

No. 1

The Portent.

The friends of God - the friends of man
Are breathing words of fire again
They speak as in the days of Gore
A prelude to the battle's roar

God and the Rights of Man

We asked then that a race downtrodden
Made Human by the hand of God
Should not in bondage be controlled
Should not be bartered bought or sold
Deny it all who can

That when we plead through burning tears
Our answer was but taunts and jeers
That when we for the bondsman begged
We were insulted rotten egged
And given coats of tar

But nothing daunted us the least
Through persecution, we increased
And wrote upon our Banner then
"Free Press" "Free Speech" "Free Homes" "Free Men"
And then you threatened war

And boasted that on land and sea
Your daring hosts of Chivalry
Would drive our Banner out of sight
Your rule by force you rule by might
Such was your boasting then

But you were met at grandly met
And on the ground by blood made wet
The point of glistening bayonet
Fought you that which you can't forget
While throttled in your den

That he who aims to ruin all
Oft times himself receives the fall
That he who strikes to overthrow
Oft times himself receives the blow
And sinks beneath the way

Had we then groveled in the dust
And not have answered thrust by thrust
Where now would be the "Mighty Free" ?
Where now would be our Liberty ?
Asleep in Freedom's grave

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And Freedom still has glowing flame
The friends of Man and God proclaim
That Right and Wrong are now divorced
Right can't be bought will not be forced
And on our Northern shores

The flag of Freedom flutters bright
And every star sheds holy light
And lightning's gleam and thunders voice
That while tis yours to make the choice
Before the Impet' roars

Give us fair hearing at the Poles
Before the clouds of war unroll
Or by the grass on Martyrs graves
And by that flag that o'er us waves
Secure from sea to sea

We'll meet you as in former years
But this time with the Blacks your Peers
And we by ev'ry wrong efface
And you shall see that downtrodden race
Grand and triumphant free

Seville Junction Ill Nov 3rd 1852

Mr Albion W. Tourgee Newville N.Y.
Dear Friend

Some time since I sent you
"The Portent," which you ask for permission
to see, I was quite unwell when I wrote
you before and probably made mistakes.

I'm fear I did I have rewritten it and
hope you will not feel offended with me
for my extreme forwardness.

Dear Sir permit me to say that you alone
among all our leaders seem to grasp the true
meaning of the sacred word Freedom.

If my little poem can be used I
will certainly feel honored thereby
When while I shall circulate your lists
for names and May Heaven bless
you and all other true friends of
Liberty

Paul Bell
Seville
Jullton Co
Ill