

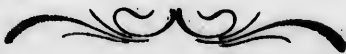
2

inge deeper yet thy wings in kindred gore,
 from no act of infamy thy power restrain,
 annulate fresh victims, scream aloud for more,
 of the insensate slave at once let loose the chain,
 give half a Continent to rapine, lust and flame,
 let Southern Chivalry undismayed shall stand,
 though Fanaticism may yet to blacker deeds attain,
 prepared, united in one patriot band,
 to chaise thy rabble hordes from off her sunny land.

3

affled boaster, furious, scorned, enraged,
 ay, by what new cruelties shall thy cause prevail ?
 an lust of conquest never be assuaged,
 ill to One Tyrant's rule ye cowering quail,
 to escape the woes the many must entail ?
 is't thy fate in fragments to be hurled,
 and retribution's record bear no darker tale ?
 to fold thy wings in dark oblivion furled,
 to more to fan the flames that devastate a world !

ZORRA, January, 1863.



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