

UNCLE TOM'S PARTING.

No help—but he must part from all—
His wife, his child, his cheerful cot,
And in a ruffian master's thrall
See the dark side of Slavery's lot.

One long fond look around he cast
On all his bursting heart held dear,
And with the thought—'it is the last!'
Was ill repressed the rising tear.

'I'm in the hands of God,' he said,
'Nothing can go beyond His will;
Though hard the yoke that's on me laid,
The Lord will be my helper still.'

Noble the heart that thus could speak,
In sorrow such as few can bear,
When that poor heart was nigh to break
Beneath its awful weight of care.

And noble when at that last hour
He blessed the hand that gave him o'er
To such a master's brutal power,
Such certain misery to endure.

Around, his weeping comrades throng,
To bid so loved a friend farewell;
And every comrade's willing tongue,
Serves but the more his worth to tell.

But ah! the worth of *heart* is nought,
'Tis useless from his doom to save
The wretch who thus is sold and bought,
To be a *heartless* villain's slave.

Remorselessly his limbs are bound;
One moment his farewell to say,
With mournful gaze he turns around,
The next—he's roughly borne away!

GEORGE HARRIS TO WILSON.

'And am not I a man as much as they
Who o'er me dare to hold this lawless sway?
Are not my face, my hands, my feet the same,
And can I not an equal nature claim?
Yet hear my tale. As my own father's slave,
When scarcely yet his corpse was in the grave,
One of his many chattels I was sold.
Men, beasts and lands all to be had for gold:
My Mother and her children all were brought,
Each by a different tyrant to be bought,
And when she begged at least that I might be
Spared to console her in her misery,
My brutal owner spurned her with his heel,