

PIECES.
FOR THE CHRONICLE.
THE SLAVE IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Here that voice of the slaves calls heroes together,
And the voices of their hearts call an empire's stress,
Undisturbed by the roll, or the tear and the feather,
What answer for Liberty down in the West.

How the weak wings of woe do they wound
But expand till the sighs and the tears of the brave,
On the world that is burning, deep balm which flows over,
And the heart beats fresh in the breast of the slave.

Here the Danger of Slavery rides not like lightning,
Nor the tyrant like desert bird snatches his prey,
Proud ship of the South! the equal yonder is
Waiting.

And thy pilot to face it unconsciously finds!

The South filled with sweets, like dead bodies,
For ages
Has run with the blood of the stranger and
Where its cottonwood blooms, or its sweet cane
engages,

Stop for thy step is on Liberties grave!

Liberty's stream o'er gold beds may now sweep:
But now o'er the blood of the slave will it run,
It would back me Jordan, before so completely

Its apostasy qualified health the look of the Slave!

Here Gold, foulst image that ever a nation
Adored, as it ran with the blood of the race,
Written on Genius its own degradation,
Not brands Freedom's sword, nor disfigure her face,

Send back the priest, and receive not as brother

The man whom thy welcome would have given
Show sympathy not for that one, but another,
Whose blood on his Gospels that preacher has split,

The colonies kept in the bright chains of kindness,
Freedom's asylum ne'er leaves her for us:

Age's unbought world lament Britains blindness—
To the falls of Niagara all thunder, No!

Freedom! thy chariot with scythes has been
Guarded, Go now down the African far in the West—
They walls have been poison'd, and Britain re-
warded

With hatred—because he is safe in her breast,
Go, stranger! tell in the land that is sunny,

That her wooden walls shield coloured tribes
on the sea—

That America's Freedom is barter'd for money,
And the rich and the powerful only are free,

From America's slaves to America's freedom,

Human Nature appeals for their country's
decree;

To her sons and her daughters, her men and her
women,

Who start at the shackles—the knot of the
fate!

The collar of iron, the scourges all glories,

The handcuffs, the pulley, each hell-made'd
rack—

By these have the devils long printed the story
Of America's Freedom—on Africa's back!

Ye Friends! ye Americans! which of you but
rowed,

From the other, the chains that are woven in
crime?

Till we sanguined in the pit earth's most
blest clime!

America's Eagle shall ne'er wave over Britain,
Nor her Southern shores lie low in Liberty's prey:

The country for all has eternity written
On her brow—spite of all her false prophets
may my.

O! Britain! thy soil burns with Freedom tho'
tyrants

Would quench every fire that has blazed in the
rock—

But thy mother's bosom of such treacherous aspi-
rants

Have fixed Tyranny's red and insatiable
brand!

The plague-fog of Slavery there shall not wither,

While a desert must blossom—a nation be
from—

While Fair Liberty rememb'rs one refuge thicker—
Or Liberty kneads one Ark on the sea!

While the sun shall illumine the face of creation,
While the fair tree of Freedom shall blossom
or—

Old England shall bask in the pride of her mis-
tress—

The mother of Shakespeare—the Queen of the
host?

Her cause, after first Freedom proud Dec-
ision,

Of the banks of the Schuykill, where Jeff-
erson rose—

Who uttered it? Sons of the English nation—
And when forced it or sought for it? Britain's
worst foes?

British song by Slavery's garments are clothed,
But America pressed it more close to her
heart—

Sleek bought for Freedom—and into no bettered
To brave Britain's Freedom—and hug her
Slave Mart!

Go, proud to thy slaves, haughty nation! But
never—

Sink thou that Percy's Gates—her fast Gates
in the West!

And the same Crook—proud nation?—now
Ere I leave thee to thy rest?

When is the storm—and thy sunshine in winter,
To make us throw off that proud Freedom we
wear?

We bear not thy burden—thou hast counted the
burden—

May the truth rest not in thy skies when most
dark?

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