

THE COLORED SOLDIER.

[The quiet community of East Attleboro' were thrown into an unusual state of excitement on the evening of Tuesday, Jan. 16th, by the finding of the dead body of a colored man near the rail-road track in that village. On investigation it proved to be the body of JOHN H. JACKSON, a discharged soldier, of the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry. Born a slave, in Maryland, he was made free by the civil war that clothed our land in mourning, and fought with our own state's men. That he took the cars at Mansfield, on the eve of the 15th of January, and having no money to pay his fare, was told he would be arrested at the next station, that he soon left the cars and was seen no more until found as above stated. These facts suggested the following lines:]

Where the broad Atlantic's wave
Sweeps the shore of Maryland,
Once a poor but faithful slave
Toiled beneath a master's hand:
Not in hope of pleasant ease,
At some future distant day;
But each night upon his knees,
Prayed and longed for liberty.

O'er our land there came the sound
That traitors stole away our stars,
"And above us red like slaughter,
Hung the fiery shield of Mars."
From the battered walls of Sumter,
From the streets of Baltimore,
Rose a cry for war and vengeance,
Surging to each northern door:

And the call was heard and answered
By a truly loyal host;
~~Not the wives or mothers faltered,~~
As they counted up the cost.
Flocked they to that hated banner,
Afric's wronged though sable race?
Share they now our country's honor,
Or her foe's deep, sad disgrace?

Did their boasted love of master,
And of slavery's loving chain,
Civilizing the poor negro,
Make them dread to lose its reign?
No! where our Flag in beauty waves,
They hear the voice of God,
And to His hand as ever gave
Or left the avenging rod.

Let Fort Pillow's memory tell us,
And the voice of many a field,
Where beside the whiter soldier,
For the right their lives they yield.
And the bondman of our story,
With our brothers, side by side,
(Let him share their fame and glory,)
Helped to turn the War's red tide.

Peaceful skies once more are o'er us,
War's dread thunders once more cease,
Though our tears like rain are falling
For the slain who gained this peace.

Attleboro', Mass. March 1866.

"Welcome home!" is now resounding
To each warrior, worn and grim,
And our black but noble brother,
What fond welcome waiteth him?

Go we forth with smiles to meet him,
Strewing roses in his way?
Waving flags, with cheers to greet him,
Joined with music's witching lay?

In yonder yard, a new-made grave
Where no one goes to weep
Will tell where that poor soldier slave,
Takes his last earthly sleep,
The life that war and slavery spared,
Was rashly thrown away,
For want of a few paltry pence,
A soldier's fare to pay.

They did not put him from the cars
With gentle, lawful hands,
But threatened one whom ignorance
Had bound in iron bands.

And thus he took the fatal leap
Into eternity,
And "no one is to blame," men say,
But God our judge will be,
And the soulless corporation
And their servants' lacking soul,
Alike with that dead soldier
Must heed his muster-roll.

For the lidless eye that never sleeps,
But notes the smallest wrong,
Will in the Book Omniscience keep,
Mark it where it belongs.

Farewell, poor colored brother,
Poor weary worn-out slave!
God gave thee life and freedom,
But our welcome was a grave.

Let us place an humble headstone
Above that soldier's dust,
There let us point our children
As we teach them to be just.
Just to the rights of others,
Tho' not of our own race,
Lest the wrong, we do a brother,
End in our own disgrace.

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