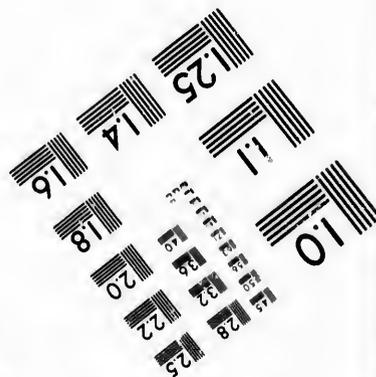
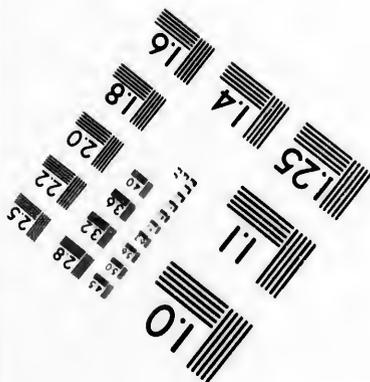
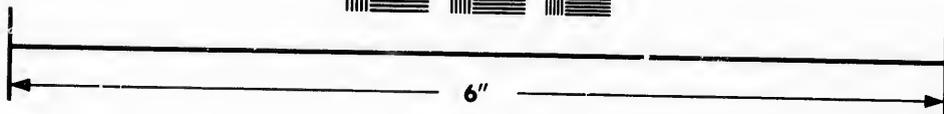
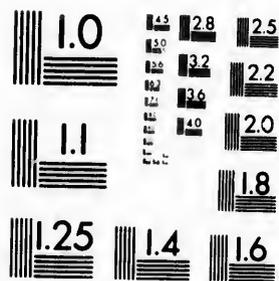
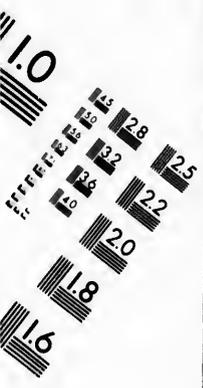


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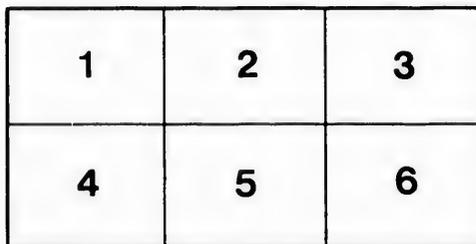
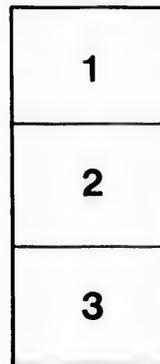
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# PASCO,

[A CUBAN TALE,]

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

R. RUTLAND MANNERS.

“Aimer le vrai, le beau ; chercher leur harmonie,  
Ecouter dans son choeur l'écho de son génie ;  
Chanter, rire, pleurer, sans but, au hasard,  
D'un sourire, d'un mot, d'un soupir, d'un regard.”

*De Musset.*

La Poésie

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

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In deciding to commit the within collection to *covers*, so far was it from my original intention to present myself as an aspirant for public favor, that I had allowed this Note, as first drafted, to be printed off *in form*, with the statement that I did "not appear in the role of a candidate for public patronage;" explaining therein that I had caused my poems to be placed in this form, as a "matter of gratification to those of my friends, who had 'solicited' me so to do,"—and to myself.

Having determined to appear for judgment, may I here have leave to state, as a consideration to be borne in mind by those into whose hands this little volume may fall, that its contents are the production of the spare hours which have remained to me, from day to day, *after business duties*, for under these most unfavorable circumstances have they, indeed, *all* been written.

While, as has been said, \* "a book, to the reader, be not worse or better for the circumstances under which its author has produced it," I would humbly submit, to continue to quote the same learned Writer, that "to rightly estimate any man's performance, it must be compared with his own particular opportunities, \* \* \* to know how much is to be ascribed to native ability and how much to adventitious help." It is in this latter view, that I presume to advance the above palliative; and I cannot but feel that it is only necessary for me to plead a disad-

---

\* Dr. Johnson.

vantage so superlatively great, to have a liberal allowance made therefor. While I do not hesitate to state that it is with no ordinary degree of solicitude that I thus venture to intrude myself upon public notice, I am not without hope of success. To confess this, were to admit that I had offered the public that which I knew to be worthless. Should I fail, however, the consciousness that I have lost in an undertaking, pursued under every conceivable disadvantage, will deprive disappointment of its sting.

In varying the order of the rhyme, in the opening poem, from the couplet and alternate to the quatrain,—and in one or two instances becoming an absolute “apostate from poetic rule” by breaking the line short, I have done so to avoid that monotony which results from too close an adherence to any one form, changing the versification from the heroic to octosyllabic, etc., as the respective styles seemed best adapted to the different shadings of the narrative.

As to originality, while I have not knowingly reproduced the thought of another without acknowledging the same, I cannot flatter myself that the one or two instances where I *do* thus credit an appropriated thought, are the only cases where my lines reflect ideas original in others.

Thus do I commit my cause to those before whom I here bring myself to judgment, feeling assured that whatever merit my lines may possess will be liberally allowed.

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# 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 illumes 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

---

\* 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.

Their brows are veiled in violet drapery,  
 From on those heights the native mountaineer  
 Surveys the waters of th' encircling sea :  
 Alone his love their rugged steeps to dare,  
 Nor deems he else an equal luxury,  
 Though 'neath his view eternal shades abound,  
 And fruits delicious freight the hidden ground,  
 As folded flowers in tranquil slumber rest,  
 On the still air of summer's sultry day,  
 So sleep those isles upon the placid breast  
 Of southern seas, where spicy breezes play,  
 Soft are those winds, with odorous sweets imbued,  
 Of lemon flowers and rich acacia blooms,  
 And countless flowers that breathe their chaste perfumes  
 Upon the air, by amorous breezes wooed,  
 Amid the verdure of the islands' shades,  
 Unceasing pour the joyous warblers' song  
 By gurgling rills and in the flowery meads,  
 Where o'er bright pebbles streams pactolian throng,  
 And waving osiers breathe æolian song,  
 Till o'er cascades where bends the curling vine  
 They hang the rocks with ribboned crystalline,  
 Then babble on with smiles for every blade  
 And every blossom which adorns the glade.  
 So there the moon's sublimest light illumines  
     The sylvan streams which glass her brilliancy,  
 As 'mid their shades the nightingale consumes  
     The tropic eve in languid minstrelsy,  
 Till the sweet voices of the twilight cease,  
 And nature's pulses tremble into peace,  
 When in sweet numbers, to the soft guitars',  
 Love breathes its story to the list'ning stars.

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Entrancing scenes of artless luxury  
 Where in profusion lavish nature shed  
 Her richest stores, nor deem e'en heaven can be  
 More fair, its fields more fit for angels' tread.

## II.

The morn across the Antillean seas  
 Broke softly with a freshing breeze,  
 Which o'er the bounding billows swept,  
 Till in the island groves it slept,  
 Or wandered merrily along  
 Amid its shades, which at its song  
 Waking, their "leafy banners" \* hung  
 Out as it passed, while sweetly sang  
 The plumaged throng in bright array,  
 Their anthem to returning day.  
 To shade and waves the zephyr breathed  
 Its greeting, and their bosoms wreathed  
 In smiles,—they all rejoiced to press  
 The balminess of that caress,  
 As rippling on in merry glee  
 In such delightful company,  
 Till on the shore they sighed to tell  
 In parting there their sad farewell.  
 The sun, now risen through the verdant trees,  
 Tuned by the breeze to rustic symphonies,  
 Shed o'er \* \* \* Lake, whose waters lay  
 Within the soundings of Carribea's sea,  
 Its softest rays yet brightest, till its breast  
 Sparkled with brilliants, like some beauty dressed

---

\* Longfellow.

In jeweled splendor, as it rose and fell  
In warm pulsation.

Here long alone,  
Save with his child, scarce to his household known,  
Beside these shores had dwelt and slept—now dead—  
The *Don Goncalo*. Many years had fled  
Since first he sought these shades which now watched o'er  
His marble crypt upon the further shore.  
Whence he had come none knew;—none e'er had known ;  
Why thus he lived, avoiding e'en his own.  
And none remembered since the earliest day  
He trod those shores one from them spent away.  
Though at each eve this man of mystery  
Far into night had wandered by the sea,  
And only there was he e'er known to show  
Aught of emotion ; then, from some deep woe,  
It seemed to rise, which in his heart lay sealed,—  
Some wearing, secret jealousy concealed.  
Stern was his glance, withal yet kind his eye.  
Where pride enthroned maintained a mastery  
O'er those emotions which his heart downweigned ;  
Nor rose unguarded, save when sleep betrayed.  
In life, his thought ne'er wearying, did employ  
Itself in studying but his daughter's joy ;  
And wealth attending left naught to desire,  
Save to reclaim from that dark shade her sire :  
—Was it remorse or sorrow which thus moved  
The heart her own, so truly—fondly loved.  
But death, that presence which man's heart subdues,  
—Refusing oft' that which alone it sues  
In its last hour :—A moment's strength to bear  
Up from its tomb the sins pride buries there,—

Had sought *Goncalo* and its fell decree  
 Forever sealed his life's strange mystery,  
 Save that unconscious then, his tongue betrayed  
 Accents that told of passion's hand unstayed  
 Named with his wife, as wild emotion pressed  
 Its rending billows o'er his troubled breast :  
 —She whom those lips had never named before  
 For years—a stranger to the child she bore.  
 Now years had fled—to womanhood had grown  
 The child, yet had she not been left alone  
 For a not less than mother's love was hers  
 In one her guardian from her earliest years.

### III.

Upon \* \* \* lake smooth gliding o'er  
 Its waves a gondola approached the shore,  
 Beneath the oar of swarthy Islander  
 Borne gently onward. Long his raven hair  
 Fell from beneath a ribboned sombrero,  
 About his neck uncovered—and below,  
 Across his half bared breast of olive hue,  
 Floated before the breeze. His eyes—but who  
 Would paint a Criollo and shade his eyes  
 Less dark than are his southern starlit skies  
 A lovely figure in the bark reclined :  
 Goncalo's daughter, her sweet form confined  
 In softest folds of chaste illusion lay,  
 The very *soul* of grace and symmetry,  
 Beneath a silk o'ershading, on a spread  
 Of persian tapestry. Rested her head



And undulating plains, which to the view  
 Their stately palms displayed in richest hue,  
 From which, far distant, rose against the sky  
 A mountain range in sullen majesty,  
 Stretching far eastward with the boundless sea:—  
 The sister tenants of immensity!

'Neath a mimosa shade.

Amid the verdure with bright blossoms spread,  
 Where over-arching vines with blooms o'er run,  
 Tempered the brightness of a tropic sun,  
 Reclined the figure of a youth, though grown  
 To manhood's stature. Through the screen o'er thrown  
 Of foliage intertwined the sunlight crept,  
 Bathing his brow,—as motionless he slept.  
 O'er which his hair in indolent unrest  
 Moved in dark clusters, by the wind caressed.  
 A flush was warmly glowing on his cheek  
 As soft as are the roseate tints that streak  
 The summer sky when, as night's curtains close  
 On twilight's breast, day sinks into repose.  
 So o'er his lips, which closed though not compressed,  
 Like the wrought marble, changelessly at rest,  
 The glow of youth in ruddy freshness strayed  
 As living streams the quiet wood pervade  
 And there was stamped upon that noble face  
 Unbending pride, yet tempered with a grace  
 Of true nobility,—that influence  
 Which moulds the face in gentler lineaments.  
 Plain were his features, yet enthroned there,  
 In native grace, appeared that nameless air  
 Of conscious force,—the reflex of a mind,  
 Which still attracts as it commands mankind:

The superscription of that power which sways  
 The world, the mind,—that prince of sovereignties!  
 With its great premier governing reason throned,  
 Controlling worlds, yet by no power bound.  
 Its consort thought; the eye its minister;  
 The universe its realm; the arbiter  
 In man of *men*, who, envious, *then* behold  
 Themselves resistless by its power controlled,  
 As in submission, 'neath that master spell,  
 They render homage, though their wills rebel.

## IV.

From midnight till the star of morn  
 Paled 'neath the saffron veil of dawn,  
 Young Pasco, o'er the star-lit wave,  
 By many a cape and island cave,  
 Full many a league along the shore,  
 Guided his bark with steady oar  
 From where, within a cliff-bound bay,  
 A band of Cuban patriots lay,  
 Close 'neath the friendly mountain wall  
 Which stretched around, impassable.  
 His rich reward fair Lulu's smiles—  
 His love—the “beauty of the isles.”  
 There in the fastness of the mountain height,  
 Dreading naught else save the betraying night,  
 His patriot comrades waited for the day  
 When once again their hands should rend away  
 Another thong which bound their bleeding land,  
 Wrenched from her heartstrings by a tyrant's hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

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Thou guardian genius of the patriot brave !  
 Hear thou thy sons,—still thine the power to save,—  
 Who to thee turn, scourged in their parent land  
 For freedom's cause, by the usurper's\* hand ;  
 Strike from ambition's grasp the wreaking blade  
 And kindling brand by blind oppression swayed,  
 Which o'er that isle, where all's so wondrous fair,  
 Spreads blackened desolation and despair ;  
 Hear thou thy sons, who nobly still defy  
 Thy deadliest foe,—freedom's arch enemy.  
 Those, chief of despots, whose dark history reads  
 But a long record of oppression's deeds ;  
 To thralldom born, that would with envy blind,  
 Behold their shackles fettering all mankind,  
 As now, invading that all-sunny clime,  
 They there would make e'en *liberty* a crime,—  
 That gift divine, hereditary right,  
 From mankind stolen in oppression's night.  
 Thou stricken isle ! how long shall tyrants flood  
 Thy vales of beauty with the patriots' blood ;  
 How long, still struggling, must thou bleed, nor find  
 One hand of mercy thy red wounds to bind ?  
 Weakest, yet braver than the strongest all,  
 Must freedom's fairest child unheeded call :  
 Nor to her sisters in her anguished cry,  
 Gain but the *echo* of its agony.  
     See in yon vale, where Nature's lavish hand  
     Spreads rich luxuriance o'er a smiling land :  
     Amid the verdure of his native shades,  
     Where sparkling brooklets babble through the glades,

---

\* Usurper, not, perhaps, as having deposed a former acknowledged sovereignty, but as invading the birthrights of free-born men

The bleeding stag, just staggering to his feet,  
 In stout defiance meets the tiger's hate,  
 From whose red jaws on flowery spreads descends  
 The gout of scarlet which its fury rends  
 From those poor limbs, that know no soothing flood,  
 Save the hot current of their own life-blood.

*Thus thou, fair Cuba :—thou America.*

Freedom's fond mother : child of liberty !  
 Thus in thy gates shall stranger robbers slave  
 The darling offspring which thy throes gave,  
 —For born of thee she learned thy steps to tread.  
*And stones ye give her when she asks but bread.*  
 Nay, while her cries now smite thy sluggard rest,  
 Craving the life blood drawn from thy strong breast ;  
 While in her flesh, all quivering, deeper gnaw,  
*Beneath thine eyes,* the chains her murderers draw.  
 Wilt thou, O mother.—*canst* thou, close thy heart  
 And see the prestige of thy name depart ?  
 And thou, *Britannia !* foremost *thou to lead*  
 When justice points where freedom's children bleed ;  
 Whose proud escutcheon on thy strong arm girth  
 The sun of freedom flashes o'er the earth,  
 With thy brave offspring,—and as bravely fair—  
 Let it be thine that glory now to share ;  
 Liberty's birth, before whose dazzling ray  
 Tyrants, confounded, shrink in dread away,  
 As to their lair the preying beasts of night,  
 When o'er the mountain breaks the morning light.

\* \* \* \* \*

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Young Pasco, boldest of the brave,  
Feared not the wildness of the wave :  
To him the night wind o'er the sea  
Was but a voice of melody ;  
Its tossing waves—his heart more free—  
Were but a thing of ecstasy,  
In which his boundless thoughts but found  
Companions—their impatient sound  
Reflecting in their vague unrest,  
Love's fevered pulses in his breast :  
And so he welcomed with delight  
These restless spirits of the night.  
To him—to none of they who brave  
For woman's love or wind or wave.  
Is there a peril which can fright  
In trackless seas or mountain height  
While still eternities of bliss  
Are centered in a woman's kiss.  
Now as the dying shades of night  
Fled silently before the light  
Of coming day, his light caïque  
Was moored within an island creek.  
Soon reached the scene he knew so well,  
Made sacred by the last farewell  
Which he had kissed from lips that thrilled  
His quick'ning pulse, while parting chilled  
His anxious heart ;—as love still dreads  
The misty veil the future spreads.  
Nor willing yields its sovereignty  
To hope, which gilds futurity

With brightness, which its spirit fears  
 Reflected in a woman's *tears*.  
 Thus as he now, fatigued, reclined  
 Beneath a shade, perchance to find  
 A moment of repose ere day  
 Should point the hour which should repay  
 Love's willing toil, his memory drew  
 The hour of his last adieu,  
 Which now his heart rejoice to greet :  
 —Would it not make the joy more sweet  
 To fold again that form consigned  
 To hope which ne'er *had* proved unkind ?

## VI.

As in the loadstone dwells a vital force  
 We may not trace to its mysterious source,  
 which seeks its consort, the responding steel,  
 And to it clings, nor why does it reveal,  
 Th' effect we mark ;—the *Cause*, there dies the light :  
 And wonder pauses on the verge of night,  
 While all the cunning of philosophies  
 Ends in the simple knowlege that—*it is*.  
 E'en thus in love a nameless power lies,  
 Attracting still its own affinities,  
 Beneath which force the heart responsive moves  
 Love's willing footsteps toward the thing it loves :  
 The will obeys,—and *why* it cannot tell,  
 Yielding unconscious to that mystic spell,  
 In *spirit*-vision which outwings the sight,  
 —Pursued by thought in its mysterious flight

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Thus oft' there dawns a *seeming* consciousness :

—Thought's dimmest taper glimmering faint and low,  
When near us throbs the heart our own would bless,

Feeling ere yet its presence we may know :  
Still 'tis not *felt*—this intercourse of souls,  
Unknown its workings to the mists of sense.  
And yet the will its magic force controlls,  
Which yields unconscious to its influence

Thus as she wandered 'neath the verdant shades  
Which round her island home luxuriant pressed,  
As from the lake she sought their quiet glades,  
Dreaming of one whose image filled her breast,  
Did Lulu feel this influence which invades

The realm of thought with pulses to invest  
Those cords magnetic which two hearts unite :  
—A bond too hallowed for the sensual sight.

And thus impelled, unconsciously she sought  
The floral shade where Pasco sleeping lay.  
Wondering the while if life could offer aught  
And Pasco gone ; and then in ecstasy  
Transfixed she stood, as quick that saddening thought,  
Darkening her eyes, faded in tears of joy :  
—And O how bright beamed those all-lustrous eyes  
'Neath that one cloud, flashing love's sympathies.

“My *Pasco*,”—and her voice sank sweetly lower  
From the first pulse of love's temerity,  
Like the lone nightingale's, in twilight's hour,  
As when disturbed its warblings die away ;  
And flushed her cheek as, like an arching flower,  
O'er him she leaned in love's expectancy,

Pressing her heart which, robbed all envious,  
That sleep should claim a moment of its bliss,

O love, thou sweet enigma of the soul.

Fearless yet fearful; all-seeing yet how blind:  
Omniscient yet thou spurn'st the mild control

Of thy co-dweller *reason*, thus combined  
Opposing forces blend a marvellous whole

In thy mysterious framework,—that designed  
By goodness infinite that from its rise  
The soul might *glimpse* the fields of paradise.

Pleasures which once no joy could e'er impart,

Or longings waked they could not satisfy,  
'Neath this sweet force find echo in the heart.

Breathing of its diviner ministry,  
Love heaven's rich dower to man of life the part

All sacred all immortal, which shall be  
Eternally as it hath ever been,

The *life* of life,—of life the origin.

Well Lulu spent about the time required

To read the last two stanzas of my rhyme,  
In that impatience which by love inspired

Makes every breath a century of time.  
Fearless, and yet her trembling heart conspired

To stay the utterance of its joy sublime,  
And on her lips, capricious bound the kiss  
There waiting restless its approaching bliss.

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But love no longer could resist, and now  
 Beside him seated 'mong the flowers, Lulu  
 One long and lingering kiss upon his brow  
 Impassionately pressed,—then back she drew,  
 As fearing love too bold, while a warm glow  
 Suffused her cheek ; then o'er his face anew  
 Her own she leaned, as Pasco, waking, seemed  
 As if he doubted if he lived or dreamed.

“ Is it a dream ? No, no. No dream could trace  
 Such wondrous beauties as my Lulu grace :  
 No vision paint an image half so fair  
 As thou, my idol,—and thou sought me here,  
 Thou, beauty's self ! ” Then in one long embrace,  
 Upon his breast pillowed her lovely face,  
 In speechless joy her idoled form he pressed  
 Close to the heart which trembled in his breast.  
 “ Not *here*, my Pasco—*everywhere* this heart  
 In spirit flight hath followed where thou wert,  
 At morn and eve,—and through night's vision still,—  
 The paths exploring of each neighboring hill,  
 As hope still promised with each coming day  
 Thy watched return—how oft but to betray,  
 Yet when its voice with less assurance came,  
 And busy memory ceaseless called thy name,  
 Love, trembling, sank on sorrow's pallid breast,  
 And there, disconsolate, sobbed itself to rest.  
 But this no more ;—sorrow shall wait on joy,  
 Which must alone the hours now employ  
 With thy return, thou truant wanderer ;  
 And first account thee since we parted here.

Then did thou promise by thine own true heart  
 E'en thus: 'but for a little time we part ;'  
 And now the moon, then newborn, hung on high,  
 Full thrice hath waned along the summer sky.  
 And see !—why thus in military mien  
 Art thou returned? Where hath my Pasco been.  
 That thus of dress, as for some carnival,  
 Absence hath been so strangely prodigal?  
 'Tis sure thy humor,—yet thy pensive eye  
 Scarce seems to bear such presence company."  
 "Then with thine own softly persuasive eyes,  
 Shall they but bear love's happier embassies:  
 E'en as thou say'st: '*Sorrow on joy shall wait,*  
 As love would e'er sorrow anticipate\*  
 Which *still* o'erbodes; for 'tis but *joy* to weigh  
 In love's sweet balance sorrows *passed away*.  
 Called from thy side,—still in our country's cause,—  
 The cause of freedom and of justice laws,  
 Employed each hour,—too brief to liberty,  
 Yet O how lengthened distant far from thee.  
 Would 't were not mine to tell thee that in vain  
 Our land still struggles 'neath oppression's chain:  
 That still her sons must strive, nor free her soil  
 From despots who her of her rights despoil.  
 Come now the hour when all who love their isle,  
 As *hating those* who still her vales defile,  
 Must strike for freedom, nor e'en shrink to bear  
 Its standard foremost in the ranks of war."  
 "Thus hast thou ever nobly born thy part,  
 Allegiance sharing but with this fond heart.

\* Forestall.

My Pasco, till of all thou once possessed—  
 All save thy *life*, in this art thou divest."  
 "That gift alone is worthy freedom's cause,  
 —Her sword reproachful till each patriot draws—  
 And if but *ventured*—on that hazard cast.  
 Rich the reward, if that loved cause at last  
 Triumphant stands : and if *this* may not be,  
 Better to die than live for tyranny.  
 But of thyself" (for still did Pasco fear  
 To hope and love-expectant to declare  
 Honor's last sacrifice) "my Lulu, tell  
 The hour's record, which thou hast marked so well  
 By the pure moon, which now more chaste must prove,  
 Since it hath been companion to my love."  
 Then were recalled those hours of bitterness  
 When hope beamed low, those "tremblings of distress."\*  
 Which rend the heart when separation flings  
 Dark chilling shadows from its sombre wings :  
 Each day remembered with its train of fears ;  
 Patience grown weary ;—faith subdued to tears,  
 Till in love's presence all dissolved in light  
 With beauty beam—love's sweet smiles to invite—  
 Like those dark mists the risen sun imbues  
 As breaks the morning, with unnumbered hues.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 So sped the hours—so swiftly do they fly  
 Unmarked by thought in love's sweet company,  
 Till now they led adown the glowing west,  
 Beyond the wave, the God of day to rest.  
 Then, as the clouds which neath the moon's clear light  
 In beauty drape the majesty of night,

\* Byron.

When swept away by spirit winds that sigh  
 Their weird lamentings through the silent sky,  
 To *darkness* fade—thus borne from their bright sphere  
 Into the regions of the nether air ;  
 Shadowing o'er the watching stars but now :  
 Beaming in beauty on their silvery brow  
 So the glad light which shone in Pasco's eye  
 —Reflected from love's fervency of joy.  
 Now died away as from the shades of thought  
 Memory recalled that ill in joy forgot :  
 That dark foreboding which with deep unrest  
 Disturbed the pulses of his troubled breast,  
 And threw a shade of sadness o'er his brow  
 Which beamed so bright with happiness but now :  
 But quick his heart again forbade that this  
 Should shadow o'er his star of loveliness,  
 As it recalled that cloud which thought had thrown  
 Across his face.—Yet ere 'twas wholly gone  
 Her upturned eyes then fixed upon his own,  
 With love's perception marked that shadow fade,  
 Which to her own his troubled heart betrayed.  
 Then thus she spoke :—" My Pasco must I trace  
 One line of sadness falling o'er thy face  
 Nor know the sorrows which thy heart invade.  
 And thus the brightness of thine eyes o'er-shade ;  
 Must love with love share naught but *happiness*.  
 Nor make its own the sorrows that oppress  
 The heart which yields the only joy it knows ;  
 From which the essence of its being flows.  
 Nay thus to share thy sorrows but shall be  
 To add to love a *keener* ecstasy ;

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Nor deem thy voice one accent e'er can tell  
 To pain this bosom—lest it be *farewell*,  
 For still with thee this heart can now no pain,  
 And welcome sorrow when we part again"  
 While thus she spoke proud adoration filled  
 His throbbing heart with quickening pulses thrilled  
 As in his eyes rose those all holier fires  
 Which pure affection in the breast inspires,  
 While thus devotion in her heart displayed  
 New springs of goodness ne'er before betrayed  
 From which sweet faith with gracious hand supplied  
 Entrancing draughts, thus doubly sanctified,  
 But when of parting *her* loved accents spoke  
 From his sweet dream of happiness he woke,  
 And in his heart, as falls a funeral knell,  
 Choking its pulses *crushed* that word "*farewell*."  
 As o'er his face a shade of sadness swept,  
 And in his eyes their wonted brightness slept,  
 Which for a moment sought the neighboring sea  
 In vague unquiet ere he made reply.  
 Then thus he spoke: "My Lulu couldst thou see  
 Within my heart its weight of agony  
 That from thy side a voice all must obey:  
 Liberty's death-cry summons me away.  
 Would love dare hide what honor's act hath done  
 From thee e'en *still* my own my lovely one,  
 That for thy sake no slightest cloud should lower  
 To cast one shadow in this longed for hour.  
 Whence now I come, beset by tyrant hate,  
 Gathered our comrades for the struggle wait:  
 Wait for the hour when Cuba's foes shall know:  
 Not unavenged her children's blood shall flow.

For though on freedom treads the oppressor's heel,  
 Crushing it downward, shall the tyrants feel  
 For them from freedom's bleeding wounds shall flow  
 A poison deadlier than their hate can know.  
 Thus have I dared enlist for liberty  
 The life which love consecrated to thee  
 At whose command returned to thee I bear  
 My heart, sweet one, which asks thine own to share  
 Its sacrifice,—yet fear not hope shall prove  
 Beauty's sustainer and the strength of love.  
 The midnight passed unknown the shades of fate.  
 For thee my heart with longing pulses beat  
 Whose sweet assurance should impart new life  
 To brave the<sup>\*</sup>perils of th' impending strife.  
 Then through 't was death, for thee my loveliness  
 Scaling the rocks which wall the mountain pass  
 Where lie our band I sought the neighboring sea  
 Whose friendly billows bore me safe to thee."  
 She heard—yet dared not trust her tongue t' impart  
 The cry of sorrow echoing in her heart.  
 As motionless she clung to his embrace,—  
 Save that along her frame her wild distress  
 A tremor sent, the coldness of despair  
 Within her heart which now was chilling there,  
 Beneath which presence trembling fled away,  
 Fond hope still lingering longingly to stay.  
 —Hope that still waits e'en where relentless death  
 From some loved form hath claimed the fleeting breath  
 Nor yields through darkest fall the mists of gloom  
 Till at the all inexorable tomb  
 Palsied with grief it views, *e'en doubting still*,  
 That cherished form laid in the 'narrow cell'

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Then in one pang yields up the life which fell  
 Upon the features of its idoled dead.\*  
 "And is it thus",—that shut within her breast  
 By sorrow prisoned, her sad accents ceased  
 As on his breast she sank,—a drooping flower,  
 Voiceless beneath that grief that hath but power  
 To *feel*—and in its night of woe to see  
 But the dark image of its agony.  
 "Nay let not tears bedim thy lustrous eyes  
 Nor cloud of sorrow o'er thy beauty rise  
 For though night lowers it must fade away  
 —And O what brightness waits returning day.  
 Before the sunlight melts along the main  
 Its waves must bear me to our band again,  
 While hope shall guard love's consecrated shrine,  
 Which sacred charge to it must love resign."  
 "To *hope*," she sobbed, "to hope, whose changeful ray  
 Ever receding, beams but to betray,  
 While still with light delusive it illumines  
 The mists of sorrow which it ne'er consumes.  
 But no," and now in calmer voice she spoke.  
 Though from her breast its anguished pulses broke  
 In trembling utterance, "no, our country's need  
 "Must not unanswered to her children plead,  
 And shall her daughters from that cup once shrink  
 Which to its dregs her sons so proudly drink?  
 Go thou, my Pasco, though each hour shall knell  
 Its wail of sorrow from this sad farewell.

---

\* I must claim indulgence in venturing to insert the preceding eight lines.  
 The strophe is introduced, *however incongruously*, to portray the *constancy* of  
 hope,—not certainly as presenting a figure of hopelessness to be attributed to  
 my subject.

And night returning in each breast shall sigh  
 The weary reckoning of recurring day.  
 Till thy return.—O God, should this be not—”  
 And hope shrank, trembling from that direful thought,  
 As one wild burst of anguish swept her breast.  
 And choked its pulses trembling into rest.  
 Amid the flowers he laid her form,—and now  
 Brushed the dark tresses from her pallid brow.  
 And with warm kisses, as o'er her he kneeled,  
 Sought to restore the life which pain congealed  
 And through their channels from her heart to bear  
 The crowding currents which were chilling there.  
 A spirit of tenderness sought her sweet face.  
 Smoothing each line to placid loveliness.  
 —A beatific calm like that in death  
 Which still reflects, though ceased fore'er the breath.  
 The soul's last, *sweetest* smile : that halo shed  
 O'er th' all *but living features of the dead*.  
 Then raised her eyelids, fringed in mourning hue,  
 Where tears were trembling as the early dew  
 Trembles in beauty 'neath the paling night  
 Ere well the sun dissolves it into light.  
 On him, half wondering, fixed her saddened eyes  
 Where resignation draped love's sympathies.  
 Which there were gathered, with her sable shade  
 For hope deep in the heart's sepulchre laid.  
 As in his arms he raised her to his side.  
 Around his neck her own were calmly laid.  
 While that pure tribute love's chaste throbbings yield  
 Upon his lips in lingering fear was sealed.  
 “Farewell, my Lulu,” and his voice betrayed  
 The deep emotion which his bosom swayed :

“Farewell ; the morn must to my comrades prove  
 That Pasco’s honor ’s stronger than his *love*,  
 And shame the fear which stings my thought to view  
 That to his country Pasco was untrue.”

\* \* \* \* \*  
 One kiss—another—

Now alone she stood  
 In the drear waste of memory’s solitude,  
 Where hope’s sad spirit wailed and echoed o’er,  
 Chilling life’s currents, “here forevermore.”

## VII.

The moon high o’er *Del Cobre’s* sombre height  
 Dispelled the shades of the unwelcome night,  
 Flooding the vale and towering mountain side  
 In silvery light. Adown the valley gleamed.  
 In gracious curves, calm \* \* \* wandering tide,  
 Till winding ’neath a dark abyss it seemed  
 To seek repose ’neath the o’er-frowning height,  
 Whose sombre front repelled the moon’s clear light.  
 As some great serpent drags its weary length  
 Within the shadows of its cavern strength.  
 All motionless, like troops of hadean ghosts,  
 In groups and isolate, the plain across,  
 Ranged the dark palms, which the bright armored hosts  
 On heaven’s battlements watched tremulous.  
 No sound disturbed the stillness, save the cry  
 Of the lone night-bird calling plaintively,  
 With the soft voice communing with the night  
 Of falling water, white in the moonlight,

Which from the mountain, sought the river's breast,  
 And with it mingling hushed itself to rest.  
 Far up the height, along a mountain pass,  
 Skirting the brink of measureless abyss,  
 Now and anon gleamed 'gainst the darkened height  
 Of rock o'ertowering, the portentous light  
 Of glist'ning steel, whose momentary gleams  
 Chilled the soft whiteness of the moon's pale beams.  
 There on the height repose the patriots sought,  
 Slumbering upon their arms, yet wakeful, caught  
 The voice which told another hour had gone,  
 Which cunning *time* from friendly night had won,  
 As in the mount's defile the sentinel  
 In cautious utterance said, "men, all is well."  
 Then quick again upon the pass he stood,  
 Courting its shades, as the calm solitude  
 Of vale and pass he watched with jealous care ;—  
 Ah ! who could dream that death was lurking there ?

\* \* \* \* \*

"And dost thou think the rebel watch can sight  
 From where thou say'st they hold yon mountain height,  
 The stream below where shades its breadth half o'er  
 Yon darkening cliff ? There may the further shore  
 Alone be reached : too deep the river's bed  
 Here where concealed these friendly shades o'erspread  
 To ford its depths ;—and well I deem 'tis need  
 If men must die, 'tis nobler that they bleed ;  
 Then if our foes like they of *Yara's* fight,  
 None may be spared who strive for *Spain* to-night.  
 But *there* we cross,—and thou canst lead us on,  
 As thou hast said, and by a path unknown ?"

“ I can, my chief : within a cave it ends,  
 And thence the path through narrow gorge ascends  
 To a defile where lie the rebel crew.  
 The *pass* is sure : the rest an hour must show.”  
 “ Well thou hast spoke. Soldiers,” he turning said,  
 —The dark battalion there beneath the shade  
 Stood motionless.—

“ The enemies of Spain  
 Keep yonder height, nor dream ere night shall wane  
 The rocks that now their rebel slumbers keep  
 Loud shall re-echo with their own death shriek.  
 We cross below where yonder rock o’ershades.  
 Look to your arms ; guard well no naked blades  
 A warning bear to traitor eyes,—for know  
 But to their *hearts* such messengers should go.”  
 Then to the guide : “ Pepillo, lead the way ;  
 Now steady—*march!*” The column moved away  
 Along the stream, and silently it trod  
 With measured cadence o’er the yielding sod.  
 Soon reached the ford, they halted. “ Pepillo,  
 Scan well the height—say canst thou see the foe ?”  
 “ Look thou, my chief, seest thou that gleam of light—  
 Wait but a moment—now upon the height  
 Above the fall ?”

“ Aye, there—but now ’tis gone.  
 Lose not a moment ”—

“ Steady, men, as one,  
 March !” In they moved. Invaded thus, the stream  
 Plaintively muttered—as in some strange dream  
 The restless slumberer.

—Soon ’twas left to rest,  
 And scarce a ripple trembled on its breast.

Traversed the plain 'neath the disguising wood,  
 Soon at the mount the halted column stood.  
 Once more was scanned with stealthy eyes the height ;  
*Once more there* glimmered that betraying light.  
 As the clear moon illumined the pass, till now  
 Veiled by the shadows from the cliff's dark brow,  
 Beneath the shades which clothed the mountain sides  
 The chief held whispered council with the guide :  
 Then at their head, prepared to lead the band,  
 He silent waited for the chief's command,  
 Who at his side in measured whispers said,  
 While all stood motionless as are the dead :  
 " Now comrades, softly ; muffle e'en your breath,  
 Nor let your footsteps prate of coming death.  
 When reached the cave, by fours close column keep :  
 Thence scarce ten paces where the rebels sleep,  
 Where once again must traitors, bosoms feel  
 The deadly coldness of the Spaniards' steel."

\* \* \* \* \*

Along the mountain tops the day  
 Arrayed in robes of sombre grey,  
 Crept on apace, as Pasco stood  
 In turn to guard the solitude  
 Of the defile and vale below,  
 Which now the moon—suspended low,  
 With shadows thronged that lengthened loomed  
 Along the glen like spirits doomed  
 To endless silence,—gathering there  
 With waving plumes, as if to bear  
 The dying night unseen.—afar,  
 To its mysterious sepulchre.

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Beneath the cooling breath of morn  
 His comrades, now fatigued and worn  
 By hours of wearying, restless sleep,  
 Now lay, o'ercome, in slumber deep,—  
 Like that which soothes the feeble breast  
 When fever's crazing pulse is passed,  
 And motionless composure gives,  
 With scarce a throb to tell it lives.  
 Yet wakeful in each weary breast  
 One thought watched o'er the patriot's rest :  
 Ah, but for this it had been mad  
 To trust to slumber all they had  
 In hope,—from Freedom's beckoning star  
 Which brightly beamed though distant far :  
 --That thought their land, which to such hearts  
 A deathless double life imparts.  
 An hour had passed, and Pasco stept  
 Within the pass to where still slept  
 His comrades, though their eyelids lay  
 Just bound by sleep's sweet mystery.  
 He turned the cliff—

Then forward sprang,

As on the startled silence rang,  
 Rebounding with a hundred shocks  
 From peak to peak of towering rocks,  
 His carbine's crash—the signal set  
     Should night unmask her dread alarms,  
 And they surprised, by foes beset,  
     No moment find to *call* to arms--  
 For springing from a neighboring height,  
 With bayonets glimmering in the light

Of early dawn, he there beheld  
 The hated foe,—as wildly swelled  
 Those phrensying pulses in his breast  
 Those feel by tyranny opprest,  
 Which know no wilder throb of hate  
 Than that when face to face they meet  
 Their despot's slaves, who crav'n would dare  
 To bind them with the chains they wear.  
 Quick as his thought his lead as true,  
 Struck from the cliff a foeman low ;  
 Nor had the signal failed, as told  
 A crash of musketry which rolled,  
 Re-echoing with the thunder's might  
 From where the patriots held the height,  
 'Neath which above the crash arose  
 The death-shriek of a score of foes,  
 Which from the patriots brought a cry  
 Of stern defiant mockery.  
 Then quick in fierce reply outrang,  
 As Pasco 'midst his comrades sprang,  
 A volley from the Spaniard band,  
 Now closing fast on every hand,  
 And 'neath its storm of iron hail  
 Full many a noble patriot fell,  
 Employing still ere hushed by death  
 The accents of his latest breath  
 In freedom's name as to her foes  
 His shout of proud defiance rose.  
 As rush the waves' impetuous might  
 Against the cliff's opposing height,  
 Their foam-locks streaming in the storm, —  
 Each like some fierce demoniac form,

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On sweeping with resistless force  
 The strength which seeks to stay their course,  
 Till backward hurled in turn they lay  
 Low quivering in their parent sea,  
 Again to rise—and yet again,  
 As off' flung backward to the main,  
 Yet shivering as they fiercely rush  
 The tottering height they may not crush :  
 So now, with bayonets set, and hair  
 Back floating on the trembling air,  
 —No time for aught save steel now left,  
*Forward* the island patriots swept.  
 Led on,—if aught the brave e'er *lead*,  
 By Pasco waving at their head  
 Their country's flag, full proud to give  
 Their lives, that its loved cause might live.  
 Fired by the madly coursing blood  
 Which swelled each pulse, a phrensy flood,  
 Upon the hireling foe they dashed,  
 Undaunted, though out-belching flashed  
 Full in their course a withering breath  
 Of flame, red-tongued, which seethed with death.  
 Mute as the dead, nor stopped, nor stayed,  
 With fixed eyes and jaws close laid ;  
 Each springing where a comrade fell  
 There summoned by his last death yell,  
 Breathing that atmosphere of hell.  
*Onward they swept*, like wave on rock,  
 Till now, with all resistless shock,  
 Closing upon the foe, they rushed ;  
 Beneath that shock recoiling, crushed

*Down—down*—as many a bosom writhed  
 Beneath the freezing steel there sheathed ;  
 Yet lingered not, but quick once more  
 The thirsty metal wreaked in gore,  
 As with insatiate greed it leaped,  
 Still dripping scarlet doubly steeped,  
 From breast to breast, deep curdling there  
 The currents stagnant 'neath despair,  
 Till cleft the arm which urged it fell  
 Low quivering in its purple rill.  
 High swelled the frightful din of war,  
 The wild death shriek : the shivering jar  
 Of splintering steel ; the stifled groan,  
 Half choked ere breathed ; the fitful moan  
 From life's low pulse ; the sabres' shock  
 Which rose, down swept—too fiercely lock :  
 — Nor loosed their hold till rent apart,  
 Then plunged revengeful in each heart :  
 —As if imbued with *very life*,  
*Conscious* they shared their masters' strife.  
 Ah, who that awful shock may tell,  
 When waves of human anger swell  
 In fierce contention—battling where  
 Meet livid hate and grim despair ;  
 Who paint that hour of phrenzied strife  
 When passion spares not—*asks* not life ;  
 Nor deems its warmest, softest breath  
 As sweet as the cold gasp of death  
 Forced from that heart where still the steel  
 It pressed with a savage zeal.  
 Now backward forced scarce half remain,  
 — But step by step—then yet again

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Fierce dashing on the staggered foe,  
Each laid another Spaniard low,  
As sinews straining, hand to hand  
The few still left of that brave band—  
Pale as the dead ; each forehead set  
With beads of cold, congealed sweat ;  
While from their breasts down-trinkling rolled  
The scarlet gouts, or stream that told  
The murderous sabres' mission there,  
Red-gleaming on the troubled air—  
Sprang at a foe defiant still,  
In hate which death alone could kill.  
Beset as one of wolves the prey,  
Full twenty sabres kept at bay,  
Back forced, contending *foot* by *foot* ;  
Red stained from many a streaming cut,  
There Pasco, foremost in the fray,  
Battled the foe defiantly.  
Above his head the flag he held,  
One arm but free its folds to shield,  
Which wielded with resistless might  
His sabre,—busiest in the fight.  
Struck from his hands the colors lay,  
Forward he dashed : the foe gave way,  
Save one more bold who dared contest  
His way, and sought from him to wrest  
The prize regained, but all in vain  
—One more was numbered with the slain.  
Then quick again he waved it o'er,  
Its folds now steeped in crimson gore,  
As up his height he proudly drew  
And fearless scoffed the hated foe.

But the fast ebbing scarlet tide  
 Down coursing from his breast and side,  
 Had sapped his life, and that proud cry  
 Broke in a gasp of agony.  
 Then on their victim doomed they pressed  
 —Back staggering, till by deep abyss,  
 From which up-rose a doleful roar  
 Like that from waves which beat the shore  
 Far distant heard, now Pasco stood  
 Defiant still—still unsubdued,  
 While round him, eager for his life,  
 His foes fast closed. The torrent's strife  
 Deep down the gorge he heard and knew  
 It swept a thousand feet below,  
 Nor aught between where hope could trace  
 For Daring's foot a refuge place.  
 Then the first fear his bosom knew  
 Cast o'er his face a pallid hue,  
 As there now mingling curdled stood  
 Out-starting drops of sweat and blood.  
 —One glance quick sought the foe-kept pass;  
 Quick one the yawning precipice.  
 Then with a shout of proud disdain—  
 A challenge to the arms of Spain—  
 He turned and down the cañon leaped  
 —Still grasped the flag so bravely kept;  
 So nobly borne in life 'twas meet  
 In death 't should be his winding sheet.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*     \*

The struggle o'er, in death's embrace  
 Each patriot soldier face to face

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There with his foe sank down to rest  
 —Undrawn the blades from each still breast.  
 The sunbeams there that morning played  
 On many a shattered sabre blade,  
 But warmed not those who ne'er might know  
 Again its life-exhaling glow.  
 Still now the scene an hour before  
 Which echoed with red-battle's roar  
 And mingling there together flowed  
 The Patriots' and the Spaniards' blood.  
 No sign of life was seen save where  
 The vulture soaring high in air,  
 Amid the sky's ethereal blue,  
 Looked down upon the scene below.  
 As they had fall'n so there they lay  
 Till time should hide them in decay,  
 Nor lived one of that band to tell  
 How Cuba's valiant children fell.

---

NOTE.—In the second and concluding division of this poem, in following the heroine in her search for her lost lover, I had designed to picture, to the best of my ability, the treatment meted out to and disposition made of “los rebeldes” when captured by the Spaniards,—this more particularly in the fortified cities of the Western Department of the Island, Santiago de Cuba, Manzanilla, etc., incorporating in my rhyme a recount of some of the more notorious acts of barbarism of Spanish warfare in that the “ever faithful isle;” I say “I had designed :” I have not abandoned this purpose, but feeling that I could not, in justice to the subject,—or to myself, under existing circumstances, undertake to complete the tale, I have determined to *bide* a more “Congenial season.”

# Spring.

## AN IDYL.

“ Nature exerting an unwearying power  
Forms, opens and gives scent to every flower,  
Spreads the fresh verdure of the fields, and leads  
The dancing Naiads through the dewy meads.”

—*Corcoper.*

Hail heavenly goddess with thy floral train !  
Nor from thy praises can my muse refrain,  
As joining with the blithesome sylphs that throng  
Along thy way and wake the earth with song  
And merriment, it would thy steps attend  
And with their praise its humbler plaudits blend.  
It would thy course o'er hill and mead pursue  
As these thou deck'st with robes of richest hue  
And wreathes of flowerets while the joyous earth  
From slumber wakes thy darling offspring Mirth,  
Who hand in hand with roguish Jollity  
In thy glad train trips on right merrily ;  
In flight ethereal o'er thy path he moves  
With winged attendants from Idalia's groves,

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Twining thy brow with bacchanalian wreathes  
 And to each nymph the sparkling grape bequeaths ;  
 By Dionysus all hilarious led—  
 Showers of blossoms falling on his head—  
 He chases Frolic while the aerial bands  
 Applaud the effort with rejoicing hands  
 And hill and dale the glad applause resound  
 Till song harmonious fills the air around,  
 As in his arms the victor clasps his prize,  
 —Buried in laurels where fatigued he lies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Allauteous Spring! thou darling of the spheres,  
 Before whose smile shamed Winter disappears,  
 His face conceals yet lingers to survey  
 The gladd'ning prospects which thy charms display ;  
 What are thy charms let Nature's self declare  
 To those who doubting to her courts repair.  
 Where scenes delighting stretch on every hand  
 As thou with garlands strew'st the smiling land.  
 Thy splendor not the dazzling pomp of kings  
 The Muse adoring all enraptured sings ;  
 Not the vain pageant partial fate bestows  
 Upon the few to mock the many's woes  
 Sinking its slaves in luxuries that blind  
 Till man becomes unfaithful to mankind ;  
 Naught such as this thy liberal hand displays :—  
*Impartial* still, *this* would enjoin my praise  
 Which gives to all nor circumscribed reveals  
 The humblest mortal but its bounty feels,  
 While round the peasant in his mountain cot  
 Are spread thy gifts where princes are forgot ;

Richest profusion decks their mean abodes—  
 Unknown to man yet favored of the gods—  
 His humble home delights thy earliest care  
 While princely state remaining bounties share.  
 Thy generous hands around the quiet dead  
 Brightest of flowers with lavish kindness spread  
 And blossoms laden there with sweet perfume  
 Declare thy memory of the silent tomb.  
 And O how lovely do thy flowers appear  
 Where all is still—so sweetly quiet there ;  
 There where the cherished of our hearts repose  
 When life's short day in evening's shadows close,  
 Where softly bright beneath the cypress bloom  
 Roses which tint the shadows of the tomb  
 —Breathing so sweetly on that hallowed air  
 That peace itself appears enseraphed there,  
 And modest daisies with chaste violets wed  
 Their fitting emblems o'er the slumbering dead  
 While humbly o'er immortal amaranths wave,  
 Telling of life which lies beyond the grave.  
 So when not ours to speak that last farewell  
 Which in death's hour the bursting heart would tell ;  
 To catch the accents of that fleeting breath  
 Which all composed resigns itself to death,  
 How sweetly do these emblems of the dead  
 Commune with us of those whose souls are fled  
 And to the heart a silent rapture give  
 Through memory's voices which forever live.  
 But still the glories of thy work I sing,  
 O ever beauteous,—ever friendly Spring ;  
 Amid thy scenes delighted still I stray,  
 As thou with flowers adorn'st the smiling day,

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And love to mark each change that charms the view  
 Which o'er the fields thy lithesome steps pursue.  
 See in the meads streams carol as they run  
 O'er pebbles colored golden by the sun  
 Where meek-faced violets from retirement look,  
 Bathing their leaflets in the passing brook,  
 And yellow cowslips flaunt their gaudy dress  
 Trailing their skirts o'er spreads of velvet cress,  
 While everywhere throughout the landscape sway  
 In balmy winds the "darling buds of May."  
 Thus on the mountain side the forests bare  
 Become the objects of thy tender care,  
 Outward to thee stretching their naked arms  
 Rejoiced t' embrace thy all-delightful charms,  
 And these adorned bedeck the bleak ascent,  
 —Of thy great work the grandest monument !

\* \* \* \* \*

When the soft morn for flight her pinions spread,  
 Moving with blushes from her saffron bed,  
 As the blue arch which props the eastern sky  
 Her rosey wings with softest tint supply ;  
 When the first beams of the approaching day  
 Across the landscape take their quiet way  
 —In that still hour which contemplation loves,  
 As nature thus from calmest slumber moves—  
 How sweet to wander through the smiling fields  
 And breathe the fragrance nature's garden yields,  
 Where every bud which decks the verdant space  
 In due degree fills its appointed place,  
 And in each flower some differing beauties lie  
 While *all* their Maker's handiwork display ;

How sweet to rest 'neath some sequestered shade  
 By passing zephyrs in their wanderings swayed  
 And contemplate vast nature's boundless scheme,  
 Supreme creation of a Power supreme !  
 On every hand some lesson man may learn ;  
 In every flower some hidden truths discern :  
 View with the rose attending thorns appear  
 And sharpest thorns the sweetest blossoms bear ;  
 Mark the meek violet and the giant tree  
 Share his regard in their required degree—  
 All eloquent, bespeak their God's defence  
 And show to man impartial providence.  
 Here warbling songsters fill the verdant shades  
 And streamlets sparkle through the flowery glades  
 Which, with soft winds that tune the whispering trees  
 Flood the bright scene with rapturing symphonies,  
 High the lark warbles o'er the murmuring trees  
 And hurrying swallows skim adown the breeze,  
 While the glad lapwing as she upward springs  
 Flashes the sunlight from her busy wings.  
 The faithful red-breast, first of all the year,  
 Sings to its mate in numbers softly clear  
 And gives good morrow to the whistling thrush  
 Which greets the songster from a neighboring bush ;  
 While Zephyrus her fragrant breezes lends  
 As with the warblers her soft chorus blends,  
 —The aerial gathering decked in varied coats  
 Swelling the anthem with their mellow notes,  
 Till crowning all in the festivoous scene  
 Heaven's royal gold weds Earth's imperial green,  
 From which great union spring in glorious birth  
 Unnumbered flowers which deck their mother earth

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At which all nature in grand concert sings .  
 And all the plumaged concourse clap their wings.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Occident now dons her saffron dress  
 Its orange flounces edged with violet lace,  
 The royal sun approaching with the eve  
 In her enchanted palace to receive.  
 Ablaze with light its grand dimensions stand  
 Out 'gainst the heavens which above expand,  
 —The arching battlements with crimson hung  
 And fleecy banners from their summits flung,  
 Tinted with purple and enfringed with gold  
 Which to the heavens their wavy lengths unfold  
 As 'neath the portals moves the god of day  
 Followed by the celestial pageantry,  
 As waiting Nox swings to the gates of light  
 And shuts the scene majestic from the sight,  
 When gathering fast attend the sentrying stars  
 Marshaled by their proud queen and chieftain Mars.  
 The lowing herd now homeward takes its way—  
 Each drowsy member following o'er the lea—  
 As the weird spirits of the dying light  
 Attend in silence the approaching night.  
 Hushed nature sleeps cradled in verdant bowers  
 On softest beds of fragrant breathing flowers,  
 As day upon the bosom of twilight  
 Slumbers,—and Cynthia reigns the queen of night,  
 While darkness o'er the sky her covering lays  
 Fastened with brilliants from the pleiades.  
 Now in the wood sings modest philomel  
 Her notes nectareous on the stillness swell,

As willing Echo, waking at the strain,  
 Replies harmonious to the pure refrain,  
 In shaded haunts where Cynthia's soft beams glide  
 'Mid slumbering leaves reposing side by side  
 To woo the brooklet which with dimpled smile  
 Their love indulges the hours to beguile.  
 But ever fickle now in truant glee  
 She scampers off, babbling coquetishly,  
 To Sylva's side who waits her darling choice  
 And breathless listens for the well loved voice.  
 —Soon dewy showers disturb the vesper lay  
 And philomela's warblings die away,  
 While echo with her sinks into repose  
 And silence o'er the earth her mantle throws.

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## MONODY

*On the Death of the unfortunate poet Thos. Chatterton.*

---

“That marvelous boy that perished in his pride.”

—Wordsworth.

---

Inspire O Muse ! the sadd'ning theme I raise  
 To one who loved thy presence, sang thy praise  
 In sweetest voice of all thy minstrel choir  
 From the first hour his fingers swept the lyre  
 Received from thee,—its dulcet strings supplied  
 From silver in that fire purified  
 Which on the altar of thy temple still  
 Lives, though now smouldering, on thy sacred hill.  
 Inspire my theme ; a theme adorned to grace  
 Thy sweetest songs ; the noblest minstrel's lays,  
 To him whose lyre,—so rich its numbers came—  
 Shed a new glory on thy sacred name ;  
 A heaven-born spirit which from its bright sphere  
 Wandering to earth lingered a little here  
 To sing the songs which it had known before  
 With kindred spirits on the Elysian shore,

—Earth's tongue in their diviner harmonies  
 Echoing here the music of the skies.  
 Sweet bard! how bright thy sun of promise rose  
 Yet O what shadows gathered to the close,  
 And ere it reached the height of life's noon-day  
 In mists of darkness quenched fore'er its ray :  
 How bright that sun, behold where passed its light  
 A star of glory illumines death's night,  
 Yielding a beam immortal to that fire  
 Which on fame's height lights genius' sacred pyre !  
 Amid the quiet of thy native woods,  
 Where the sweet voices of its solitudes  
 Contentment breathed, the brook, the meek-faced flower  
 The grateful songster ; and in night's still hour,  
 The stars were thy sweet loves still sought by thee  
 With more than fondest lover's constancy,  
 Drawn to their chasteness by that force which gives  
 To love to seek its own correlatives.  
 Thy faithful heart, e'en as the creeping vine  
 Struck by the worm, around its loved did twine  
 Its greenest offerings, yielding sweetest breath  
 E'en whie below cankered the worm of death :  
 Thy love its rich warm soil ; its only air  
 Draughts humid with the cold mists of despair ;  
 Its only light hope's distant dying ray  
 A spark expiring—in eternal day.  
 Relentless fate, inexplicable doom !  
 Which thus consigned thy genius to the tomb  
 And swept thy hopes, thy promise richly fair  
 Into the grave to sleep forever there ;  
 Nor let thee know in life's resigning breath  
 The kindred voice that soothes the pain of death.

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Then in thy mind bright scenes forever past  
 Upon thy soul distracting shadows cast  
 To make thy agony but deeper grow  
 Till thou hadst supped the very dregs of woe,  
 While—as the lightning's momentary flight  
 Illumes the clouds encumbering the night  
 And breaks the darkness of the midnight sky  
 But to increase its black intensity—  
 Memories of home within thy hapless breast  
 Flashed through despair's thick cloud that round thee pressed,  
 Which in their brightness served but to illumine  
 How dark the gathering shadows of the tomb  
 And, passed away, in thy distracted mind  
 Left a thick darkness doubly black behind.  
 As lesser spheres a symmetry do show  
 As truly perfect as the greater, so  
 The narrowed circle of thy life not less  
 Perfection showed for its littleness,  
 Where, like the planet with its belt of light,  
 Thy star of genius blazed along the height  
 Of Fame, and, meteor-like, though soon 'twas gone,  
 Gave forth a glory which was all its own.  
 Of all mankind the muse did e'er endow  
 'Twas thine alone mature in youth to know  
 The "gift divine,"\* wherein thou didst display  
 —An inspiration but revealed in thee—  
 With genius knowledge; knowledge e'en earth's Seers  
 Amazed beheld—in all the work of years.

---

\* "In our judgment of him" (Chatterton) "age cannot be taken into account; he never seems to have been young. His intellect was born *fully matured*."—ENCY.

With the eternal hills ; the great, deep sea  
 Familiar didst thou commune,—they to thee  
 Were but as loved companions ; with dread voice  
 The Tempest, robed in night, earth, sea and skies  
 Stirring to strife, as through the trembling air  
 Hurling its bolts it swept, its course the glare  
 Of the fierce lightnings 'luming, was to thee  
 A sight which gave thy soul supremacy  
 Of joy, as, with the Storm-king's awful form  
 Attendant, rode thy spirit on the storm.  
 Insatiate Pride beneath thy direful sway,  
 Thou scourge of earth, thou subtle votary  
 Of death ! of genius all thou may'st o'ercome  
 How off' hath sought the silence of the tomb ;  
 Youth- beauty, worth, earth's mightiest thy prey ;  
 O'erthrown by thee see nations in decay,  
 Of which thou 'st left—of Genius, nations, all—  
 But monuments to show how great their fall.  
 Serpent-like coiled within that hapless breast  
 Implacable ! 'twas thou his life oppressed ;  
 With lying tongue on to destruction, stilled  
 The voice of reason, thou his steps beguiled,  
 Then, e'en when most thou promised, didst betray  
 To death the victim of thy treachery.  
 And thou, O world ! in thy cold selfishness  
 Witnessed the victim fall yet to distress,  
 Born e'en that thou might'st hidden beauties know,  
 Brought not relief : nay, dealt the final blow  
 Which all of genius death hath power to bind  
 To the dark precincts of the tomb consigned.  
 Is it for this the muse her riches gives ;  
 Is it for this that patient Genius strives,

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Earth's hidden things of beauty to reveal  
From secret places gleaned with tireless zeal,  
—To live the drudge of penury and care ;  
The dupe of hope ; the victim of despair ;  
The world's cold incredulity to brave ;  
To sink forgotten to a timeless grave—  
That those may share a wealth which else must lie  
Buried in Nature's dread infinity,  
Who while they scruple not the fruits t' enjoy  
Ungrateful coldly pass the laborer by,  
Or turn away by envy rendered blind  
—That miscreant which to baseness sinks the mind !  
May shame smite thee, O selfishness ! when on  
The tomb that holds the dust of Chatterton  
Thou look'st ; thou *Pride* and *Envy* should ye too  
There stray, ye shall shame's deepest lashes know,  
While humbled ye within your hearts confess,  
Else dumb, how *less* ye are than littleness.

## Retrospection.

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IKE the window open  
with the shading eglantine  
Breathing incense with the fragrant  
mignonnette's its leaves enshrine ;  
I'll draw the blind a little  
to keep out the setting sun—  
There : now I want to hear you play  
my air when you have done.  
I mean that plaintive melody  
—you know what I would say—  
You played it for me long ago  
as died the light away  
That summer's eve when last we met,  
it seems but yesternight,  
And though clouds shade remembrance now  
it edges them with light.  
The soft *Andante* breathes to me  
of Saint Celia's bells  
Borne by the evening breezes  
from the Cloister's wooded hills,











## A DREAM.

---

One Summer's day, beside the murmuring sea,  
 Stretched on the beach, I slept, and dreamed I saw  
 A noble Ship which, out upon the deep,  
 Moved proudly o'er the waters toward the east.  
 Calm as a mountain lake the Ocean spread  
 Beneath the brightness of a noon-day sun,  
 Yet it did seem as if the sultry air  
 Of Summer's heated hour upon its breast  
 Oppressive lay, and in its mighty heart,  
 Deep down, disturbed its slumbering forces,—stirred  
 To restless throbbings, as its bosom swelled  
 In slow pulsation, and then sank away  
 In strange disquietude. Encircling, arched  
 Sublimely o'er the azure vault of Heaven,  
 Upon whose royal height enthroned sat  
 The God of day, in dazzling glory robed.  
 O'er the still depths the Ship majestic moved,  
 As sportively she scattered with her prow,  
 About her path—all glittering in the sun,  
 Unnumbered brilliants of unnumbered hues  
 Which she did gather from the emerald deep,  
 While from her rolled upon the drowsy air  
 A long dark line of smoke, which sought the haze

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Of roseate tint, far in the glimmering distance.  
 Upon her decks the "toilers of the sea,"  
 Sun-browned in service, each his duty sought  
 While in the rigging some the useless sail  
 With busy fingers folded to the yards,  
 All merry hearted singing as they wrought.  
 Beneath an awning shading from the sun  
 Reclined the ocean voyagers, and there  
 Upon the air all merrily arose  
 The careless laugh—the voice of happiness,  
 And busy tongues of little ones at play.  
 Beauty and youth with faces bright, illumined  
 With love and hope, and Age with its sweet smile  
 In happiest intercourse assembled were.  
 Others apart from those thus grouped about  
 Sought to beguile in quicker pace away,  
 The lingering hours of the hot Summer's day  
 With tales of Fancy's painting; some o'ercome  
 By its soporous breath in slumber lay,  
 While here and there one o'er the bulwarks leaned  
 In listless dreamings gazing o'er the wave.  
 Aside were two: one Beauty's prototype  
 Set in a frame of fairest loveliness;  
 The other Beauty's proud defender—Youth  
 From nature's statelier, bolder model, *Man*.  
 As silvery clouds in fleecy softness veil  
 The chasteness of the virgin Summer moon,  
 Her white attire in sweet abandon draped  
 Her lovely form—in nameless grace composed,  
 As she, reclined beside him whom she loved,  
 Gave ear attent as he read to her thought;  
 Read of some sorrow, as expression told,

Moulding her face to sweet solicitude—  
 Of holy sympathy, throned in the heart,  
 The superscription. So her lustrous eyes,—  
 Liquidly brilliant as the glist'ning dew  
 Upon the newblown, trembling violet,—  
 Pearled in warm tears, did each emotion glass  
 Which that sad tale awoke within her heart.  
 —Perchance it traced love's fair, young life betrayed,  
 Blighted by dire deceit, that worm which gnaws,  
 With venom'd fang, the heart whose warmth it gains  
 Lurked in love's flower, by falseness planted there.  
 But this was passed and like the Sun's fresh glow  
 Of heat and light when April showers are o'er,  
 With a soft brightness beamed her tear-damp'd eyes,  
 Resting on him who, ceased, in their sweet depths  
 Poured from his own love's warm responsive rays.

\* \* \* \* \*

The scene was changed : upon a rock-bound coast  
 I stood, darkness had gathered over all.  
 'Gainst the dark sea high loomed the walling cliffs  
 Amid the star-lit air, their towering fronts  
 Stern frowning, om'nous, Warders of the Deep,  
 Robed in the sombre livery of night.  
 About their caverned base lamentingly,  
 The troubled waters tossed, 'neath the weird wind  
 Which to the night distressfully complained,  
 In wild and fitful gusts. Higher it rose  
 And 'neath it soon high-swelled and fiercely lashed  
 The surge in angry clamor 'gainst the cliffs,  
 While black impenetrable clouds rolled o'er,  
 Piled mass on mass, high 'mid the thickening air,  
 And quickly curtained with their darkened folds

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The ebon vault of Heaven, whose paling lights  
Now in their misty caverns disappeared.  
Far distant, from its cloud-built battlement,  
Rending night's pall, the wakened Lightning pierced  
With gleaming shaft the bosom of the Deep.  
Responsive to the Storm-kings awful voice,  
Deep-swelling from afar, then opened fast  
The many portals of the walling clouds,  
Piled up the empyrean height, to passage give  
The spirits of the tempest. Issuing forth  
They, riding on the winds, did fiercely urge  
The elemental strife, most clamorous  
Where, lightning led, they ranged the watery waste,  
Which, thus illumed, its waves dark, serpentine  
Revealed high surging in encounter wild,  
Like huge Leviathans in fury met  
Fiercely contending. Now above the roar  
Of the loud Sea the deepening thunder rose—  
And died away upon the wind, then quick  
From the dark zenith of the firmament,  
In louder voice its angry mutterings broke,  
And rolling downward burst into a crash.  
Then every cloud, in emulation fierce,  
Thundered reply, rending the trembling air,  
As through the ambient darkness, inky grown,  
Each gave defiant challenge to the Night,  
And hushed the mighty roaring of the sea.  
Flaming the lightnings red-tongued licked the waves,  
Which heavenward madly reared their mammoth forms,  
Till by the Tempest struck back hurled they plunged  
With roars defiant to their surging depths.  
Out on the sea, lit by the lightnings' glare,

—Flash following flash in wild velocity,  
 A ship swept on before the Tempest's strength,  
 Rose with the maddened waves, sank as they sank,  
 Then in the hadean darkness disappeared.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fulmines of the storm were spent, though still  
 The forces of the wind swept to the cliffs,  
 Resistless in their might, hurling the waves,  
 To fury lashed, 'gainst their black adamant,  
 As if back summoned to their cavern strengths,  
 Rebellious they in fierce resentment raged.  
 The broken clouds now hurried o'er the sky,  
 And laid their shattered masses 'neath the arch,  
 Which props the southern limits of the heavens,  
 Their ragged summits by the moon illumined,  
 Which now released, in mellow brilliancy  
 Flooded the waves—to very mountains grown.  
*There* laboring o'er their heights the doomed ship  
 Rose, mastless, tottered on their giant crests,  
 Then headlong plunged to their abysmal depths  
 But rose not up again—the waves rolled o'er  
 Inexorable. \* \* \* \*

From my sleep I woke ;  
 Still murmuring in the sunset lay the sea.

SONNET.

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## The Crucifixion.

When on the cross hung man's great Sacrifice  
Death near approached his work to execute,  
Awe-struck recoiled, in fear irresolute  
His office on his king to exercise.  
Then, bowing to his breast his head, the Christ  
Made sign to the Implacable that he,  
Without regard to right of sovereignty,  
Should claim the sacrifice at which was prie'd  
Man's sin. *Then* did th' Inexorable strike—  
The fearful sun to darkness paling fled;  
Earth trembling shrank to night's embrace; the Dead,  
E'en by that deed of their dread Prince made quick,  
Did him defy—he had forever spent  
His power in striking the Omnipotent.

## My Mother.

---

*Remember* thee, my mother ! While this breast  
 Shall guard the heart which fondly pulses there  
 That heart the memory of thy love—thy care,  
 Proudly shall cherish, nor till life shall rest  
 Cease to extol it, then but to refrain  
 A little time till in that purer land,  
 Far more befitting this all hallowed strain,  
 Declare thy praises still. There each bright band  
 Of angels list'ning to the theme, shall swell  
 It into song and each in turn improve  
 Their harps upon an equal theme, and tell  
 The wondrous story of a mother's love,  
 —That theme which shall the sweetest songs supply,  
 As Memory prompts the heavenly minstrelsy !

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## Solitude.

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O I do love to wander by the shore !  
And watch the restless waters of the deep,  
As the night winds across its bosom sweep  
Blending their wild complaining, with its roar ;  
I love to wander through the voiceless wood  
As 'mid its depths the shadowy moonlight creeps  
Where, neath the sentrying stars, tired nature sleeps  
And Silence sits enthroned in Solitude.  
Such scenes a deep mysterious pleasure bear,  
Waking a slumbering spirit in the breast ;  
And from a sleep which knows but little rest  
To yield it raptures but experienced there.  
Where man may learn—far from the haunts of man,  
In nature's school his own defects to scan.

## Music.

Come sacred muse naught like thy strains compose  
 The longing heart nor there can charm to rest  
 Sorrow's lament, Yet O *what* peace it knows  
 When thy sweet voice steals echoing through the breast.  
 E'en as a bird which at the break of day  
 Called by its mate, joins it and soars away  
 Through purest fields of azure, circling round  
 To some bright glade where cherished fruits abound,  
 My soul solicitous, at thy behest  
 To thy sweet realm joyously wings its flight  
 In thy embrace there ravished with delight  
 Till sweetly soothed it trembles into rest.  
 —All other joys the passions but control,  
 'Tis thou alone hath power to reach the soul.

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## Licet.

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Relentless Fate struck by thy venom'd dart  
 Hope quivering lies,—and palsying dost thou press  
 Thy icy hand on this despairing heart  
 Congealing there all—save its bitterness.  
 Beneath thy scourge e'en willingly I've stood  
 Nor yet complain'd though sore its lashes fell,  
 While still hope's star illumined the solitude  
 Of disappointment where thou bid me dwell.  
 But now—and thou would'st bid my heart to quench  
 The one sweet light which in this bosom gives  
 Hope its last ray ; and from my breast to wrench  
 The dear idea on which alone it lives :  
 I who have bowed,—nay *loved* thee for this bliss,  
 Remorseless Fate ! can'st thou not spare me this.

## Dolores.

---

Sleep bound me in the lazaret of night.

Death, wan Despair, sightless Ambition, Lust  
 There gathered in contention, 'mid the dust  
 Of crumbled hopes threw for my heart.—In sight  
 It lay sore bleeding, wrenched from its red seat.  
 Then love, smooth-limbed, white but for heat, there came  
 With eyes of palpitating fire, a living flame

That fumed the crimson gout to vapory heat,  
 Sweet seeming as the warm breath of desire.

Death, paling, fled; the noxious crew, dismay  
 Struck, livid turned and slank away;

Love healed my heart with kisses of sweet fire  
 Burned there *Eternity*, named it her own—

\* \* Light 'neath my lids,—ah God! would *Death* had won.

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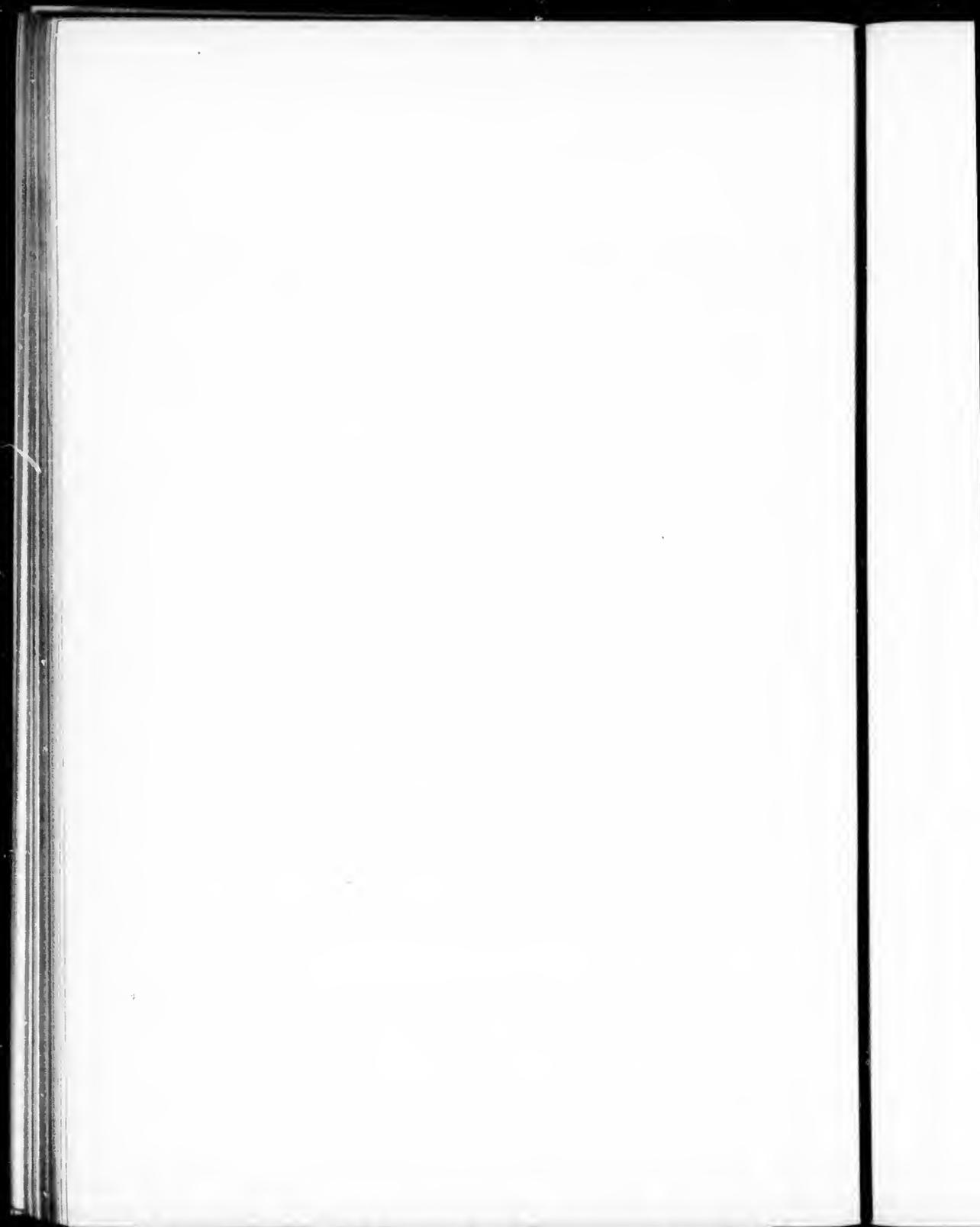
## Meditation.

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In that still hour when the dissolving day  
 Along the sky fades tranquilly away ;  
     When o'er the earth the glimmering twilight creeps  
     —That drowsiness which falls e'er nature sleeps.  
 In solitude—naught<sup>t</sup> save the symphony  
     Of ocean wakeful, still I seek thy charms,  
     Where naught ignoble the glad soul alarms  
 As it composed resigns itself to thee.  
     Silent thou art—thy silence eloquence  
 Raising the soul to its inherent life,  
     Which, casting off its mortal instruments,  
 Soars far beyond earth's narrow scene of strife,  
     And led by thee views that immortal state  
     In which it too shall soon participate !

---

NOTE.—Let me here say that the first seven lines of the Sonnet  
 “The Crucifixion,” are imitated from the French of an unknown  
 author of the seventeenth century. They occur in a little poem enti-  
 tled “La Mort de Jésus Christ,” which was found inscribed upon the  
 pillars of an old church in Cherbourg, France.



ODDS AND ENDS.

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## LOVE AND DIGNITY.

[*An Allegory.*]

It was June : in a vale, as the day was declining,  
 By a stream which the summer moon studded with light,  
 Stately Dignity walked, in the silence resigning  
 His thoughts to those things which most pleased his sight.

Not far had he gone when he heard a deep sighing,  
 Which came from a cluster of roses near by,  
 And great his surprise when among them espying  
 The little God Cupid, who 'd uttered the sigh.

On his arm he reclined, with a rose in his fingers,  
 From which he was plucking its leaflets away,  
 While, as a bright star on a cloud's summit lingers.  
 A tremulous tear on his dark lashes lay.

"And what has disturbed you?" asked Dignity kindly.  
 Cupid started and fluttered his wings in dismay,  
 But feared, in the presence he found himself, blindly  
 To follow his feelings and scamper away.

He made no reply, simply pointed before him  
 To an arrow all shattered, the source of his woe,  
 As he bit those sweet lips for which women adore him,  
 And patted his bare little leg with his bow.

“Indeed, and is that it? Just as I expected.  
It would seem you’ve not done as instructed.” “’Tis true.”  
“Precisely, now had you done as I directed—”  
“You would say, I’d not had this misfortune to rue.”

“This once,” Love continued, “good Dignity, spare me,”  
Looking up in his face with a suppliant smile,  
“Just come here to-morrow at this hour, and hear me  
Recount my success with my Beauty meanwhile.”

“Most gladly I will ; then good-night,—but *remember*.”  
“Never fear,” Love replied, as he mounted in flight,  
With his wings rustling, soft as leaves fanned by a zephyr,  
He rose on a moon-beam, and passed out of sight.

Next eve to the spot, ere the Sun had ceased shining,  
Came Dignity,—’twas one he long had loved best,—  
And there, on a bed of chaste blossoms reclining,  
He beheld Beauty, fondling a rose on her breast.

Quick, with rapturing pulsation, his heart beat, but hearing  
A sound as of Love’s half suppressed voice near by,  
He concealed his emotion ; then to her appearing,  
He approached, as upon him she smiled graciously.

Love had led her hither ; and now, near her hiding,  
’Mid the blossomed-flaked foliage, as Dignity came,  
He sped a bright arrowed, flame-tipped, which dividing  
His heart, kindled there its wild, exquisite flame.

Thus struck, beside Beauty he fell,—to her pleaded  
To draw from his bosom the still flaming dart ;

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She, while soothing the wound, saw but Love e'er could  
     heal it,  
 The arrow was buried so deep in his heart !

Then, in flight, Cupid cried, "Dignity, I regret I  
 Have *missed* you, as now I've no time to wait, for  
 My quiver is empty ; I did not forget you,  
 Believe me ; good-night, I am off to get more—

Then his voice, having waked Philomel, 'neath her numbers  
 Swelling soft in response, melted faintly away,  
 While the flowers his warm wings had kissed from their  
     slumbers,  
 On the yet wooing sunbeams, spent their sweets wantonly.

—Soon 'twas clear, from the manner of Beauty in pressing  
 Her hand 'gainst her breast, quickly palpitating,  
 Love had there sent an arrow ;—the rogue when professing  
 His quiver empty, had his darts 'neath his wing !

## MUSIC AND MEMORY.

Music once wandering through the heart,  
 As daylight died away,  
 Found Memory sleeping by a tomb  
 Fast falling to decay.

Whispering, she touched the slumberer,  
 Soft as the pale moon-beam  
 The folded flower, then passed away  
 As vanishes a dream.

Memory awoke, and listening heard  
 The rustling wings go by,  
 Then weeping viewed where she had slept  
 And O, how bitterly !

But ah, those tears were sacred,  
 And the flowers which there drooped lay,  
 Beneath their sweet refreshment bloomed  
 And beautified decay.

And now no greener spot is there,  
 For Memory loves to twine  
 The richest verdure of the heart  
 Around that sacred shrine.

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## LINES.

*Written upon visiting the National Cemetery, Arlington, Va, where are buried the remains of 40,000 Union soldiers, their graves for the most part being marked by a plain white board, many of which bear the simple inscription "Unknown soldier."*

To those who "have some friend or brother there."

Ye patriot dead! o'er your sleep of devotion  
Shines the meteor of conquest, while wrapped in death's  
night

Ye rest by that stream—winding down to the ocean,  
Which beheld ye go forth in the pride of your might.

Bright that meteor illumines the shades which enfold ye,  
Reflecting your glory—which brightens its ray—  
In the hearts which forever with pride shall behold ye  
Through ages to come, as through years passed away.

And can it then be that "*unknown*" ye are sleeping  
By the scenes of your glory, so valiantly trod;  
Can a nation forget that the fruits she is reaping  
Were sown with your lives and refreshed with your blood?

Ye *are* known : by the hearts which your absence sore  
 rending,  
 Your valor remembering their anguish consumes ;  
 By the tears of a Nation which o'er ye descending  
 Refresh the sweet flowers which wave o'er your tombs.

Thus not here where the bleak wind in rude lamentation  
 Complainingly wanders amid the sad pine  
 Are ye tombed, but your graves the *warm hearts* of a nation,  
 Where evergreen blooming love's memories twine.

No more shall the thunder of battle elate ye ;  
 No more shall the trumpet of victory thrill,  
 Till the last trumpet's sound which forever shall wake ye  
 To herald ye onward to victory still

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## A VISION.

*A fragment of a projected allegorical poem "Love  
and Wealth."*

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"J'étais seul pres des flots pas un nuage auz cieux, sur les mers pas de  
voiles, mes yeux plongeaient plus loin que le monde réel"

—Victor Hugo.

I had a dream wherein it seemed to me  
I stood alone at daybreak, by a sea  
Amid whose waves I saw an island rise  
—A gem of beauty, 'gainst the azure skies  
But little off, and though around me seemed  
Night's shadows still, a heavenly brightness beamed  
Upon the isle. From its luxuriant shade  
Sloped to the wave a strand, of crystals made ;  
—A radiant belt of scintillating light  
Which richly sparkled, as faded the night  
Along the sea, and as I gazed methought  
I was translated to this beauteous spot.  
On a hill-side I stood bedecked in blue  
Of violets glist'ning 'neath pearly dew,  
As the light dawning o'er a flowery rise  
With softest shade tinted the lilac skies.  
Now gilding the dense foliage of the spot  
The risen sun resplendent glory brought,

As stately palms put on their richest hue  
 And hidden flowers broke upon the view,  
 Waked by the breeze which, fraught with spicy scent,  
 With babbling streamlets murmured of content,  
 While countless songsters decked in varied coats  
 Greeted each other with their mellow notes.  
 Of former scenes I seemed to have no thought  
 —Scarce a remembrance, as entranced I sought  
 With wandering step each scene with beauty spread  
 Of hill and dale in richest verdure clad,  
 Where floral sweets and fruits luxuriant swayed ;  
 Now crossing gurgling brooks of purest run  
 Which sweetly caroled in the wondrous sun ;  
 Now lost 'mid groves of royal fruits ne'er told  
 —Entranced, bewildered at this scene of gold.

\* \* \* \* \*

I now beheld a spot more perfect yet,  
 —If e'er perfection with itself hath met,  
 It rose from out a plain with gentle slope,  
 A mount of blossoms to its palm-crowned top,  
 O'er-ranged with shades with floral wreaths entwined,  
 Cradling their foliage on the fragrant wind.  
 Toward this I turned that from its bright ascent  
 I might survey its summit and extent,  
 From which—soon reached, I viewed the landscape o'er  
 On either side ; from further shore to shore,  
 And thence beheld, o'er many a verdured rise,  
 The waters stretch to meet the arching skies,  
 As toward the isle the restless billows rolled,  
 Their tossing crests enfringed with tints of gold,  
 From the declining sun, which row to sleep  
 In wearied splendor sank into the deep.

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But the bright moon far up the eastern height  
 Dispelled the shades of the attendant night.  
 As thick and fast her silvery arrows flew  
 Piercing the foliage, while her brightness threw  
 Light upon all around, and now revealed  
 A lake before by its rich shades concealed.  
 In a still vale it slept sentried around  
 By wooded hills, and sweetly came the sound  
 Of falling water from the wandering rills  
 Which left their course among the neighboring hills  
 To seek its placid bosom.

Now reclined  
 Near the lake's edge exhausted I resigned  
 Myself to sleep. I had not thus remained  
 A moment seemingly but had regained  
 My strength anew, when suddenly I woke  
 As on my ear the sound of footsteps broke,  
 And in the foliage which about me grew  
 I saw a figure disappear from view.  
 Breathless I listened, but there came no sound  
 Save the soft gurgling of the falls beyond  
 Bright in the moonlight,—then sweet symphonies  
 Of music rose and died upon the breeze.

Then by the light of the full risen moon  
 I saw beneath me drawn up from the tide  
 A little bark from purest coral hewn  
 Of an exquisite model, from its side  
 A silver oar, most delicately made,  
 Drooped in the wave all dripping as it lay,  
 And tiny footsteps which the sand displayed  
 Declared its mistress was not far away.

Quick to my feet I sprang for there, O Venus!  
 What a transporting sight ravished my eyes,  
 A being not unlike our native genus,  
 —As far as known from our authorities—  
 Before me stood, in dress not here the fashion,  
 A *habitante* of this enchanted clime,  
 Yet as it proved this most seductive passion,  
 In her gave place to one far more sublime.

Her feet in ribboned sandals were attired  
 And—let me see, she wore her dignity  
 Though to be brief her dress could be admired  
 For nothing but its strict *economy*.  
 Liquidly brilliant were her lustrous eyes  
 Like donna Julia's of Byronic fame,  
 Reflecting those mysterious sympathies  
 Love calls to life and else can ne'er proclaim.

Her wealth of hair was rolled into a—  
 I scarcely know its delicate technique,  
 Let each one name it what they will. I wist  
 A goodly number know of what I speak—  
 And there was born in her sweet eyes a soul  
 Which she bequeathed me and I lived anew,  
 And when she sweetly smiled, with full control  
 That second life to full perfection grew.

She leaned against her little craft which hid  
 its coral tint in the delicious glow  
 Of her soft charms, and as the bright moon shed  
 its flood of brilliancy on her fair brow

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And in its chrismal shower bathed her sweet form,  
 Raptured I stood. Then in a voice which spoke  
 Enchantment, and sweet peace unto the storm  
 Within my breast, thus she the silence broke :

“ Know'st thou this land, hast thou ne'er before  
 Explored its sweets—its ever cloudless skies ;  
 Ne'er known the pleasures of yon further shore  
 Where now thou hear'st those strains of music rise  
 Upon the fragrant air ? thence have I come,  
 Where yonder lights are flashing o'er the scene,  
 'Tis my abode and the luxurious home  
 Of mirth and pleasure—I alone its queen.”

“ Goddess of love,” I spoke, approached a pace,  
 —“ And then you know me,” quickly she replied.  
 “ Ah beauteous queen, who may behold thy face  
 Nor know 'tis love and beauty glorified.  
 This is thy land, fair Venus—this bright sphere  
 The land of Love and yonder restless sea  
 The sea of Time ; these symphonies I hear  
 The joyous sounds of love's glad minstrelsy.”

“ Well pleased am I to see thee thus display  
 A knowledge of this land not all possess,  
 And oft' possessing blindly turn away  
 To yonder isles adjacent.—Happiness  
 Foregoing for the gain they madly weigh  
 Against *this* wealth which man alone can bless,  
 And for the joy they vainly hope t' attain  
 Renounce a peace they ne'er can know again.”

“Such are the isles of worldly avarice  
 Where pomp is life and gold man’s only aim,  
 How all excelling this true happiness,  
 Where life is *love*—love that celestial flame  
 Which on the height of great Olympus is  
 That living fire—of heaven the light supreme,  
 Which daring mortal pillaged from the sky,  
 Revealing to man the secret of Heaven’s joy.

Wealth boasting all no happiness can shed  
 Where love is not, but is a nothingness ;  
 A lifeless frame from which the soul is fled ;  
 A death which hath a form of loveliness,  
 Like yon pale orb so brilliant yet all dead  
 Where silence broods in each dark bleak recess :  
 Radiant it shines all dazzling to behold ;  
 A sight of beauty but how deathly cold !”

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QUAND MÊME.

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How shall I paint thy beauties ; how relate  
 Thy virtues ? words to compass them so fail ;  
 Thy graces—to the cadence of thy feet,  
 Make cunning Speech its poverty reveal !  
 No, this rude herald shall not desecrate  
 The temple of thy form ; the graces tell  
 Of its fair Priestess, matchless !—'twould but be  
 To subject them t' rude incredulity :

I will not say celestial music's strain  
 More richly pours since I have known thy love ;  
 I will not say fair Dian with her train  
 Of stars refulgent in their course above  
 Now brighter shine ; and yet each sweet refrain  
 Harmonious ; yon bright orbs—*all* things now prove  
 Sources of joy undreamt, and to love yield  
 Rich springs of beauty ne'er before revealed.

So, as the rising moon with her chaste light  
 Doth robe the stars in a new brilliancy,  
 Raising all sunk in darkness by the night  
 To know the glory of her majesty :  
 Now shall thy love impart a new delight  
 To every joy, and life's ambitions be

Exalted to a holier aim, *and yet*,  
—Nay, thy sweet eyes rebuke that thought—*forget*.

E'er thus to *sight*, as thought, doth love impart,  
By its mysterious force, higher virtue  
Supernal, giving all things to the heart,  
By vision there revealed, an aspect new ;  
Clothed in fresh beauty all ; beauty no art  
Hath cunning to resolve, while that we knew  
Before as happiness now doth but seem  
Like pleasures *waking* buries in a dream !

Thou hast e'en *waked* me ; changed to purest day  
The darkness of the past—appearing now  
How dark ! as bathed in this new brilliancy  
A World of beauty burst upon the view !  
And circling round, as doth the earth the sky,  
Love doth encompass this creation new,  
Of which thou art the Queen, as I would be—  
Nay, thou *hast* crowned me Consort unto thee !

Through the soft night, star-studded, of thine eyes,  
As in the clouds where silent lightnings play,  
Proudly I watch love's sacred fires arise  
From the altar thy heart hath built to me,  
And there shall love joyously sacrifice  
That *self* it hath bound captive, for to thee,  
Who hath enthroned its power in my breast,  
'T would ~~con~~secrate the life thou thus hast blest.

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## A D I E U .

Adieu but not farewell—ah could we know  
 The night which waits on that wild word, 'twould seem  
 Adieu were but a passing cloud—a dream  
 A momentary darkness but to show  
 How clear the light succeeding. Thus we deem  
 Love e'en may borrow shadows to display,  
 When drawn the veil, how bright that rarest gem.  
 In its rich tiara, pure confidence,  
 Does glitter in its jewelled diadem,  
 With hope's bright ray—twin meteors which dispense  
 Within the soul their beams of heavenly day,  
 Where *angel hands* have rolled the stone away.

Sweet love, adieu, when thou when I am gone  
 With memory seek'st each love-remembered spot,  
 Start not if when thou deem'st thyself alone  
 A presence name thee, thou thou see'st it not.

Its fond, *sad* voice shall breathe to thee of him  
 Whose heart, from thee, can know no pulse of joy ;  
 And when thou hear'st do thou return love's name  
 And it shall make thee answer *it is I*.

For as the spirit of the stars invest  
 The bosom of the ever wakeful sea,  
 Though far removed, so shall love's spirit rest  
 By its dear shrine, though I am far from thee.

And when thou view'st these warders of the night  
 With their watch-fires illumine the quiet sky,  
 Bethink thee that those fires changelessly bright,  
 Image the love this bosom bears for thee.

There is a cord deep lying in the heart  
 Which ne'er responds save to the spirit thrill  
 Love's absence wakes,—yet O what sad, sweet strains  
 In that awakening do the bosom fill.

Amid the inner chambers of the soul  
 Its sad- --divinely plaintive, harmonies  
 Echoing steal till 'neath their sweet control  
 The longing heart in quiet rapture lies.

Now to thy voice, by gracious Fancy brought,  
 Vibrates that cord within this anxious heart,  
 And wakes a joy with such sweet sorrow fraught  
*That* joy were less were sorrow to depart.

So, absent, would I wake, in thy sweet breast  
 A pulse for each which thrills this heart of mine;  
 That heart which deems itself, how richly blest  
 When e'er it brings one happiness to thine.

Remember me—let not the lamp of thought  
 Which lights the shrine that holds my image fail;  
 And in thy prayers do thou neglect it not  
 —E'en *there* its beams celestial shall prevail.

Remember *thee* ! and wither may *I* fly  
 And find thy image from my bosom riven ;  
 Thy dear idea attends where'er I be,  
 —E'en in my prayers it leads my thoughts from Heaven.

Yet once again, sweet Love, remember me  
 As one whose soul makes thee its one idol ;  
 And O, how deep that soul's offence must be  
 If 'tis a crime on earth to love too well.

Good-night, farewell ; *farewell*, ah, how doth love  
 Against that word, next feared to *death*, rebel ;  
 Nay, *more* than death *that* to this heart should prove.  
 And death thrice sweet the hour that brings *farewell*.

•••

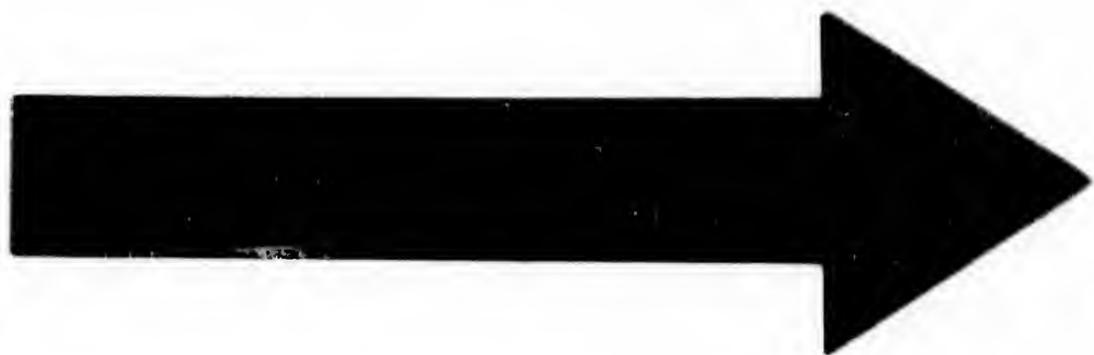
IN MEMORIAM.

---

I stood alone on the pebbled beach  
 As the moon rose over the sea,  
 And the doleful break of the restless waves  
 Brought sad memories to me.

I saw o'er the path which the moon-beams traced  
 A ship pass into the night :  
 Though it hurried by ere I'd viewed it well,  
 I can never forget that sight.

E'en thus, I thought, on life's path appear  
 Sweet faces a moment seen,  
 Then dead to us :—a grave in the heart  
 Which memory keeps ever green.



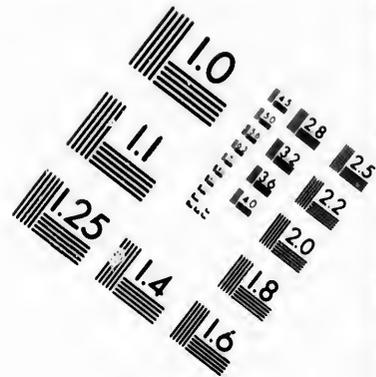
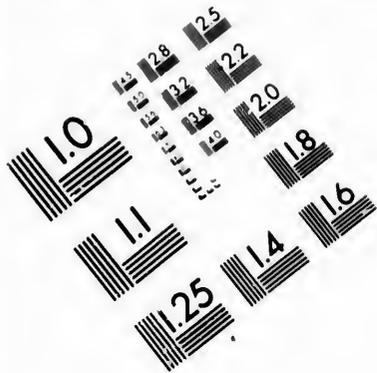
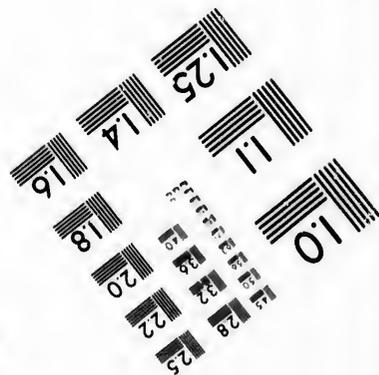
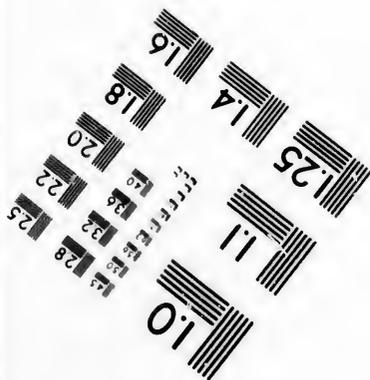
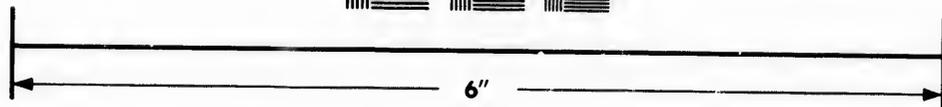
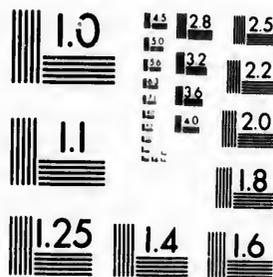


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## THE MOON.

Thou orb sublime ! that from the boundless sky  
 Dost move the sombre shadows of the night,  
 To flood the world in mellow brilliancy,  
 That calmly soothes yet ravishes the sight.

Now as thy beams invade my chamber's gloom  
 And slowly wake the slumbering shadows there,  
 What drear abodes of misery they illumine  
 Where all is fled save anguish and despair ;

What thoughts disturb the lonely convict's heart,  
 As now he views thee from his ironed cell,  
 Of childhood's scenes—of cherished hopes depart,  
 Which he remembers—ah, too sadly well.

He feels thy beams, which now his prison search,  
 Look on a scene which memory weeps to trace :  
 —A lowly grave behind the village church  
 Of her who sank beneath a child's disgrace.

What great variety of scenes untold  
 Hast thou beheld—what mighty empires sway,  
 As through unnumbered ages thou hast rolled  
 As now thou roll'st unchanged,—yet where are they ;

Where now is haughty Babylonia's might  
Which madly dared Omnipotence deride?  
—For thou *hast* too illumined her guilty site  
As now the plain which sepulchres her pride.

So shall thy beams before another sun  
Look on the walls of crumbling Pompeii,  
And from the heights of silent Lebanon  
Flood the still waves of holy Galilee.

Infinite theme.—O thrice infinite God!  
Whose hand directs e'en as his hand hath made,  
Who shall presume to limit his abode  
Or *count* the wonders of his works displayed?

—Adieu sweet moon, fast fading from the sight,  
Low in the west,—Yet once again good night.

## CHURCH LITANY.

*(Versified.)*  

---

O God the King of Heaven thou !  
Before thy throne we sinners bow,  
Our sins with mercy look upon  
For Jesu's sake thine only Son.

O God the Son, Redeemer we  
Unworthy sinners look to thee ;  
Thy mercy—thou once sorrow knew,  
To us most miserable show.

O God, Great Spirit, Holy One !  
Proceeding from the Father Son,  
In prayer our souls we lift to Thee  
To us a strong defender be.

O Father, Son, and Spirit three  
One blest and glorious Trinity !  
Look down in mercy as we bend,  
To us thy timely succor lend.

Remember not, O Gracious God!  
 Our paths nor those our fathers trod,  
 Spare us, by thy most precious blood;  
 O, spare us from thy vengeful flood.

From evil mischief and all sin;  
 From Satan's crafts without, within;  
 From thy just wrath, eternal night  
 Protect us by thy Mercy's might.

By Thy Holy Incarnation;  
 Thy baptism, fast, temptation;  
 By Thy memory of Thy birth;  
 By Thy agony of earth;

By Thy pain, Thy bloody sweat;  
 By Thy cross—Thy Passion, death;  
 By Thy dread sepulchral sleep;  
 By Thy love—Thy mercy deep.

By Thy Resurrection shown;  
 Thy Ascension to Thy Throne;  
 By Thy Holy Spirit's sway,  
 O Christ, deliver us, we pray.

When tossed upon life's troubled sea;  
 In all the world's prosperity;  
 In death's dark hour—the Judgment Day,  
 O Christ! deliver us, we pray.

That it may please Thee in Thy love  
 Our Sovereign's heart to wisdom move ;  
 May she in Jesu's strength put on  
 Affiance have in Thee alone.

Thou Heaven's enthroned whose blood was shed  
 That we might live though Thou wert dead,  
 Suffer us not in life's last breath  
 To sink to an eternal death.

O Lamb of God! how dark the night,  
 Which Thine own love hath made so bright ;  
 Through life, in death be thou the way  
 Which leads us to eternal day.



SWEET FLOWER.

“ Sweet flower and must thy beauty fade  
 Though born but yesterday ;  
 Scarce one short day of life, and now  
 Thou hasten'st to decay ? ”

“ True, brief is my abiding here ”  
 Replied the flower, “ and yet  
 If Earth be sweeter for my life  
 I know not of regret. ”

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## TO MY BIRD.

Who fashioned thy exquisite symmetry  
Thou little elf of song ; thou paragon  
Of grace, what wondrous cunning artisan  
The fabric wove of thy chaste livery ?

What hand the delicate machinery cast  
Which thus thy wings so marvelously propel ;  
Who in thy tiny frame its forces placed,  
And made them thus obedient to thy will ?

What hast thou in that little throat of thine  
Which trills such notes of dulcet purity ;  
Who taught thee thus in minstrelsy divine  
To pour thy song in rhythmic harmony ?

Perchance it was, in thine own native shades,  
The purling brook, the voices of the woods,  
Where now thy fellows in the flowery glades  
Awake to song the island solitudes.

But these *thou* ne'er hast known,—then 'twas thy sire  
 'Tuned thy sweet voice?—nay, loud thy numbers tell,  
 In praises rising softly, sweetly higher,  
 'Twas nature's God that fashioned thee so well.

Would I could tell thee how I love thy song ;  
 How dear to me, my pretty one, thou art :  
 Why dost thou fly me?—I but fondly long  
 With kindest hand to lay thee to my heart.

How happily would'st thou lie upon this breast  
 Did'st thou but know how warms my heart to thee,  
 Yet nestling there, in thy sweet eyes' unrest  
 Pained I behold thou 'dst gladly fly from me.

Thou can'st not understand by words I know,  
 But love hath many voices and for thee  
 Nature has surely purposed one, and so  
 I am content that Time should teach it me.

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## A FRAGMENT.

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In death thou sleep'st, thrice blest immunity !  
 Life's ills to change for immortality ;  
 A stranger here, thy soul in glad release  
 Has sought the regions of eternal peace.  
 What though thy dust supports the lowly sod  
 —Earth's final task,—thy soul is with thy God ;  
 Though cold and dark may seem thy earthly bed,  
 It holds but dust, thy ransomed spirit fled  
 To those bright shores where, welcomed by the bless'd,  
 It knows the fullness of its Saviour's rest.  
 Herein where death aspires to victory,  
 It gives the soul a perfect liberty—  
 The grave, which e'er to crush the soul has striven,  
 Proving the portal to the courts of heaven.  
 Spring comes again, but what to thee is spring ?  
 Thou may'st not hear the birds which o'er thee sing,  
 Nor see the flowers which come from thy decay  
 Bedeck thy tomb, and thus their debt repay.  
 The sentrying pines sigh in the night wind's gust,  
 Spreading their roots to mingle with thy dust,  
 Seeming to chant thy slumber's lullaby,  
 Yet wherefore this ? thou sleep'st unwakingly,  
 Until the morning of the resurrection break,  
 When death itself shall sleep, no more to wake !

\* \* \* \* \*

## A THOUGHT.

I watched a rose in Autumn drop away,  
 Its crimson richness leaf by leaflet fade,  
 And sadly gazing thought may thus decay  
 Such beauty bear to its unwholesome shade?

I sought in vain the glisten of the dew  
 Upon the blossoms, on the verdured lawn :  
 Shivering the flowers their leaflets closer drew  
 'Neath the chill breath of the October dawn.

The spiri' of the flower, the fire, methought,  
 Which kindles in the dew thus fled must pass  
 To some bright sphere, and straight my Fancy sought  
 To trace a spot worthy such loveliness.

To Phosphor‡ floating in her sea of light,  
 An isle of glory ; to the enchanted sphere  
 Arched by the Iris ; to each star its flight  
 Did fancy wing—successful voyager !

\* \* \* \* \*

‡ The Morning Star.

I stood amid a scene of festal joy  
Dazzlingly bright, sweet music wooed the air,  
And cradled in its soft embrace Beauty  
Which trembled to behold itself so fair.

Then love exulting cried : " that fit repose  
By Fancy sought e'en here all radiant view .  
In Beauty's cheek immortal blooms the rose ;  
In Beauty's eyes the fires born in the dew ! "

LOVE IN ABSENCE.

---

En el amor la ausencia es como el aire, que apaga el fuego chico e enciende el grande. — Spanish proverb.

A little fire  
 Does soon expire  
 'Neath the wind's agitation,  
 While 'neath the same  
 A greater flame  
 Becomes a conflagration.

And so in love  
 Does absence prove  
 —A little fire o'erturning ;  
 But when the breast  
 Love's flames *invest*  
 It sets them wildly burning.

## LINES IN AN ALBUM.

As oft' beneath the churchyard's quiet shade  
 We wander musing at the close of day,  
 And mark the sadd'ning records telling there  
 Of fondest friendships which have passed away :  
 So in life's evening when thine eyes shall stray  
 Amid these pages, to thy memory dear,  
 Know thou this *leaf* rests *in memoriam*  
 To friendship's tribute which I offer *here*.

## THE SAME.

Far in the aftertime when years have fled  
 And thou dost weep o'er cherished friendships dead,  
 O may thy tears refresh that sacred spot  
 Where fading droops the sweet "forget-me-not."

## THE SAME.

Spotless this page where now my verse I place  
 —The *purer* record of thy life e'en thus :  
 Would that as *here Friendship* I fondly trace,  
 I *there* might grave *Unfading happiness*.

## THE SAME.

Dear girl of all the darling flowers  
 That bloom along the way,  
 Beneath thy love which makes their life  
 Thine eyes which make their day,  
 Turn in some moments to regard  
 In this secluded spot  
 The *leaf* I offer friendship here  
 From the forget-me-not.

## THE SAME.

When nature wakes or slumbers ;  
 When distant far from thee,  
 Among remembered numbers  
 Ne m'oubliez pas, je prie.

— ...

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

—  
 If thou would'st love one whom I love,  
 Thyself must thou adore,  
 How deeply, would that I might prove  
 To thee,—love could no more.

## LOVE TO THE MIRROR

Since all my darts in vain assail her breast,  
 Show thou to her the charms for which I sigh,  
 That woo'd thy beauty she entranced may gaze  
 And, like Narcissus, self-enamored die.

## EPIGRAMS.

His last debt he has paid—poor Clark 's no more—  
*Last debt* : pray when did he pay one before ?

Melissa says she hates a flatterer—  
 'twould seem,  
 Then I am wrong in charging her  
 with *self-esteem* !

## FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet to find the heart by Friendship proved,  
Through years of absence still remain unmoved ;  
To find the shades of changeful years have ne'er  
Shadowed the image love enshrined there.

Thus o'er the ever widening stream of Time ;  
From on the shore of some far distant clime,  
How sweet to hear those voices loved before,  
Call on our name from off the further shore.

And oh how sweet when friendships all have flown,  
To find one heart we still can call our own :  
'Tis sure the Angels here the stone unroll,  
So heavenly bright the beams which flood the soul.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

---

When first I met thee I had thought  
 Love from my heart his flight had ta'en ;  
 Nor dreamed he there had hidden aught  
 To tempt him to return again.

But ah ! thy starry eyes illumed  
 My heart's inmost recesses, where  
 The sweetest flowers profusely bloomed  
 Which I had never dreamt were there.

Love's choicest sweets—they ne'er had known  
 The light of other eyes than thine ;  
 With which chaste offerings all thine own,  
 He bids me yield this heart of mine.

For now a little despot he,  
 'Mid richest blooms, there reigns supreme.  
 And wakes to song sweet *Poesie*,  
 Who joyous syllables thy name.

Then fairest one, that I may live  
 To know these sweets revealed by thee,  
 Return the heart I freely give,  
 And yield thine own in turn to me.

## SONG.

Sweet bird of spring, I greet thee  
Though thou sorrow bring'st to me,  
As glad as are the numbers  
Of thy sweet minstrelsy ;  
Thy presence wakes sad memories  
Of the love I lost with thee,  
Till I scarce can bear the anguish  
Of the thoughts that rise in me.

With thee, the flowers gray Autumn  
Laid in Earth's snow-white breast  
Return, but he may ne'er come back  
Whom *I* laid there to rest ;  
And so, e'en to thy happy song--  
'Too brief for joy before,  
Must sorrow's voice within my heart  
Lament forevermore.

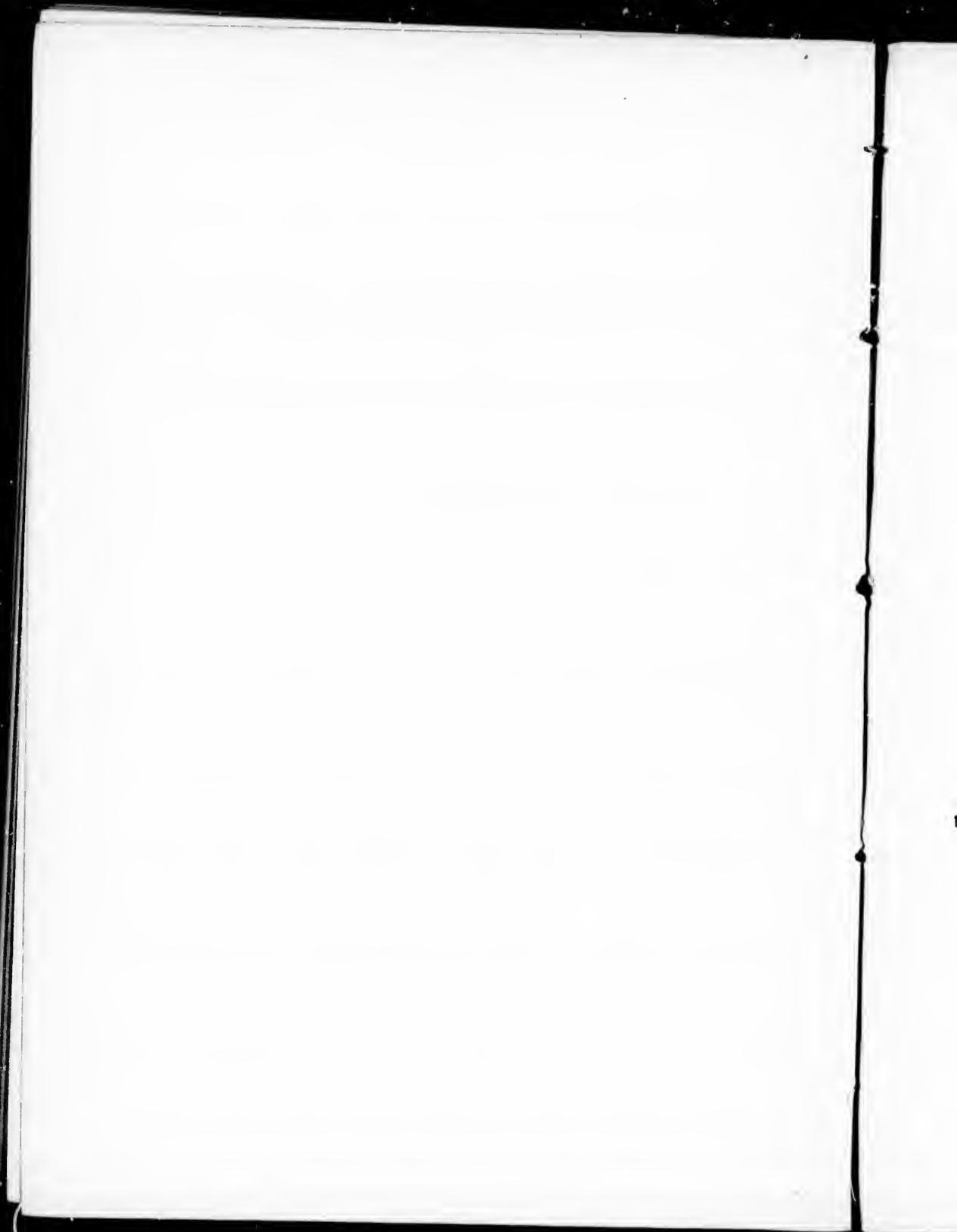
TO FÉLISE.  

---

I love to look into thine eyes,  
The windows of the soul,  
Where scintillate in lettered light  
Sweet truths words ne'er control.

I love to look into thine eyes  
—Sweet springs which sparkling o'er  
Life's arid plain, a verdure bring  
There never known before.

I love to look into thine eyes,  
Where virtues mirrored are ;  
Virtues which modesty would hide  
By truth revealed there.



ERRATA TYPOGRAPHICA:—

Page	Line	No. of word	Reads	Should be
6	28	5	languid	liquid
7	6	5	freshing	freshening
14	1	5	staggering	struggling
16	18	2	wonders	<i>Wonder</i>
19	19	8	vision	visions.
24	29	3	through	though
25	3	5	that	then
26	1	6	breast	brea h
26	13	3	<i>of</i>	<i>a hyphen.</i>
27	4	6	was	<i>is</i>
30	7	last	sides	side.
34	16	5	too	<i>to</i>
34	30	2	pressed	presses

For lines 6 to 10, division vii, page 27, please substitute the following :

Till winding 'twixt a chasmed rock, it seemed  
 To seek repose 'neath the o'ershadowing height,—  
 Whose frowning brow repelled the soft moonlight—  
 As some great serpent drags its weary length  
 Into the darkness of its cavern-strength!

