

Bristol, England - Oct. 1847 -

Dear Mr Chapman

With the following lines, handed to me for the purpose by the writer of a venerable minister of the Gospel be adapted to the Liberty Bell? - They are a memorial of our nation's abandonment of its mighty sin, & they speak words of hope to yours. They are not a voice from the dead; the warm enthusiasm of the writer led him to spend the evening of his days in writing on the enormous sin of ^{African} Slavery, and his last effort to appear in public was to hear your eloquent countryman, Frederick Douglass, give his noble testimony in our city.

Yours most truly
M. C. -

Lines written Aug. 1st 1838, when, having
ceased in the British Dominions West India Isles.

It is done — and the struggle is past,
The struggle continued so long;
Achieved is the victory at last,
And right now prevails over wrong —
Ye friends of humanity! raise,
(The occasion demands the no less,)
To Heaven your ascriptions of praise,
Your efforts into crowns with success.

This day, which now after a night
Of gloominess, opens in smiles,
Commences an era more bright
In our hitherto slave cultured Isles.
There many good voices, no doubt,
Will hail, as with reason they may,
With a loud and a captivous shout,
The earliest dawn of this day.

For the Demon that millions enslaved
This day from his throne there is hurled;
And where his black pennon had waved,
There Freedom's white banner's unfurled.
Wonder not if around it they throng,
With joy never tasted before,
'Tis the pledge that the gates, which had long
Oppressed, — shall oppress them no more.

O Freedom! the noblest boon
Vouchsafed unto mortals below,
May the whole human family soon
Thy full import be given to know!
While the terrible power, upheld
By the fetter, the scourge, & the chain,
Lambs the weak be long injured, expelled,
Never show his dark visage again!

Militant heroes! — Throw away fear!
This day bids you raise your hoops high;
When the first fruits began to appear,
Who doubts that the harvest is nigh?

Perseverance! - and the Demon whose birth
Is from Hell, you shall speedily see
Driven to his own place from the earth!
And all born of woman made free!

— J. M.

Poem for School

Bill 1847

For Mrs. Liberty Bell

Ms. A. 9. 2. 23. 59