

hearing thy blessed name,—dear evangelical Bard  
whose fame shall ever be,

“By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light.”

When shall some mighty genius arise to fling a  
standard of light over the United States: when their  
own flag shall no longer be a subject for declamatory  
orators and punning poets.

“UNITED STATES! your banner wears two emblems—  
one of fame;

Alas! the other that it bears reminds us of your shame:

The White Man's liberty, in types, stands blazing by your  
stars;

But what's the meaning of the stripes? they mean your  
Negroes' scars.”

CAMPBELL.

Long before I had purchased myself from my owner  
I had a desire to visit Canada, although I had often  
heard many strange and romantic stories

“Of that green land, cradled in the roar  
Of western waves and wildernesses.”

REVOLT OF ISLAM.

And I had already made up my mind

“That a land of slaves shall ne'er be mine.”

LORD BYRON.

So I went on my pilgrimage, where in times past as at  
the present, many

“A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,  
Where the cotton tree shadow'd the misty lake;  
And a murmuring voice, and a plunge from shore,  
And the slave was seen in the south no more.”

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

And finally arrived in Toronto, QUEEN CITY OF  
THE WEST, where all may well exclaim in the lan-

guage of  
and bell

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