

I cross'd the rocky solitudes
 Among the cloud-girt mountain chains
 That rise from Arizona's plains,
 By sombre gorges deeply cleft,
 Where Time's denuding hand has left
 Stern record of his patient toil,
 And hurrying streams in wild turmoil
 Leap darkling to the distant sea.
 And there, in those far wilds, did we—
 I, and my silent Indian guide
 And our brave mules—climb patiently,
 Until one sultry eventide,
 Slow toiling up the mountain side,
 Across a miners' camp we came :
 The topmost peaks were still aflame
 With the red sunset's dying glow,
 But all was grey and dark below.

And in the camp there was no sound
 Or stir of life ; but all appear'd
 Lone and deserted, till we near'd
 A distant hut in which we found
 The miners gathered, mute, around
 A dying comrade. As I gazed
 Upon the dying face, its eyes
 Turn'd upon mine with sad surprise
 In their last lingering look. Amazed,
 I stood, till memory found the clue,
 And then the poor dead face I knew—
 Poor Geoffrey ! everybody's friend !
 Who thought that such would be his end ?
 Countess ! I think you knew him, too :
 Young Geoffrey Vernon ! Was it not
 At Deercliffe—at this very spot,
 I met him once, two years ago ?
 With sudden effort she suppress'd
 The wild fierce throb that tore her breast,
 And turn'd, and slowly answer'd—No !