

**The Heathen African Mother at Her
Daughter's Grave.**

Daughter, I bring thee food,—
The rice-cake pure and white,
The cocoa with its milky blood,
Dates and pomegranates bright,
The orange in its gold,
Fresh from the favorite tree,
Nuts in their brown and husky fold,
Dearest, I spread for thee.

Year after year I tread,
Thus to thy low retreat,
But now the snow hairs mark my head,
And age enchains my feet ;
O! many a change of woe
Hath dimm'd thy spot of birth,
Since first my gushing tears did flow
O'er this thy bed of earth.

There came a midnight cry.
Flames from our hamlet rose,
A race of pale-brow'd men were nigh,
They were our country's foes ;
Thy wounded sire was borne,
By tyrant-force, away ;
Thy brothers from our cabin torn,
While bathed in blood I lay.

I watch'd for their return
Upon the rocky shore,
Till night's red planets ceased to burn,
And the long rains were oer,
Till seed, their hand had sown,
A ripen'd fruitage bore ;
The billows echoed to my moan,
But they returned no more.