

and Shelley shall make him know himself one of those who —

All cried with one accord,
 "Thou art King and Law and Lord;
Anarchy, to thee we bow;
 By thy name made holy now."

Let him try to read ; and from the plough-handle where he sings, Robert Burns shall denounce him ; and from the anvil at which he works, Ebenezer Elliot shall smite him with words strong and ringing like the blows of his hammer. Let him try to read ; and Cowper shall torture him with the Negro's Complaint, and shall tell him how, perhaps, —

"He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan;
 He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man."

Let him try to read ; and in company with Elizabeth Browning he shall tremble at the shriek of the Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point, — a woman, frantic with grossest wrong :

"O Pilgrims ! I have gasped and run
 All night long, from the whip of one
 Who in your names works sin and woe."

And with Longfellow, if he should sit down to listen to the voices of the night, there will come up the tale of the Quadroon Girl, so sad, so wicked ; and he shall feel himself reminded of a region into which slaves have been carried in his own days, and how —

"Dead bodies that the kite
 In deserts makes its prey,
 Murders that with affright
 Scare school-boys from their play —
 All evil thoughts and deeds,
 Anger and lust and pride,
 The foulest, rankest weeds
 That choke life's groaning tide, —
 These are the woes of slaves:
 They glare from the abyss,
 They cry from unknown graves
 We are the witnesses."