

SLAVERY.

List, the sound of weary suffering,
Deep it vibrates through the air,
Mingling tones of woe and anguish,
In the key-note of despair.

'Tis the choking sob of slavery,
From a million burdened hearts
Pining for the envied blessing
Nature's law, to all imparts.

See yon noble fellow-being
Toiling 'neath the burning sun,
With the cruel lash to spur him
Till his weary task is done.

Tremblingly he dares to cherish
Any tie life's path to cheer,
Feeling clearly all the anguish
That a parting may be near.

Well he knows his dearest treasures—
Oh! of worth to him untold—
Are but reckoned by his master
At the price they'd bring in gold.

Oh the horrors sometimes suffered
Pen of mine can never paint;
Dimmest outlines of the story
Make the feeling heart grow faint.

Think, oh think what fearful power
Doth a cruel master own;
Ah! the slave knows, unavailing
Pleading is, to hearts of stone.

Man—thy brother may be dark-skinned,
With a purer heart behind;
He who tinted form and features,
Gave the bright hues to the mind.

Woven only by oppression
Is the veil that reason shrouds,
With the burden it would vanish—
Mind would gleam athwart the clouds.

For through all their degradation,
Traits of thought and feeling gleam,
Earnest giving of the power
Of the free unfettered stream.

Owner of thy fellow creatures—
Let this hateful thralldom end;
To thy cattle be a master,
To thy brother be a friend.