

# PASCO.

[ A CUBAN TALE ]

Blue roll the waves that lave the southern isles  
And crested fall along their coral strands,  
Beneath a sky where endless summer smiles  
And wreathes in blossoms those celestial lands.  
The orange there in rich luxuriance spread  
Their yellow wealth along the palm-girt plains  
With which the citron-blooms and jessamines\*  
Upon the air their sweet aromas shed.  
And there the sun illumines the bluest sky  
That e'er was mirrored in the glassy sea,  
Edging with tints of pink transparency  
Those waves that lisp their languid minstrelsy  
To slumbering shells, which murmur in their sleep,  
Soothed by the whispers of the fondling deep.  
And from those shores in sullen grandeur rise  
Unmeasured heights of pathless mountain steep,  
Rearing their heads majestic towards the skies,  
As in the clouds their hoary summits sleep,  
—While with the bridal of the virgin sky

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\* As is well known, the fragrance of the *Jasmine* species, particularly in the tropics, is preëminently noticeable above that of all other odoriferous vegetation of the smaller growths.