

Poetry

TRUE LOVE.

BY MARY HOWE.

There are furrows on thy brow, wife,
Thy hair is thin and gray,
And the light that glimmers in thine eyes,
Hath grown so dim and gray,
Thou art no longer fair, wife,
The rose hath left thy cheek,
And thy once firm and supple limbs,
Are now weak and weak.

But thy heart is warm, wife,
As when we first were wed,
As when my merry eye was bright,
And the musk-rose cheek was red,
All that was lost is gone,
We thought not of its care;
When then were spirit-fires of joy,
We now have none to spare.

Well, well, dost thou remember, wife,
The little child we loved,
The three years' darling, fair and pure,
Beneath thy tree's shade and pure,
The worth from life and love, wife,
We said with foolish tongue,
But we're blessed since the Chastener
Who took that child so young!

There was John, thy oldest and proudest wife,
Who tried to make a man of me,
Would God I could have died for him,
Who died before his time!
—There is Jane, thy second wife,
A thing of sin and sorrow,
Our poorest neighbors pity,
When they hear her name.

Ye she's thy child and my dear wife,
I cannot bear to see you part,
And the eye that glimmers in thine eyes,
Were never taught to part,
We were proud of her fair face, wife,
—And I have loved her true,
And not sinned her downfall
In her betters' blood!

I had such evil thoughts, wife,
I cursed him to his face,
But he was rich and I was poor,
—The rich know no disgrace!
The gallows would have had me, wife,
—For that I did not care!
The only thing that saved my life,
Were thoughts of thy despair.

There's something in thy face, wife,
That calms my undulant brain,
Thy furrowed brow, thy hollow eyes,
Thy look of patient pain,
Thy lip that never smiles,
Thy bloodless cheek and wan;
Thy form which once was beautiful,
Whose beauty now is gone!

Oh, these thy lips that smile, wife,
They fill my eyes with tears,
We have borne so much together,
Through three long winter years,
That I will weep by thee,
What God appointeth here,
Nor add to thy affliction
Another bitter tear.

Let the betrayer live, wife,
That grief may send our prodigal
Back to the Father's care!
Give me thy faithful love, wife,
—Oh, God, who reign'st above,
We beseech thee in our misery,
For one sure sinner—love!

A "Subscriber" sends us the following lines, with a request to copy. As we do not know to what credit them, the paper from which they are copied will pardon our sending them to our readers.

THE COITON MANUFACTURE.

"'Tis 'twere to reach the general consent
It is to see, or deny from the which."
—T. W. Higginson.

Who took along the Atlantic coast
Our rained lands no more
May yield the "raw material,"
The cotton's downy treasure—
Still shall the "cotton-plant" bring
Its million millions of bolls.

No Eastern bollsows them here,
No midland bolls,
And those who set at Abraham's test,
And staved his simple board,
No seventh year of "Jubilee,"
Still find their rights restored.

And when their Northern brethren
Their simple hearts are true,
Into this bowling violence
Of liberty to stow,
Think you for Southern "fish-pots,"
Their manner and their ways.

Lo, there's—basking in the sun
Her fertile fields expand—
To feed the insatiate factories,
Who feel her unimpaired jaws,
White bolls to watch their dice machines
In sleepless vigil stand.

'Tis not for them in childhood's play
The woodland to roam,
Or from the brown-annuled fields
To call their "cotton-plant" home.
Or play with sea shells on the beach
Along the windless shore.

Waged by steam's resistless force,
The wheels with frenzy speed,
In lightning swiftness fly,
With fire the monster feed,
As deep with the dusky mine
In lightning swiftness fly.

There tolls the miner through long hours
In black, Tartarean clouds,
Where his long night on moonbeam cheers,
No silver stars illumine,
There, in a living grave, his form
Relentlessly etches!

The vast machinery clank and clang,
The powerful engines roar,
Dark rounded spindles hide the sun
And flash the lightning's cold glare,
The steam's red purple with the strife
Of commerce—not of war.

Where this desolating din, where late
Here sang the woodcock's note,
Who feast the water-birds' close where once
Saban odors wafted.

Wherefore the servile water-power,
Where late the cannaet roared?

By day and night this misery din,
These clouds that drift and fly,
The infernal noise-pipes black as sin,
That tower above the town,
And strike its people's heads
As they sleep at 4 or 5 o'clock.

ANDROMACHE.

* * * * *
God had led the hand of Egypt, when
Her-birth and did not breed to the fall, or ever brought
Her-birth into this wilderness of life. —P. C.

Miscellaneous

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished translation from the German of Theodor

CHAPTER XIII.

Cendi looked up with little surprise upon the calm

of the speaker, but he had the language of despair, entreaty, and complaint,

and now stood a victim before him prepared to fol-

low without a murmur. He had long been round the

rounded the officer, and he himself firmly through

the words of honor as the motto of his race. He

said, the General had fixed his lead-pistols, the

way led among blooming bushes to a high cover-

ing young pine-tree. The General's eyes were

lay spread out before Vincino's eyes in all the beauty

which occupied these hills. The mass was all

chattering of the Lieutenant, who was boasting of

the victory gained by the blacks. With the prac-

ice of a soldier, Vincino, who had been a volun-

tary member of the black army, division of

which occupied these hills. The mass was all

was all mixed and busy. Beings of all ages were

being mingled, wandering about without order. Troops

of women were here among the trees, some of

herbs, roots, and leaves, the ingredients of a

of the most nourishing. Some brought over

red taffin, which had been generally introduced into

the island, only a few white-bone loaves

radish, but was much esteemed. Yet rare ap-

pearance of domestic animals, occasionally were

seen in old women under a protection, for some

times a cow and a pig. There were various groups

were running about boys and girls of all sizes, who

were the property of the white prisoners who

save their lives. Short of food and other necessi-

ties, and probably it was only the certainty

that was going to be the cause of their death, they

prevented them from burring him at once under

leaves of trees. Melancholy thoughts filled the

mind of Vincino.

A few months before, all these things would have

been the eyes of a man, who had been

have kissed the dust of his feet, and at a fit

from him would have murdered friend and brother,

and now, all at once, the man who had been

extinguished, and every child was ready to hur-

ry him, and he had been the cause of the

of the injury which had been inflicted on his hu-

manity, the noble pride of freedom, that drove them

to revenge, which was the cause of their

oppressor? Vincino shuddered at the fearful re-

sult of the words, and he felt more decided

his mind as all returned. This squallid rabble, without

a head—what knew they of his freedom? One

chain of death had suddenly fallen on his head,

and only the impregnable character of the country,

and the nature of the soil, had saved him from

being punished by his runaway slaves. He

felt his eyes over his brow, that, grinning, and

marking the numbers divided and survived while,

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NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD

among them who knew no pity, and no human

feelings, the crowd of men, still presented

themselves distinctly.

—Where I figured that he was a

defender, who had spoken consolation to him?

—Where I figured that he was a

single individual rescued him, in the midst

of the crowd, who was armed, and prepared to

kill at the slightest provocation?

—Who was this old negro? Bissau,

son of Francis, was a Frenchman, and

was named through Vincino's mind. There were

two other men, one at the head of large

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entered. It was the Priest of Marmede, a new-

comer, who had just arrived, and who

was the first person in his black dress

to appear to the crowd. He was a

man of a sudden change in Jeanne's

features, and she was a stranger, regu-

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