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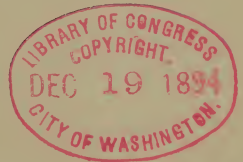
*1894.*



# FIRST BLOSSOMS.

POEMS AND RHYMES;

SENTIMENT AND HUMOUR.



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✓ BY  
MICHAEL DELEVANTE,  
COLON, R. C.

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BRENTANO'S:  
NEW YORK. WASHINGTON. CHICAGO. PARIS.

1894.

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“Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er could be.  
In every work regard the writer's end,  
Since none can compass more than they intend.”

POPE.

*My home is where the tropic glare  
With glory crowns the Palms!  
Where the breakers roar on the coral shore  
With wondrous sweet alarms!  
Where the Trade-Winds blow through the Summer, O!  
And Hatred builds her Shrine;  
Where Friendship's Star, in a Cocktail-Bar,  
Burns bright 'neath the flush of the wine!*

## *INTRODUCTION.*

---

“The power which resides in Man is new in Nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried.”

EMERSON.

EVERY man has his worth; has some capability, no matter how insignificant the one, or how circumscribed the other! How shall we assert these two qualities that dwell within us? Shall we remain as silent as the Eremitish Priest at the fountain of Castalia?—NO! We should give free utterance to those pent-up thoughts which are the illuminations of our souls, howsoever dim their lustre in the sight of others! We should be heard, if even our voices be weak and-but-beyond the power of an

## INTRODUCTION.

echo ! Have we not sufficient courage to be the artisans of our own ideas? to weave and shape and build them into being without the lurking fears of a feeble structure? Verily we have not ! We leave, instead, the building of our Dreams to others ; for “in every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts : they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty ” when it is all too late and beyond our power to claim for them the citizenship that’s for ever lost by the Silence of our own inactivity !

Our Thoughts are as much a part of our property as our hats or umbrellas ; but, invariably, we show an utter disregard for the one, while, on the other hand, we make ample and daily use of the other. This is an anomaly ! For it is too frequently the case that we dismiss these thoughts without the sanction of a hearing ; we grow heedless of our



## INTRODUCTION.

surroundings that furnish many beautiful lessons for Reflection ; nothing appeals to the inner Consciousness ! We become, too much, the unprofitable slaves of idle hours, and our ideas are warped and aborted by an overwhelming abundance of apathy and indifference !

Everything had a beginning : before we reap the Harvest we must till the soil and sow the seed. In like manner the Trial must precede the Result, which, no matter the size, will bear this much evidence : that we have tried.

If any of my friends—those who may deign to read my “First Blossoms”—have ever once in their lives stood and watched a lot of little captive birds fluttering about their cage, struggling for freedom, and having felt what a relief it would be to our feathery friends to regain their native realms and be the children of air once more—I say, if

## INTRODUCTION.

they have felt this, they will, certainly, forgive me for thus intruding upon them—at least let me hope so! For I liken my Thoughts—which are the parents of these pages—unto that feathery crew fighting to wrest themselves from the bondage of a cage, with but this little difference: that while those may have still lingered in confinement, these have, to a certain extent, gained their freedom. The sweet relief which the liberation of these Thoughts—those oft-times troublesome children of the brain—has brought to me, my readers will, undoubtedly, be able to estimate when I tell them that, like my winged friends in captivity, my thoughts, too, have clamored and struggled for release, oh, in a thousand different ways! They were not content to remain the retired inmates of their own limited and circumscribed sphere; but, in their eagerness for freedom, sought rather to don their present

## INTRODUCTION.

meek habiliments and, all at their own risk, go out to the World a-roaming! To this end they intruded upon me at all times. No matter where I was, like Margrave's Luminous Shadow, they followed me everywhere! They were even prominent at my Board; for they would perch themselves, hungry creatures, so they seemed, upon the very food wending its way to my mouth, and were only content when I had intercepted them with my ever ready Pencil and Paper. They invaded my very Pillow; for, many and many a night, I recited them over in my sleep until I was awakened by the touch of a tender hand, and a voice that exclaimed to me: "Wake up, man!"—"Wake up!!"—"You've got a Nightmare!" If I tried to read a Book they interrupted me by creeping in between the lines until, seeing nothing else but them, I had frequently to lay aside some favorite Tome, all for

## INTRODUCTION.

their own sweet will and pleasure ! At last they knocked at the innermost door of my soul, which I opened unto them—on their final appeals and entreaties for liberation—and which I deemed the best way out of a bad bargain !

With a thousand apologies, therefore, I send them forth in their present attire, under the title of “First Blossoms,” in the hope that, this being my “first offence,” the verdict of my readers will be light, and the clemency of the critic universal.

M. DELEVANTE.

*May 31st, 1894.*

*EDDY.*

*November 10th, 1889.*

---

All smiling thou camest !  
Then, wherefore, Oh whither, so soon away ?  
Scarce had thy Morning burst forth into day,  
When, lo ! thou fled'st, my boy, to rest,  
Down—down to the gilded West  
Where lieth the Peaceful Bay.

How soon—how soon to flee  
To thy Father's Home o'er the crystal flood !  
Ten thousand hopes lie withered in their bud !—  
Silent thy parents weep for thee ;  
No more thy Mother, flushed with joy,  
Keeps vigil o'er her baby boy !

*November, 1890.*

*THE REJECTED LOVER.*

---

“I do not love thee!” were the words she spake :  
The stars bore witness to her saying !  
Oh ! I thought my heart would break, would break  
’Neath her spiteful words and slaying.

She asked me to forget her for aye ;  
I chafed her tender hand and pleaded  
For one small spot within her heart alway ;  
But all in vain : she ne’er conceded.

We parted : I with rheumy eyes and sad,  
My heart all filled to overflowing !  
Hers, seeming, in a thousand winters clad,  
So haughty she spake while frowning !

But let that pass, nathless I’ll love her e’er,  
E’en though my heart break on the morrow !  
I’ll *love her, love her* till my life doth sear  
And my days grow weary with sorrow.

THE REJECTED LOVER.

Forget her? forget her?—I never shall!

I'll dream of her till my sands are run,  
Till Night o'er my head draw its purple pall  
And my earthly travail is done.

Then I'll take her image to the tomb with me,  
The impress of her hand beneath the sod,  
And I'll wake with the Trumpet's call, and flee  
To confess her my love 'fore GOD?

*December, 1890.*

*A FRAGMENT.*

---

Each emerald blade, that waveth 'neath the sun,  
Speaks of fierce battle and a fallen one !  
Each yellow leaf, strewn o'er the mossy field,  
Marks where some comrade loved, with wounds  
                  unhealed,  
Hath lain, a hapless pilgrim, down to die,  
"Unknelled, uncoffined," 'neath an alien sky !  
The flowers,—they, too, tell a varied tale  
In fragrance wafted over hill and dale :  
They soothe our aching hearts, relieve the gloom,  
And bear us all in triumph to the tomb ;  
Oh, love the Flowers ; they mingle with our dead,  
And breathe faint echoes of the voices fled !

*July, 1891.*



*LO, SYLVANUS!*

---

Lo, Sylvanus! thou Sovereign of the vast!  
Thine are sweet memories of ages past;  
Thy woodland shades—the lover's still retreat—  
Thy verdant turf—the youth's enchanted seat—  
How oft, ere boyhood's tender days were run,  
And manhood's stern and riper years begun,  
I've gambolled o'er, a careless, happy swain,  
Glad 'midst the bowers of thy fair domain!  
Beneath the shade of thy tall Poplar's arms,  
Thy towering Pines and quivering Palms,  
Are traces where my early footsteps strayed  
In days of yore, in days for ever dead!

*July, 1801.*

*TO MY SYDANNA.*

---

Thou'rt more than I ;  
My soul doth, yearning, pine for thee and long ;  
Light of my Verse and spirit of my Song !  
I live for thee and die.

I wait for thee :  
But weary's the waiting ; thou com'st not, sweet,  
To light the burthen of my soul, nor greet  
My longing, Love, for thee !

I love thee true ;  
Nor Time grown hoary shall my love assail !  
'Tis sung by the birds and whispered in the gale,  
And well thou know'st it too !

Ten thousand times,  
Sweetheart, mine eyes have flashed the tale and  
wept !  
Ten thousand times within my heart thou'st crept,  
And creepest in my rhymes !

TO MY SYDANNA

Lo! in my dreams  
I see thy form all rapturously fair!  
Sweet is the Dream; but, Oh, the wakening drear  
Comes with the Eastern gleams.

But say, Oh say!—  
For my heart is sad and my life doth sear—  
How shall I bear these lonely days that wear  
My very soul away?

I sigh for thee!  
Oh, bid this anguish cease within my heart!  
Oh, haste the meeting, Love, no more to part  
Till Death's rich Harvest be!

*July, 1891.*

LINES composed on the death of Mrs. J. L. M., who passed away within a few months after marriage. The Poem is supposed to be written by her husband, to whom I dedicate it as a mark of my deep sympathy for him in his sad bereavement. M. D.

---

*GONE.*

---

TO J. L. M.

GONE! not like the ships to other havens, bound,  
Nor like the Dove with Olive branch, returned ;  
But gone unto that sweet ethereal realm  
Where thy wrecked bark no more may heed the  
    helm !  
Where sails are furled for aye, and anchors cast,  
And nought remaineth save the barren mast ;

GONE.

Where the rude Tempest's breath, nor Thunder's  
    rôar

Thy dreamless sleep shall mar! For, evermore  
Hast thou past beyond the turbulent foam  
And art safe, safe! In thy supernal Home  
No spoiler's wrath upon thee shall intrude  
To slake the splendor of thy beatitude.

Sleep on! Sleep on!! thy Homeward race is run;  
The din of Storm is lulled, thy goal is won!  
In thy Haven fair our shattered barks may meet  
To swell the gathering of that countless fleet;  
If such be sooth—as Doctrine Sages urge—  
Speed, speed my craft across the boundless surge!

*August, 1891.*

*SO SCANT OF FAITH OUR LITTLE ISLE*

---

So scant of Faith our little Isle !  
So prodigal of Craft and Guile  
And Janus-Spirits ! Oh, the file  
Of dissembling men !  
We woo the False, assume the Real,  
Our ample passions, born of Ill,  
Take arms and hurl the venomed steel  
Of Malice wrought !  
Not wholly haters of our kind ;  
But, like the boy who leads the blind,  
We seek for love—that lags behind—  
The arms of LOVE !

*September. 1891.*

*NEW YEAR.*

---

1892.

This is the glad New Year !  
May it bring us all good cheer ·  
May every home  
'Neath Heaven's dome,  
Upon this New Year day,  
Be blessed for aye !

This is the New Year tide !  
Let Passion's flame subside !  
Old wounds take flight,  
Friends reunite,  
As in the days of yore,  
In Peace and joy once more !

NEW YEAR.

This is the Season blest  
By lofty prayer and rest ;  
Let Charity,  
Humanity,  
Unfold their portals wide  
Upon this New Year tide !

Upon this New Year tide  
Away with Folly's pride !  
For Proud, Opulent,  
Meek, Indigent,  
Alike shall pass to dwell  
Within one cloistered cell !

*January, 1892.*



*DISTINCTIONS.*

---

When shall this World, this cold, great World  
resign

Her haughty Purple, and her pompous line ?  
And men, who walk through life their several ways  
To suit proud stations, fit their golden days,  
Pursue the self-same road the meek abound,  
And meet their brethren upon equal ground ?  
For, wheresoever our footsteps turn,  
Alike, all pathways reach the common bourn !

Society, for starch Decorum's sake,  
Within her soil plants firm the limit stake,  
And sets her boundaries, with prudish line,  
To plan unjust divisions in Mankind !  
Let fit Distinctions lie within the gate  
Of Reason's realm, Discretion's vast estate ;  
But, wherefore Gold his glittering sceptre wield  
To raise up ramparts on Society's field ?

DISTINCTIONS.

As in Meadows bloom, of every scent and dye,  
The varied Flowers 'neath one argent sky :  
Transcending some in radiance, some in grace,  
Yet all are mixed to harmonize the race ;  
So, after well-proportioned lines are drawn,  
Precise as Clouds divide dark night from dawn,  
Let all men know, whate'er their station be,  
Mankind may dwell in sweeter harmony !

*March, 1892.*

*OUR LITTLE LIVES ARE MYSTERIES.*

---

Our little lives are mysteries,  
Around us lie the boundless seas  
Of Time wherein, by slow degrees,  
    We fall and sink.

Our days are spent 'midst fears and aches,  
Till, like the placid rills and lakes  
The mightier torrent overtakes,  
    We're borne away !

Our days are numbered, all silently  
We pass away to Eternity,  
To sleep, to dream, perchance to see  
    Immortal dawn.

OUR LITTLE LIVES ARE MYSTERIES.

We grope for ever in the dark,  
Till, like the tempest-ridden bark,  
We're shattered ere one glimmering spark  
Hath pierced the gloom.

There is no Spring throughout the year,  
But chilian Winters blight and sear  
The tiny roots of our career  
Ere we're aware !

*March, 1892.*

*THROUGH LIFE WE TRAVEL ALL ALONE.*

---

Through Life we travel all alone :  
There is no friend to call our own ;  
For Friendship is a thing unknown :  
    There is none such !

The daily proffered hands we press,  
How many a one, in Time's distress,  
Administer the sweet largess  
    Of Charity?

In the vast bivouac of Life  
We wage with man eternal strife !  
Peace? Nay ! Again the morn is rife  
    With War's alarms,

The clash of arms, the cannonade,  
The latest wailings of the dead,  
And Death and Carnage on the mead  
    Like Autumn leaves.

THROUGH LIFE WE TRAVEL ALL ALONE.

Eons roll on ; the Seasons bring  
The timely frost, the vernal Spring,  
And soft and sunny skies that ring  
    With melodies !

What to the frail estate of Man ?  
No nice mutations in our clan ;  
The cycles end, as they began,  
    In days of strife,

Of Persecution dark and base !  
While, ever foremost in the race,  
The baneful lust of Fame and Place  
    Drives men to war !

But when shall all this conflict cease,  
The World rejoice, be all at ease,  
And mankind learn to dwell in peace  
    For evermore ?

*May, 1892.*

*ELEGIAIC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF  
LORD TENNYSON.*

*October 6, 1892.*

---

Thy sun hath set, Oh, Bard divine !  
Thy day sunk down ;  
Night shades thy head, Oh, Bard divine,  
With sable frown.

Cold Death hath chilled thy honored brow  
Thy life-blood quenched ;  
And from thy hand, that lieth low,  
The quill hath wrenched.

Mute hangs thy Lyre on the wall  
Mourning thy hap ;  
Thy Mantle serves as funeral pall  
Thy bier to wrap.

TENNYSON.

Thine earthly voice is hushed fore'er,  
But soars above !  
What other offspring fill thy bright career  
With Songs of Love !

I will not here invoke a throng  
Thy Fame to ring :  
Thy praise, that lights on every tongue,  
What Minstrel sing !

Thy name shall live in every age,  
And far-off clime ;  
Thy mem'ry dwell in thy sweet page  
Of measured rhyme.

In the bright meadows of thy Verse  
Enchantment dwells !  
Thy field of Songs I oft traverse  
With raptured spells.



TENNYSON.

Thou art not dead, Oh, sweetest Singer !

Thy bays are green—

Tho' cloistered in dark sepulchre

Thy light is seen.

Thou art not dead, Oh, Bard divine :

Thy work endureth ;

Thy voice, through every Song of thine,

Still rings on earth !

*October, 1892.*

*CONSOLATION.*

---

Wherefore do we weep, my brothers,  
Weep with blinding tears our dead ?  
Know we aught of that dim future,  
Of the After-Life we dread ?  
It may be that Death, the Pilot,  
Though his seas be dark and dim,  
Steers us o'er the silent waters,  
Nearer, nearer, near to HIM ;

It may be that the transition  
From a world of care and strife,  
Leads us to a sweet Elysium,  
To a new and better life !

CONSOLATION.

Where we reck no more the Seasons,  
What the dawning morrows bring,  
Where the Altar-fires clothe us  
In perennial garb of Spring,  
In the bloom of youth eternal,  
In the light of His own Being !

Time, my brothers, Time is fleeting !  
Onward sweep the Years apace !  
Day by day our steps grow fainter  
Till we stumble in the race ;  
Lo ! our little lives are speeding  
Like the streams o'er mount and hill :  
Onward, onward, ever onward  
To an Ocean calm and still.

Life, my brothers, life is two-fold ;  
Earth is but the pseudo-half ;

CONSOLATION.

Elsewhere lies the golden Harvest,  
Here we reap the grainless chaff !  
Let us, then, be steadfast, brothers,  
Strive to shape our lives aright :  
Keep with GOD the Trust unbroken,  
Keep with man the Faith we plight ;  
JUSTICE be the glowing Censer,  
TRUTH the Incense burning bright !

*October, 1892.*

*THE CHRISTMAS TREE.*

---

Gay went the Feast in the C. S. C. ;  
Forth the joyous music streamed ;  
The Christmas Tree, with gewgaws dight,  
All in gorgeous splendor gleamed !

Then came the little revellers,  
O, the beauties of the Isle !—  
Their cheeks, like the flowers rathe of Spring,  
All tinged with a sunny smile ;

In Youth's fresh bloom arrayed they came,  
Blithe were their footsteps and gay—  
Like beings strayed from their native stars,  
And wandered this sinful way.

O, how they revelled in the dance !  
Did ye hear their mirthful noise,  
As 'round the Spruce-Pine Tree they skipped,  
Those bright-eyed girls and boys ?

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Saw ye their sweet seraphic forms ?

The effulgence of their eyes ?

Heard ye their laughter, prattle, swell

In exulting harmonies ?

I watched them in the " Draw-prize game,"

Some faces radiant with glee !

On others I read : O, *Santa Claus*,

*Ain't oo dot nothin' fo' me ?*

'Twas all a fairy, raptured scene,

Clothed in beauty, aye, sublime !

I thought of a tender day long laid

In the widening breach of Time !

*December, 1892.*

*THE DAWN AND LUCILLE.*

---

The morn, the morn, the morn elate,  
    Silvering the tranquil blue,  
Stole softly through the Eastern gate,  
    The starlit avenue !  
Sweet was the message of that morn :  
    I heard the tiny warning !—  
That unto me, to me, was born  
    My own Lucille with the morning !  
        My pretty Lucille,  
        My darling Lucille,  
Long live my Lucille of the dawning !

*February, 1893.*

*INVOCATION.*

---

O, ye Dredges leap  
From your long, long sleep!  
    Awake, O, nor dream ye again  
Till your work is done,  
Gained your homeward run,  
    And the glory of Gaul's brave men!

Awake from the wreck  
Of the years and deck  
    Ye with triumphs all fresh and new!  
Like cormorants dash  
In the stream with a splash  
    For the prey that awaiteth you!

Let the forest ring  
With your clink-clank-clink;  
    O, we long for that old refrain!



INVOCATION.

Let your monster scoops,  
That the wild vine loops,  
    Swing merrily 'round on their chain.

On ! On !! nor relent,  
Till the bond is rent  
    And the chivalrous deed is done.  
Till Atlantic rear  
A triumphant cheer  
    For his bride, the Pacific, won.

Then the waves will prance,  
And carouse and dance,  
    As the stately ships line the way ;  
While foremost, elate,  
'Mongst the Nations great,  
    Proud France in the gorgeous array !

*May, 1893.*

*TRUTH.*

---

The Crystal Font of Truth is dry !  
Falsehood chants Truth her lullaby,  
Till Truth in Falsehood's lap doth lie  
    Asleep, asleep !  
And sleeps and sleepeth on and on ;  
For Falsehood, rising on the Morn,  
Obscures, as early Mist the dawn.  
    The light of Truth.

*June, 1893.*

COLOMBIA! COLOMBIA!!

---

Colombia ! Colombia !!

Thou land of noble sires,  
I sing to thee, Colombia,  
The Song my soul inspires ;  
A thousand glories are thine fore'er,  
Are thine for *Bards* to sing ;  
What though *my* song please not thine ear,  
Colombia, I'll wing—

I'll wing the Anthem wild and free,  
Across the bounding blue  
Till, 'long thy shores, the murmuring sea  
Whisper my song to you !  
Till far Cordillera catch the strain  
That thrills my harp uncouth,  
I'll sing to thee, weaned-daughter of Spain,  
Land of my days of youth.

COLOMBIA ! COLOMBIA !!

O, scene of ancient glories vast !  
Heroic scene of old,  
Unfurl thy Standard to the blast !  
Guard well the land you hold :  
The land the Spartan Bolivar,  
Thy *Gran Libertador*,  
Ransomed for thee in the Field of War,  
In the Battle with his gore !

'Twas thine the Glory, thine the Gain,  
When thy proud sons and tried,  
To wrest thee from the yoke of Spain,  
For Freedom fought and died !  
See, 'gainst the glorious tropic skies,  
How proudly stand thy steeps  
To mock the thousand Argosies  
That haunt thy native deeps !

COLOMBIA ! COLOMBIA . .

A goodly land is thine ! Who hears,  
What boots the Critics' lies ?—  
My home hath been a score of years  
'Neath thy soft, sunny skies ;  
'Midst these bright scenes, savannas green,  
Thy towering Ancon's crest,  
'Mong thy proud Isthmian sons hath been  
My long, long home and blest.

Colombia ! Colombia !!

Thou land of noble sires,  
I sing to thee, Colombia,  
The song my soul inspires ;  
*La Paz; la Paz* for aye be thine !  
O, bid the war din pause !  
Beneath thy glorious banner shine  
The star of Love, one Cause !

*July*, 1893.

AN INVIERNO REVERY.

---

How swiftly come the drear *Invierno* days !

When, lo ! the tropic *lluvias* descend,  
And mists, grown thick athwart the arching ways,  
With sombre rain-clouds blend.

Within their caves the balmy Trade-Winds rest ;  
The sweet *Verano* days have spent their sum ;  
The waves are pillowed on the Ocean's breast,  
And broad Caribbean's dumb.

What fearful silence broods upon the deep,  
Filling my soul with spells akin to pain !  
I all but sit and sigh and mourn and weep  
While I explore the main ;

For in the stillness rapt, I dream and muse  
Of days long buried in the faded past,  
Till, faint and dim, like swift dissolving views,  
Before me crowd, at last,

AN INVIERNO REVERY.

Visions of Love, once beings of form and speech,  
But spirits now inhabiting the skies ;  
Alas ! alas ! the tender voice of each  
Those dear, departed ties  
Bursts o'er my spirit in the stilly air  
Like sweet seraphic melodies from high !  
I catch the strain, and intercept the tear  
That lurks within mine eye.

*September, 1893.*

*OUR CLUB.*

---

Say, lads, Oh what's gone wrong  
With that dear old Club of ours?  
Can ye see her droop through the seasons long,  
And her glory fade like the flowers,  
Nor heave one hollow sigh  
As ye pass her silent by?

Oh, desolate abode—

Come, lads, uplift the crumbling pile!  
Shall the Summer come with her garnered load,  
With her wealth of Flowers that smile,  
Nor weave one chaplet more  
For the C. S. C. as of yore?



OUR CLUB.

Hushed are her halls and still ;  
    Dispersed the merry band and gone ;  
No more the voice of the Music shrill  
    Streams through the casements lone ;  
Lo ! the Ballad is dead,  
And the Mirth hath fled,  
And Thalia droops her head.

*October, 1893.*

*THE STORM.*

---

The calm is broke ; how darkly frowns the night !  
The wild winds whistle through my Cottage  
door ;  
And, like a thousand cataracts, foaming white,  
The billows shout and roar !  
And deafening thunders rend the skies and crash :  
I hear each far-off prophesying peal ;  
Lo ! fitful gleams of lightning—flash on flash,  
The gates of Heaven reveal.  
Wild is the scene, and dark the eve and cold ;  
See how the freighted clouds yon heights  
invade !

THE STORM.

No stars to-night their sweet communion hold  
In those vast realms of shade ;  
But gloom is o'er the land ! and far and wide  
The Storm-Clouds, frowning, o'er yon Heavens  
extend ;  
I hear the deep weird moaning of the tide,  
And lo ! the rains descend.  
Down swoops the mighty shower amain !  
The Palm Trees shake and shiver in the blast !  
Apace, apace the driving hurricane  
Sweeps o'er the land aghast,  
And the rain falls thick and fast.

*November, 1893.*

*FAREWELL WORDS.*

---

TO D. P.

Farewell, my friend !  
Another life thou goest to lead ;  
For, soon, thy heart with his shall blend.  
For thy large love may his be meed.

Thou knowest the rest ;  
Yet that known rest is but the half  
Of all I wish thee from my breast :  
Thine be the grain without the chaff !—

A long farewell !  
Soft zephyrs waft thee o'er the main,  
And when we meet be't thine to tell  
Of all thy worldly good and gain.

*November, 1893.*

CHRISTINA, THE MAD GIRL.\*

---

*Señor*, I am not mad !  
Why wouldst thou deem me so ?  
Because thou seest me scant'ly clad,  
And indigent and low ?  
*Dios me libre, Señor !*

In sooth, *Señor*, I feign !—  
I have but lost my way  
In the labyrinth of my brain,  
Wherein my senses stray—  
*Que es eso ?—Música !*

List to the *Música !*  
I'll put my bundle down  
And dance for you the *Cumbia*,  
As they dance it in my town,  
*Por un real, Señor !*

---

\* A familiar figure about the streets of Colon.

CHRISTINA, THE MAD GIRL.

I can read, too, Señor :  
Here's my Breviary !—  
And count my Rosary, too, Señor !  
And sing my Ave Mary  
*Mejor que Ud—mejor !*

What sayest thou now, Señor ?—  
I've sung my Ave well,  
And read my *Santa Biblia* o'er ;  
For I am no Infidel—  
*Diga, Señor !—soy loca ?*

I am not mad, I swear !—  
Hi ! See the crowd gathers !  
For the mummers are passing there  
With their painted masks and feathers !  
*Y me voy á verlas !—Adios !*

*November, 1893.*

*MIDNIGHT ODE TO THE DYING YEAR.*

---

The Year is dying, dying fast ;

I hear the Minster-Bells a-ringing !

By the wayside of Time, all weary, aghast,

While the World is up a-singing,

Lies the Old Year dying fast !

Calm is his furrowed brow and pale ;

All thick the mists are gathering 'round him ;

From the gleaming West, like a soft summer  
gale—

The sweet, low West where a Star grows dim—

Comes the Old Year's dying wail.

Hark ! On the midnight, hushed and still,

I hear the parting footsteps of the Year,

All light as the ripples of a babbling rill.

A million stars, all burning clear,

Escort the Old Year down the hill.

*December.* 1893.

RURAL WALKS.

---

I love to wander through the trackless woods,  
To quaff the fragrance of the opening buds,  
And hear the gentle lowing of the kine,  
The lambs' cold bleating, the rustle of the Pine ;  
Sweet are those solitudes beyond the strife,  
Far from the tumult of the city-life—  
Where *no unfriendly gibes* the ears invade,  
But all is peace and rapture in the shade !  
I love the mountain-paths, the meadows green,  
The sweet romantic grandeur of the scene  
That dwells the valleys, hills, and dales among !  
I love to breathe the spirit of the song  
That floats from every waving branch around,  
The hush, the calmness and the peace profound,



RURAL WALKS.

To hold communion with the sun-kissed hills,  
And hear the music of the rippling rills :  
They fill my soul with rapture and delight  
The thousand voices of the woodlands bright,  
Within whose boundless paths, the Forests dense,  
All things commune with lofty eloquence !

*April*, 1894.

*I'M GOING HOME.*

---

I'm going Home, I'm going Home ;  
My boat lies moored upon the land ;  
Oh ! I hear the sound of the surging foam  
Break, break on the golden strand,  
And the voice of the wind, all loud and shrill,  
Like the wail of the whip-po'-will,  
A-calling me Home, "Come Home !"

I'm going Home, I'm going Home,  
To my Home o'er the crystal tide,  
Where my weary bark nevermore shall roam ;  
But, safe by my Father's side,  
I'll dwell where the Myrtle's ever green,  
In the light of the calm Elysian scene,  
Fore'er 'neath the lucent Dome.

I'M GOING HOME.

Weep not for me when I am gone  
    To the haven of calm and rest,  
Where the noonday sun, shining on and on,  
    Never sinks, never sinks to the West ;  
But come with the Flowers thou reapest in Spring  
To garnish the spot where I sleep, Darling,  
    To brighten the place, sweet one.

*April, 1894.*

*I WONDER.*

---

Ofttimes I gaze into the starlit sky,  
In the tranquil night, elate,  
And wonder if, beyond those shining orbs on high,  
Another destiny for me doth wait ;  
If there, beyond the cold ethereal space,  
Where a thousand stars are peeping,  
I'll find the Promised Haven, and the tender Grace  
Of GOD in my last, last sleeping !

*June, 1894.*

SONNETS



*THE MALEVOLENT.*

---

What ! deemest thyself a man ?—'tis cheap to deem !  
And meet of thy known ignorance and deep ;  
Then, wherefore mar thy wild, delusive dream ?  
The waking would but leave thee still asleep !  
Thou livest in a World from me apart ;  
Dost traffic in Malice and plots of Wrong !  
I heed nor fear the cunning of thy heart,  
Nor all the Mischief of thy venal tongue !  
Thou art no man ; for Man was framed, 'tis told,  
After God's own Image, divine and vast,  
But I forbear to tell thee in what mould  
The Janus-Spirits, such as thine, were cast.  
I spare thee,—yes ! my modest Muse hath done ;  
'Tis better thus, such Knaves as thou to shun !

*March, 1890*

MEEMY.

---

August 28th, 1893.

I saw thee pass away, *my Friend, my Friend,*  
In all the matchless glory of thy days !  
I watched, with trembling heart, the Frosts descend  
About thy path, encompassing thy ways ;  
Till all the Snows, now gathered 'round thy head,  
Had weaved for thee, in silence, Meemy dear,  
On yonder Hillock 'mongst the countless dead,  
The mound wherein thou sleepest and fore'er !  
How my soul grieved and sorrowed at thy flight !  
With tearful eyes, across thy placid breast  
I laid thy tender hands that, many a night,  
Ay ! lulled me back, in childhood days, to rest.  
For all thy sweet, *unselfish* love for me  
I pay thee back a thousand tears, MEEMY !

August, 1893.



*A COLON SUNSET.*

---

Like forest-fires, illuming far and wide  
Some sylvan scene and desert leagues away,  
Last evening shone, all radiant on the tide,  
The last expiring embers of the day !  
Soft clouds of crimson, floating in the West,  
With glory crowned the distant bluffs and high ;  
All flushed and dreamy sank the day to rest  
In twilight's arm outstretched athwart the sky.  
Yon "Toro Point," that skirts the watery plain,  
With soft suffusion 'neath the heavens glowed';  
What wondrous hues reflected o'er the main  
As Night came stealing up the starry road !  
Calm was the eve ; peace brooded on the deep ;  
The stars, all shining, warned the hour of sleep.

*April, 1893.*

*THE CHRISTMAS SERENADE.*

---

What sounds were those that stirred the morning  
air,  
That snatched me from the glowing hours of sleep,  
That, loud and shrill, voluptuous and clear,  
Swelled on the morn, reëchoed on the deep?  
'Twas the voice of Song that, floating from afar,  
Blent with the murmur of the sad sea rim;  
I heard the plaintive sounding of the bar,  
The sweet, exultant swelling of the Hymn!  
Then all my soul, enraptured, and elate,  
Half dreamy quaffed the burden of the Song  
That swelled all loud before the Chaplain's gate;  
Sweet were the words that lighted on each tongue  
That Christmas morn beneath the starlit Heaven:  
*"Peace upon earth, and Good Will toward men."*

*December, 1893.*

*MY AMBITION.*

---

All men have their own ambition ; I have mine ;  
'Tis not to soar to realms of regal heights,  
Nor mix nor dwell with the long glittering line  
Of persecuting Monarchs, Lords and Knights ;  
I hold all these the pageant of a day !  
Nor yet to don me with a Mammon's Crest  
Is my ambition ; far loftier than they !  
I'd sing the songs my neighbor loves the best,  
And, singing, swell the ballad loud and long,  
Till some poor mortal, bending 'neath the load  
Of griefs and cares, find Comfort in my Song !  
I'd help a fallen brother on the road ;  
    Be humane, Charitable, and then, O then,  
    Inscribe me on the hearts of fellow-men !

*February, 1894.*

*THE PRESENT.*

---

O, thou PRESENT, thou all too-fleeting Present !  
Thou, keeper of the secrets of the Past !  
All swift thou goest, as the courser, bent  
On some grave mission : hurrying through the  
    blast  
And storm and tempest of thy fading hours,  
That, one by one, thou gatherest in to swell  
The wealth and harvest of the Years, Time's dowers.  
Tell me, O Present, perturbed Present, tell !  
What knowest thou of the Seasons and the Years,  
Of all the years and ages yet to be ?  
For 'fore thy Tribunal, o'erwhelmed with fears,  
I crouch and shudder lest the wrath of thee  
    Should bid my captive soul, this hour, away ;  
    For thou, O PRESENT, art Master of TO-DAY !

*May, 1894.*

THE PAST.

---

The Past, the Past, thou irrevocable PAST !  
A thousand wrecks lie crumbling at thy door !  
I dream of thee, of all the things amassed  
Thou hast of mine, O Past, within thy store.  
All foremost in the ruin and the rack  
Of all the cycles gathered 'round thy head,  
Amidst thy thronged and serried paths, alack !  
I see the pallid faces of my dead :  
All these, O Past, relentless Past and sealed !  
When thou, the Future, Present shall be *One*,  
To thy heir-regnant Future wilt thou yield,  
Clothed with new life, another course to run ?  
Or wilt thou keep, *forever keep them all ?*  
Tell me, O PAST ; for I grow skeptical !

May, 1894.

*THE FUTURE.*

---

Oh, thou FUTURE! sing me thy Song all low,  
Thou stern, mysterious Arbiter to be!  
What hast thou in thy giving to bestow?  
Or Death or Life Eternal thy Decree?  
I speak not of the plenitude thou hast  
Of living dowers and bounties to bequeath;  
But, when the Years are gathered in at last,  
Oh, claim me from the "sluggish clod," and breathe  
Once more, within my crumbling form and dust  
Life's sweet ambrosial spirit that, from the dream  
And bonds of Death, awakening, I may burst  
Forth into immortal Day, beneath the gleam  
Of the far fair vistas of that glorious sphere  
Whereof have sung the Prophets and the Seer!

*May, 1894.*

HUMOROUS RHYMES.





*THE COLON ELECTRIC LIGHT.*

---

Twinkle, twinkle, Incandescent,  
How you jump and toss incessant !  
As the breezes 'gainst you dash  
Down you tumble with a crash !  
Late your light, that's meagre, poor,  
Scarcely " sees " us to the door ;  
Now it flickers, now 'tis bright,  
Till, like a spectre, it takes its flight  
And leaves us in the darkness groping !  
Such proceeding is provoking  
Just when at our dinners seated,  
And our meal not half completed !

THE COLON ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Twinkle, twinkle, Incandescent !  
Why so stubborn, so persistent ?  
I have told you, of times a score,  
That your costly light is poor ;  
Now I tell you, once again, .  
That your Star is on the wane.

*February, 1890.*

OUR CLUB LIST.

---

*A*—*A* stands for Anserdon, whom the Schottische delights,  
And Asby who looks in the *Wrongs* and the *Rights*.

*B*—*B* stands for Bixt and Berridge the Scotch,  
And Bricardo who makes of the English a botch !

*C*—*C* stands for Ceacle who has lots of fun ;

*D*—*D* for Delahante, Dorphy, Duvallon,  
Decoteau, Dofferty and Uriah Dilneon.

*E*—*E* stands for Ebans, all of Mars he can tell,  
And Ernam who tries to outdo Philomel !

OUR CLUB LIST.

*F*—*F* stands for Faser, 'mong our Waltzers the  
best,

And Fillet, 'gainst whose height there are few  
to contest !

*G*—*G* stands for Gillert, our President Ex,  
Of Presidents he is the *Right Royal Rex* !

*H*—*H* stands for Huntfreys and Hanbruch and  
Horn,

And Herrer, who, if you let him, will dance  
until morn !

And Hasted and Hollower appear on the List,  
And Haffersham, too, whom we lately have  
missed ;

Another Herrer adorns our page,  
If I don't put him down he will get in a rage !

*I*—*I is not in it, I is sorry to say ;*  
But when *I* is dancing, get out of *I's* way !

OUR CLUB LIST.

*J*—*J* stands for James, who pays highest Exchange;  
He never comes up to the club it is strange!

*K*—*K* shares the same fate as *J* on the List;  
May *K-us* ne'er trouble, keep 'way from our  
midst.

*L*—*L* stands for Livehigh, Linderi, Leuf,  
The last mentioned gent, sure he serves us  
enough!

*M*—*M* stands for Mont, our President new,  
The revision of *Article Four* he would rue!  
And Mesden, Mersias, come under the *M*;  
Mersias, though last, is not least among them.

*N*—*N*, like the *J* and the *K* is *non est*;  
*N* says that *I K-an* be none of the best!

*O*—*O*, like *J*, *N* and *K*, is not in, I think;  
*O* says that *I-N-K* always spells *INK*.

*P*—*P* stands for Parsos—"Pepito"—that's clear,  
"Pepito" is running for President's Chair!

OUR CLUB LIST.

- Q*—*Q*, on the *Q*, I find is *Quite* blank,  
So, with *O*, *I*, *N*, *K*, *Q* will fall into rank !
- R*—*R* stands for Rallax, whom we don't often see,  
And Russen who thinks he's the Star in the  
Glee !
- S*—*S* stands for Sarry and Saffer and Sornacco,  
And Stevisson too, and our friend Moritz Sacco.
- T*—*T* stands for Toldano and Tellor and so,  
Jim Tellor of "Man In The Moon" fame, you  
know !
- U*—*U*, as *U*, no doubt, will see at a glance,  
Like the *I*, *Q* and *K*, has not made an advance.
- V*—*V* (*ell*) I have searched and can find nothing  
here,  
Like *I*, *Q*, *U* *KNO*, *V* is not a compeer.
- W*—*W* stands for *W*—, 'tis the masculine gender,  
Who late brought his bachelor days to an  
end, Sir.

OUR CLUB LIST.

X—X, as Xpected, is X: there is none !

V (*ell*) Q, U and I KNO that X has no fun.

Y—Y hide the truth? Y is out, I admit,

On the Q, V (*ell*) I tell U K (*que*) Y made Xit.

Z—Z Zays that Z IZ not here at Ze Feast,

VY, NO QUIZ, XKuse me, this Z (*ebra*) 's a  
beast !

October, 1892.

*"BILL" McKINLEY.\**

---

I hear them say McKinley's dead,  
Dead for the cycles to be !  
His vaunted Tariff knocked in the head  
By triumphant Democracy !

Poor Billy was a shipwright famed,  
So built for his Party a Skiff,  
Which, one fine day, he launched and named  
The "Nation's Protective Tariff."

---

\* Lines inspired by the defeat of the Republican Party in America in 1892.



BILL MCKINLEY.

He sailed the shallop, he and his clan,  
    'Midst the din of *Free-Traders'* storm ;  
He flew the flag Republican,  
    And steered from the port of *Reform* !

McKinley was a skipper brave;  
    But his vaunted " Tariff " and he  
Lie wrecked fore'er 'neath the tidal wave  
    Of triumphant Democracy !

*November, 1892.*

*A COLON PAY-DAY INCIDENT.*

---

Dramatic Scene between Miss Kate, the Ginger Beer and Bun Seller, and her debtor, Jeremiah Johnson, who has just received his Pay.

MISS KATE—Mista ! whe' de dime you owe me ?

Jiss gimme me money, I say !

S'elp me God ef you no pay me

I wi' tek you a Jail dis day !

Den, pay me now 'fo' I raise one row

So mek *Policia* come :

Dis long, long time you owe me now ;

You tek me money buy Rum !

JEREMIAH JOHNSON—Le' go me shut, I say Miss  
Kate !

Else I gwine fe chop you, you know !

Me no been ax you, gall, fe wait

Till nex' Pay-Day me pay you, no ?

A COLON PAY-DAY INCIDENT.

MISS KATE—God bline me I not gwine wait at all!  
Fo' Pramise can't bwile de Pot ;  
Jiss pay me now, befo' I call  
De *Constab* fe mek you trot !  
You ebbah see my trial, eh ?  
Him well nyam me sinting done,  
And now de brute him no wan' fe pay  
Fe me Ginger Beer an' Bun !  
You teefin niggah ! You well an' cheat—

JEREMIAH JOHNSON—Jiss mine how you talks to  
me now ;  
I wi' lick you 'prawlin' in a de 'treet,  
So mek you go bawl like cow !

MISS KATE—Hi ! 'top man ! Dah fite you wan' fite ?  
Mek I fetch " grass " bottle fuss !  
No 'tinkin' shame me can't seek me rite  
Widout me get beaten and cuss ?

A COLON PAY-DAY INCIDENT.

A WARNING VOICE FROM THE CROWD--

Dat nuff now ! no lick him no mo' !  
You wi' go a " Cage " 'fo' you done ;  
Cho ! you no hear Policia de blow ?  
Get up, you chupids ! so run !!

*April, 1803.*

COLON LIGHTHOUSE TO POINT  
TORO LIGHTHOUSE.

---

Hello ! my "friend" across the bay !—

You that lure the ships to the strand,  
That flirt with the mariners—so they say—

With the flash of your orb from land—  
If you don't quit a-cutting your eye at me,

*You prodigal charge for a light,*  
And a-winkin' and blinkin' all night at me,  
There's bound to be bloodshed and fight !

How came you, "friend," on yonder Point ?

And what is your Mission ? O, speak !—  
If you can without winkin' your eye out o' joint—

Are you merely the child of a "freak" ?  
Be you Christopher's Ghost I see ?

O, you Brobdignagian pile !  
Go tend to the *Toros* : you can't shine with me ;  
For I'm Lord of this sea and Isle ! !

COLON LIGHTHOUSE TO POINT TORO LIGHTHOUSE.

That's what I am, you parvenu !

And that's what I'll be to the end :

So pack up your traps and be off, and quick too,

My "blinky-eyed," sleepy-head friend ;

For you're no good here, avaunt ! avaunt !!

The neighbors protest, so do I !

Unwelcomed you came as the phantoms that haunt :

So good riddance, good riddance,—good-bye !

*November, 1893.*

*SILVER TALKS.\**

---

I've been ousted by the Senate,  
Where I've known nor had relief  
Since "them" Democrats came in and sate  
Upon me like a thief!  
*They held the "Wake" before I died,*  
And rang my knell and tolled;  
They dubbed me "base," my worth denied,  
And howled for brother Gold!

---

\* Lines inspired by the repeal of the Sherman Law in the U. S. Senate.

SILVER TALKS.

I heard the cries of "Down the wight"!  
*"The Metal White to hell!"*

I stood my guns: I knew my Right,  
And fought and, fighting, fell.

But why the rumpus? why the rows?

*The long debates—"gee whiz"!*—  
*That made the Senate and the House*  
*With lucubrations dizz'?*

For *I'm taken by the hands of all!*

I've been *counted* as of Worth  
E'er since I left my native thrall,  
*My boundless Mother Earth!*

I'm courted everywhere and sought;

I keep men out of Debt;  
'Twas with my "*Stuff*" the cup was wrought  
*Dunraven tried to get!*



SILVER TALKS.

*Some put me in their pockets for Wealth,  
I'm pocketed by "sum"!*

I'll be the poor man's friend and health

From now till "Kingdom Come"!

Yet I'm banished into exile,

The desert "*ore*" to range!

But, hold my lads! Just wait a while!

*Ye'll come to me for CHANGE!*

*November, 1893.*

*EPITAPH.*

---

*For whom you please.*

Here lie the bones of whom you please ;  
Whosoe'er hath a *bone to pick with these*,  
On the *jaw-bone*, the bone, be your vengeance to  
wreak ;  
For his *Jaw* was the death of him, friends, and his  
*Cheek !*

*January, 1894.*

A "TIN-WEDDING" IMPROMPTU  
SPEECH.

---

I've been asked to recite,  
But all competent quite  
I feel not for such an occasion ;  
Yet to one, all, and each  
I will rhyme a short speech,  
Not as long as C. A. G's Oration !

Just a decade ago,  
After much spooning, O !  
That a flighty young couple were carried—  
I suppose you all ken  
That a decade means ten—  
To the Church to be murdered—no, *married!*

A "TIN-WEDDING" IMPROMPTU SPEECH.

So to-night I declare  
'Fore your Tribunal here  
That, all hungry and thirsty, I've come  
To wish host and wife  
All the joys of this life,  
And to eat all their Cakes, drink their Mumm !

May they live, O so old !  
Till, all petrified, cold,  
On the market they'll sell for shoe-leather !  
Now, let's crown them with glory !—  
Ye've heard their short story—  
Let us drink to their health all together !

*January, 1894.*

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

---

O, those Parrots! how they both yell  
All day long above my head!  
Hear the ringing of that Church bell!  
Loud enough to wake the dead!—  
Now the *Loros* start a-singing,  
And the Peacock's shriek is heard;  
Soon we'll hear a gunshot ringing  
Through the air to down a bird!

Hear that Tricycle, above me,  
Pounding on the Attic-floor!  
And the "kid," that's riding, how he  
Screams till all his throat is sore!  
I am reading; what I'm reading  
I'll be hanged if I can tell!  
For that Tricycle that's wheeling  
O'er my aching head like—well,

A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

Now *my* "kids" take up the Chorus,  
And the noises swell, egad !  
Parrots, Tricycle, the rumpus,  
And the children drive me mad !  
This is how I spend my Sundays !  
Talk about your "Bedlam Loose" !  
This one takes the palm by long ways ;  
Oh, my head ! the noise !! the deuce !!!

*March*, 1894.

*A COMMUNICATION.*

---

TO I. L. M.

Say, When are you going to finish that house  
That stands by the Track-Line so near,  
That once famous "Boston," the "Boston Ice  
House,"  
That sold Ice to the thousands down here?

O, when will that be, Sir?—for heaven's sake, say!  
For I long for some sparkling Old Mumm!  
But it seems to me, Sir, as I pass every day,  
That the "Wetting-Tide" never will come;

For each day something new, an improvement or  
two,  
Some new "freak" or other begun,  
Greet mine eyes as I lift them the structure to view,  
When the answer comes back: "Not yet done!"

A COMMUNICATION.

Each day a fresh patch ; now, pray what's the next  
scheme ?

More Filigree Work round the Gable ?  
The next will be wanting a *strong, heavy beam* ;  
For the House grows above *quite unable* !

Now, let me exhort you to finish the Barn ;  
For, I swear, all top-heavy she's getting ?  
Just give her a coat of the best paint and warn  
All your friends to come round to the "Wetting !"

*March, 1894.*



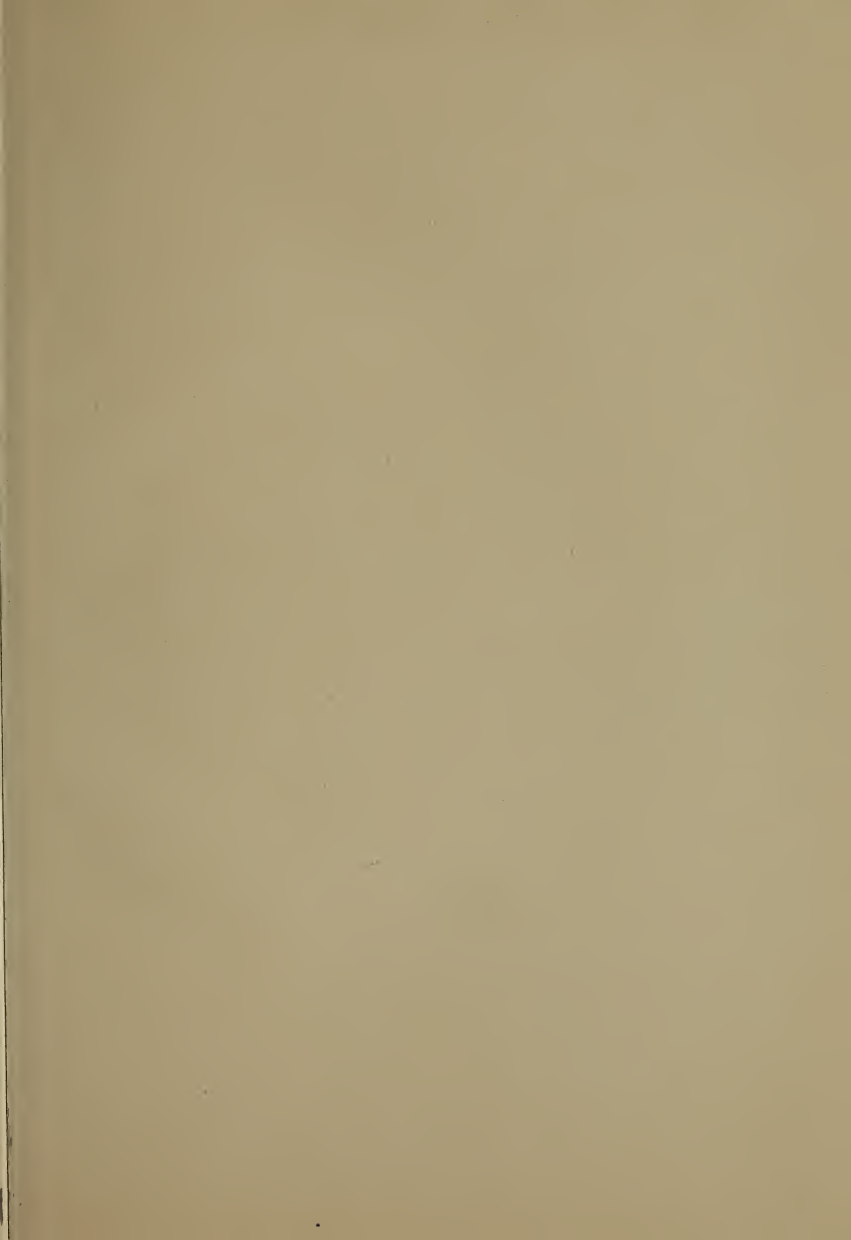
SO THEY SAY.

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Some Poets, they say, are jealous of each other :  
Though each unto each should be brother —  
Let a Poet just ask, Sir, of one of his crew  
An opinion of such and such Poem,—or two—  
“ They are Gems ! ” he will answer, but,—whew!!!  
Let a critic approach him—  
The Lord help the Poem !—  
With praises for each line and letter !  
The same Bard, sure enough,  
Will declare : “ It’s all stuff ! ”  
That “ A child two years old could do better ! ”  
Though himself not as much, you may bet, Sir !

*June, 1894.*

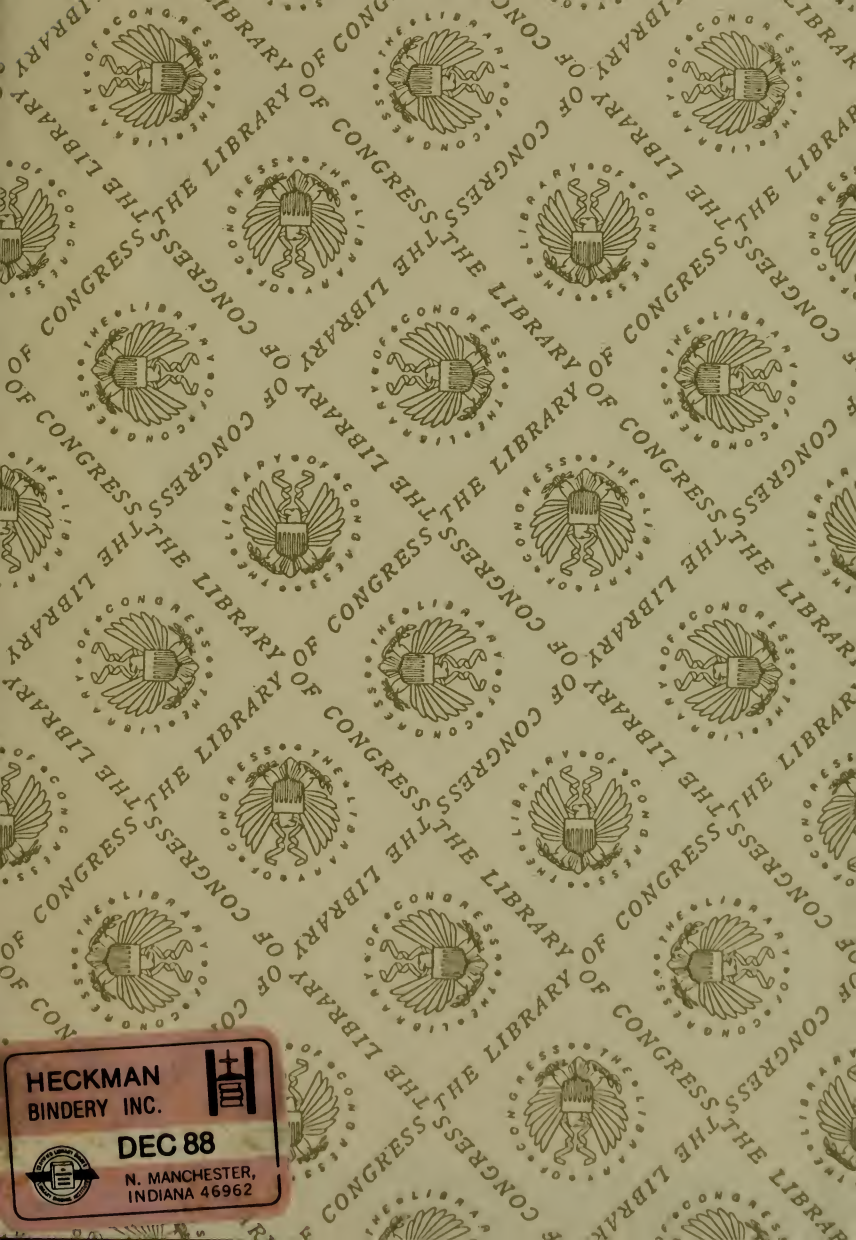
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