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**THE
NEW PANTHEON
OR THE
AGE OF BLACK**

**ROLLO;
NEW YORK
1860**

[inside cover]

[title page]

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INTRODUCTION.

The trivialities of the age, as well as its seriousness, in a politico-religious point of view, may justify, if not demand, a vindication of the right, in even such a trifling affair as the following.

Pretenders, without the slightest claim to the credit of religion, have undertaken to convert the Church into a cloak of imposture, and from its sacred desk send forth the most infamous and incendiary doctrines, subversive of the peace and happiness of the country.

Confident in the veneration of the people for the religion of their fathers, and conscious of every act of public injustice in exciting the revolutionary spirit which aroused them to war against oppression, they cunningly identify every question of political discussion with a religious fanaticism, and appeal to an incendiary sentiment to vindicate a popular principle.

In the first they seek a defense which finds no limit even in blasphemy, while in the second they discover not only a plea, but a vindication of midnight murder.

They "Search the Scriptures" with an infamy of purpose

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that is equaled by their impiety; while the laws of the land are as insidiously denounced as the precepts of the Gospel are impiously perverted.

Associated with these religious pretenders, are a class of small *literati*, whose feeble efforts are warmed into sickly life by a mutual notice and protection; and with these again are mingled a motley class of sentimentalists in politics and morals, who have just enough of the milk of human kindness to nourish one species of the human family, while the blood that courses in their own veins is turned into a channel of discord against their own race.

Bound by a united hatred of people and country at home, they associate themselves with every vagrant influence, high and low, that they can bring to bear from abroad, and in the combined crusade thus formed, they proceed upon their treacherous work of discord and destruction.

That many of the subjects embraced in the following lines are immeasurably below the highest standard of popular criticism, the mediocrity of some, the blasphemous teachings and vulgar tirades of others sufficiently attest. The writer has, however, the consolation of knowing, that if he has fallen below the mark in any one particular, he has not entirely failed in his purpose; but that the subject has been altogether inadequate to inspire a still greater degree of public reprobation.

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THE NEW PANTHEON.

Since Rip Van Winkle took his drowsy slumber,
Woke up, and found the Country torn asunder,
No cause for war hath slept in peace so long,
As that which now *awakes* the Muse to song!

What cause hath wrought this change in this brief
time—
The Reign of Reason, or the Reign of Crime?

[5]

[page 6]

To be content, the age too fast has grown,
And ev'ry thing that is done, is "done Brown!"

But *to awake!* The Muse, in sleeping fast, [10]
Has found her slumbers moping in the past;
She must be up and doing, else she'll find
Her bridle-bit a good bit left behind.

To ride a weary Pegasus much linger [15]
Would be a sin. I'll mount a steed that's stronger;
So here's to Black—the Age of all the Ages—
The darkest through all time, or through all pages.

Science has had its day—let Science pass—
Agassiz' but a fool—Humboldt an ass—
Let Poetry to pot—and let Letters go! [20]
Who would be wise this age, must little know.

[page 7]

Money was once a God—but now, the God
Who rules the land is but an Ebony rod,
With which, when you but strike the trembling
 Ground, [25]
Ten thousand monsters to the stroke resound.

Knowledge *was* Power—but now, the power to know,
Is how to make the Negro question go;
Religion once had sway—but now, the sleeve or
Sombre gown is but a black deceiver. [30]

Wisdom, whilom, received a certain praise—
But now, the wisest must be Negro crazed;
Talents and Virtues once bright homage won—
But now, the worship is the darkest sun.

Immortal Love, with all her gallant throng, [35]
At one time swayed the world with Youth and Song;

[page 8]

But now, bright Beauty and young Cupid's flame,
Must yield their *torch* to Black and Cuffee's fame.

Those, finding out the Negro is not fed,
Have turned that truth to earning their own bread; [40]
Finding the slave unclothed, they seize the crime
To clothe themselves, while lying all the time;
Finding that Caesar can not see the sin,
They turn his blindness to themselves within,
And spread his wrongs while gathering up the tin. [45]

The darkies' day being dark, they see how near
They can approach his land with torch and spear;
The slave without a soul, they say, to save,
They see how far their own they can enslave.

Armed with these felon creeds, they fierce descend [50]
On tranquil homes, and midnight fiends defend;

[page 9]

Take rapine for a chart, and safely planned,
In dark retreat preach death to all the land,
Whose soil's not cursed with their demoniac band.

The PLATO of the Pantheon—plate in hand—⁽¹⁾ [55]

All hatless, comes and takes his brazen stand;
His stand in rear—but not his stand in lead,
For there his neck as well as heart would bleed.

Tho' he might follow, yet his soul would quail,
And tho' his tongue be loose—not free—would fail. [60]

He might pronounce a platitude in prose,

And give us doggerel in a parting dose;

But where the danger of a part's to lead,

He'd vilely run to find a place to plead;

Be glad to talk a transcendental day [65]

Of fulsome trash—*if out of danger's way.*

The PHILIP of the Modern Athens' boast

Now claims a niche!—not Macedonia's host

[page 10]

E'er yet produced so great a man as he,
To shake the Modern Philip of the Sea; ⁽²⁾ [70]
Nor Macedonia's Madman, or the Swede,
E'er found a friend so false when one's in need.

He'd fly from "Athens" for the doomed and slaved;
But, mind, where he securely lodged, was saved.
His pupil followed him—but he, more wise, [75]
Followed his pupil—but not in such a guise; ⁽³⁾
He followed him to where his teachings led—
Not to his scaffold, but to his gory bed—
And dries his tears to find his victim hung,
While he but hangs his head and wags his tongue. [80]

The ancient Athens would have proudly spurned
Her Plato's fame, could she have seen it turned
From its pure stream to where the Moderns claim;
To shed its luster o'er a traitor's name.

[page 11]

And Philip, the stern King of Macedon, [85]
Would have been hanged ere he such claims had won
To future fame from such *Philips* as these,
Who more are *Demons* than Demosthenes.

DIOGENES of Athens next stands forth—
With cynic spleen congealed in foams of wrath; [90]
He hurls defiance with the Modern's art,
On heads not hardened like his own or heart;
Giving a poniard to the pinioned slave ⁽⁴⁾
To save his soul, while he has none to save;
(So swear these ranters when they madly rave.) [95]

Offering freedom with a torch and axe,
While they but get it on their tortured backs;
Quotes Scripture like the Devil, and deceives
The slave himself in what he disbelieves;

[page 12]

Proffers him freedom from his mountain throne, [100]
While he has not a soul to call his own;
And not in thought, in word, in deed to save,
Is half as much a Freeman as a Slave.

The Cynic of the Mount can well afford [105]
To proffer freedom when it brings a cord;
And proffer homes to bondsmen, when 'tis found
Some six feet deep beneath their masters' ground.

But when the time arrives for him to lend [110]
A helping hand, he has no help to send,
(Unless 'tis his with whom his doctrines blend.)
Then to secure the knot he doubly ties
By doctrines damned, he rails at Southern skies,
And dooms of wrath from Rome, pronounces dire,
Till other victims in his cause expire.

[page 13]

Let us but hope the day may come at last, [115]
When such curs'd parsons will be of the past.

The puling poets of the Pantheon school
The Muse must pass. They know no better—rule;
They parrot-pipe by rote, not heart—and should
Be spared the pillory, if their doctrines could. [120]
Be warned to take a warming near some fire
Whose flick'ring rays would light their murky lyre;
Whose lute, like Lowell's pipes a piteous strain,
And squeals a clamor which they praise in vain.

The weak abortions of the Modern art, [125]
With all that's vapid of the ancient part,
Whose fly-like motions on the wat'ry wheel,
Their insect minds in flying round reveal;
Who glory in the *Atlantic's* milky way,
And drench their fires while they bedew their bays, [130]

[page 14]

The tiny tadpoles of its stagnant brine,
Who shame the Titans of the Hoary Nine.

And she, the Clio of this cloudy crew,
How shall my Pantheon Muse aspire to view?
She, who declaims so loud on wrongs and rights, [135]
And tho' a woman, prates of bloody fights;
Whose sympathies profound on Negroes crossed,
Has not the heart to weep her sisters lost;
Who, when her peerless sex's fate is near
In worse than death, has neither heart nor tear; [140]
Whose nature pure is changed to such a grade,
That she forgets the form in which she's made;
Whose love for Black is so intensely mad,
That forms of white are coarse, to her, and bad;
That maidens, matrons, infants—helpless all— [145]
Rather than slaves should pine, should foully fall;

[page 15]

That o'er the cottage roof and field around,
The flames be spread so that no slave be found;
Who sees no beauty in a virgin's face,
Unless some blood of Ham in her we trace; [150]
Who'd give to rapine all that dear to sex,
Provided it would sire or mother vex;
Whose Constancy of Woman is so great,
She proffers solace through the felon's grate,
When he whom slave and midnight murder led, [155]
Had wife and daughter to attend his bed.

Th' Pantheon honors next in order trace
The *Cid*-ney of the Black Brownzonal race.
The *Cid* was Brown ⁽⁵⁾—but this is *the Cid-ney*, [160]
Or next of kin to that immortal kidney.
He who reads lectures, lounges, and of men—
According to the Clio—is a gem.

[page 16]

Who touches on no subject, good or bad,
But what he proves it Negrophobia mad.
Whether on Sidney or a Black Reformer, [165]
Surpasses *Paul th' Second* as a stormer.

Who draws a picture of the peerless Knight,
Sir Philip Sidney, to be counted right;
But, who, if Sidney thought himself so like,
Would change his Knightly sword for John Brown's [170]
pike.

I'm not surprised that Cid-ney takes to stumps,
Since his slaved readers can not take to *Trumps*;
He has a score of these, whose *Weekly* pains
In *Harpers'* he inflicts, but ne'er en-chains. [175]

Brown made a tragic raid on *Harper's Ferry*,
But C. makes his in *Harpers' Weekly* merry.

[page 17]

When every occupation's gone, then Niggers
Is the last game in which a fellow figures;
The *great slave trade*, in which a small outfit [180]
Of Cant, of Brass, of Lying, fits one in't;
T' denounce your neighbors, and invent a lie
To bleed the cause—but for it never die!

Th' Paul of the Pantheon—not the Saint, but Pry—
Now rev'rently commands the gazer's eye. [185]
But why reflect him here? since every place,
Where'er a place is found, you find his face,
His face in brass, or on a china vase,
Or stuck in plaster, or in daguerreotype;
Or in photography, you see the sight; [190]
Or, not content with these, why, look again,
You see it stare in print, nor stare in vain.
Six cents a-piece! Subscriptions taken here!
The *Modern Paul* is selling—very dear!

[page 18]

(‘Tis strange that men who traffic in their faces, [195]
Should preach down Slav’ry which their own
disgraces.)

A gallery of himself in every shop,
Which, to admire, the curious crowd will stop
And gaze upon, within its many phases, [200]
Revolving views of Paul’s one hundred faces.

Can this be fame, or pride, or fallen art—
Grown cheap as dirt, and needs must make a start?
Or is it seeds of glory sown in mire,
T’ spring up like mushrooms, and like them expire? [205]

The *Cid* on Harper’s Ferry made a bold raid,
The Saint o’er Fulton Ferry makes a *ti-raid*;
In their true parts—the one a blatherskiter,
Th’ other a midnight, outright, downright fighter.

[page 19]

A lecturer by turns, he “saves the Union”— [210]
For fifty cents a night, with seats at premium;
Jests at the blood, the cost of civil strife,
And is quite jocose at the loss of life.

Were telescopic scope given him soon, [215]
He’d find out Slavery in the rising moon;
And should the mountain, big with might and main,
Bring forth in *labor* a small mouse again,
He’d call it *slave*—and mountain times much bigger,
Instead of mouse, would christen it a Nigger!

The Cicero or Champion of the crew, [220]
Stands forth in armor to th’ admiring view;
Arm’d with bright points from every brilliant source,
His sharp-steel style might claim a polished source,
Were he not doomed on Nile’s dark shore to dream,
And find a turbid for a classic stream: [225]

[page 20]

Give him the Artic regions to explore,
Where Franklin nobly died, and Kane no more
Shall tread his knightly foot, and ere he gets
To Grinnell's Land, his barque of Hope upsets;
And for the Esquimaux, he'll Negroes find, [230]
While leaving you some thousand miles behind.

Go straight to Behring's or to Behring's Strait,
And he will leave you there 'midst ice to wait,
Until he pays a tribute to the Slave,
While he forgets a tribute to the brave. [235]

Expecting something of the Polar Sea, ⁽⁶⁾
He'll cite some case of Modern chivalry;
In which resistance to the Power is right,
Which keeps the Slave in gloom, and you in night.

The Polar Sea is bound in ice, 'tis true, [240]
But Negro bondage he must keep in view;

[page 21]

And if you'd break, indeed, the Polar Sea,
You first must break the bonds of Slavery.

All this is brought in mirage to the view,
And wrought in colors of pragmatic hue— [245]
Presented to the sight in such a ray,
That when you thought to see th' Explorers way
Thro' icebergs, wrecks, heroic scenes, and new,
You find yourself amidst a Negro crew.

A scene from Uncle Tom is given in, [250]
In which you're told that Slavery's a sin,
And how the mother, chased by hound and gun,
With her slave babe o'er seas of ice did run.

Instead of being in the Artic Seas,
You find yourself fanned by a Southern breeze. [255]

This is all read in Ciceronian style,
And yet so Doctor Ch-p-n all the while. ⁽⁷⁾

[page 22]

He whom the honors of the niche now fills,
Is one who will his way, if that way kills—
Kills Church—kills State—kills Soul—kills Creed [260]
—kills all—

If killing these, the Negro does not fall;
Not fall in price! his market-price is good,
Since in the North the Negro's daily food,
In great demand—since every White's a cannibal, [265]
And must eat Black, or eat no food at all.

'Tis said his native Kings eat him; we know
His Eastern Kings of him make a *ragout*.
The fiery people, filled with Southern blood,
Eat him alive, and think it dainty food; [270]
But then, they take some time for rest; but here,
He serves for breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Moses th' Second, with Sermon on the Mount,
Finds out a Negro at the very fount;

[page 23]

“Slavery’s a sin!”—‘tis true—you prove it, [275]
By sinning ev’ry day and Sunday in it.
There’s not a text in Scripture which you quote,
But what you prove you sin in it by rote.
You prove the sin, by turning every phase
Marked out by God to mend your willful ways, [280]
Into a creed of sin, which, to uphold,
You blaspheme Christ, and counsel crimes untold.

On *you*, that sin is fixed, when you conspire
To urge the bondsman on with pike and fire;
And when on Sundays you convene to pray, [285]
That Southern homes shall perish the next day;

When you defame the land that gave you birth,
And swear no other land so cursed on Earth.
“Slavery’s a sin!” if acts applauded here
Like these, chain souls to such a slavish sphere, [290]

[page 24]

*And should be abolished! but first begin
Where Slavery like this is far the vilest sin.*

The Modern Moses finds this fearful sin
Beggaring his Church—his Congregation thin;
Finds that it drives to madness ardent minds, [295]
And turns to venom men, whose souls it binds;
Finds that the Word of God is more despised
Than the poor slave whose sluggish mind is prized;
Finds that the noblest feelings of the heart
Are forced to war, or play a dastard's part; [300]
Finds that the gentlest natures may be turned
Into the grossest furies ever spurned;
Finds that the rights of Country, Clime and Laws,
Can be outraged, and find a base applause;
Finds that a people bound by every tie, [305]
Except the Negroes—should ignobly die,

[page 25]

And that to live in such a land as ours,
Should deep consign us to the infernal powers;
Finds that our people are a set of traitors,
And all the world a set of Negro-haters, [310]
Who, if we don't get rid of our disgrace,
Will wipe or whip us from the human race;
Finds that the preachers of Old England all,
Have oft proclaimed we have no souls at all,
Else we'd be doubly damned—first on this Earth, [315]
Then to the shades beyond our mortal birth;
Finds that Exeter and Stafford Hall
Will batter down our Constitution's wall,
And play the devil with our underground,
If no more railroads under way be found; [320]
Finds that the Union's breaking up in pieces,
And that the English held us firm—in lassos—
As much the slaves of Britain now, in fact,
As we were held before the tea and stamp act;

[page 26]

Finds that the South is but a little spot, [325]
And that the North grasps all that little's got;

That if Cotton now is King of Southern people,
Nigger is God on every Northern steeple;
Finds, in short, that Black is white and whiter,
And ev'ry light mulatto a shade lighter; [330]

That all the population of our friends
Beyond the Border Line in olive blends,
And quite o'erlooks the reason very obvious,
Why Black now olive is, and White's oblivious.

Well, I will tell you! since the fearful raid, [335]
Which Eastern Preachers, Peddlers, Teachers made
Across the Negro States, some years back,
The color of the race is not so black!

[page 27]

This gipsy crew of motley Northern gentry
Have sadly changed the color of the country; [340]
And if they failed to prove that white was dark,
They have not failed to leave their Native mark!

This *other* sin of Slav'ry I would hint
To all this crew to take up without stint;
Then send the plate with psalm and pray'r around, [345]
To free those Negroes which the North hath bound!

Say not the trade's abolished North; it grows—
The trade in slaves—as every *Tribune* shows!
Those Northern bales of cotton—the mail bags—
Ship off by millions Negroes piled in rags; [350]
And seizing th' *Tribune* in Virginia's State,
Was but the capture of a little freight!

The Negro sells their paper; and in turn
They sell the Negro—and their money earn!

[page 28]

It's a fair business; only in the land [355]
Where Negroes breed, the trade is contraband!

Why should not th' pirates of these outlaw prints
Rail when another at its horror squints?
It would their bus'ness stop; and here 'tis free—
The only freedom in the Blacks we see. [360]

These cunning Yankees have an eye to trade,
And make a penny when a bargain's made.
They break no laws—of int'rest—that's quite sure,
And only break, when they can make no more;
And keep the Ten Commandments, every one, [365]
And preach the Gospel till 'tis overdone.

They crowd the pulpit, press, the bar and bench,
And every freedom from the people wrench—

[page 29]

Denounce all customs diff'ring from their own,
And puff themselves while preaching others down. [370]
All the virtue, all the mind they claim,
Which in this curséd land doth yet remain.
If their standard's right—why, Heaven forbid
That aught should question what they have is hid!

The glory of the Empire City's reign [375]
They would link to "Athens" with a Negro chain,
And bind a cord around her regal neck,
To bend to Boston at its every beck—
A line of wires of telegraphic stuff,
To make us sneeze when "Athens" takes her snuff. [380]

When "Athens" gives a frigid dinner party,
These flunkies here must cheer the laughter hearty;
If Holmes gets home a wee-wee witticism,
'Way goes a column of *Tribune* criticism!

[page 30]

If Lowell bores a worthy stranger there [385]
With dismal rhymes, which make him wince and
stare;

Or Wendell Phillips finds a running thought,
(A fugitive idea his head has caught;)
Or Emerson concocts a crude effusion, [390]
The *Tribune* adds its own to their diffusion.

Their noblest men they've hunted to the grave,
And sold their souls to Mammon and the Slave!
Webster they still pursue, th' in his tomb,
His shade could crush them in its silent gloom! [395]

They called themselves the "Athens" of the land,
And Emerson the "Plato" of their band;
The classic grounds on which such honors rest,
Is where they slander and proscribe their best!

[page 31]

Everett they basely hunt, and would destroy, [400]
But where they hope to wound, they but annoy;
The proud defender of a land ingrate,
Who, while adorning, yet redeems his State!

The great high Prelate of the Pantheon throng,
In turn now comes to take his niche among; [405]
Who counts no danger when his cause he fights—
Who learns a plot of treason and of crime—
Then basely wanders to some foreign clime,
Is told in secret of some bloody deed,
Fears to betray some slave or soul ingrate, [410]
But fears not betrayal of the Fed'ral State—
Preaches Disunion in a rural town,
Then in the Senate cries Disunion down.
If high in place, to foes he bends the knee—

[page 32]

A demagogue to those of low degree— [415]
Time-serving all, and yet no slave is he!

A Statesman of the school of servile isms,
All colors black viewed through his many prisms;
A platitudinarian, smooth, precise,
Whose speeches dull are fricasseed in ice! [420]

His milk-and-water, freezing on the ear,
Melts quick to blood, when from the Forum's chair
Indorses Helper, and pronounces light
The plan of cutting throats as something right!

Five hundred thousand heads, or so, was all [425]
Marat required to mark an Empire's fall;
Three hundred thousand Southern throats, well
 hacked,
The *Marat of the hour* demands, well backed.

[page 33]

Cut all their throats—that is the Helper creed, [430]
Indorsed by S-w-d, and upheld by W-d!

A full-grown harvest of the Southern set,
Whose scythe of slaughter is the knife well whet—
A pike and torch in every Negro's hand,
To kill the master and lay waste the land! [435]

Proclaim such doctrines! speed to servile lands,
Be caught by flatt'rs and their fawning bands.
Strangers to right, or sympathy with race,
They love the heart which hates a Southern face!

Bowed down by famine and in fetters born, [440]
The whites among them, whom they hold in scorn,
They have a pliant ear for every cry
That's borne from Afric's shore or Southern sky!

[page 34]

Slaves to revilers of a gallant clime,
They greet the sland' rer in their giant crime, [445]
Encouraging in act, in word, the deed,
Which, to behold, would their own heart-strings
bleed!

Concoct great crimes o'er bowls of great Bohea—
Drink draughts of blood while sipping cups of [450]
tea—
Think nothing of the pangs in social sipping,
Endured by those who in their blood lie dripping!

Discourse on Beauty at a rout or ball,
The theme would turn upon the Negro all; [455]
Speak of Longfellow, or of Edgar Poe,
They'd ask you whether their face was black or
No!

[page 35]

The point would turn—if rose—Evangeline,
Whether her nose was flat or aquiline! [460]

Like people gazing at the heaven-lit sun,
When, by eclipse, its light is overrun,
They use burnt glass to mark at every gaze
Our country's spots seen on its sun-lit blaze!

Here the vile traitors of our Nation's fate [465]

Go to distract, and on its faults dilate;
Point out the errors of its early stage,
And show the blot on every erring page;
Proclaim its wrongs to every gaping clown,
Lay bear its wounds to every tyrant crown, [470]
Receive their smiles for homage, and receive
Their pity for the crimes their souls aggrieve!

[page 36]

Ladies forget their sister's wrongs, and deep
In silks and satins o'er the Negro weep,
Whose sorrows, should they not abate too soon, [475]
Will center round the *Dying Octoroon!*

Soon here, as there, the fashions all will rage,
And we will mark the change at every stage;
The belles will wear great puffs of wooly hair,
And beaux will dash along with Sambo's air! [480]
The North will all repudiate its cotton,
And naught that's South be left to get, or get
on;

For all our Southern staple, Irish linen,
Will then be all the girls will have to get in! [485]

Silks from the Indies will be worn instead
Of cotton skirts and petticoats of red;

[page 37]

The cotton trade, and all its train of wo,
Will be cut short, and skirts no *longer* flow!

Beauty will spurn the cotton from its bed, [490]
And on its unbleached pillows rest its head;
Love will be joyous in these pristine days,
And Cupid gambol where he now but plays!

“When France got drunk with blood to vomit
crime,” [495]
The Church was crushed to yield its fate to Time;
But now, the Church, turned Mentor of the State,
Turns in its wrath, inviting its own fate.

Voltaires within its pale—without his wit—
Blaspheme its Founder, on His doctrines spit; [500]
Its preachers, leaders of a servile band,
Who for the Bible give the Slave a brand!

[page 38]

The *sans culottes* of this our modern creed,
For which the babe must strangle—mother bleed!
The hero-worship of a midnight crime, [505]
Whose blood, they claim, is to redeem the clime.
The Day of Rest—the Sabbath of the Heart,
In this “New Church” must play a bloody part!
Instead of “Peace on earth—good will to man,”
They preach up crime, and civil discord fan; [510]
For the pure doctrines of Immortal Life,
They preach dissension and intestine strife;
They’d make a hell on earth, and war in heaven,
And then decide what souls shall be forgiven!

Our parts to act, if they would give us war, [515]
We’ll take their cue before they go too far,
And quite reverse their creed—no quarter given—
We’ll brand them here, and leave the rest to Heaven!

[page 39]

Th' Academic school of modern France,
Baptized in blood—with every fierce advance [520]
Of creed and doctrine, warr'd with giant crime,
Which, like a monster, sprung from warring Time!

They found a race enfeathered with a chain
Which kings had forged, and man had broke in vain;
Their race of blood, of country, creed, and all, [525]
Was linked with scorn, which turned their blood to
gall.

The wealth of empires, garnered from the East
And every clime, but found their wrongs increased;
Corrupted courts, and every gilded vice, [530]
Spread marts in plenty with their favored price,
And worth and virtue found a baffled field
In every place but where their strength could shield,

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And all the solace which their souls could feel
Was in the iron bar or tombed Bastile! [535]

Then all the wrath which ages had in store
Broke forth in terror on that fatal shore;
Voltaire prepared his shafts of venom'd steel,
And Diderot sent forth his fanged appeal;
D'Alembert hurl'd his scorn—Concordet sped [540]
His thunderbolts of wrath upon its head.

Then darkly dawned the Robespierrean age,
With Marat crowned, and Danton hailed a sage—
Which, spent in blood, in terror, and all crime,
Leaves but a stigma on the scroll of time! [545]

And would the crazed philosophers to-day,
Without the cause to rouse, revive the fray?

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Would the fire-preachers of a rampant Church
In such a sea the Ship of Union lurch?
Would they shipwreck us on a heathen shore, [550]
And grant us neither home nor refuge more?

Do all the B-ll-w-s of the "New Church" school
Take every "Union Saver" for a fool,
Except themselves, who, at a public dinner,
Can eat and drink like any other sinner? [555]

Do these complacent people all believe
That they, demented, all the world deceive?—
That Phillips is Demosthenes? and Emerson
Is Plato, with a Black Republic set on?
That Greeley is Diogenes, whose tub [560]
Is Dana, copper-cooped, with F-y to scrub?
Th' *Tribune*, a dark lamp in every hand,
Searching for sober men throughout the land?

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Let these in truth forbear, and I forego
The task I should have closed some hours ago. [565]
The Country's safe! but if destroyed—why, then,
Let fools look up and take the place of men;
Ambition wear the bells!—not arms nor laws
Dare any man to take in such a cause.

If strength has fled, let weakness take its place, [570]
And folly reign where wisdom courts disgrace;
The pow'r that's feeble grown in growing strong,
Deserves the fate that can not keep it long!

With nerve undaunted—with an arm to warn,
A nation such to quail, should fall in scorn— [575]
If slaves and minions can a people scare,
So abject grown, they merit all they fear!

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In dread suspense the heart grows hot and cold—
To strangle danger is to meet it bold!

If what they say—this Union-hating crew—
“’Tis not worth saving”—make their boasting true:

[580]

Give them a rope to tie the Union round,
But round their necks, as well, be sure ‘tis bound,
Then cut the cord with an unerring knife,
And see if they hate the Union—worse than life!

[585]

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NOTES.

⁽¹⁾ page 9.—“The PLATO of the Pantheon—plate in hand.”

Vide speech of Emerson in Boston, collecting funds for the “cause.”

⁽²⁾ page 10.—“To shake the Modern Philip of the Sea.”

Supposed to be in allusion to Governor Wise.

⁽³⁾ page 10.—“*Followed his pupil*—but not in such a guise.”

W-n-d-l Ph-ll-ps followed Brown to his grave, and preached a sermon over it. Separated from the solemnity of death, particularly under the most tragical circumstances, and considering this orator and mourner’s relations to the subject of his eulogy and grief, it was the most comico-tragical exhibition in history.

⁽⁴⁾ page 11.—“Giving a poniard to the pinioned slave.”

Vide Theodore P-rk-r’s second bull from Rome, in the shape of a letter, which seems to have been modeled after the style

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of the Apocalypse. In this, his Second Epistle from the degenerate Romans to the Americans, he contemplates with a complacent awe, which distance from danger can alone inspire, the “Impending Crisis” over the Republic.

⁽⁵⁾ page 15.—“The *Cid* was Brown—but this is the *Cid-ney*.”

The cheapness in which these *sans culottes* of the pulpit hold the Religion of the Saviour of the World, is witnessed in the readiness with which they apply the most venerated titles of the heroes of the sacred writings to the character of felons and adventurers. Separating the romantic achievements and chivalric career of the Cid of Spain from the malignant adventures of John Brown, a parallel might be drawn to impart to the latter some features of a daring outlaw chief, while his four sons would contribute to the force of the comparison; but where his admirers might find some legitimate defense of his career in the parallels of outlaw history, they insult, with their one idea, the religious veneration of the country, by proclaiming him equal to Christ and greater than Moses.

⁽⁶⁾ page 20.—“Expecting something of the Polar Sea.”

In allusion to Dr. Ch-p-n’s lecture for the benefit of the Kane Monument. Manifestly, as a sound mind is independent of one subject when treating of another, yet the mental amalgamation of the worshipers of the Negro is so injurious, that the finest intellects are impaired, if not destroyed, by its contact. Upon a purely scientific and patriotic occasion, this

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accomplished speaker could not conceal the amalgamation of his mind, and exposed it by several allusions to what he termed the “Slave Power.” If such a power really does exist, *what has it to do* with Dr. Kane’s exploits and a monument to his memory?

⁽⁷⁾ page 21.—“And yet so Doctor Ch-p-n all the while.”

“His easy Ciceronian style,
And yet so Middleton all the while.”—*Pope*.