learn to speak of thee,
 As one of earth's great spirits, born
 In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
 Casting aside the weary weight
 And fetters of its low estate,
 In that strong majesty of soul,
 Which knows no color, tongue or clime —
 Which still hath spurned the base control
 Of tyrants through all time!
 Far other hands than mine may wreathe

The laurel round thy brow of death,
 And speak thy praise, as one whose word
 A thousand fiery spirits stirred, —
 Who crushed his foeman as a worm —
 Whose step on human hearts fell firm: — *
 Be mine the better task to find
 A tribute for thy lofty mind,
 Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone
 Some milder virtues all thine own, —
 Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,
 Like sunshine on a sky of storm, —
 Proofs that the Negro's heart retains
 Some nobleness amidst its chains, —
 That kindness to the wronged is never
 Without its excellent reward, —
 Holy to human-kind, and ever
 Acceptable to God.

1833.

* The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint L'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

"Toussaint! — thou most unhappy man of men!
 Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough
 Within thy hearing, or thou liest now
 Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;
 Oh, miserable chieftain! — where and when
 Wilt thou find patience? — Yet, die not; do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
 Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
 Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies, —
 There's not a breathing of the common wind
 That will forget thee: thou hast great allies.
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

THE SLAVE SHIPS.

"That fatal, that perfidious bark,
Built i' the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark."

Milton's Lycidas.

[The French ship LE RODEUR, with a crew of twenty-two men, and with one hundred and sixty negro slaves, sailed from Bonny, in Africa, April, 1819. On approaching the line, a terrible malady broke out—an obstinate disease of the eyes—contagious, and altogether beyond the resources of medicine. It was aggravated by the scarcity of water among the slaves (only half a wine-glass per day being allowed to an individual), and by the extreme impurity of the air in which they breathed. By the advice of the physician, they were brought upon deck occasionally; but some of the poor wretches, locking themselves in each other's arms, leaped overboard, in the hope, which so universally prevails among them, of being swiftly transported to their own homes in Africa. To check this, the captain ordered several, who were stopped in the attempt, to be shot, or hanged, before their companions. The disease extended to the crew; and one after another were smitten with it, until only *one* remained unaffected. Yet even this dreadful condition did not preclude calculation: to save the expense of supporting slaves rendered unsalable, and to obtain grounds for a claim against the underwriters, *thirty-six of the negroes, having become blind, were thrown into the sea and drowned!*

In the midst of their dreadful fears lest the solitary individual, whose sight remained unaffected, should also be seized with the malady, a sail was discovered. It was the Spanish slaver, LEON. The same disease had been there; and, horrible to tell, all the crew had become blind! Unable to assist each other, the vessels parted. The Spanish ship has never since been heard of. The RODEUR reached Gaudaloupe on the 21st of June; the only man who had escaped the disease, and had thus been enabled to steer the slaver into port, caught it in three days after its arrival.—*Speech of M. Benjamin Constant, in the French Chamber of Deputies, June 17, 1820.*]

"ALL ready?" cried the captain;
"Ay, ay!" the seamen said;
"Heave up the worthless lubbers —
The dying and the dead."

Up from the slave-ship's prison
Fierce, bearded heads were thrust —
"Now let the sharks look to it —
Toss up the dead ones first!"

Corpse after corpse came up, —
Death had been busy there;
Where every blow is mercy,
Why should the spoiler spare?
Corpse after corpse they cast
Sullenly from the ship,
Yet bloody with the traces
Of fetter-link and whip.

Gloomily stood the captain,
With his arms upon his breast,
With his cold brow sternly knotted,
And his iron lip compressed.
"Are all the dead dogs over?"
Growled through that matted lip —
"The blind ones are no better,
Let's lighten the good ship."

Hark! from the ship's dark bosom,
The very sounds of hell!
The ringing clank of iron —
The maniac's short, sharp yell! —
The hoarse, low curse, throat-stifled —
The starving infant's moan —
The horror of a breaking heart
Poured through a mother's groan!

Up from that loathsome prison
The stricken blind ones came:
Below, had all been darkness —
Above, was still the same.

Yet the holy breath of heaven
Was sweetly breathing there,
And the heated brow of fever
Cooled in the soft sea air.

"Overboard with them, shipmates!"
Cutlass and dirk were plied;
Fettered and blind, one after one,
Plunged down the vessel's side.
The sabre smote above —
Beneath, the lean shark lay,
Waiting with wide and bloody jaw
His quick and human prey.

God of the earth! what cries
Rang upward unto Thee?
Voices of agony and blood,
From ship-deck and from sea.
The last dull plunge was heard —
The last wave caught its stain —
And the unsated shark looked up
For human hearts in vain.

* * * *

Red glowed the western waters —
The setting sun was there,
Scattering alike on wave and cloud
His fiery mesh of hair.
Amidst a group in blindness,
A solitary eye
Gazed, from the burdened slaver's deck,
Into that burning sky.

"A storm," spoke out the gazer,
"Is gathering and at hand —"

Curse on't — I'd give my other eye
For one firm rood of land."
And then he laughed — but only
His echoed laugh replied —
For the blinded and the suffering
Alone were at his side.

Night settled on the waters,
And on a stormy heaven,
While fiercely on that lone ship's track
The thunder-gust was driven.
"A sail! — thank God, a sail!"
And, as the helmsman spoke,
Up through the stormy murmur,
A shout of gladness broke.

Down came the stranger vessel
Unheeding on her way,
So near, that on the slaver's deck
Fell off her driven spray.
"Ho! for the love of mercy —
We're perishing and blind!"
A wail of utter agony
Came back upon the wind:

"Help us! for we are stricken
With blindness every one;
Ten days we've floated fearfully,
Unnoting star or sun.
Our ship's the slaver Leon —
We've but a score on board —
Our slaves are all gone over —
Help — for the love of God!"

On livid brows of agony
The broad red lightning shone —

But the roar of wind and thunder
 Stifled the answering groan.
 Wailed from the broken waters
 A last despairing cry,
 As, kindling in the stormy light,
 The stranger ship went by.

* * * *

In the sunny Guadaloupe
 A dark-hulled vessel lay —
 With a crew who noted never
 The night-fall or the day.
 The blossom of the orange
 Was white by every stream,
 And tropic leaf, and flower, and bird
 Were in the warm sun-beam.

And the sky was bright as ever,
 And the moonlight slept as well,
 On the palm trees by the hill-side,
 And the streamlet of the dell;
 And the glances of the Creole
 Were still as archly deep,
 And her smiles as full as ever
 Of passion and of sleep.

But vain were bird and blossom,
 The green earth and the sky,
 And the smile of human faces,
 To the slaver's darkened eye;
 At the breaking of the morning,
 At the star-lit evening time,
 O'er a world of light and beauty,
 Fell the blackness of his crime.

1834.

STANZAS.

[“The despotism which our fathers could not bear in their native country is expiring, and the sword of justice in her reformed hands has applied its exterminating edge to slavery. Shall the United States—the free United States, which could not bear the bonds of a king, cradle the bondage which a king is abolishing? Shall a Republic be less free than a Monarchy? Shall we, in the vigor and buoyancy of our manhood, be less energetic in righteousness than a kingdom in its age?”—*Dr. Follen's Address.*

“Genius of America!—Spirit of our free institutions—where art thou?—How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning—how art thou fallen from Heaven! Hell from beneath is moved for thee, to meet thee at thy coming!—The kings of the earth cry out to thee, Aha! Aha!—ART THOU BECOME LIKE UNTO US?”—*Speech of Samuel J. May.*]

OUR fellow-countrymen in chains!
 Slaves — in a land of light and law!
 Slaves — crouching on the very plains
 Where rolled the storm of Freedom's war!
 A groan from Eutaw's haunted wood —
 A wail where Camden's martyrs fell —
 By every shrine of patriot blood,
 From Moultrie's wall and Jasper's well!

By storied hill and hallowed grot,
 By mossy wood and marshy glen,
 Whence rang of old the rifle-shot,
 And hurrying shout of Marion's men!
 The groan of breaking hearts is there —
 The falling lash — the fetter's clank!
 Slaves — SLAVES are breathing in that air,
 Which old De Kalb and Sumter drank!

What, ho! — *our* countrymen in chains!
 The whip on WOMAN'S shrinking flesh!
Our soil yet reddening with the stains,
 Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh!
 What! mothers from their children riven!
 What! God's own image bought and sold!
 AMERICANS to market driven,
 And bartered as the brute for gold!

Speak! shall their agony of prayer
 Come thrilling to our hearts in vain?
 To us whose fathers scorned to bear
 The paltry *menace* of a chain;
 To us, whose boast is loud and long
 Of holy Liberty and Light —
 Say, shall these writhing slaves of Wrong
 Plead vainly for their plundered Right?

What! shall we send, with lavish breath,
 Our sympathies across the wave,
 Where Manhood, on the field of death,
 Strikes for his freedom, or a grave?
 Shall prayers go up, and hymns be sung
 For Greece, the Moslem fetter spurning,
 And millions hail with pen and tongue
Our light on all her altars burning?

Shall Belgium feel, and gallant France,
 By Vendôme's pile and Schoenbrun's wall,
 And Poland, gasping on her lance,
 The impulse of our cheering call?
 And shall the SLAVE, beneath our eye,
 Clank o'er *our* fields his hateful chain?
 And toss his fettered arms on high,
 And groan for Freedom's gift, in vain?

Oh, say, shall Prussia's banner be
 A refuge for the stricken slave?
 And shall the Russian serf go free
 By Baikal's lake and Neva's wave?
 And shall the wintry-bosomed Dane
 Relax the iron hand of pride,
 And bid his bondman cast the chain
 From fettered soul and limb, aside?

Shall every flap of England's flag
 Proclaim that all around are free,
 From "farthest Ind" to each blue crag
 That beetles o'er the Western Sea?
 And shall we scoff at Europe's kings,
 When Freedom's fire is dim with us,
 And round our country's altar clings
 The damning shade of Slavery's curse?

Go — let us ask of Constantine
 To loose his grasp on Poland's throat;
 And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
 To spare the struggling Suliote —
 Will not the scorching answer come
 From turbaned Turk, and scornful Russ:
 "Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
 Then turn, and ask the like of us!"

Just God! and shall we calmly rest,
 The Christian's scorn — the heathen's mirth —
 Content to live the lingering jest
 And by-word of a mocking Earth?
 Shall our own glorious land retain
 That curse which Europe scorns to bear?
 Shall our own brethren drag the chain
 Which not even Russia's menials wear?

Up, then, in Freedom's manly part,
From gray-beard eld to fiery youth,
And on the nation's naked heart.

Scatter the iiving coals of Truth!
Up — while ye slumber, deeper yet
The shadow of our fame is growing!
Up — while ye pause, our sun may set
In blood, around our altars flowing!

Oh! rouse ye, ere the storm comes forth —
The gathered wrath of God and man —
Like that which wasted Egypt's earth,
When hail and fire above it ran.
Hear ye no warnings in the air?
Feel ye no earthquake underneath?
Up — up — why will ye slumber where
The sleeper only wakes in death?

Up *now* for Freedom! — not in strife
Like that your sterner fathers saw —
The awful waste of human life —
The glory and the guilt of war:
But break the chain — the yoke remove,
And smite to earth Oppression's rod,
With those mild arms of Truth and Love,
Made mighty through the living God!

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood;
Nor longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood:
But rear another altar there,
To Truth and Love and Mercy given,
And Freedom's gift, and Freedom's prayer,
Shall call an answer down from Heaven!

THE YANKEE GIRL.

SHE sings by her wheel, at that low cottage-door,
Which the long evening shadow is stretching
before,
With a music as sweet as the music which seems
Breathed softly and faint in the ear of our dreams!

How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky!
And lightly and freely her dark tresses play
O'er a brow and a bosom as lovely as they!

Who comes in his pride to that low cottage-door —
The haughty and rich to the humble and poor?
'T is the great Southern planter — the master who
waves
His whip of dominion o'er hundreds of slaves.

“Nay, Ellen — for shame! Let those Yankee fools
spin,
Who would pass for our slaves with a change of
their skin;
Let them toil as they will at the loom or the wheel,
Too stupid for shame, and too vulgar to feel!

“But thou art too lovely and precious a gem
To be bound to their burdens and sullied by them —
For shame, Ellen, shame! — cast thy bondage aside,
And away to the South, as my blessing and pride.

“Oh, come where no winter thy footsteps can wrong,
But where flowers are blossoming all the year long,