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Happy those golden days now gone.  
As day deceases, night descends.  
The glorious stars come one by one.  
The moon informs that day is done.  
The peaceful ox lies down to rest  
'Neath the high mansions of the blest.



## GONDEL.

FOUNDED ON POE'S "CITY IN THE SEA."

"Whither, wide-winged albatross,  
Sailing the dark seas across,  
Dost thou cleave thy airy path?"  
"Perhaps I fly, man, who can tell?  
To the city of Gondel."

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Deep in a tract most desolate,  
On ocean's bosom most ingrate,  
Stands the tremendous tower of gray,  
Hewn four-square like a campanile,  
A great tower on a low flat isle.

Up soars this tower it seems for miles.  
Around it rise the other piles  
Of desolation and decay.  
The spacious isle from bound to bound  
Seems all one city, towered around.