

## The African Chief.

Chained in a market place he stood,  
A man of giant frame,  
Amid the gathering multitude  
That shrunk to hear his name -  
All stern of look and strong of limb,  
His dark eye on the ground:  
And silently they gazed on him,  
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought,  
He was a captive now,  
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,  
Was written on his brow.  
The scars his dark broad bosom wore  
Showed warrior true and brave;  
A prince among his tribes before,  
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake —

“ My brother is a king;  
Undo this necklace from my neck,  
And take this bracelet ring,  
And send me where my brother reigns,  
And I will fill thy hands  
With stores of ivory from the plains,  
And gold-dust from the sands.”

“ Not for thy ivory nor thy gold  
Will I unbind thy chains;  
That bloody hand shall never hold  
The battle spear again.  
A price thy nation never gave,  
Shall yet be paid for thee  
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,  
In lands beyond the sea.”

Then swept the warrior chief, and bade  
To shred his locks away;

And, one by one, each heavy braid  
Before the victor lay.

Thick were the platted locks, and long  
And deftly hidden there  
Shone many a wedge of gold among  
The dark and crisped hair.

"Look, feast thy greedy eyes with gold  
Long kept for sorest needs;  
Take it thou askest sums untold,  
And say that I am freed.  
Take it— my wife, the long, long day  
Keeps by the cocoa tree,  
And my young children leave their play,  
And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold— but I have made  
Thy fetters fast and strong,  
And ween that by the cocoa shade

Thy wife shall wait thee long":  
Strong was the agony that shook  
The captives frame to hear,  
And the proud meaning of his look  
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken - crazed his brain,  
At once his eyes grew wild;  
He struggled fiercely with his chain,  
Whispered, and wept, and smiled;  
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,  
And once, at shut of day,  
They drew him forth upon the sands,  
The foul hyena's pray.