



POETRY.

For the JOURNAL.

A Mother's Love.

Lured from her home and ruined,
Wandering I know not where,
Starving, perhaps, in a garret,
With nothing to eat or to wear.
Fallen, yet daughter, I love you,
No matter how low or distressed,
A Mother's love, child, is eternal;
It commenced when you nursed at the breast

It may not be that your mother
Knows half the remorse of your heart,
But I know 'twas your evil transgressions
That keep us thus lonely apart;
But if you are bouya it with pleasure,
Or groping in darkness and shame,
I bid you return to your mother;
You'll find her love ever the same.

Then leave all your waywardness
And come to your mother once more,
You'll rid my heart of its sorrows,
E're I start for the beautiful shore.
But if you'll not heed my persuasions
Remember, dear child, you're forgiven
The love for you, darling, tho' earthly,
Is eternal when taken to Heaven.

Tom.

Asheboro, N. C., Nov. 10, 1875.

The St. Domingo Refugee.

A somewhat romantic incident, which grew out of the revolution at St. Domingo, is not unworthy of being recorded. It may not, however, be unnecessary to refresh the reader's memory as to the existing state of public affairs at the time of the narrative. The cry of liberty and equality which resounded in revolutionary France was responded, to nowhere more warmly and vehemently than in the beautiful and hitherto peaceful island of St. Domingo. The slave population, which exceeded that of the white tenfold, were quickly imbued by revolutionary agents and emissaries, who poured into the minds of the benighted yet ardent people the new-born idea of "perfect equality and the largest liberty" which prevailed at home.

The explosion at St. Domingo was sudden and terrible; all the beautiful plains were covered with fire in an hour, and the labor of a century was devoured in a night; while the negroes, like unchained tigers, precipitated themselves on their masters, seized their arms, massacred them without pity, or threw them into the flames. Those who escaped from this scene of horror on board of ships were lighted on their passage over the deep by their burning habitations. They almost all took refuge in America, where they were welcomed with generous sympathy and kind hospitality.

The subsequent history of this beautiful island forms another melancholy attestation to the truth that they are least fitted to rule who cannot be ruled—self-government and justice in the governors being no less essential than subordination, order, and respect for superiors in the governed—the bondage from which they emerged being little more oppressive in

comparison to the bondage to vice, indolence and anarchy into which they rushed.

During the massacre at Cape Town, when thirty thousand wretched beings perished, with atrocities unparalleled, a gentleman of standing and wealth was hurrying back from his place of business, where he had just rescued documents of importance, to the outskirts of the town, where he had concealed his little family, but recently deprived of the tender cares of a mother, with an old negro woman, who was still faithful to the master that had ever treated her kindly—and here both she and his children were, he hoped, safe from the search of the insurgents for a time. He was just turning the corner of a street, which he had watched until it appeared to be free from the rioters, when on a sudden two negroes emerged from the portico of a house and placed themselves in his passage. They were armed with huge clubs, and being half intoxicated and maddened with fury, their aspect was ferocious and dreadful. They held but a short parley, when they commenced stripping the prisoner of every article of value, pouring forth the while the high-sounding words of liberty and equality, right and freedom—yet desecrating them at every breath.

Their unresisting victim pleaded at length for life. His little ones, who were visibly brought to his mind at that terrific moment were, in his despair, named in his appeal to the ruffians—but in vain. With dew-eyed pity what had they to do? They laughed a fiendish laugh. The hand of the more savage of them—could there be such a distinction—was raised to do the murderous deed—it was about to fall, when a piercing cry rent the air. It issued from a neighboring balcony and arrested the uplifted arm. In a moment the utterer of that cry of despair rushed toward them. A young lady had, from her own place of concealment—where, perhaps she had been hidden from the rioters—heard the pleading words, had seen the murderous arm upraised. Horror-struck and agonized, she was impelled to attempt a rescue, although she knew not the victim. Personal safety was unthought of. Precious fruit of humanity.

She took from her finger a jewel of great value, and held out a purse.

"Here," she exclaimed, in a faltering voice, yet earnest in its tone of entreaty, "here is a rare jewel, of great value, and in this purse are thirty pieces of gold. They are all I have, but they are all yours, if you spare your victim."

Plunder was even dearer to the wretches than revenge, and, after an instant's parley, they gave up their captive upon the condition of his immediately quitting the island forever; and they had no sooner received the reward of their compulsory mercy from the hands of the fair compassionator—who shrank again into the shade of her house—than they hurried him to the sea-side, where he was made to

embark in a ship which was to sail for America in an hour.

We may imagine, though it can scarcely be described in language vivid and truthful enough, the feelings of a parent in leaving to the tender mercy of rebel slaves—in blood thirstiness, cruelty and revenge, fiends incarnate—his little innocent, motherless children, dear to him as his heart's blood.

He landed in America; but, although a rich man—having, independent of his property in St. Domingo, large amounts invested in foreign securities—he went about a heavy-hearted man in a strange land, for all communication with St. Domingo was for a time cut off, and the vessels that touched for an hour or two at the island brought word that anarchy and confusion still reigned triumphant on its shores, boding death to the white man who should have the temerity to trust himself beyond the protection of the guns of the ship.

After about five months spent in America—although St. Domingo was far from peaceful—there was sufficient protection for the lives of those who had not been particularly obnoxious to the population, and he resolved to entrust himself to its shores and seek out the faithful negro, who he still hoped had charge of his poor children.

The voyage was made, he landed at St. Domingo—and with eager steps the father traced out the abode of the old woman. It was occupied by strange faces, and after some difficulty he learned that during the height of the revolution the negro had been missed from her abode, and it was presumed had fallen a victim to her own race, as she was known to have been friendly disposed toward the white population.

The children, when last seen, had been on the seashore, and it was presumed were taken on board an English vessel.

The heart-broken parent had but one duty now that detained him in St. Domingo—that of gratitude to her who had been instrumental in saving his life. He went to the house where the beautiful figure had appeared on the balcony, held parley with the ruffians, and finally purchased his life.

The place was now occupied by a negro and his family, who stated that they had been formerly slaves of the parents of the young lady—that the old people had been killed during the insurrection, and it was by the greatest miracle that they had been enabled to save the life of their young mistress. The only further information they could give him was that her name was Deville, and that she was related to a French family who resided at Marseilles.

With a more joyful heart that his children had been saved, and in the hope that he might be speedily able to trace them out, the father set sail with all speed for England.

Arrived in that country, he neither spared gold nor energy to find out the

children, but at the end of three or four months his heart sickened with despair, all his efforts met with no success, and the friends who aided him in the search, and saw how mental distress was preying on his health, prevailed on him to make a short excursion on the continent, during which they promised still to renew their exertions. He first went to Paris, and thence traveled for a short time in the provinces. Though overwhelmed with the idea of his loss, gratitude to her who had saved his life still beat warmly in his heart, and he resolved to seek out her relatives in Marseilles.

The journey to Marseilles was therefore accomplished with all speed, and although the family were poor and not well known, he succeeded in tracing them to the outskirts of the city, and heard to his further delight, that Mdlle. Deville had been received by her relatives and was a resident there.

Although unknown to Mdlle. Deville when he arrived at the humble cottage, a brief explanation was sufficient to recall to her the circumstances in which she had taken so prominent a part.

With expressions of the most unbounded gratitude, he begged her to receive back the sum she had paid to the men for the purchase of his life, together with the value of the ring.

"I consent," she replied, "most willingly; it is a sum that I never should have possessed had I not thus disposed of it; for after you left the island I was robbed of all I had, and I am, comparatively speaking, poor now, when I should be most rich—for I have accepted a great charge. In the vessel in which I returned to England there were two orphans, whose parents had been murdered. I grew attached to them, and they to me, and at the hour of our arrival I resolved not to part with them and leave them in poverty among strangers, but to be to them for the future as a mother."

The heart of the father beat as though it would burst, as he heard this recital. It was no longer with hope, but with certainty.

"The children—the children! Let me see them! They are mine—mine!"

At that moment, as though some instinctive impulse urged them to the presence of their parent, the children pushed open the door and stood before him.

They were, indeed, his own offspring, now restored to him by the same kind being who had saved his life. He owed all to her. It was not then to be wondered at that he should feel an affection for this angel; her who had already tenderly loved them as her own, or that she who had so kind a heart should be callous to a still more tender passion for one who showed himself worthy of it.

The sequel is short. Mdlle. Deville soon received as a right the tender name of mother, with which her adopted children had been taught to address her, and changed the humble rank which misfortune had placed her in for one of wealth and position.