

Flew among blossoms, shrubs and trees.
The mocking bird's soft, sweet, low note
Was heard upon the air to float,
And other birds sought this retreat
As if to list' to sounds more sweet.
Twas strange; for when Cleopa sung
Stilled was each other warbler's tongue.
Even bloodhounds fierce to her would run
When she had some soft strain begun.

Whene'er among the slaves she went
Soon ev'ry head was slowly bent,
And many thought she was a saint.
Or creature without human taint—
One who was sure all hearts to win,
Who scarcely knew what 'twas to sin,
And that it was through some device
She left her home in Paradise,
To visit earth all hearts to cheer,
And bring the dawn of freedom near.

Amazing it lies oft before
Were told about the saints of yore,
Of miracles which all could view—
Signs, like what Cleopa could do.
For many readily confessed
That where she trod the flow'rs grew best,
And still with others, much the same,
That where she sat the sunbeams came ;
And many others boldly said
They saw a halo round her head.
A few declared it was no dream,
That oft at night she'd sometimes seem
Bright as a moonbeam on a stream.
To strengthen this proof they would
bring
That at such times the birds would sing.

In estimation of this kind
Cleopa's wish might ever find
A crowd of worshippers at hand,
Ready to act at her command.
But one of these, still only one,
Mara, could win her heart alone.

Now as the day began to fade,
And thoughts of loved ones would pervade,
Cleopa like a queen sat there
Inhaling evening's fragrant air.
And as she watched each parting beam,
She seemed of happiness to dream,
Hoping that she would shortly be
In some fair land where all were free.

Then with a sudden thought she drew
From out her bosom with a smile
A letter, it was plain she knew
From whom it came, it would beguile,
As would some gentle alchemist,
It was from Mara, ere she read

Again the welcome words, she kissed
The written page, but what it said
Need not be told. There was a verse
Or two so touching, yet so terse,
That with them now she would converse—
These were the words she did rehearse :

"Away with thee I'd gladly fly
To some fair isle 'neath some blue sky,
Where day's wild light might chastened be
Beneath a ro-cate bower for thee,
Where ev'ry breath that touched thy hair
Should all the tropic fragrance bear,
And thou shouldst reign a queen alone,
Thy love my wealth, my heart thy throne.

How sweet 'twould be at daylight's close
To watch with thee some slumbering rose,
When stars looked down with their mild
light
To beautify the summer night.
And see the moon shine on the deep
When wearied billows seemed to sleep,
But far more blissful it would be
To live near thee eternally."

This was signed "Mara," and she
pressed
That name so cherished to her lips,
Her impulse would have then caressed
His image—as in fellowships
Among the pious when they bow
Before the picture of some saint
In fond devotion, yet avow
A pure and sanctified restraint.
Awhile she dwelt in this rapt mood
Then raised her eyes—there Mara stood !

He came not near, his face foretold
The trouble which he just had met,
Yet he looked confident and bold,
Evinceing not the least regret
That he defied the overseer
And humbled him within an hour,
And met his threats without a fear,
And also scorned his boasted power,
But he knew well that that vile man
Would soon invent some odious tale,
Or quick adopt some evil plan
Which with the planter might prevail
To make him strongly now suspect
That Mara was false to his trust,
An ingrate whom he would detect,
And to his owner most unjust.

Then to Cleopa's patron run,
To say she was a false coquet,
That though his confidence she won,
With Mara near she'd that forget,