

contact, but also supply each other's characteristic deficiencies, and present in combination qualities, both moral and physical, far better adapted to the climate, than either possessed separately.

We know not how far the adverse influence of climate may be counteracted by a thorough union of races such as this; it seems however but fair to conclude, that they will then form a community somewhat inferior perhaps in enterprise and force of character, to the people of the northern temperate latitudes,—but certainly not in moral and social qualities: and when their character shall be perfectly established, and all their energies developed by freedom, it may not be unreasonable to hope, that in a union of practical, moral, and intellectual powers, these Anglo-Africans will surpass every other people of the tropics.

#### THE MOTHER'S GRIEF.

I STAND within my garden fair  
Where flowers in joyous beauty spring,  
Their fragrance mingles in the air,  
The birds most sweetly sing.

And in that spot a lonely mound,  
Spread o'er with grasses heavily,  
My infant sleeps within the ground,  
Nor may the garden see.

The wind sighs sadly, and the sun  
Shines down to dazzle weary eyes;  
That buried form the truest one,  
The rest its mockeries.

#### SWEEP HO!

SWEEP ho! Sweep ho!  
He trudges on through sleet and snow.  
Tired and hungry both is he,  
And he whistles vacantly;  
Sooty black his rags and skin,  
But the child is fair within.  
Sweep ho! Sweep ho!  
He trudges on through sleet and snow.  
Ice and cold are better far  
Than his master's curses are.  
Mother of this ill used one,—  
Couldst thou see thy little son!  
Sweep ho! Sweep ho!  
He trudges on through sleet and snow.  
At the great man's door he knocks,  
Which the servant-maid unlocks;  
Now let in with laugh and jeer,  
In his eye there stands a tear.  
He is young, but soon will know  
How to bear both word and blow.  
Sweep ho! sweep ho!  
In the chimney, sleet and snow.  
Gladly should his task be done,  
Were't the last beneath the sun:  
Faithfully it now shall be;  
But soon spent, down droppeth he;  
Gazes round as in a dream;  
Very strange, but true, things seem;  
Led by a fantastic power  
Which sets by the present hour,  
Creeps he to a little bed,  
Pillows there his aching head,  
Falls into a sudden sleep,  
Like his childhood's sweet and deep;  
But, poor thing! he does not know  
Here he lay long years ago.