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# The 'Southern' Flag

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# THE 'SOUTHERN' FLAG.

*Lines on seeing a 'Confederate' banner, insolently displayed  
in Market Street, Manchester, June 15th, 1863.*

Oh, sight disgusting! Emblem of the Knaves,  
Whose greed is money, and whose treasure, slaves.  
Why, flaunting there, before the freeman's eye,  
Waving defiance in a British sky?

Say Manchester,—thou City of the free,  
Wilt thou to 'Women-floggers,' 'bow the knee?'  
Wilt thou—the Home and cradle of free-trade,  
The tool of tyrants and their gains, be made?

Wilt thou,—once leader of the World,—descend,  
To be of hardened "Southerners," the friend?  
And own an 'Empire,' where for paltry gold,  
Man, Wife, and Child, like pigs, are bought and sold?

Well,—be it so: but then stern justice mark!  
Thy former fame is buried in the dark.  
Gone thy repute that *once* thou wert the head,  
Of those Immortals who for freedom bled.

No, never more thy noble boast shall be,  
That thou with toil, hast set the captive free.  
Fled are thine honours,—vanished all thy fame,  
And thou hast left thee, nothing but a name.

But shall this be? Arise, ye men of old,  
For truth and freedom yet once more be bold.  
Would yon base sign,—hypocrisy in white,—  
Have dared its insults in the days of B——t?

Arise, and plead for liberty again,  
But not where *bloodshed* deluges the plain.  
PERISH THE SWORD,—draw strength from reason's store,  
Till slaves and bloodshed curse the earth no more.

WILLIAM STOKES.