

BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

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[The following lines are respectfully addressed to the true citizens of Haverhill, if such are still left, who really regard law and order, and are sincerely desirous of promoting the peace, happiness, and safety of the whole community. I said, if such are still left, for one would be led to suppose, from the perfect apathy and cool indifference which has been exhibited in view of one of the most atrocious, daring, and high-handed outrages ever committed and countenanced in a civilized community, that the time had actually come which the prophet so feelingly describes, when there is not a man to be found "to stand in the gap," or avert by his righteous interference the meditated and just judgments of the Almighty. That the laws, in this town, are now set at perfect defiance, and that the current of corruption is rapidly acquiring an impetus and force that threatens soon to sweep all before it, is an undeniable fact, and that the mal-administration and gross perversion of these laws by some of the principal office-holders, is the cause of all this alarming increase of evils, is also now universally acknowledged; and unless a strong, bold, and decided stand is immediately taken to overthrow this power of vice, we shall soon have an insurrection in our own midst, as dangerous and formidable in its character, and requiring as much personal courage, strength and sacrifice to subdue, on a limited scale, as that of the southern rebellion on a more extensive one.]

ARM FOR THE RIGHT; OR, THE INVALID'S LAST APPEAL.

BY MISS CAROLINE SMITH.

Arm! arm! arm!
Not for the battle-field,
Not for the sea,
Not for the bond-men
The bond-man ever free.

But arm for the right!
Not with buckler and sword,
But arm for the right
In the name of the Lord.

Lift up the standard
Of Justice and Right,
Swear to defend it
By word and by might.

Firm and undaunted
Enter the field,
And die in the conflict,
Rather than yield.

But where is the foe?
The foe is at hand;
See! it advances
In yon daring band.

Beneath the dark banner
Of vice they're arrayed,
And on Guilt and Injustice
Their footsteps are stayed.

Shouting in triumph,
As onward they go,
To inflict on the helpless
New suffering and woe.

Rejoicing in evil,
Exulting in pain,
All pleas made for mercy
Are useless and vain.

Soul-stained and sin-hardened,
Their hearts are like steel;
And no human anguish
Can cause them to feel.

But who are their leaders?
Who's in their van?
Those who bid bold defiance
To God and to man!

Who trample on laws
They have sworn to sustain,
And foster corruption,
For mere and gain.

Who screening the guilty,
Oppressing the poor,
Are bringing the judgments
Of God to their door.

And shall those who hold office
Of power and trust,
Combine to overthrow
All that's righteous and just?

And our houses, lands and property,
Must we resign,
Or pay a high premium
On outrage and crime.

Shall law, peace, and order
To anarchy yield,
And no longer afford us
Protection and shield?

In our once peaceful homes
Must our lives be assailed
Till the threats of the foe
Cause all hearts for to quail?

And must we before them
In agony fly,
Or stay to receive
Their death-weapons and die?

Citizens! freemen!
Arouse and awake!
The weal of the public,—
Your all is at stake.

'Tis the triumph of vice
That gives rise to this call,
And its reign must be broke
Or 'twill ruin us all.

Their arm! arm! for the right!
In the name of the Lord;
And let "God and the right,"
Be your buckler and sword.

Pause not a moment;
Arm for the right!
And swear to sustain it
Or die in the fight.

NOTE.—It is now nearly nine months since I have been obliged, let me be ever so sick and helpless, to leave my room or bed at a moment's warning, and flee before the Rifle Club, in order to save my life and reason. And this has been done repeatedly when I have not been able to sit up more than five or ten minutes during the day after leaving the carriage. I should have entered a complaint at the commencement, but the Police Judge, the protector of the public peace and the town representative of Justice, was at the head of this outrage, and could not sustain the cause of right and humanity without involving himself in the overthrow.

Miss Caroline Smith

Arm for the Right; or, the Invalid's Last Appeal

[Haverhill, Mass.?: no publisher circa 1860-1870]

First edition. Broadside. Approximately. 12" x 9". Modest but pervasive chipping and tears confined to the margins, good or better. 21 stanzas of verse and two paragraphs of explanation from a lady of Haverhill, Massachusetts, who here stands up in verse for her right to salubrious peace and quiet in the face of the repeated cacophonous depreations of the Haverhill Rifle Club—or as she has it in her note, "It is now nearly nine months since I have been obliged, let me be ever so sick and helpless, to leave my room or bed at a moment's warning, and flee before the Rifle Club, in order to save my life and reason. And this has been done repeatedly when I have not been able to sit up more than five or ten minutes during the day after leaving the carriage. I should have entered a complaint at the commencement, but the Police Judge, the protector of the public peace and the town representative of Justice, was at the head of this outrage, and could not sustain the cause of right and humanity without involving himself in the overthrow." That Smith's outrage should find vent in verse is of course curious but not perhaps atypical of her time—certainly the ringing sentiments suit themselves to lyric: "Beneath the dark banner Of vice they're arrayed, And on Guilt and Injustice Their footsteps are stayed. Shouting in triumph, As onward they go, To inflict on the helpless New suffering and woe." Smith appears to have published a similarly gloomy collection of verse, *Haverhill in Eclipse* (Newburyport, 1870) and another scarce broadside aimed against local corruption, *A New Year's address to the true hearted citizens and voters of Haverhill*. OCLC notes two locations for this rare appeal. [BTC#392326]