

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

Than that gray hermit's voice of old,
Which unto all the winds of heaven
The banners of the Cross unrolled!
Not for the long deserted shrine, —
Not for the dull unconscious sod,
Which tells not by one lingering sigh
That there the hope of Israel trod; —
But for that TRUTH, for which alone
In pilgrim eyes are sanctified
The garden moss, the mountain stone,
Whereon His holy sandals pressed —
The fountain which His lip hath blessed —
Whate'er hath touched His garment's hem
At Bethany or Bethlehem,
Or Jordan's river side.

For FREEDOM, in the name of Him
Who came to raise Earth's drooping poor,
To break the chain from every limb —
The bolt from every prison door!
For these, o'er all the Earth hath passed
An ever-deepening trumpet blast,
As if an angel's breath had lent
Its vigor to the instrument.

And Wales, from Snowden's mountain wall,
Shall startle at that thrilling call,
As if she heard her bards again;
And Erin's "harp on Tara's wall"
Give out its ancient strain,
Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal —
The melody which Erin loves,
When o'er that harp, mid bursts of gladness
And slogan cries and lyke-wake sadness,
The hand of her O'Connell moves:

Scotland, from lake and tarn and rill,
And mountain hold, and heathery hill,
Shall catch and echo back the note,
As if she heard upon her air
Once more her Cameronian's prayer
And song of Freedom float.
And cheering echoes shall reply
From each remote dependency,
Where Britain's mighty sway is known,
In tropic sea or frozen zone;
Where'er her sunset flag is furling,
Or morning gun-fire's smoke is curling;
From Indian Bengal's groves of palm
And rosy fields and gales of balm,
Where Eastern pomp and power are rolled
Through regal Ava's gates of gold;
And from the lakes and ancient woods
And dim Canadian solitudes,
Whence, sternly from her rocky throne,
Queen of the North, Quebec looks down;
And from those bright and ransomed Isles
Where all unwonted Freedom smiles,
And the dark laborer still retains
The scar of slavery's broken chains!

From the hoar Alps, which sentinel
The gateways of the land of Tell,
Where morning's keen and earliest glance
On Jura's rocky wall is thrown,
And from the olive bowers of France
And vine groves garlanding the Rhone, —
"Friends of the Blacks," as true and tried
As those who stood by Oge's side —
Brissot and eloquen^t Grégoire —

When with free lip and heart of fire
 The Haytien told his country's wrong,
 Shall gather at that summons strong —
 Broglie, Passy, and him, whose song
 Breathed over Syria's holy sod,
 And in the paths which Jesus trod,
 And murmured midst the hills which hem
 Crownless and sad Jerusalem,
 Hath echoes wheresoe'er the tone
 Of Israel's prophet-lyre is known.

Still let them come — from Quito's walls,
 And from the Orinoco's tide,
 From Lima's Inca-haunted halls,
 From Santa Fe and Yucatan, —
 Men who by swart Guerrero's side
 Proclaimed the deathless RIGHTS OF MAN,
 Broke every bond and fetter off,
 And hailed in every sable serf
 A free and brother Mexican!
 Chiefs who across the Andes' chain
 Have followed Freedom's flowing pennon,
 And seen on Junin's fearful plain,
 Glare o'er the broken ranks of Spain,
 The fire-burst of Bolivar's cannon!
 And Hayti, from her mountain land,
 Shall send the sons of those who hurled
 Defiance from her blazing strand —
 The war-gage from her Pétion's hand,
 Alone against a hostile world.

Nor all unmindful, thou, the while,
 Land of the dark and mystic Nile! —
 Thy Moslem mercy yet may shame

All tyrants of a Christian name —
 When in the shade of Gezel's pile,
 Or, where from Abyssinian hills
 El Gerek's upper fountain fills,
 Or where from mountains of the Moon
 El Abiad bears his watery boon,
 Where'er thy lotos blossoms swim
 Within their ancient hallowed waters —
 Where'er is heard thy prophet's hymn,
 Or song of Nubia's sable daughters, —
 The curse of SLAVERY and the crime,
 Thy bequest from remotest time,
 At thy dark Mehemet's decree
 For evermore shall pass from thee;
 And chains forsake each captive's limb
 Of all those tribes, whose hills around
 Have echoed back the cymbal sound
 And victor horn of Ibrahim.

And thou whose glory and whose crime
 To earth's remotest bound and clime,
 In mingled tones of awe and scorn,
 The echoes of a world have borne,
 My country! glorious at thy birth,
 A day-star flashing brightly forth —
 The herald-sign of Freedom's dawn!
 Oh! who could dream that saw thee then,
 And watched thy rising from afar,
 That vapors from oppression's fen
 Would cloud the upward-tending star?
 Or, that earth's tyrant powers, which heard,
 Awe-struck, the shout which hailed thy dawning,
 Would rise so soon, prince, peer, and king,
 To mock thee with their welcoming,

Like Hades when her thrones were stirred
 To greet the down-cast Star of Morning!
 "Aha! and art thou fallen thus?
 Art thou become as one of *us*?"

Land of my fathers! — there will stand,
 Amidst that world-assembled band,
 Those owning thy maternal claim
 Unweakened by thy crime and shame, —
 The sad reprovers of thy wrong —
 The children thou hast spurned so long.
 Still with affection's fondest yearning
 To their unnatural mother turning.
 No traitors they! — but tried and leal,
 Whose own is but thy general weal,
 Still blending with the patriot's zeal
 The Christian's love for human kind,
 To caste and climate unconfined.

A holy gathering! — peaceful all —
 No threat of war — no savage call
 For vengeance on an erring brother;
 But in their stead the God-like plan
 To teach the brotherhood of man
 To love and reverence one another,
 As sharers of a common blood —
 The children of a common God! —
 Yet, even at its lightest word,
 Shall Slavery's darkest depths be stirred:
 Spain watching from her Moro's keep
 Her slave-ships traversing the deep,
 And Rio, in her strength and pride,
 Lifting, along her mountain side,
 Her snowy battlements and towers —

Her lemon groves and tropic bowers,
 With bitter hate and sullen fear
 Its freedom-giving voice shall hear;
 And where my country's flag is flowing,
 On breezes from Mount Vernon blowing
 Above the Nation's council-halls,
 Where Freedom's praise is loud and long,
 While, close beneath the outward walls,
 The driver plies his reeking thong —
 The hammer of the man-thief falls,
 O'er hypocritic cheek and brow
 The crimson flush of shame shall glow:
 And all who for their native land
 Are pledging life and heart and hand —
 Worn watchers o'er her changing weal,
 Who for her tarnished honor feel —
 Through cottage-door and council-hall
 Shall thunder an awakening call.
 The pen along its page shall burn
 With all intolerable scorn —
 And eloquent rebuke shall go
 On all the winds that Southward blow;
 From priestly lips, now sealed and dumb,
 Warning and dread appeal shall come,
 Like those which Israel heard from him,
 The Prophet of the Cherubim —
 Or those which sad Esaias hurled
 Against a sin-accursed world!
 Its wizard-leaves the Press shall fling
 Unceasing from its iron wing,
 With characters inscribed thereon,
 As fearful in the despot's hall
 As to the pomp of Babylon
 The fire-sign on the palace wall!

And, from her dark iniquities,
 Methinks I see my country rise:
 Not challenging the nations round
 To note her tardy justice done —
 Her captives from their chains unbound,
 Her prisons opening to the sun; —
 But tearfully her arms extending
 Over the poor and unoffending;
 Her regal emblem now no longer
 A bird of prey, with talons reeking,
 Above the dying captive shrieking,
 But, spreading out her ample wing —
 A broad, impartial covering —
 The weaker sheltered by the stronger! —
 Oh! then to Faith's anointed eyes
 The promised token shall be given;
 And on a nation's sacrifice,
 Atoning for the sin of years,
 And wet with penitential tears —
 The fire shall fall from Heaven!

1839.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. — 1845.

God bless New Hampshire! — from her granite
 peaks
 Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.
 The long bound vassal of the exulting South
 For very shame her self-forged chain has broken —
 Torn the black seal of slavery from her mouth,
 And in the clear tones of her old time spoken!
 Oh, all undreamed of, all unhopd-for changes! —

The tyrant's ally proves his sternest foe;
 To all his biddings, from her mountain ranges,
 New Hampshire thunders an indignant No!
 Who is it now despairs? Oh, faint of heart,
 Look upward to those Northern mountains cold,
 Flouted by Freedom's victor-flag unrolled,
 And gather strength to bear a manlier part!
 All is not lost. The angel of God's blessing
 Encamps with Freedom on the field of fight;
 Still to her banner, day by day, are pressing,
 Unlooked for allies, striking for the right!
 Courage, then, Northern hearts! — Be firm, be true:
 What one brave State hath done, can ye not also do?

1845.

THE NEW YEAR:

ADDRESSED TO THE PATRONS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA
 FREEMAN.

THE wave is breaking on the shore —
 The echo fading from the chime —
 Again the shadow moveth o'er
 The dial-plate of time!

Oh, seer-seen Angel! waiting now
 With weary feet on sea and shore,
 Impatient for the last dread vow
 That time shall be no more! —

Once more across thy sleepless eye
 The semblance of a smile has passed;
 The year departing leaves more nigh
 Time's fearfullest and last.

Oh! in that dying year hath been
 The sum of all since time began —
 The birth and death, the joy and pain,
 Of Nature and of Man.

Spring, with her change of sun and shower,
 And streams released from winter's chain,
 And bursting bud, and opening flower,
 And greenly-growing grain;

And Summer's shade, and sunshine warm,
 And rainbows o'er her hill-tops bowed,
 And voices in her rising storm —
 God speaking from his cloud! —

And Autumn's fruits and clustering sheaves,
 And soft, warm days of golden light,
 The glory of her forest leaves,
 And harvest-moon at night;

And Winter with her leafless grove,
 And prisoned stream, and drifting snow,
 The brilliance of her heaven above
 And of her earth below: —

And man — in whom an angel's mind
 With earth's low instincts finds abode —
 The highest of the links which bind
 Brute nature to her God;

His infant eye hath seen the light,
 His childhood's merriest laughter rung,
 And active sports to manlier might
 The nerves of boyhood strung!

And quiet love, and passion's fires,
 Have soothed or burned in manhood's breast,
 And lofty aims and low desires
 By turns disturbed his rest.

The wailing of the newly-born
 Has mingled with the funeral knell;
 And o'er the dying's ear has gone
 The merry marriage-bell.

And Wealth has filled his halls with mirth,
 While Want, in many a humble shed,
 Toiled, shivering by her cheerless hearth,
 The live-long night for bread.

And worse than all — the human slave —
 The sport of lust, and pride, and scorn!
 Plucked off the crown his Maker gave —
 His regal manhood gone!

Oh! still my country! o'er thy plains,
 Blackened with slavery's blight and ban,
 That human chattel drags his chains —
 An uncreated man!

And still, where'er to sun and breeze,
 My country, is thy flag unrolled,
 With scorn, the gazing stranger sees
 A stain on every fold.

Oh, tear the gorgeous emblem down!
 It gathers scorn from every eye,
 And despots smile, and good men frown,
 Whene'er it passes by.

Shame! shame! its starry splendors glow
 Above the slaver's loathsome jail —
 Its folds are ruffling even now
 His crimson flag of sale.

Still round our country's proudest hall
 The trade in human flesh is driven,
 And at each careless hammer-fall
 A human heart is riven.

And this, too, sanctioned by the men,
 Vested with power to shield the right,
 And throw each vile and robber den
 Wide open to the light.

Yet shame upon them! — there they sit,
 Men of the North, subdued and still;
 Meek, pliant poltroons, only fit
 To work a master's will.

Sold — bargained off for Southern votes —
 A passive herd of Northern mules,
 Just braying through their purchased throats
 Whate'er their owner rules.

And he* — the basest of the base —
 The vilest of the vile — whose name,
 Embalmed in infinite disgrace,
 Is deathless in its shame! —

A tool — to bolt the people's door
 Against the people clamoring there, —
 An ass — to trample on their floor
 A people's right of prayer!

*The Northern author of the Congressional rule against receiving petitions of the people on the subject of Slavery.

Nailed to his self-made gibbet fast,
 Self-pilloried to the public view —
 A mark for every passing blast
 Of scorn to whistle through;

There let him hang, and hear the boast
 Of Southrons o'er their pliant tool —
 A St. Stylites on his post,
 "Sacred to ridicule!"

Look we at home! — our noble hall,
 To Freedom's holy purpose given,
 Now rears its black and ruined wall,
 Beneath the wintry heaven —

Telling the story of its doom —
 The fiendish mob — the prostrate law —
 The fiery jet through midnight's gloom,
 Our gazing thousands saw.

Look to our State — the poor man's right
 Torn from him: — and the sons of those
 Whose blood in Freedom's sternest fight
 Sprinkled the Jersey snows,

Outlawed within the land of Penn,
 That Slavery's guilty fears might cease,
 And those whom God created men,
 Toil on as brutes in peace.

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm,
 A bow of promise bends on high,
 And gleams of sunshine, soft and warm,
 Break through our clouded sky.

East, West, and North, the shout is heard,
Of freemen rising for the right:
Each valley hath its rallying word —
Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray,
The strengthening light of freedom shines,
Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay —
And Vermont's snow-hung pines!

From Hudson's frowning palisades
To Alleghany's laurelled crest,
O'er lakes and prairies, streams and glades,
It shines upon the West.

Speed on the light to those who dwell
In Slavery's land of woe and sin,
And through the blackness of that hell,
Let Heaven's own light break in.

So shall the Southern conscience quake,
Before that light poured full and strong,
So shall the Southern heart awake
To all the bondman's wrong.

And from that rich and sunny land
The song of grateful millions rise,
Like that of Israel's ransomed band
Beneath Arabia's skies:

And all who now are bound beneath
Our banner's shade — our eagle's wing,
From Slavery's night of moral death
To light and life shall spring.

Broken the bondman's chain — and gone
The master's guilt, and hate, and fear,
And unto both alike shall dawn,
A New and Happy Year.

1839.



MASSACHUSETTS TO VIRGINIA.

[Written on reading an account of the proceedings of the citizens of Norfolk, Va., in reference to GEORGE LATIMER, the alleged fugitive slave, the result of whose case in Massachusetts will probably be similar to that of the negro SOMERSET in England, in 1772.]

THE blast from Freedom's Northern hills, upon its
Southern way,
Bears greeting to Virginia from Massachusetts
Bay: —
No word of haughty challenging, nor battle bugle's
peal,
Nor steady tread of marching files, nor clang of
horsemen's steel.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our high-
ways go —
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow;
And to the land breeze of our ports, upon their
errands far,
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are
spread for war.

We hear thy threats, Virginia! thy stormy words
and high,
Swell harshly on the Southern winds which melt
along our sky;

Yet, not one brown, hard hand foregoes its honest
labor here —
No hewer of our mountain oaks suspends his axe in
fear.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St.
George's bank —
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white
and dank;
Through storm, and wave, and blinding mist, stout
are the hearts which man
The fishing-smacks of Marblehead, the sea-boats of
Cape Ann.

The cold north light and wintry sun glare on their
icy forms,
Bent grimly o'er their straining lines or wrestling
with the storms;
Free as the winds they drive before, rough as the
waves they roam,
They laugh to scorn the slaver's threat against their
rocky home.

What means the Old Dominion? Hath she forgot
the day
When o'er her conquered valleys swept the Briton's
steel array?
How side by side, with sons of hers, the Massachu-
setts men
Encountered Tarleton's charge of fire, and stout
Cornwallis, then?

Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the
call
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from
Faneuil Hall?

When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing
on each breath
Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of "LIB-
ERTY OR DEATH!"

What asks the Old Dominion? If now her sons
have proved
False to their fathers' memory — false to the faith
they loved;
If she can scoff at Freedom, and its great charter
spurn,
Must we of Massachusetts from truth and duty
turn?

We hunt your bondmen, flying from Slavery's hate-
ful hell —
Our voices, at your bidding, take up the blood-
hound's yell —
We gather, at your summons, above our fathers'
graves,
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear your
wretched slaves!

Thank God! not yet so vilely can Massachusetts
bow;
The spirit of her early time is with her even now;
Dream not because her Pilgrim blood moves slow,
and calm, and cool,
She thus can stoop her chainless neck, a sister's
slave and tool!

All that a *sister* State should do, all that a *free*
State may,
Heart, hand, and purse we proffer, as in our early
day;

But that one dark loathsome burden ye must stagger
with alone,
And reap the bitter harvest which ye yourselves
have sown!

Hold, while ye may, your struggling slaves, and
burden God's free air
With woman's shriek beneath the lash, and man-
hood's wild despair;
Cling closer to the "cleaving curse" that writes
upon your plains
The blasting of Almighty wrath against a land of
chains.

Still shame your gallant ancestry, the cavaliers of
old,
By watching round the shambles where human flesh
is sold —
Gloat o'er the new-born child, and count his market
value, when
The maddened mother's cry of woe shall pierce the
slaver's den!

Lower than plummet soundeth, sink the Virginian
name;
Plant, if ye will, your fathers' graves with rankest
weeds of shame;
Be, if ye will, the scandal of God's fair universe —
We wash our hands forever, of your sin, and shame,
and curse.

A voice from lips whereon the coal from Freedom's
shrine hath been,
Thrilled, as but yesterday, the hearts of Berkshire's
mountain men:

The echoes of that solemn voice are sadly lingering
still
In all our sunny valleys, on every wind-swept hill.

And when the prowling man-thief came hunting for
his prey
Beneath the very shadow of Bunker's shaft of gray,
How, through the free lips of the son, the father's
warning spoke;
How, from its bonds of trade and sect, the Pilgrim
city broke!

A hundred thousand right arms were lifted up on
high, —
A hundred thousand voices sent back their loud
reply;
Through the thronged towns of Essex the startling
summons rang,
And up from bench and loom and wheel her young
mechanics sprang!

The voice of free, broad Middlesex — of thousands
as of one —
The shaft of Bunker calling to that of Lexington —
From Norfolk's ancient villages; from Plymouth's
rocky bound
To where Nantucket feels the arms of ocean close
her round; —

From rich and rural Worcester, where through the
calm repose
Of cultured vales and fringing woods the gentle
Nashua flows,

To where Wachuset's wintry blasts the mountain
larches stir,
Swelled up to Heaven the thrilling cry of "God
save Latimer!"

And sandy Barnstable rose up, wet with the salt
sea spray —
And Bristol sent her answering shout down Narra-
gansett Bay!
Along the broad Connecticut old Hampden felt the
thrill,
And the cheer of Hampshire's woodmen swept down
from Holyoke Hill.

The voice of Massachusetts! Of her free sons and
daughters —
Deep calling unto deep aloud — the sound of many
waters!
Against the burden of that voice what tyrant power
shall stand?
No fetters in the Bay State! No slave upon her land!

Look to it well, Virginians! In calmness we have
borne,
In answer to our faith and trust, your insult and
your scorn;
You've spurned our kindest counsels — you've
hunted for our lives —
And shaken round our hearths and homes your
manacles and gyves!

We wage no war — we lift no arm — we fling no
torch within
The fire-damps of the quaking mine beneath your
soil of sin;

We leave ye with your bondmen, to wrestle, while
ye can,
With the strong upward tendencies and God-like
soul of man!

But for us and for our children, the vow which we
have given
For freedom and humanity, is registered in Heaven;
*No slave-hunt in our borders — no pirate on our
strand!*
No fetters in the Bay State — no slave upon our land!
1843.

THE RELIC.

[PENNSYLVANIA HALL, dedicated to Free Discussion and the
cause of Human Liberty, was destroyed by a mob in 1838. The
following was written on receiving a cane wrought from a frag-
ment of the wood-work which the fire had spared.]

TOKEN of friendship true and tried,
From one whose fiery heart of youth
With mine has beaten, side by side,
For Liberty and Truth;
With honest pride the gift I take,
And prize it for the giver's sake.

But not alone because it tells
Of generous hand and heart sincere;
Around that gift of friendship dwells
A memory doubly dear —
Earth's noblest aim — man's holiest thought,
With that memorial frail inwrought!

Pure thoughts and sweet, like flowers unfold,
 And precious memories round it cling,
 Even as the Prophet's rod of old
 In beauty blossoming:
 And buds of feeling pure and good
 Spring from its cold unconscious wood.

Relic of Freedom's shrine! — a brand
 Plucked from its burning! — let it be
 Dear as a jewel from the hand
 Of a lost friend to me! —
 Flower of a perished garland left,
 Of life and beauty unbereft!

Oh! if the young enthusiast bears,
 O'er weary waste and sea, the stone
 Which crumbled from the Forum's stairs,
 Or round the Parthenon;
 Or olive bough from some wild tree
 Hung over old Thermopylæ:

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,
 Or moss-wreath torn from ruins hoary,—
 Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom
 On fields renowned in story,—
 Or fragment from the Alhambra's crest,
 Or the gray rock by druids blessed;

Sad Erin's shamrock greenly growing
 Where Freedom led her stalwart kern,
 Or Scotia's "rough burr thistle" blowing
 On Bruce's Bannockburn —
 Or Runnymede's wild English rose,
 Or lichen plucked from Sempach's snows! —

If it be true that things like these
 To heart and eye bright visions bring,
 Shall not far holier memories
 To this memorial cling?
 Which needs no mellowing mist of time
 To hide the crimson stains of crime!

Wreck of a temple, unprofaned —
 Of courts where Peace with Freedom trod
 Lifting on high, with hands unstained,
 Thanksgiving unto God;
 Where Mercy's voice of love was pleading
 For human hearts in bondage bleeding! —

Where midst the sound of rushing feet
 And curses on the night air flung,
 That pleading voice rose calm and sweet
 From woman's earnest tongue;
 And Riot turned his scowling glance,
 Awed, from her tranquil countenance!

That temple now in ruin lies! —
 The fire-stain on its shattered wall,
 And open to the changing skies
 Its black and roofless hall,
 It stands before a nation's sight,
 A grave-stone over buried Right!

But from that ruin, as of old,
 The fire-scorched stones themselves are crying,
 And from their ashes white and cold
 Its timbers are replying!
 A voice which slavery cannot kill
 Speaks from the crumbling arches still!

And even this relic from thy shrine,
 Oh, holy Freedom! — hath to me
 A potent power, a voice and sign
 To testify of thee;
 And, grasping it, methinks I feel
 A deeper faith, a stronger zeal.

And not unlike that mystic rod,
 Of old stretched o'er the Egyptian wave,
 Which opened, in the strength of God,
 A pathway for the slave,
 It yet may point the bondman's way,
 And turn the spoiler from his prey.

1839.

STANZAS FOR THE TIMES. — 1844.

[Written on reading the sentence of JOHN L. BROWN, of South Carolina, to be executed on the 25th of 4th month, 1844, for the crime of assisting a female slave to escape from bondage. The sentence was afterwards commuted.]

Ho! thou who seekest late and long
 A license from the Holy Book
 For brutal lust and hell's red wrong,
 Man of the pulpit, look! —
 Lift up those cold and atheist eyes,
 This ripe fruit of thy teaching see;
 And tell us how to Heaven will rise
 The incense of this sacrifice —
 This blossom of the Gallows Tree! —

Search out for SLAVERY'S hour of need
 Some fitting text of sacred writ;*

* Three new publications, from the pens of Dr. Junkin, President of Miami College, Alexander McCaine of the Methodist

Give Heaven the credit of a deed
 Which shames the nether pit.
 Kneel, smooth blasphemer, unto Him
 Whose truth is on thy lips a lie,
 Ask that His bright-winged cherubim
 May bend around that scaffold grim
 To guard and bless and sanctify! —

Ho! champion of the people's cause —
 Suspend thy loud and vain rebuke
 Of foreign wrong and Old World laws,
 Man of the Senate, look! —
 Was this the promise of the free, —
 The great hope of our early time, —
 That Slavery's poison vine should be
 Upborne by Freedom's prayer-nursed tree,
 O'erclustering with such fruits of crime? —

Send out the summons, East and West,
 And South and North, let all be there,
 Where he who pitied the oppressed
 Swings out in sun and air.
 Let not a democratic hand
 The grisly hangman's task refuse;
 There let each loyal patriot stand
 Awaiting Slavery's command
 To twist the rope and draw the noose!

But vain is irony — unmeet
 Its cold rebuke for deeds which start
 In fiery and indignant beat
 The pulses of the heart.

Protestant church, and of a clergyman of the Cincinnati Synod, defending Slavery on Scriptural ground, have recently made their appearance.