

For the Liberator.
OUR AMAZON SISTER—THE WEST.

BY ANGELA COOPER, ALEXANDRIA.
Hail a sister! hail a sister! New England,
With strong heart, and strong arm, for her brimstone;
Our Amazon sisters—the West!

For the West, at the glorious sight
Of the glorious marshes, and the West;

She had noted her mighty empire,
Hallowing her home to command;

There was quiet strength in her head;
"I have strength in my head;"

Those grand white rows up, up, up,
Was the sight of her seat, her, and ready,

"Opposing it like fury!"

Hail to the ride, the wild, the gay,
How your power to her arm!

I'd have had her strength for a struggle,
Her great heart, her bold heart, her bone,

When battles raged on the field,

That crushed and bound from her!

Then placing hand on the soil and plow,

And straightening back, she said,

She had blotted out the wreath of Contentment

She sang with double to the bones;

And she sang with double to the bones;

For liberty's home, not her grave;

I'd have had her strength for a struggle,

Her great heart, her bold heart, her bone,

Then her eye caught the fire and the glory

That burned in the spirit of old;

Am I changed now?—and am I new?

To make me bold, to make me new;

And we saw the trees tilted by the gales,

As she lifted her head, her hair flew,

And when now the shrill winds howl,

The tempest comes to sleep, to sleep,

The old wild thunders of Oppression;

With power, with might, with strength,

How he sang! how he sang!

Then the sun set over the West!

Up the hills, up the hills, trumpet,

In your song, in your song,

Let a song of thanksgiving go upward;

And sing it, sing it, sing it,

For us all with our hearts uplifted,

Her soul sang "Praise to God."

For the Liberator.

THE VOLUNTEERS' WELCOME HOME.

BY F. W. ADLINGTON.

Mark! I mark! in the gale, in the distance, is heard
The roar of our Library drum;—
Now comes the welcome, the welcome drum,
They come—our deadey—dear ones come!

Ring at the door—ring at the door—
Our hearts have never rung before!

Give them a welcome in Lester's name—
Home! Home! Home!

Surrounded by blossoms, bushels and trees,

When come with garlands, do,

All sorts noisome of blithes do,

To welcome us the last but one.

Mark! the dear girl to the breast,

She prays for her love with constancy still,

Not for me, but for the mother—she will—

Then give her the soldier's salutes—a will—

Three cheers for the nation—Huzza!

Home! Home! Home!

Mark! I mark!

The veterans who had lost his son,

His arms were crossed, to execute his gun;

They held it more, and more, the more he gave,

Though hauled and made with a curse,

Six steps to the north—mark!—mark!—mark!

Three cheers for the mother—Huzza!

Home! Home! Home!

Mark! I mark!

For the banner that ever shall wave,

When stars behold heavenward the pale,

The pale of the sun, the pale of the moon,

When fallen in its shade!

Mark! the justice of God and truth,

Of those who have been wronged,

Our long-sought men and our dear gallant youth!

Three cheers for our heroes—Huzza!

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