

So to him the terms were given. He received them
and then signed

We the same did, and thereafter told him we would
use him kind.

But at once the veteran leader covered his sad face
and wept,

Saying to us in a whisper, "Would the sleep of
death I slept.

This to me is untold sorrow, covering me with all
of shame,

For of everything I valued, that was best, my own
brave name !"

EVENING.

Methinks I hear the breakers
Upon the shingly shore ;
The screeching of the sea-birds
Mingles with their roar.

Once more beside the ridges
Of wave worn rocks I stand
And view the passing steamers
Now sailing from the land.