







From the Fall Poetry Weekly.

CHARLES T. WORREY.

BY MISS MARY LIVERMORE.

The Rev. C. T. Worrey, imprisoned about a year and a half since in Baltimore, for the crime of adultery, is suffering under consumption. He is allowed to see no one but his wife, and she is forbidden to look through the bars of his prison. He will undoubtedly die there.

Dying in that useless prison, in that lone and grated cell,

When the night by darkness, night and fiercer seems to dwell;

Dying in that fearful loneliness, all unsheltered his hours pass;

And of all the friends he numbers, none his fainting head sustain!

Dying yet the wife who loves him, may not cheer him with her care,

Nor is he free of wifehood, half his weary load to bear.

Dying in the clasp of fetters, not within the arms of love—

Dying prisoner in the slave land, not New-England's sky above!

Slowly creep the gloomy moments of his cell—

And the hours of agonized darkness, till his soul be closed day.

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Oh his pale a torpor stilled, pale forehead on his face,

And the fatal death approacheth, in a slow and solemn pace.

But with crime his soul is drenched, guilt he's stained that shackled hand;

Nor for aught that God commands, doth he bear the felon's brand.

But for acts of love and piety, through Freedom and for Right,

For his God-speed to the bondman, flying from oppression's night;

For obedience to the precept which bind man-kind in one—

Do whatever unto others, thou wouldst unto him have done?—

For beholding in the chafed bright image of his God,

Thoughts defamed, and mangled, and blighted, and by Slavery's heel out-trod;

For seeing to the doctrine, not in word, but very deed,

That all men are free and equal, as the Nation swears,

For belief that true fraternal bond in one the race of man;

'Tis for this he bears the fetter, and the shackles' cruel pains;

But his hour of freedom cometh, when his shroud will be done,

When his mission will be ended, and his martyr crown be won;

For the Lord will send his angel, as he did in days of yore,

To unlock the fetters, fetter, and unlock the prison doors;

Guard him as you will, you keepers, not the thunder of your gun,

Nor your sword of flint gleaming, can do him the debt he owes;

Though under the bolts of iron, though cemented close the wall,

Death will free the tortured spirit from the prison's bitter thrall.

Ye may spurn the prayers of freedom, as they for their brother plead,

Ye may turn in haughty scorn, when a wife doth intercede;

But the writ of manumission, signed by death in dread array,

That will brook no cold denial, that ye cannot yet deny.

Fall River, Mass.

From the Democratic Review for March.

TO BROTHER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTE.

Strike home, stern-hearted man! Down to the foot of Old Oppression sink the Statesman's staff;

'Tis wrong to bow down. In God's name then put nerve into thy task. Let other men

Plant, as they may, that rotten herb, whose fruit

The wretched slave of the South shall eat;

But thou the image-bearer. Let thy hand

Fall heavy as the Sabeen's iron blow.

On Crown or Censer, which shall interpose

Between thee and the altar of Freedom—

Leave eaves to cloister-diers. First of all

Shake thou all German dream-land with the fall

Of that accursed tree, whose trunk

Was spawed of old by Zephor's stalwart arm.

Fight not with phosias and whosoms. Let us bear

The many of which thou art the chief;—

Catch the pale prisoner's whosoms, as the light

Follows thy axe-stroke, through his cell of night.

Be faithful to both rods; nor think to feed

Barth's starving millions with the husks of creed.

Serve Him, whose mission high and holy

Was to the wronged, the sorrowing, and the lowly.

Thrust not his Eden girdle from our sphere;

Distant and dim beyond the blue sky's span;

Like him of Patmos, see, now and here, 't

The New Jerusalem down to man.

Be warned by Luther's cross, the like him

When the roared Teuton dashes from his limb

The rashed chain of ages, holy to bind

His hands, for whom thou claim'st the freedom of the

From the Columbia Magazine for March.

BY A. N. S. A. S.

AND GOD MADE TWO GREAT LIGHTS; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also.—Gen. i.

Sun! with thy generous way,

Beaming the day.

And through the shining hours

Quickening the joyous life of hearts and flowers—

Be thou my pattern, that so may be

Waltz in the brightness of prosperity.

Lo! in the blue, beautiful, all like thee!

Moon! with reflected light,

To melt the shadows of the night.

Giving sure prophecy

Of a returning day and smiling sky—

Through stormy shades hours to thee

Bequeath the light of thy serene eye.

From her high place, a light ethereal thou seest

Stars that from earliest time,

Bleat, sublime,

Have ever watched the birth

And death of the first children of earth—

Teach us, from your exalted love, to see

How glorious the life heaven gives should be,

Learning and living through eternity.

TO BE GOOD IS TO BE HAPPY; angels.

An happy man, because they're better.

Quicken the return of the earth.

The evening land, that follows in behind.

With whisp'ring wings; the blist'ness know no

But we're overlooking points of mind

Of inquiry will be the means of bringing us the intel

ligence which is so earnestly desired.—Ed. L.

REFORMATORY.

From the New-York Tribune.

A LESSON FOR FREE SCHOOLS.

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