

The revelation then would be
 To startle th m to sympathy,
 And pity men who might be blessed
 If they would only be content
 With all that could bring peace and rest,
 No anxious hour being ever spent.
 The earth's abundance has for all,
 If each had but a rightful share,
 Or opportunity but fair
 To keep from penury and care,
 Then none for aid need ever call,
 Nor none of happiness despair.
 But man, rapacious in his greed
 For wealth, and eminence, and power,
 Cared not for those he brought to need
 Nor for the wounds he gave which bleed,
 So that he might from hour to hour
 Grasp far more than he could devour.
 And nations too with impious hand
 Have dared to seize what Nature gave
 And keep from men the use of land,
 That g ft to all which should be free—
 Such boon would crush out penury.
 Withold this right you make a slave,
 Or oft a criminal to brave
 Laws drawn by some official knave.
 What justice ever can be shown
 When but few men can gather wealth
 And call vast tracts of land their own
 While thousands live almost by stealth,
 Nor own of earth a single spot
 Neath which to rest when all's forgot,
 Who spend sad years in care and gloom
 Wishing and waiting for the tomb.

Thus, thus for ages earth has been
 A centre for the vilest deeds,
 Injustice opening every scene
 Of wickedness which none exceeds,
 While war and blood in ev'ry land
 Has been the game usurpers play,
 Crushing whoever dares to stand
 With plea or protest in the way;
 And then that hideous wrong and shame,
 That great iniquity of all,
 When men for sordid gain became
 Actors in scenes which yet appal.
 When human beings were seized and sold
 And packed down in the slave ship's hold,
 And hurried from their homes afar,
 The man, the wife, the young, the old,
 Just as so many beasts still are
 None of them need for pity crave,
 Fetters foretold their horrid fate—
 Dear kindred then must separate.
 Their doom was fixed, each was a slave.

The dread remembrance of those wrongs
 For ages hence will bring to view

Men driven on in bleeding throngs
 By Christian, Pagan, Turk and Jew—
 No more cheered by their native songs,
 The simple verse each mother knew—
 Each touching strain kept Hope in view.
 No poet's pen, no painter's art,
 No tale of tearful sympathies
 Can ever tell the thousandth part—
 The wails, the woes, the fiendish dart,
 The poor crushed flesh, the broken heart,
 The blight which slavery brought on
 these—
 That infamy of infamies.

In Carolina where the sea
 On its low coast holds revelry
 Where sand isles shift and each lagoon
 Has far more changes than the moon,
 Where oft the sun with torrid beam
 Dries up a river or a stream—
 Flashes on Albemarle's Sound,
 And on the marshy beds around.
 Still from that flat, malarious coast
 Wealth comes of which the planters boast,
 Nor cared they much if each tired breath
 Which brought them gold brought others
 death.

A thousand slaves from morn till night
 With rigid taskmaster in sight,
 Or overseer who had the power
 To vent his spleen from hour to hour
 On any who excuse would make
 A single minute's rest to take.
 Each gang is kept at constant toil
 Neath sun rays that the blood might boil.
 Though heavy show'rs come pouring down,
 Or threatening storms that round them
 frown,
 Or aches, disease, or thrilling pain,
 Work must be done, none dare complain;
 Cotton, and corn, and rice, must be
 Ever attended constantly,
 Yet slaves who seldom dare work stop,
 Ready from toil almost to drop,
 Had not one interest in the crop.

It was a day when scarce a breeze
 Stirred leaves upon the scattered trees,
 Or caused a ripple on the shore
 Where waves oft dashed with sullen roar,
 The heated air being much the same
 As if it from a furnace came.
 Still here were serfs that out must stay,
 Though parched winds shrunk their hearts
 away,

Those who would have for shelter prayed
 Looked longingly towards the shade,