

The people turn rebutting
crown and king.
Where thrones fall down is
light of rising suns;
Infringing orbs in planetary
swing,
Each orb a bold, tryannous,
empire-thing
Thro' which unlettered,
gangrene envy runs,—
—Polutes the streams of life
with poison sting.

We boast that not in
Christian lands can now
Be found a man in chains,
whose beaded brow,
All furrowed with the weight
of years and toil,
Is made the prey—the Rob-
ber Chieftain's spoil.
'Tis false! the rule of
might runs heedless on;
Still robber bands send forth
a robber spawn.
The way lies dark with hun-
ger pangs and fears;
While wrongs are wed the
wronged shed bitter tears.
The boy, who scans the ram-
part and the height,
O'er which his fancy now
hath taken flight:
The girl, erect of soul, whose
summer dream
A pure reality doth always
seem;
Are doomed to feel the
blight of poverty
And battle with a tempter's
snare each day.
A concious pride enwraps
the hopeful mood
When men bear up against
the tide and flood;
But all in vain our hope
when men of prey,
Stalk Virtue to a mart all
night, all day.
When beaters of the bush
fright out the fawn,
Hot in the scent the hounds

speed savage on;
Thus boldly do the devils of
a town
Try hard to drag the better
classes down,
And, stumbling in their bor-
rowed, vulgar pride,
The devils seek to be the
angels' guide.

Oh Christian states, thy
harems croud the streets!
Thine idols are e'en as so
many fleets,
Crowding the filthy harbors
of a world
O'er which an ebon banner
is unfurled;
—Protects a host, a base and
careless band,
Who hate the great and good
of every land.
No slaves, you say, are now
on Christian soil;
No chains are clanking in a
thankless toil?
Bah! go where men are bent
in endless task,
Make question with them
there and kindly ask,
If any motive friends them
in their strive
Where constantly they sweat,
and work, and rive:
In southern fields; on west-
ern hills and plains,
Where cotton grows, and men
dig ore—thresh grains.
Midst orange groves men earn
a frugal hire:
Midst bins of coal the baby
hands expire:
—The Quaker State upholds
this pagan rule,
Thro' poverty to force the
child from school;
Thus ageing him—young
unit of the State—
Compelling him in task early
and late.

Go ask the fallen women
of our land
What circumstance so led
them by the hand;
Out in the Dark along the
Ruined Way;
Afar from homes where once
they used to play
In innocence, and mirth and
childish glee;
While fond parental care
thus left them free.
Go ask, I say, why fallen now
they stand;
And weep, and moan, upon a
lonely stand.
Gaunt poverty, say they,
encroached the shrine
Where else was home and
influence divine.
While thus in Dark the wil-
ey tempter came:
—Downward we fell unto the
deeps of shame.
When some must sell their
virtue for a plate,
A wrong is in the mart, the
home and state;
When many fall because of
circumstance,
'Tis time we grasped anew
the shield and lance
Therefore, arise, ye sons of
hero sires,
And build anew the patriotic
fires
Whose flames, half-dead, once
gleamed along the shore
Where **W**arren bled; and,
brave, the Yankies poured
Tumultuous, down from the
mountains green;
From Sable fields, in Aut-
umn's golden sheen,
With fiercest joy to rectify
the wrongs,
Which, all too soon, had
still'd our natal songs.
Arise! we say, and cleanse the
Nation's Halls,
and break anew the Gold
King's bonds and thralls.