

Oh, how contrast, with such as ye,
 A LEAVITT'S free and generous bearing!
 A PERRY'S calm integrity,
 A PHELPS'S zeal and Christian daring!
 A FOLLEN'S soul of sacrifice,
 And MAY'S with kindness overflowing!
 How green and lovely in the eyes
 Of freemen are their graces growing!

Ay, there's a glorious remnant yet,
 Whose lips are wet at Freedom's fountains,
 The coming of whose welcome feet
 Is beautiful upon our mountains!
 Men, who the gospel tidings bring
 Of Liberty and Love forever,
 Whose joy is one abiding spring,
 Whose peace is as a gentle river!

But ye, who scorn the thrilling tale
 Of Carolina's high-souled daughters,
 Which echoes here the mournful wail
 Of sorrow from Edisto's waters,
 Close while ye may the public ear —
 With malice vex, with slander wound them —
 The pure and good shall throng to hear,
 And tried and manly hearts surround them.

Oh, ever may the power which led
 Their way to such a fiery trial,
 And strengthened womanhood to tread
 The wine-press of such self-denial,
 Be round them in an evil land,
 With wisdom and with strength from Heaven,
 With Miriam's voice, and Judith's hand,
 And Deborah's song for triumph given!

And what are ye who strive with God,
 Against the ark of his salvation,
 Moved by the breath of prayer abroad,
 With blessings for a dying nation?
 What, but the stubble and the hay
 To perish, even as flax consuming,
 With all that bars His glorious way,
 Before the brightness of His coming?

And thou sad Angel, who so long
 Hast waited for the glorious token,
 That Earth from all her bonds of wrong
 To liberty and light has broken —
 Angel of Freedom! soon to thee
 The sounding trumpet shall be given,
 And over Earth's full jubilee
 Shall deeper joy be felt in Heaven!

1837.

 LINES

Written for the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, at Chatham Street Chapel, N.Y., held on the 4th of the 7th month, 1834.

O THOU, whose presence went before
 Our fathers in their weary way,
 As with thy chosen moved of yore
 The fire by night — the cloud by day!

When from each temple of the free,
 A nation's song ascends to Heaven,
 Most Holy Father! unto Thee
 May not our humble prayer be given?

Thy children all — though hue and form
Are varied in Thine own good will —
With Thy own holy breathings warm,
And fashioned in Thine image still.

We thank Thee, Father! — hill and plain
Around us wave their fruits once more,
And clustered vine, and blossomed grain,
Are bending round each cottage door.

And peace is here; and hope and love
Are round us as a mantle thrown,
And unto Thee, supreme above,
The knee of prayer is bowed alone.

But oh, for those this day can bring,
As unto us, no joyful thrill —
For those who, under Freedom's wing,
Are bound in Slavery's fetters still:

For those to whom Thy living word
Of light and love is never given —
For those whose ears have never heard
The promise and the hope of Heaven!

For broken heart, and clouded mind,
Whereon no human mercies fall —
Oh, be Thy gracious love inclined,
Who, as a father, pitiest all!

And grant, O Father! that the time
Of Earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land, and tongue, and clime,
The message of Thy love shall hear —

When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just!

1834.



LINES

Written for the celebration of the Third Anniversary of British Emancipation, at the Broadway Tabernacle, N.Y., "First of August," 1837.

O HOLY FATHER! — just and true
Are all Thy works and words and ways,
And unto Thee alone are due
Thanksgiving and eternal praise!
As children of Thy gracious care,
We veil the eye — we bend the knee,
With broken words of praise and prayer,
Father and God, we come to Thee.

For Thou hast heard, O God of Right,
The sighing of the island slave;
And stretched for him the arm of might,
Not shortened that it could not save.
The laborer sits beneath his vine,
The shackled soul and hand are free —
Thanksgiving! — for the work is Thine!
Praise! — for the blessing is of Thee!

And oh, we feel Thy presence here —
Thy awful arm in judgment bare!
Thine eye hath seen the bondman's tear —
Thine ear hath heard the bondman's prayer!

Praise! — for the pride of man is low,
 The counsels of the wise are naught,
 The fountains of repentance flow;
 What hath our God in mercy wrought?

Speed on Thy work, Lord God of Hosts!
 And when the bondman's chain is riven,
 And swells from all our guilty coasts
 The anthem of the free to Heaven,
 Oh, not to those whom Thou hast led,
 As with Thy cloud and fire before,
 But unto Thee, in fear and dread,
 Be praise and glory ever more.

1837.



LINES

Written for the Anniversary celebration of the First of
 August, at Milton, 1846.

A FEW brief years have passed away
 Since Britain drove her million slaves
 Beneath the tropic's fiery ray:
 God willed their freedom; and to-day
 Life blooms above those island graves!

He spoke! across the Carib sea,
 We heard the clash of breaking chains,
 And felt the heart-throb of the free,
 The first, strong pulse of liberty
 Which thrilled along the bondman's veins.

Though long delayed, and far, and slow,
 The Briton's triumph shall be ours:

Wears slavery here a prouder brow
 Than that which twelve short years ago
 Scowled darkly from her island bowers?

Mighty alike for good or ill
 With mother-land, we fully share
 The Saxon strength — the nerve of steel —
 The tireless energy of will, —
 The power to do, the pride to dare.

What she has done can we not do?
 Our hour and men are both at hand;
 The blast which Freedom's angel blew
 O'er her green islands, echoes through
 Each valley of our forest land.

Hear it, old Europe! we have sworn
 The death of slavery. — When it falls
 Look to your vassals in their turn,
 Your poor dumb millions, crushed and worn.
 Your prisons and your palace walls!

Oh kingly mockers! — scoffing show
 What deeds in Freedom's name we do;
 Yet know that every taunt ye throw
 Across the waters, goads our slow
 Progression towards the right and true.

Not always shall your outraged poor,
 Appalled by democratic crime,
 Grind as their fathers ground before, —
 The hour which sees our prison door
 Swing wide shall be *their* triumph time

On then, my brothers! every blow
 Ye deal is felt the wide earth through;
 Whatever here uplifts the low
 Or humbles Freedom's hateful foe,
 Blesses the Old World through the New.

Take heart! The promise'd hour draws near —
 I hear the downward beat of wings,
 And Freedom's trumpet sounding clear —
 Joy to the people! — woe and fear
 To new world tyrants, old world kings!

1846.

—♦—

THE FAREWELL

OF A VIRGINIA SLAVE MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTERS, SOLD
 INTO SOUTHERN BONDAGE.

Gone, gone — sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
 Where the slave-whip ceaseless swings,
 Where the noisome insect stings,
 Where the fever demon strews
 Poison with the falling dews,
 Where the sickly sunbeams glare
 Through the hot and misty air, —
 Gone, gone — sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters, —
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone — sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
 There no mother's eye is near them,
 There no mother's ear can hear them;

FAREWELL OF THE SLAVE MOTHER. 175

Never, when the torturing lash
 Seams their back with many a gash,
 Shall a mother's kindness bless them,
 Or a mother's arms caress them.

Gone, gone — sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters —
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone — sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.

Oh, when weary, sad, and slow,
 From the fields at night they go,
 Faint with toil, and racked with pain,
 To their cheerless homes again —
 There no brother's voice shall greet them —
 There no father's welcome meet them.

Gone, gone — sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters —
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone — sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From the tree whose shadow lay
 On their childhood's place of play —
 From the cool spring where they drank —
 Rock, and hill, and rivulet bank —
 From the solemn house of prayer,
 And the holy counsels there —

Gone, gone — sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters, —
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone — sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone —
 Toiling through the weary day,
 And at night the spoiler's prey.
 Oh, that they had earlier died,
 Sleeping calmly, side by side,
 Where the tyrant's power is o'er
 And the fetter galls no more!

Gone, gone — sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters, —
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

Gone, gone — sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone.
 By the holy love He beareth —
 By the bruised reed He spareth —
 Oh, may He, to whom alone
 All their cruel wrongs are known,
 Still their hope and refuge prove,
 With a more than a mother's love.

Gone, gone — sold and gone,
 To the rice-swamp dank and lone,
 From Virginia's hills and waters, —
 Woe is me, my stolen daughters!

1838.

ADDRESS

Written for the opening of "PENNSYLVANIA HALL," dedicated to Free Discussion, Virtue, Liberty, and Independence, on the 15th of the 5th month, 1838.

Nor with the splendors of the days of old,
 The spoil of nations, and "barbaric gold" —
 No weapons wrested from the fields of blood,
 Where dark and stern the unyielding Roman stood,
 And the proud eagles of his cohorts saw
 A world, war-wasted, crouching to his law —
 Nor blazoned car — nor banners floating gay,
 Like those which swept along the Appian way,
 When, to the welcome of imperial Rome,
 The victor warrior came in triumph home,
 And trumpet-peal, and shoutings wild and high,
 Stirred the blue quiet of the Italian sky;
 But calm and grateful, prayerful and sincere,
 As Christian freemen, only, gathering here,
 We dedicate our fair and lofty Hall,
 Pillar and arch, entablature and wall,
 As Virtue's shrine — as Liberty's abode —
 Sacred to Freedom, and to Freedom's God!

Oh! loftier halls, 'neath brighter skies than these,
 Stood darkly mirrored in the Ægean seas,
 Pillar and shrine — and life-like statues seen,
 Graceful and pure, the marble shafts between,
 Where glorious Athens from her rocky hill
 Saw Art and Beauty subject to her will —
 And the chaste temple, and the classic grove —
 The hall of sages — and the bowers of love,
 Arch, fane, and column, graced the shores, and gave

Their shadows to the blue Saronic wave;
 And statelier rose, on Tiber's winding side,
 The Pantheon's dome — the Coliseum's pride —
 The Capitol, whose arches backward flung
 The deep, clear cadence of the Roman tongue,
 Whence stern decrees, like words of fate, went
 forth

To the awed nations of a conquered earth,
 Where the proud Cæsars in their glory came,
 And Brutus lightened from his lips of flame!

Yet in the porches of Athena's halls,
 And in the shadows of her stately walls,
 Lurked the sad bondman, and his tears of woe
 Wet the cold marble with unheeded flow;
 And fetters clanked beneath the silver dome
 Of the proud Pantheon of imperious Rome.
 Oh! not for him — the chained and stricken slave —
 By Tiber's shore, or blue Ægina's wave,
 In the thronged forum, or the sages' seat,
 The bold lip pleaded, and the warm heart beat;
 No soul of sorrow melted at his pain,
 No tear of pity rusted on his chain!

But this fair Hall, to Truth and Freedom given,
 Pledged to the Right before all Earth and Heaven,
 A free arena for the strife of mind,
 To caste, or sect, or color unconfined,
 Shall thrill with echoes, such as ne'er of old
 From Roman hall, or Grecian temple rolled;
 Thoughts shall find utterance, such as never yet
 The Propylæa or the Forum met.
 Beneath its roof no gladiator's strife
 Shall win applauses with the waste of life;

No lordly licitor urge the barbarous game —
 No wanton *Lais* glory in her shame.
 But here the tear of sympathy shall flow,
 As the ear listens to the tale of woe;
 Here, in stern judgment of the oppressor's wrong —
 Shall strong rebukings thrill on Freedom's tongue —
 No partial justice hold the unequal scale —
 No pride of caste a brother's rights assail —
 No tyrant's mandates echo from this wall,
 Holy to Freedom and the Rights of All!
 But a fair field, where mind may close with mind,
 Free as the sunshine and the chainless wind;
 Where the high trust is fixed on Truth alone,
 And bonds and fetters from the soul are thrown;
 Where wealth, and rank, and worldly pomp, and
 might,
 Yield to the presence of the True and Right.

And fitting is it that this Hall should stand
 Where Pennsylvania's Founder led his band,
 From thy blue waters, Delaware! — to press
 The virgin verdure of the wilderness.
 Here, where all Europe with amazement saw
 The soul's high freedom trammelled by no law;
 Here, where the fierce and warlike forest-men
 Gathered in peace, around the home of PENN,
 Awed by the weapons Love alone had given,
 Drawn from the holy armory of Heaven;
 Where Nature's voice against the bondman's wrong
 First found an earnest and indignant tongue;
 Where LAY's bold message to the proud was borne,
 And KEITH's rebuke, and FRANKLIN's manly
 scorn —
 Fitting it is that here, where Freedom first

From her fair feet shook off the Old World's dust,
 Spread her white pinions to our Western blast,
 And her free tresses to our sunshine east,
 One Hall should rise redeemed from Slavery's
 ban —

One Temple sacred to the Rights of Man!

Oh! if the spirits of the parted come,
 Visiting angels, to their olden home;
 If the dead fathers of the land look forth
 From their far dwellings, to the things of earth —
 Is it a dream, that with their eyes of love,
 They gaze now on us from the bowers above?
 LAY's ardent soul — and BENEZET the mild,
 Steadfast in faith, yet gentle as a child —
 Meek-hearted WOOLMAN, — and that brother-band,
 The sorrowing exiles from their "FATHERLAND,"
 Leaving their homes in Krieshiem's bowers of vine,
 And the blue beauty of their glorious Rhine,
 To seek amidst our solemn depths of wood
 Freedom from man and holy peace with God;
 Who first of all their testimonial gave
 Against the oppressor, — for the outcast slave, —
 Is it a dream that such as these look down,
 And with their blessing our rejoicings crown?

Let us rejoice, that, while the pulpit's door
 Is barred against the pleaders for the poor;
 While the church, wrangling upon points of faith,
 Forgets her bondmen suffering unto death;
 While crafty traffic and the lust of gain
 Unite to forge oppression's triple chain,
 One door is open, and one Temple free —
 As a resting place for hunted Liberty!

Where men may speak, unshackled and unawed,
 High words of truth, for Freedom and for God.

And when that truth its perfect work hath done,
 And rich with blessings o'er our land hath gone;
 When not a slave beneath his yoke shall pine,
 From broad Potomac to the far Sabine;
 When unto angel-lips at last is given
 The silver trump of Jubilee to Heaven;
 And from Virginia's plains — Kentucky's shades,
 And through the dim Floridian everglades,
 Rises, to meet that angel-trumpet's sound,
 The voice of millions from their chains unbound —
 Then, though this Hall be crumbling in decay,
 Its strong walls blending with the common clay,
 Yet, round the ruins of its strength shall stand
 The best and noblest of a ransomed land —
 Pilgrims, like those who throng around the shrine
 Of Mecca, or of holy Palestine! —
 A prouder glory shall that ruin own
 Than that which lingers round the Parthenon.

Here shall the child of after years be taught
 The work of Freedom which his fathers wrought —
 Told of the trials of the present hour,
 Our weary strife with prejudice and power, —
 How the high errand quickened woman's soul,
 And touched her lip as with a living coal —
 How Freedom's martyrs kept their lofty faith,
 True and unwavering, unto bonds and death. —
 The pencil's art shall sketch the ruined Hall,
 The Muses' garland crown its aged wall,
 And History's pen for after times record
 Its consecration unto FREEDOM'S GOD!

THE MORAL WARFARE.

WHEN Freedom, on her natal day,
 Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
 An iron race around her stood,
 Baptized her infant brow in blood
 And, through the storm which round her swept,
 Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
 The roar of baleful battle rose,
 And brethren of a common tongue
 To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
 And every gift on Freedom's shrine
 Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
 Their strife is past — their triumph won;
 But sterner trials wait the race
 Which rises in their honored place —
 A moral warfare with the crime
 And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
 We gird us for the coming fight,
 And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
 In conflict with unholy powers,
 We grasp the weapons He has given, —
 The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven!

1836.

THE RESPONSE.

[“To agitate the question (Slavery) anew, is not only impolitic, but it is a virtual breach of good faith to our brethren of the South; an unwarrantable interference with their domestic relations and institutions.” “I can never, in the official station which I occupy, consent to countenance a course which may jeopard the peace and harmony of the Union.” — *Governor Porter's Inaugural Message, 1838.*]

No “countenance” of his, forsooth!
 Who asked it at his vassal hands?
 Who looked for homage done to Truth,
 By party's vile and hateful bands?
 Who dreamed that one by them possessed,
 Would lay for her his spear in rest?

His “countenance”! well, let it light
 The human robber to his spoil! —
 Let those who track the bondman's flight,
 Like bloodhounds o'er our once free soil,
 Bask in its sunshine while they may,
 And howl its praises on their way;

We ask no boon: our rights we claim —
 Free press and thought — free tongue and pen —
 The right to speak in Freedom's name,
 As Pennsylvanians and as men;
 To do, by Lynch law unforbid,
 What our own Rush and Franklin did.

Ay, there we stand, with planted feet,
 Steadfast, where those old worthies stood: —
 Upon us let the tempest beat,
 Around us swell and surge the flood:
 We fail or triumph on that spot;
 God helping us, we falter not.

"A breach of plighted faith?" For shame! —
 Who voted for that "breach"? Who gave
 In the state councils, vote and name
 For freedom for the District slave?
 Consistent patriot! go, forswear,
 Blot out, "expunge" the record there! *

Go, eat thy words. Shall H — C —
 Turn round — a moral harlequin?
 And arch V — B — wipe away
 The stains of his Missouri sin?
 And shall that one unlucky vote
 Stick, burr-like, in *thy* honest throat?

No — do thy part in "putting down" †
 The friends of Freedom: — summon out
 The parson in his saintly gown,
 To curse the outlawed roundabout,
 In concert with the Belial brood —
 The Balaam of "the brotherhood"!

Quench every free discussion light —
 Clap on the legislative snuffers,
 And caulk with "resolutions" tight
 The ghastly rents the Union suffers!
 Let church and state brand Abolition
 As heresy and rank sedition.

* It ought to be borne in mind that DAVID R. PORTEE voted in the Legislature to instruct the congressional delegation of Pennsylvania to use their influence for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

† "He [Martin Van Buren] thinks the abolitionists may be put down." — *Richmond (Va.) Enquirer*.

Choke down, at once, each breathing thing,
 That whispers of the Rights of Man: —
 Gag the free girl who dares to sing
 Of freedom o'er her dairy pan: —
 Dog the old farmer's steps about,
 And hunt his cherished treason out.

Go, hunt sedition. — Search for that
 In every pedler's cart of rags;
 Pry into every Quaker's hat,
 And DOCTOR FUSSELL'S saddle bags!
 Lest treason wrap, with all its ills,
 Around his powders and his pills.

Where Chester's oak and walnut shades
 With slavery-laden breezes stir,
 And on the hills, and in the glades
 Of Bucks and honest Lancaster,
 Are heads which think and hearts which feel —
 Flints to the Abolition steel!

Ho! send ye down a corporal's guard
 With flow of flag and beat of drum —
 Storm LINDLEY COATES'S poultry yard,
 Beleaguer THOMAS WHITSON'S home!
 Beat up the Quaker quarters — show
 Your valor to an unarmed foe!

Do more. Fill up your loathsome jails
 With faithful men and women — set
 The scaffold up in these green vales,
 And let their verdant turf be wet
 With blood of unresisting men —
 Ay, do all this, and more, — WHAT THEN?

Think ye, one heart of man and child
 Will falter from his lofty faith,
 At the mob's tumult, fierce and wild —
 The prison cell — the shameful death?
 No! — nursed in storm and trial long,
 The weakest of our band is strong!

Oh! while before us visions come
 Of slave ships on Virginia's coast —
 Of mothers in their childless home,
 Like Rachel, sorrowing o'er the lost —
 The slave-gang scourged upon its way —
 The bloodhound and his human prey —

We cannot falter! Did we so,
 The stones beneath would murmur out,
 And all the winds that round us blow
 Would whisper of our shame about.
 No! let the tempest rock the land,
 Our faith shall live — our truth shall stand.

True as the Vaudois hemmed around
 With Papal fire and Roman steel —
 Firm as the Christian heroine bound
 Upon Domitian's torturing wheel,
 We 'bate no breath — we curb no thought —
 Come what may come, WE FALTER NOT!

THE WORLD'S CONVENTION

OF THE FRIENDS OF EMANCIPATION, HELD IN LONDON IN 1840.

YES, let them gather! — Summon forth
 The pledged philanthropy of Earth,
 From every land, whose hills have heard
 The bugle blast of Freedom waking;
 Or shrieking of her symbol-bird
 From out his cloudy eyrie breaking;
 Where Justice hath one worshipper,
 Or truth one altar built to her;
 Where'er a human eye is weeping
 O'er wrongs which Earth's sad children know —
 Where'er a single heart is keeping
 Its prayerful watch with human woe:
 Thence let them come, and greet each other,
 And know in each, a friend and brother!

Yes, let them come! from each green vale
 Where England's old baronial halls
 Still bear upon their storied walls
 The grim crusader's rusted mail,
 Battered by Paynim spear and brand
 On Malta's rock or Syria's sand!
 And mouldering pennon-staves once set
 Within the soil of Palestine,
 By Jordan and Gennesaret;
 Or, borne with England's battle line,
 O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping,
 Or, midst the camp their banners drooping,
 With dews from hallowed Hermon wet,
 A holier summons now is given