

Callous and deaf to the torn heart's appeal.
 But she—my beauteous sister—ah! for what
 Was she allowed to soothe my wretched lot!
 Oh! better far a hideous dwarf be made
 Than beauteous only for an end so bad.
 I saw her whipped, nor the least help could give,
 Because she would not as a leman live,
 And last, I saw her in a stranger's band
 Led off to *die* in the far Southern land.
 And thus I lived—long year came after year,
 And yet I ne'er knew aught of friendly care
 Till from *your* lips I heard the first kind word
 And *your* advice my latent senses stirred.
 And then—I loved—and found a faithful wife
 And then I led a too, too happy life:
 I might have known such bliss was not to last,
 My fate could ne'er in such a mould be cast.
 The tyrant comes—and I my work must leave
 And live "as every negro ought to live!"
Ground to the dust—nor this my worst of life
 But parted too, *forever*, from my wife.
 And all of this is law! *my* country's law!
 Never mine rightly, it is mine no more:
 But that bright land whose laws make all men free,
 That is the country, those the laws for me.
 Thither I go. Let him oppose who will,
 On his own head be aught that haps of ill,
 Your fathers fought for Liberty, and I
 Will fight to gain *my* liberty—or *die*!"

ROANOKE.

DYING WORDS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS.

NO. VII.—"I FEEL THE DAISIES GROWING OVER ME."—KEATS.

Light from the upper world streamed round him,
 Though death a shadow brought,
 Which like a pall of midnight bound him,
 And stayed the tide of thought.
 His heart had been a holy altar,
 Where gifts of beauty burned,
 And sunbeams, though their light might falter,
 Still brightly home returned.

For he had been a child of nature,
 The beautiful, the true;
 He loved each sweet and simple feature
 The green earth ever knew.
 The birds and flowers, the stars and fountains
 Had music for his soul,
 Nor climbed he e'er the dark lone mountains,
 That bound ambition's goal.