







**POLITIC.**

FOR THE CHRONICLE,  
THE SLAVE IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Britain: thy Freedom has cheered the Savannah,  
And power'd through the cottonwood glades  
and hills;  
The tribes of the Desert have tasted its manna,  
And the glow of no pillar has led them by night,  
Ise of the Ocean thy Freedom is pointed,  
On the flag that has triumphed on every shore;

On the tree where expired the tree hasted and  
extinct;

And cast on the furnace—and worn in our care,

Mark: as the tyrants impious world task us,

Hot wings entombed soon the bravest ap-

pete—

As the specks with that voice, that was heard near

Dreams—

The kingdoms supported by darkness must fall;

Slavery has sat on the heart deepest morning,

A blot on the brow, and a cloud on the sun,

And that cloud on the speech, which for age keeps

buring;

And that mark on the creature—which speaks

him unkind;

All that shock, all that eat nerves,

All that can leav the blood and the brain;

All that can warr the mind and the mirth;

Falls short of God's Image dyed red with the

chain;

All that can call down the lightning and thunder,

And all that can find the hand of His no;

All that eat a friend country scound;

And roll bitter waves o'er its dimples of life—

"All that can strike down her fair Discons—

Woulst fit like Mortal—Dark Slavery on her

Weight like a millstone, and make her lieke

lead."

Like thy life however, distract not the eye,

Lying under the larches, embossed in the leaf,

For thy sleek banner, will roll through long ages,

thy mart;

Whirlwinds are round thee, from earth and from

heavens;

The sight of thy enemies, to rend thy apart;

To strike off the wheels—the red track of whose

actions;

Like the trial of the Scorpion, has warr'd the

heart!

Hobbery—Murder—oh! all that can burrow,

Falls short of Slavery, lighting thy shins,

With the torch that is fed by the African's narrow

And doth their souls like the grasp of the

vine!

Not in the alpen or cottonwood safety,

Is the black flag unfurled that makes Africas

beast—

But sit up in the Temple—the place that is bold,

And deck'd with its scriptural motto by priests;

Slaves on such priesthood—the ravens shall

mock it!

And think of the shaping of preachers so base!

Let the black flame of scandal burn down to the

spectre;

And die not in stench—till it die with their

race!

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race!

Blest it thou, Son! o'er the Eastern billows—

Till the son of Circassus shall weep by his

grave!

Blest it thou, Moon! o'er the island Pacific—

Till the Canibal blushed to think of such men!

And let each new Moon in Night's radio glories!

Light that tale to the bottom of Mercy again!

Spread it ye, Stars! o'er thy compass of glory,

Ye Stars! that conduct the long lost through the

waves!

And, O Earth! thy Volcanos should burn at the

And the Fires of thy Liberty burst from their

gates!

Hark! 't is done! from the Rock, where the Pil-

grims first waded, what a sound!

What a sound! like a glorious trumpet blast?

The gray Departure still sits on standard

And those first brightly burn this' its Millions of

Heats!

Africans! By your poor rank and your manager,

When the great slaves of Africa have wakened

and are free,

When the flag is a banner of love o'er the stranger,

That shall last while the Sun and the Moon shall

endure!

Great is the Ocean's loved Island of Britain!

Whatever thy boughs, but over the sea,

There is love for the Pilgrim and balm for the

stricken,

And the name of a Mother, O Britain! from thee.

They just tears for the weeper, and oil for his

bruises;

Not like the gold tears of the South are they trans-

But like those pure drops, that the Morning diffuses

From the emeralds of Holiness—holier in the

Spheres!"

JAMES MCCLURE.

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Table Ware, China, Porcelain, Glass, China,

Table Cloth, Carpet, Cloth, Linen, Table Linen,

Household Utensils, Cutlery, Glass, China,

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