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THE REPEAL

OF THE

MISSOURI COMPROMISE

CONSIDERED.

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P R E F A C E .

WHEN the following Poem was penned, it was not the intention of the author to present it to the public in a printed form ; but having been repeatedly urged to publish it by those who have heard it when delivered, he has at length thought proper to yield to their solicitations, with the hope of doing some little good in the cause of truth and humanity.

E. P. ROGERS.

Newark, N. J., Oct. 25, 1854.

P O E M .

'Tis done ! the treach'rous deed is done ;
Eternal infamy is won
By Legislators, who've decreed
The direful and unrighteous deed.

'Tis done ! the fearful die is cast,
The dreadful rubicon is past ;
Nor will the deadly strife be o'er
'Till Freedom bleeds at every pore.

The grave Nebraska leaders feel
That by their treacherous repeal
Of the Missouri Compromise,
They've plucked away from Freedom's skies
The glorious sun revolving there,
And buried hope in deep despair.
That sun, long partially obscured,
They think eternally immured
Within the darkest, foulest night,
No more to shed her glorious light.

They've summoned their nefarious bands,
With whom they've struck polluted hands,
And compassed Freedom's altar round
And sought to raze it to the ground ;
That altar of unbounded worth
Bequeathed by gracious heaven to earth,
Like as a monument to stand
As a design for every land,
That in each clime and realm might be
A beautiful fac simile ;
That unto each there might be brought
The off'ring of the patriot,
Composed of treasure and of blood
And offered in the name of God.

It is at such an altar, where
The ardent patriot should swear

By all that's good, by all that's great,
 Eternal, unrelenting hate
 To all unjust, oppressive laws,
 And there espouse the righteous cause
 Of Freedom, justice and the right,
 And take his armor for the fight.

At such an altar let him stand
 Until he feel both heart and hand
 Nerved with extraordinary power
 To battle in the trying hour.

Then let him quickly turn away
 And seek to win a glorious day,
 And let his watchword ever be
 Almighty God and Liberty.
 When battling for inherent right
 Our honored sires, both black and white,
 Upon this self-same altar swore
 To wear a foreign yoke no more.

They by this self-same altar fought,
 And sacred liberty was bought,—
 Bought by the brav'ry and the blood
 Of those who near the altar stood.

This altar, 'round which patriots kneel,
 Inspires them with peculiar zeal,
 And fills them with resistless might,
 Enables them to put to flight
 Ten thousand of the vile and base,
 And one a thousand foes to chase.

The covetous Nebraskaites
 Have near extinguished Freedom's lights,
 Have thrown her altars to the ground
 And hurled the hallowed parts around.
 And then, their treason to complete,
 They've leaped with their unhallowed feet
 Upon the fragments on the sand,
 (Still both magnificent and grand,
 And in their wild delirium swore
 That liberty should be no more.
 The dignified and lofty tree,
 Of heaven-descending liberty,
 No longer tow'ring upward stands,
 But, prostrate by Vandalic hands,

Lies where the faithless act was done,
And withers in the noon-tide sun.

They think that liberty is doomed,
That she forever is entombed,
Nor will her cold and languid ear
The voice of resurrection hear.

Though sacred Freedom bleeds, we said,
She is not terrified nor dead ;
For truth's her everlasting prop
And bears her gentle spirit up.

When truth is girded for the fight
And draws her weapons keen and bright,
And lifts aloft her burnished shield,
Her God-like influenco to wield,
If vict'ry in that self-same hour
Is not accomplished by her power,
She'll not retreat nor flee away,
But win the field another day.
She will with majesty arise,
Seize her traducers by surprise,
And by her overwhelming might
Will put her deadly foes to flight.

Some have pronounced the Compromise
As both degrading and unwise ;
And so upbraided every man
Who gave his sanction to the plan.
Because it gave to Slavery
The soil that should have still been free
And ever perfectly secure
From Slavery's chilling, blasting power.
They said it was a with'ring shame
To countenance the DEVIL's claim :
Or in the least to heed his story
When he demanded territory.
And they should with united mind
Have said to satan, Get behind ;
For though thou hast an angel's guise,
Thou art th' embodiment of lies.

Some said that Slavery long had been
A grievous and atrocious sin,
And hence a yielding to its claim
Was part and parcel of the same ;

And would undoubtedly afford
 Unhappy jarring and discord.

Thus some in eighteen twenty thought,
 When first the Compromise was sought,
 And prophesied continual evil
 If shared by Freedom and the devil.

But scores of patriots of that day
 Conceived a far more excellent way
 To stay at once the threat'ning blow
 And satisfy the parties too.

Some, from the North with doughy faces,
 Said, Circumstances altered cases ;
 And compromises they must make
 For their beloved country's sake.

"I want the land," was Freedom's cry ;
 And Slavery answered, "So do I !
 By all that 's sacred, I declare
 I'll have my just and lawful share.
 The Northern cheek should glow with shame
 To think to rob me of my claim :
 And if my claim you dare deny,
 I'll knock the Union into pi."
 The Northern faces did not glow,
 Because they were composed of dough :
 But such a tall and horrid threat
 Their equilibrium upset.

"O gracious heavens !" the patriot said,
 As nervously he shook his head,
 And quickly moved his tangled hair
 To feel the bump of firmness there :
 But how distracted was his mind,
 When searching long he could not find
 This stately organ of the brain,
 Nor could the mystery explain,
 Or make a fit apology
 For this freak of phrenology.
 The reason why the bump was low
 Was it was fashioned out of dough ;
 And Slavery's bold and fearless threat
 Had crushed the lofty organ flat.

This horrid Union-breaking threat
 In Congress is all powerful yet ;

And if the North oppose the South,
 This remedy seals up their mouth
 And makes them quickly toe the mark
 And sanction schemes however dark.
 The Union-breaking threat prevails,
 When every other measure fails.

In eighteen twenty this prevailed,
 And Northern men before it quailed
 And bowed to Slavery—sad mistake—
 But all was for the Union's sake.
 The glorious Union, they declared,
 Must never, never be impaired !
 It is, said they, a sacred thing,
 And to it we will ever cling ;
 The Union is above all price.
 'Tis wisdom to convey a slice
 Of territory, thus to save
 The Union from a dismal grave.
 And if God's righteous law we break,
 'Twill all be for the Union's sake !
 We must support the Constitution
 And if we sin seek absolution.

A few, of never-dying fame,
 Would never yield to Slavery's claim,
 Would have no fellowship with it,
 And now their wisdom we admit.
 But these were a minority,
 The others a majority ;
 And hence the Compromise was made,
 And Slavery's claim was duly paid.

And, after gaining his desire,
 He scarce was willing to retire,
 And, as he turned to take his leave,
 He laughed immoderate in his sleeve,
 And said he 'd surely call for more
 In eighteen hundred fifty-four.
 "The rest," quoth he, "I cannot get,
 I am not strong enough as yet ;
 But when I am maturely strong,
 I'll seize the balance, right or wrong."

But Freedom cried, "Wo worth the day
 When such a treacherous game you play ;
 And such a treacherous game to win
 Would be a most atrocious sin."

The act would gracious heaven defy,
 And tempt the Majesty on high ;
 And then would ruin most complete
 Accompany your sad defeat."

"But hold!" said Slavery; "you 're too fast:
 I judge the future by the past.
 I always have high heaven defied,
 And man's authority denied;
 I always have securely seized
 And borne away whate'er I pleased,
 And, if my numerous games be sin,
 Whene'er I play, I always win:
 And I control the legislation
 Of this great democratic nation,
 And to my tried and cordial friends
 My lib'ral patronage extends;
 I raise them up to seats of power,
 Although unworthy, base, and poor.
 O'er each department I preside,
 And all official actions guide;
 I send ambassadors afar,
 And, when I please, provoke a war
 Ostensibly for public weal,
 But 'tis in fact my burning zeal
 To multiply my territory,
 Instead of for the nation's glory.
 And presidents I nominate
 For confirmation by each State,
 And no Chief-Magistrate is made
 Without my all-sufficient aid.
 Of politics, I am the pope
 To whom each candidate must stoop,
 And there devoutly kneeling low
 Do homage to my sacred toe.
 All these are facts which I defy
 My sanguine scoffers to deny.

"I know that Northern freemen might
 Upon one platform all unite,
 And freedom's banner there unfurl,
 And through the ballot-boxes hurl
 Me from my proud and lofty station,
 And send throughout this mighty nation
 A grand and glorious jubilee,
 Which would the wretched captive free:
 They might construe the Constitution

So as to crush my institution ;
 So as to break the iron bands
 From every human chattel's hands.
 The power of Congress regulates
 Commercial acts between the States,
 And, hence, can with the utmost ease
 Confine me wheresoe'er they please.
 Were I forbidden to migrate
 From place to place, from State to State,
 I soon should lack sufficient room,
 Which would accelerate my doom.
 I'm so much like a roving herd,
 That it is perfectly absurd
 To think to tarry in one place,
 Deprived of new and ample space.
 Without new fertile territory,
 I soon must part with all my glory.

“ Some Northern men despise me much
 And fear pollution from my touch,
 And cry to heaven both night and day
 To smite me dead without delay ;
 Then from their altars turn away,
 The painted hypocrite to play,
 And to my filthy garments cling
 And seek to crown me as their king.
 If I but gain their votes at last,
 I care not how they pray and fast ;
 Their prayers are but the merest hoax—
 But daring and blasphemous jokes.
 When I am privileged to see
 Their words and actions *both* agree,
 I then may tremble, not before,
 Upon my lofty seat of power.

“ Two-sided politicians say
 They must curtail my blust'ring sway :
 For, as Delilah was of old,
 I am disgusting, rude and bold :
 But though so vile and dissipated,
 By me they're always captivatod.
 Like Sampson, they desire a nap
 Upon the vile Delilah's lap,
 And while they sweetly slumber there,
 I, like Delilah, crop their hair
 And cause their vigor to depart,
 And brand my name upon their heart.

My missions they will then perform,
 Both in the sunshine and the storm,
 And will extol me in all cases,
 In public and in private places.
 My influence, too, is vastly great
 Throughout the Church as well as State,
 In all the Schools throughout the nation,
 In each extensive publication,
 And in the pulpit and the press—
 As all who know me must confess.
 Now if these statements all are true,
 Why should it once occur to you
 That I my vow will not fulfil,
 And seize hereafter what I will ?

“ But now I catch upon the breeze
 The smell of Cuba’s fragrant trees ;
 From Hayti, too, the sound is plain
 Of coffee trees and waving cane ;
 The Sandwich Islands, ten in number,
 Which in the great Pacific slumber,
 Just now, like rising orbs, appear
 Approaching nearer and more near.

“ But Canada,—that dreary land
 By cold and searching breezes fanned,
 Inhabited by blacks and whites
 Enjoying equal legal rights,
 And where the whites will intermarry
 With Susan, Tom, and Dick, and Harry,—
 Is not indeed the place for me ;
 It shocks my spotless purity.
 It is indeed no place for me !
 The laws are based on equity,
 And should I override the same,
 Myself alone must bear the blame ;
 ’Tis subject to monarchical rule,
 Which I abhor with all my soul ;
 Republics are the home for me,
 For with my health they best agree.
 And if my negroes run away
 And reach that *cursed Canada*,
 O tell the story not in Gath,
 They’ll turn and curse me in their wrath.
 And, what is worse than all beside,
 The law is on the negro’s side ;
 And give a negro but an inch

He'll seize an ell and will not flinch.
 I've been, but shall go there no more ;
 For there I heard fierce lions roar,
 The sky was quickly overcast,
 The tempest blew a fearful blast,
 The thunder and the lightning's glow
 Seemed to convulse the ground below ;
 And then a voice, above the roar,
 Such as I never heard before,
 Addressed me and this plainly said :
 ' The ground is holy which you tread !'
 ' Great Britain's soil is sacred ground,
 On which true liberty is found.
 'Tis found by men of every grade,
 Of every clime, of every shade ;
 No matter where declared a slave,
 Or what the dialect which gave
 The monstrous verdict in his case,
 And doomed to servitude his race ;
 No matter with what solemn air
 The captive was devoted there
 Upon the altar of a god,
 As there with trembling mien he stood ;
 Whene'er he treads on British ground,
 With British liberty he's crowded,
 And both the god and altar must
 Together sink beneath the dust.
 His soul majestic walks abroad
 And holds communion with her God :
 His tall and manly form expands
 And bursts his chains and breaks his bands—
 The bands which once his person galled.
 And there redeemed and disenthralled,
 He stands before the British nation
 An heir of full emancipation.'

" And now," said Slavery, " I must go ;
 I've business down in Mexico ;
 But purpose to return this way
 Upon the first auspicious day,
 And with no acts preparatory
 Enlarge my spacious territory."

Then Freedom gave a mournful sigh,
 But made no audible reply.

And who can truthfully allego

That Slavery 's not redeemed his pledge.
 He has returned, increased in might,
 And put his strongest foes to flight.
 The Compromise, as we've supposed,
 Which was by prudent men proposed,
 Was clearly all the measure then
 Which would unite our Congressmen.
 And some constituents confessed
 The measure was by far the best
 To cause fierce jealousies to cease,
 And to establish public peace ;
 And, as the loaf could not be won,
 The half was preferable to none.
 And thus united did they fix
 The parallel of thirty-six
 And thirty minutes, to divide
 The land, and ever to decide
 The bounds of Slavery's dismal night.
 And where the glorious cheering light
 Of Freedom might forever fall,
 Bequeathing liberty to all—
 And that the North might boldly say,
 Proud Slavery, thou shalt have no sway
 Beyond thy dark and barb'rous heme :
 Thus far, no farther, shalt thou come !

For thirty years the Compromise
 Has met with favor in the eyes
 Of Unionists throughout the nation,
 Of every party, creed and station.
 And when the venerable act
 Was first by ruthless hands attacked,
 The wise and good of every creed
 Repudiated such a deed.
 The country's noble Constitution,
 The parent of each institution,
 Was no more sacred in their eyes
 Than the Missouri Compromise.
 But now the precious Compromise
 In wild and reckless ruin lies,
 Plucked like a jewel from a crown,
 And ruthlessly is trodden down.

And why this wild and daring deed
 For which our land must surely bleed ?
 Why is the landmark now removed,
 The landmark which the sires approved ?

Why are the fathers' works erased,
 Their early monuments defaced ?
 Why is their wisdom cast aside
 Which thirty years have sanctified ?

It is, indeed, O, sad to tell !
 For 'tis a measure fresh from hell,
 It is that Slavery may expand
 O'er all our new and fertile land ;
 That its black flag may be unfurled,
 And wave o'er all the western world ;
 That tyrants may the helpless spoil,
 And thrive on unrequited toil ;
 May bury hope in deep despair,
 And traffic in God's image there :
 That they may there exert their sway
 And more securely hold their prey,
 And pass this scheme of degradation
 To the succeeding generation ;
 That power political they may
 Obtain, and thus the country sway,
 And so effectually benumb
 Great Freedom's heart for years to come.

The argument which some advance
 Is still that Freedom hath a chance,
 In Kansas and Nebraska now,
 Equal to what the laws allow
 To Slavery and its advocates
 Inhabiting the Southern States ;
 And that this act, called knavery,
 Is that unbiased equity
 May be secured to all henceforth
 Throughout the Union, South and North.

But several obstacles intrude,
 Which are of no small magnitude,
 And lie directly in the way
 Of Freedom's unrestricted sway,
 Which must destroy her every hope
 And drink her lofty spirit up.
 And these same obstacles, which rise
 Pure Freedom's arm to paralyze,
 Tend to establish Slavery's power,
 And hasten on the gloomy hour
 When Slavery, like a sable pall
 Shall over all Nebraska fall.

The planters who the West encumber
 Draw lands according to the number
 Of the forlorn and wretched slaves,
 Who will enrich the lordly knaves.
 Besides what Government allots,
 The master may, wheno'er he votes,
 Take of his human chattels ten
 And make six Anglo-Saxon men.
 And surely those who hold the land,
 With numerous votes at their command,
 Will by their wealth and influence rise,
 And honest poverty despise.

And, when the emigrant shall come
 To seek and choose a future home,
 He soon will find that honest toil
 Performed upon the virgin soil,
 Will class him with the negro slave,
 However honorable and brave.
 And there the haughty tyrant's frown
 Will weigh his gentle spirit down ;
 His children, too, will shun disgrace
 And seek a more congenial place—
 A place where Slavery's with'ring power
 Does not oppress the honest poor.
 Slavery and Freedom both agree ?
 'Twould be a strange anomaly !
 The serpent and the nestling prest
 Together in the self-same nest ?
 The wolf brought to the fold to sleep
 Beside the weak and harmless sheep ?
 A sober, honest, upright man
 An inmate of the robber's den ?
 These dwell together ? surely, no !
 The serpent, wolf, and robber too,
 Would on his weak companion prey
 Or drive him forcibly away.

And so with labor ; Slave and free ;
 They never have, nor can agree,
 Beneath one shelter to abide,
 Or live together side by side.
 And 'tis not difficult to see
 Why these two systems disagree.
 Coercive systems all are evil
 And evidently from the Devil :
 But all free systems, pure from fraud,

Are those which are ordained of God.
 Hath darkness fellowship with day ?
 Or Christ concord with Belial ? nay !
 And when slaveholders seek the West,
 They'll virtually expel the rest :
 The powerful will the weak assail
 And ultimately will prevail.

And there are numerous Indian tribes
 Whose chieftain's will, allured by bribes,
 Or influenced by the liquid fire,
 Yield up their titles and retire.
 Again, the white man will advance
 And drive the trembling Indian thence,
 And leave for him no resting place,
 Or home for his fast-fading race.
 At length his savage wrath will burn,
 And on the foe he'll fiercely turn,
 And, in the hour of wild despair,
 Will everlasting vengeance swear,
 To those who have his country spoiled,
 And tracked him o'er the forest wild.
 Then will the fierce warwhoop arise,
 As on the hateful foe he flies,
 A few will welter at his feet
 And then his work will be complete.
 The pale face, with an honest grace,
 Will then exterminate his race,
 And soon before the white man's ire
 The wretched tribes will all expire.

And this is no delusive dream ;
 For the unwise Nebraska scheme
 Will prove a fruitful source of woe,
 As time undoubtedly will show.
 And all this evil in the nation
 For Slavery's sole accommodation !
 That Freedom's banner long may wave
 O'er the dejected, haggard slave !
 That tyrants may be rendered strong
 To shun the right and do the wrong !
 In short, that they may ever stand
 As lords and nabobs of the land !

But why did Congress pass this bill,
 When thousands loathed the bitter pill ?
 How dared they bring the measure forth,
 While knowing well that at the North

Strong opposition would arise
 From lovers of the Compromise ?
 Whilo in the Senate it remained
 And was there ably sustained,
 A loud and earnest cry went forth
 From every section of the North.
 Upon the Compromise they stood
 For Justice, Liberty and God,
 And in his name protested strong
 Against this monstrous public wrong.
 Three thousand holy men of God,
 Who near the Sacred Altar stood,
 Whose zealous hearts were deeply pressed,
 Sent an affectionate protest.

But their remonstrance was attacked
 By Mister Douglass, who in fact
 As father of the measure stands,
 And soiled by his polluted hands.
 He like an angry lion roared,
 And on the pious Clergy poured
 A stream of glowing indignation,
 Because of their disapprobation.
 But what possessed this haughty man ?
 If good men cannot speak, who can ?
 If Satan's counsels be absurd,
 May not an angel speak a word ?
 When *Satan* was deserving blame,
Michael reprov'd him in God's name ;
 But Satan was far too polite
 To tell him that he had no right
 His consequence thus to upbraid,
 Or treat him as a renegade.

When Alexander once was come
 To overthrow Jerusalem,
 The holy priests and Levites came
 To greet him in Jehovah's name.
 The High-priest was in scarlet clad
 And wore his mitro on his head,
 And on his golden breast-plate stood
 The reverend name of Israel's God.
 The minor priests fine linen wore
 And dressed as Levites did of yore :
 The Jews were also clothed in white,
 Pure and immaculate as light.
 These gave a simultaneous shout,

Encompassing the king about;
 And this, together with the sight
 Of the procession clothed in white,
 So took the conqueror by surprise
 That he declined the royal prize.
 When he beheld the name of God
 Most reverently the conqueror bowed,
 And, when desired, did not refuse
 To spare the city of the Jews.
 Thus finding favor in his eyes,
 They made with him a Compromise,
 And, ere the conqueror retired,
 He granted all their hearts desired.
 Nor did his majesty abuse
 These priests of God; or once accuse
 The same of disrespectful tricks,
 Or meddling with his politics.
 But Alexander, not the Great,
 But one of a more recent date,
 A noted giant of the day
 And conqueror in a certain way,
 Would not consider in the least
 Remonstrances from any priest,
 Nor from three thousand clothed in black,
 But sent his impious slander back.
 Nor could the name of the most High
 This restless champion satisfy;
 The name of God in that petition
 With him consigned it to perdition.
 No Compromise would Douglass make,
 But sought a Compromise to break:
 Nor did his stubbornness relent,
 Nor did he heartily repent,
 But under all this moral power,
 His heart grew hard, his mind grew sour.
 His conscience, too, was greatly seared,
 While he mysteriously careered.
 His vision though was clear and bright;
 He gazed aloft both day and night,
 Not to behold the cheerful sun,
 Or view the pale and silv'ry moon,
 Or watch the stars which twinkle there;
 But ah! that Presidential Chair.

We surely have no room to doubt
 What Mister Douglass was about
 Throughout this hocus-pocus measure

Prest sore on Congress, without leisure.
 The secret of the whole affair
 Lies near the Presidential Chair.
 Said he, "I'll win it, if I can;
 I'll trample on the rights of man;
 I'll quickly tread into the dust
 Both priest and people, if I must;
 I'll stride o'er Freedom's recent grave;
 Or leap upon the prostrate Slave;
 Or even turn a *somerset*,
 The Presidential Chair to get.
 I grant, 'tis possible I may,
 As abolition zealots say,
 Be doing wrong religiously,
 But I am right politically.
 I may oppose the higher law,
 But, I do not my maxims draw
 From such philosophy as that,
 Which William Seward hinted at.
 Though I must honestly avow
 That I am not prepared just now
 For trial by the higher law,
 Though I its bearing never saw:
 To die, I have no inclination
 Without some little preparation.
 But I must first be President
 And after that I will repent:
 Yes, when the highest prize I win,
 Immediately I'll cease to sin,
 But come what will, no pains I'll spare,
 To reach the Presidential Chair."

And shall a mortal so depraved,
 One who has multitudes enslaved,
 One who on liberty has trod
 And rudely broke the law of God,
 Now, in the nineteenth century
 Shall such an one have leave to be
This Mighty Nation's Magistrate—
 Its most exalted Potentate?
 Shall such a son of conspiracy
 Wield the resources of the nation?
 No! surely no! all Freemen must
 Tread the usurper in the dust
 Till he's politically dead,
 And cannot rear his treacherous head.
 Let every voter answer, nay!

On National Election Day.
 On that same day let Haman die,
 Suspended fifty cubits high,
 On that same gallows, where he meant
 To execute the innocent.

And was our champion all alone
 When Liberty was cloven down ?
 Was he the only Congressman
 Who countenanced the treacherous plan ?
 Was he the only advocate
 Who, from a free and liberal State,
 Gave to the measure his support,
 The Southern patronage to court ?
 No ! Douglass only took the stand
 As captain of the reckless band ;
 He undertook the vile crusade,
 And others rallied to his aid :
 Not all the Southern Enterprise
 Could have repealed the Compromise,
 Or ever brought the measure forth,
 Without assistance from the North.
 It would most certainly have died,
 If Southerners had not applied
 To Northern skill for a receipt
 To cause its snaky heart to beat.

Not all the North its sanction gives
 To its own Representatives,
 And on the vile Nebraska Bill
 They've not fulfilled the people's will.
 But why should Northerners deplore ?
 Their representatives before,
 In fifty did a kindred deed,
 And priests and people bid God-speed.
 The wily politician spake
 And said 'twas for the Union's sake ;
 That this would Slavery satisfy
 And would the Union fortify !
 And hence distinguished leaders went
 The measure to the full extent.
 And clergymen declared that we
 Should all respect the powers which be ;
 That governments were foreordained
 And must not therefore be profaned ;
 And, he that raised his rebel hand
 Against the rulers of the land,

Was infidel, was but insane
 And hence might lawfully be slain.
 Some said it was the nation's act,
 And consequently must be backed ;
 That 'twas the law throughout the land,
 And by it all must firmly stand.
 It is the law, professors said,
 And on it they would never tread !
 And that 'twas just as any other ;
 And, if it bid, would sieze their mother
 And give her to the tyrant's hands,
 To satisfy the law's demands.
 Shame on the men who thus declared ;
 Let infamy be their reward !

Why should not Northern members think
 That they might innocently wink
 At Slavery and its demands,
 When such a law securely stands
 As that, which hurries day by day
 The panting fugitive away
 From any section of the land,
 To toil beneath the tyrant's hand.
 Our noble Doctor Pennington,
 Distinguished as a clergyman,
 And one of Freedom's advocates
 Throughout Great Britain and the States,
 By this vile law would be in danger,
 The same as any obscure stranger,
 Could he not show within a trice
 That he has paid the market price
 In some remote vicinity
 Of Doctors of Divinity.

And now suppose the Doctor can
 Feel and declare himself a man
 And this ungodly law despise :
 Still, from before his weeping eyes,
 His brother and his brother's sons,
 Tracked Northward by the basest loons,
 Were made in a disastrous hour
 The victims of its greedy power.
 "Alas ! my bleeding kin," he cried ;
 Then looked to heaven and deeply sighed,
 "Farewell, my kindred, all farewell ;
 With tyrants you must ever dwell
 Who, with the huge and scorching lash,

Your trembling bodies oft will gash
 What do my liberties avail
 If such a barbarous law prevail?
 Nought can my heart conciliate
 While Mordecai is at the gate."
 And Frederick Douglass (mighty man,
 Whose powerful eloquence can fan
 The human passions to a flame
 Whene'er he speaks in Freedom's name.)
 Could not on Southern despots rail,
 But for that precious bill of sale
 Which, like a keepsake in a locket,
 He has secreted in his pocket:
 With such an honorable discharge
 He now can safely run at large.

This law sought Jerry: but no use
 For he abode in Syracuse.
 For there the law is a dead letter;
 There no man wears the tyrant's fetter:
 There's meaning in the people's tone,
 And when they speak, their will is done.
 When that law sought for sable Jerry,
 Its mad designs it could not carry!
 For when it simply asked for bread,
 The people gave both stones and lead:
 And when it simply sought for meat,
 Fierce serpents coiled about its feet.
 But where was Jerry all this time
 When scenes were passing so sublime?
 Some friendly spirit from afar
 Received him in a peaceful car.
 And by his strong and skilful hand
 Conveyed him to Victoria's land.

But in Boston, (far-famed city)
 A sad reproach and mournful pity,
 The law has done its shameful deeds
 And human Freedom freely bleeds.
 But it was not the people's fault:
 They were quite ready to revolt,
 And doubted not that it was right
 For them to cordially unite
 And by their works make known their faith:
 But for those instruments of death,
 'Twere folly to attempt the deed
 Unable fully to succeed.

The North was at defiance set
 By Mister Pierce and Cabinet,
 And Freedom and her friends were chained
 And gloomy despotism roigned ;
 And Freedom's crown lay in the dust
 And thousands yielded, as they must,
 In that dark, mortifying hour
 To Slavery's unrestricted power ;
 And Burns was rudely borne away
 Beneath the military sway.

But ah ! proud Slavery how unwise !
 Thine enemies like locusts rise,
 Thy cannon and thy bayonets have
 Prepared thine own dishonored grave.
 The North will surely hate thee more
 Than she has ever done before ;
 She will thy boasted power despise
 And in her majesty arise ;
 Thy fiendish Government disown,
 And hurl thee from thy bloody throne.

This law has sought and seized its prey
 And quickly hurried scores away
 To cruel Slavery again,
 To feel the lash and wear the chain.

And now when these are stubborn facts,
 Let us not be surprised at acts
 Like that of the Nebraska Bill,
 Nor need our blood with horror chill.

'Tis clearly of the tyrant race,
 We trace the features in its face ;
 'Tis of the same peculiar stock,
 A chip from off the ancient block ;
 It is a sort of codicil,
 Annexed to the old musty will ;
 And if the will be just and right
 The codicil no man should slight.

And so if Slavery's bloody code
 And law for fugitives be good,
 Then to repeal the Compromise
 Was just, appropriate, and wise.

And when the framers of the law
 Of eighteen hundred fifty saw

That they were lauded to the skies,
They sought to win a nobler prize.

Remotely 'tis the people's measure
Who can do penance at their leisure.

But in the councils of the nation
Some lofty minds endured temptation,
No threats nor bribes which men could quote
Could gain their favor or their vote.
Though not unfrequently beset
By President and Cabinet,
They stood unterrified and free,
And would not basely bow the knee.
They sought the right, eschewed the wrong,
And battled earnestly and long
Without prospective victory,
Like those of old Thermopylæ.

And during life it will be sweet
Their liberal speeches to repeat,
And it will be their heart's delight
That they contended for the right.
And when draws near their peaceful death,
And they shall yield their parting breath,
It cannot fail to cheer that night
To know that they stood by the right.
When to their faithful tombs they're borne
And o'er their ashes kindred mourn,
In plaintive eloquence they'll say
These never feared the face of clay.
And when their monuments shall rise
To tell whose dust beneath them lies,
On them it only will be said,
Here lie concealed the righteous dead.
Their names their fragrance will impart
To every youthful patriot's heart,
And generations yet unborn
Will bless their names their tombs adorn,
And angels far above shall write
Their names in capitals of light.

But all the bluid Nebraskaites
Who have invaded human rights,
Will at the North in every case
Be overwhelmed in deep disgrace.

The President and Cabinet,
 Together with his lordly sot,
 Will all undoubtedly retire
 As fast as legal terms expire.
 Their steps they cannot now retrace,
 They're sinking deeper in disgrace,
 And stormy vengeance waits to shed
 Her bitterness on every head.
 When their eventful life is o'er
 No one their loss will much deplore,
 And when their kindred call their name
 Their cheeks will mantle o'er with shame ;
 But soon their names will be forgot,
 The memory of them all shall rot.
 And let their burying places be
 Upon the coast beside the sea ;
 And let the ever-rolling surge
 Perform a constant funeral dirge.
 And when the stranger shall demand
 Why these are buried in the sand,
 Let him be told without disguise
 They trod upon the Compromise.

But o'er us reigns the Holy One :
 He does but speak and it is done :
 He has declared that truth shall roll
 Until it reaches either pole.
 And though her enemies may be
 Like pebbles round the rolling sea,
 They all will ultimately fail :
 For God's predictions must prevail.