



POETRY

The Liberator.

ANOTHER RECORD OF SOUTHERN VIOLENCE AND CRIME.

For the Liberator.

THE MOTHER'S PARADE.

My babe, my precious babe, farewell! Dear to me as thou art,
I give thee to that Shepherd's care who loveth lambs like thee.

I might not shed him, dearest one, from blight, perchance from sin;
But where thy heavenly guardian dwells blight cannot enter in.

We shall miss thee from our side, beloved, through many a dreary day;
Thy fond cares, thy kin of love, which did each care repay.

'Twas sweet to see our flower expand its petals bright and true;
'Twas a blessed task each thought and infant wish to share.

Thy merry laugh, I hear it still, so full of bird-like glee;
Ah! dearer far than words can tell was that glad voice to me.

And through my blinding tears I gazed upon that sacred form,
Where all thy baby playthings rest—thy rattle, ball, and book.

The toys thy dimpled hand in mirth stirred ever on the nursery floor,
Unthought and useless now, proclaim that thou art here no more.

The empty crib, the silent room, all speak to me of thee,
And that no more in those fond arms that cherished form may be.

The robe, that, with a mother's pride, I loved to see thee wear,
The cap, whose silken folds lay soft upon thy sunny hair.

Thy tiny foot still pressed—how precious all to me!
Strong links in Memory's golden chain, to bind me to thee.

My child! I loved thee all too well; thou wert the balmy balm
Round which my little wreath of love and joy had found its home.

I called thee mine; Ah! I forgot that to my Father's throne
Thou might be called away, ere yet my work was done.

Go, blossom, pure and stainless, go where no sin can blight—
But come to us again in dreams, come in the quiet night.

When earth is hushed and holy; then to our lonely ones,
With the glad stars and silver moon, all speak to me of thee.

And may the thought that thou art near be as a spell of power
To keep our feet in virtue's path, and ban the temptings of the hour.

Teach us to be like those pure ones who in thy home
Do dwell—
Till we again shall meet thee, when my angel child, farewell!

Barre, Mass.

For the Liberator.

THE DYING SLAVE.

By LUCY C. COLBY.

Behind Virginia's burning the sun sank down to rest,
But his gleam's play burning in the chambers of the West;

And upon each cloud-capped summit shined a radiance warm and bright,
As though a flaming torch there had rested from its flight.

On a broad and rich plantation, with fields of waving grain,
Stood a tree, whose spreading branches the light fell down between.

And rested on the forested, and dim and sunny eye
Of a worn and aged bondman, who had stolen there to die.

His face was marked with furrows, which told of pain and woe,
For he long had known the torture of the slave's woe;

He had seen his wife and children from his bloodied bosom torn,
And to the Southern breeze away by the foul oppressor borne.

He knew that he was dying, and none were near him now,
To wipe away the death-damp from his cold and clammy brow;

He felt not rest or loneliness, for he knew he soon should be
In the cold grave's sunless chambers, from pain and sorrow free.

And a happy vision blessed him, as he lay with open eyes;
He seemed to see the azure of his sunny skies,

And to hear the water's murmur, as in quiet joy and pride,
He was before his cottage with his young and happy bride.

He forgot succeeding moments—forgot that dreadful time
When his own dear daughter, who was torn by men of crime,

And bound around the waters, and in agony and pain,
Was doomed to wear a life-time the bondman's galling chain.

And his dreamings soon were ended; his suffraging tears, were o'er;
He would feel Oppression's fetters, and cruel lash no more.

And as the gentle angel received his parting breath,
With a smile he lay extended in the dreamless sleep of death.

For the Liberator.

ONWARD!

Owened! through the mark be weary,
And the path our feet must tread be dreary.

Lead us through a desert dreary,
Through a howling wilderness;

Owened! through the shadows o'er us
Gleam the light of the morning;

Truth's calm watch-dog burns before us,
Press we onward to the light.

Owened! onward! ever speeding
With a soul that will not cease,
While a brother yet is pleading
Vain to us his rights and ease.

And to ev'ry slave be bold us
In the weary march of life;
For the Father's hand shall guide us
Safely through the dark and strife!

Danvers, Mass., Oct. 1, 1861.

A Tragedy at Oakland, Cal.

A letter from the New Orleans Crescent, of the 18th, written from Oakland

Cal., says: "The following sad and terrible

tragedy occurred at Oakland, Cal., on the 18th inst.

On the afternoon of Friday last, the 18th inst.,

about half past 4 o'clock, Mr. Brown, on his way

home from his office, called at the residence of Dr. Chas.

Chambers, a well-known physician, and a friend of

the fact, went to the gate, Mr. Brown, still retaining his

gun, entered the residence, and was met by Dr. Chambers,

who, seeing him, said, 'What do you want?' Mr. Brown

answered, 'I want to see you.' Dr. Chambers, seeing

the gun, said, 'What do you want?' Mr. Brown

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Deposited in Alabama.

A correspondent of the Montgomery Journal, at New York, says: "This morning

deposited in Alabama, a copy of this issue of today

consistently on account of a fight which occurred

at Montgomery, Ala., on the 18th inst., between a

man named McCallum, and a man named McCallum.

The man named McCallum, who was a colored

man, was shot in the head, and died of his wounds

on the 19th inst. The man named McCallum, who

was a white man, was shot in the head, and died

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