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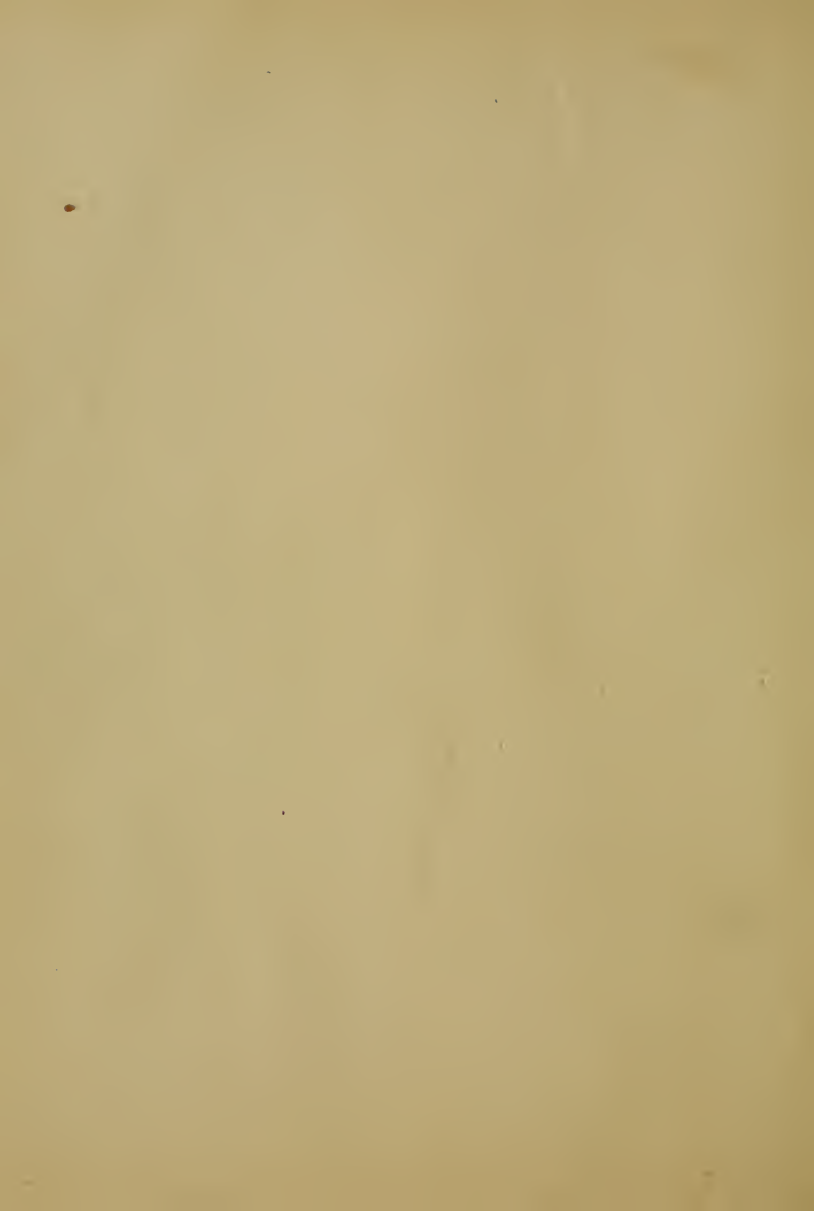
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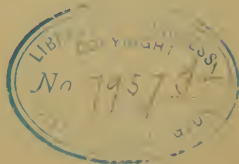
# THE EXILE

A TALE OF ST. AUGUSTINE

BY

✓  
FRANCIS FONTAINE

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## Dedication.

TO MARY F. FONTAINE.

*The signet of a woman's worth,  
The truest test of gentle birth,  
Is modesty :  
The charm that links her to the sky,  
The blossom that can never die !  
Love forms the pure, sweet alchemy,  
That leads the heart with sympathy  
To perfect truth :  
The Koh-i-noor, the brightest gem  
In happy childhood's diadem.  
My little child, may these traits bless  
Thy innocence with joyousness  
And gentleness :  
For modesty, and love, and truth,  
Alike in childhood, age or youth  
Make happiness.*



## *INTRODUCTION.*

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The history of Florida, the most ancient of the American colonies, is replete with romance, and, among all the legends connected therewith, none equals in thrilling interest the subject of this poem.

The early settlement of St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, forms the basis of this story, which essays to delineate one of the most horrible massacres in the annals of history.

The spirit which animated the French Catholics to murder their compatriots of the Huguenot faith, on St. Bartholomew's eve, inspired the Spaniards, under the Adelantado Menendez, to commit a like atrocity at Fort Caroline, near St. Augustine, Florida.

Historical accuracy is not claimed for the poem ; but, that the reader may understand the narrative, I have translated a part of the " *mémoire* " of Francisco Lopez de Mendoza, chaplain of the Spanish expedition under Menendez : and also alluded to a similar narration by one of the survivors of the Huguenot colony.

## MEMOIRE.

“De l'heureux résultat et du bon voyage que Dieu, notre Seigneur, a bien voulu accorder à la flotte qui partit de la ville de Cadiz pour se rendre à la côte et dans la province de la Floride, et dont était général l'illustre Seigneur Pedro Menendez de Aviles, commandeur de l'ordre de Saint Jacques. Cette flotte partit de la baie de Cadiz le jeudi matin 28 du mois de juin 1565 ; elle arriva sur les côtes des provinces de la Floride le 28 août de la même année.”

PAR FRANCISCO LOPEZ DE MENDOZA,

*Chapelain de l'expédition.*

“Your Excellency will remember that when I was in Spain I went to see the General at the port Saint Marie, and that he showed me a letter from Monseigneur the King Don Philip, signed by his hand, in which His Majesty stated, that on the 20th of May, the same year, seven French ships, bearing seven hundred men and two hundred women, had sailed for Florida.” (Then follows a description of the armament of the Spanish fleet, and the instructions given to the Adelantado Pedro Menendez to proceed to Florida and claim the country for the King of Spain. *Translator.*)

“On the eighth of the month, the day of the nativity of Our Lady, the General landed with many banners displayed, to the sound of trumpets and of other instruments of war, and amid salvos of artillery. I took a cross and went before them chanting *Te Deum Laudamus*. The General marched straight to the cross, followed by all those who accompanied him : they knelt and kissed the cross. A great many Indians witnessed the ceremonies and imitated all that they saw done. The same day the General took possession of the country in the name of His Majesty. All the Captains swore allegiance to him as their General, and as Adelantado of the country.

\* \* \* \* \*

“We are in this fort to the number of six hundred combatants.

\* \* \* \* \*

“To-day, as I finished the mass of Our Lady, the Admiral was informed that a Frenchman had been captured. He told us that our enemies had embarked more than two hundred men on four vessels to go in search of our fleet; God our Father sent suddenly so great a tempest that these men must have been destroyed, for since their departure have occurred the worst tempests I ever saw.

“The following Monday we saw a man approach who cried out loudly: ‘Victory! Victory! the French fort is in our hands!’ I have already stated that the enterprise which we have undertaken is for the glory of Jesus Christ and of His Holy Mother. The Holy Spirit has enlightened the reason of our chief, in order that all may be turned to our profit and that we might gain so great a victory. The enemy did not perceive them until they were attacked, most of them being in bed; many arose in their night-clothes and begged for quarter. Notwithstanding this, one hundred and forty-two were killed; the rest escaped. In an hour’s time the fort was in our possession.

“A few days after this, some Indians came to our fort and informed us, by signs, that a French vessel had been wrecked on Anastasia Island. The General, with the Admiral and many followers repaired to the coast and, taking with him a Frenchman who had accompanied us from Spain, he called to them to come over. A French gentleman who was a serjeant, brought their reply to the summons to surrender—for they had raised a flag as a signal of war—he said that they would surrender on condition that their lives might be spared. The General demanded an unconditional surrender. Seeing that no other resource remained to them, in a short time they all surrendered themselves to his discretion. Seeing that they were Lutherans, his Excellency condemned them all to death; but, as I was a priest and felt a sympathy for them, I begged him to grant me a favor: that of sparing those who would embrace our holy faith. He granted me this favor; I succeeded in thus saving ten or twelve; all the rest were executed because they were Lutherans and enemies of our holy Catholic faith. All this took place on the day of Saint Michael, September 22, 1565. There were one hundred

and eleven Lutherans executed, without counting fourteen or fifteen prisoners."

*I, Francisco Lopez de Mendoza Grajales, Chaplain of his Excellency, certify that the foregoing is true.*

FRANCISCO LOPEZ DE MENDOZA GRAJALES.

A Huguenot survivor of the attack on Fort Caroline has described that human butchery as, "a massacre of men, women and little infants, so horrible that one can imagine nothing more barbarous and cruel."

He also states, in his *mémoire*, that the number of the French in the Fort, including the women and children, was two hundred and forty souls; the rest having embarked on the vessels sent in search of the Spanish fleet, which vessels were wrecked in the storm. Of the two hundred and forty persons in the Fort, one hundred and eleven were slain, according to the statement of the Catholic Mendoza. The Fort was attacked while the Huguenots were asleep. It is upon this massacre that this poem is founded.

F. F.







“STAND ·Fetlock!” he said, and his horse which  
had reared

When the galloping sound of a fleet courser neared  
The smiling *bosquet*, now but pricks forth its ears  
As the challenging neigh of a rival it hears.

She did not know him, only saw him as he sat  
Like a seeming centaur; but he lifted his hat  
As she passed fleetly by near the edge of the wood  
Where his steed champed its bit as it loyally stood.

“—Stand Fetlock!” then he smiled as he witnessed  
the sight,

For her horse and its burden seemed as one in the  
flight.

The soft air was balmy, and the sky was serene  
As a lake as she rode 'neath the far-reaching green  
Of the Bois de Boulogne with her father, that day,  
In the free *nonchalance* of a child when at play.

With laughter, that rippled like a stream on the  
sand

In musical cadence, and a wave of the hand,  
She galloped forth fleetly 'neath the summer-green  
trees

Up the wide avenue, while the frolicsome breeze  
Played havoc with tresses that floated away  
Like the floss of the silk on a mid-summer day.

“—She is the fairest and loveliest maid of the  
North,” Said the young Cavalier when the maiden  
rode forth;  
So winsome, so naïve, that he looked with delight  
As the fair equestrienne, like a star in its flight  
'Cross the blue vault of heaven, sped on—and away—  
And Fetlock, impatient, replied with a neigh.

More than one, yes full many, sought to aid her to  
keep

The horse in the course but, repelled by the sweep  
Of the fair maiden's hand, admiring, withdrew  
As she passed like a meteor on—on in their view.  
More than all, he admired, when with magical  
grace—

While the soft hue of health suffused her bright face  
And her tresses floated back, by the wind uncon-  
fined,—

He saw her, all fearlessly, draw the quick rein  
And return with the speed of the tempest again.

Her father enjoyed it: for he knew that his child,

Reared most of her life in the bold rugged wild  
Of her own Moncontour, was as safe in that seat  
As you maidens from Paris who have sought this  
retreat

For a day in the country: who think that they here  
See its splendor and beauties, and breathe the pure  
air

Of the God-given country; but devices of art  
Near a great crowded city cannot pleasures impart,  
Such as Nature doth give in the land o'er the sea:  
The home of the homeless and the pride of the free!

Lakes there vie with the ocean, and snow-peaks in  
the skies

There charm the bold eagle, which right royally flies  
On the wings of the wind till 'tis lost to the eyes;  
Then it lights, like the chamois, on the high alpen-  
height

Where dry snow whirls like dust; and it screams  
with delight

As the storm rages 'neath him; while the bright  
heavens seem

The mystical opening of an angelic dream.

Thus it seemed to Coligny, who offered his hand  
To the gallant young Count, whom he had seen lead  
a band

In the cavalry charge, when the arquebuse rattle

And the hot cannonade of the fiercely fought battle  
Had littered the field with the wounded and dead  
Whence all save Coligny and his squadron had fled.  
Now their meeting, though sudden, was cordial and  
    brief  
When the young Count de Ribault saluted his chief.

But the maiden had neared them with slow-prancing  
    steed  
Which, with nostrils expanded, had slackened its  
    speed.  
“—My daughter—Count Ribault.” She blushed, as  
    the name  
Of the gallant young captain so well-known to fame  
Was pronounced by her father, and bowed in re-  
    sponse ;  
Thus they met, thus parted, with a bow and a glance.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

“—She’s as fair as the flowers that bloom in her hair,  
Unadorned save by these —yes exquisitely fair !”  
Thus he spake as he saw her at the Elysée ball,  
For she danced with the grace of a swan on a lake  
And her smile was as pure as the falling snow-flake,

When she moved like a queen in the slow minuet.  
While he twirled in his hand a sweet mignonette.

But a swarthy face frowned, when De Guise saw the  
sight  
Of the lovers, who danced in the palace that night—  
And 'twas plain they were lovers, despite the dis-  
guise  
Of a formal acquaintance, for Count Ribault's eye,  
As the needle follows magnet, her figure descries  
Wherever it is seen; while Léonore's face  
Acknowledged with blushes this homage to grace--

The two rival suitors were acquainted, but when  
They met on this evening they met as do men  
Who know not each other, and, with proud haughty  
air,  
Count Ribault returned the Duke's insolent stare.  
Yet 'twas a thorn to his love, and a spur to his  
pride  
When he saw the proud De Guise at Léonore's side;  
And the thorn rankled deep, as the Count thought  
of all  
The sneering allusions of the Duke at the ball.

Days, weeks, and months passed, when Count Ri-  
bault one day,

As the shadows of twilight enveloped with gray  
The great gilded city, ere the lamp-lights were lit,  
Told her father he had loved her since first he had  
met  
The Lady Léonore in the Bois de Boulogne,  
And no one heard Count Ribault save Coligny  
alone.

“—My child’s happiness is more than all else to me  
And I know that her heart has been given to thee.  
But, Count Ribault, I fear that an hour may bring  
An end to this truce and sound the tocsin again,  
I trust not the promise of a treacherous king.  
Should it happen—and should this city be the scene  
Where the old and the helpless are ruthlessly slain;  
Should our people then rise to revenge them again,  
Unfurl once again that flag which they’ve borne  
In the days when the Huguenots learned how to  
mourn  
All armed for the fray: ’tis my wish—nay command,  
That Léonore shall go to that far sunny land  
Where such crimes are unknown, and the fierce iron  
hand  
Of Civil War cannot come; to that land, where the  
sun  
Lends its most genial rays to the soft Southern air,  
And freights the cool breezes deliciously there;



Where it dimples the waves of the clearest of  
streams—

The matchless Welaka.\* Promise this, and her hand  
Shall go with her heart to that sweet Southern land.”

Thus 'twas settled—yet not settled—

Like a rosy-fingered bride come the first tints of  
dawn

Enwreathing with orange the clouds, while the fawn  
Shakes the dew from its flanks, and the wild flowers  
feast,

And the birds carol forth their hymns to the East.

Afar o'er the hills sounds the loud-ringing horn  
Of the hunter who rides in the crisp early morn.  
Flee Reynard ! though weary, continue thy flight,  
For Aurora is belting the world with its light ;  
And the moon slowly sinks down the vale of the  
night ;

For the great sun advances  
From the realm of the night,  
With its dazzling light-lances,  
With its sharp spears of light

---

\* Indian name of the St. John's river.

Over the sky, over the earth, and the sea :  
Flee away to thy covert—away—flee away !

As the stars of the night faded one after one  
From the crimsoning skies till the last star was gone,  
So the timid little hares fled fast from the morn,  
But Reynard stood listening the notes of the horn.

While the harebells and daisies were crushed 'neath  
the feet

Of the horses and hounds as they coursed to "the  
meet"

Till their dew-cups ran o'er, yet Reynard stood still  
Like a sentinel watching from the brow of the hill.  
On the air of the morn sounds again the loud horn  
And the eager fox-hounds fill the air with their  
sounds ;

Now Reynard is gone—like the wind he has flown !  
While the loud yelping pack follows close on his  
track,

So fleetly, so hotly, that he dares not look back !  
Through the field and the forest, speeding fleetly  
alone,

Crossing fences with briars and brambles overgrown,  
Swimming streams and crossing gullies, poor Rey-  
nard at last,

With his tongue hanging out and his sides panting  
fast,  
Turns back on his course, and with footsteps as  
fleet  
As the wide prairie wind, enters quick his retreat.

See the gay cavalcade! there, all flushed with de-  
light,  
Rides the fair Léonore keeping Reynard in sight,  
While her escort, with a brief "*au revoir!*" makes  
detour  
Around the deep forest which skirts Moncontour.

With the pride of an heiress on her own native heath  
Léonore rides alone in the green forest wild  
Where the high clambering vines festoon and en-  
wreath  
The tall forest trees—where she played when a  
child.

Léonore rides alone; for each path's as well known  
To the fearless young maiden, as if 'twas her own.  
Unharm'd by the woodman, the fox and the deer  
Roam their own native wilds in security here,  
Save when the fair mistress is *en-route* for the chase,  
When the horn of the hunter awakens the place  
Where Reynard reclines, till its echoes awake  
The wild solitude of fen, thicket, and brake.

From a copse in the wood, where wild squirrels ran  
free

Without fear and unthreatened, up and down a  
great tree,

While the fair maiden smiled, mounted troopers  
rushed forth

Seized her horse by the rein and turned its head to  
the North.

In a moment 'twas done! one scream and no more,  
For swiftly and silently they bore Léonore  
A captive away! while sounds of the chase  
Grew dimmer and dimmer as they quickened their  
pace.

\* \* \* \* \*

Moncontour is grief-stricken: fast assemble a host  
To hear the sad tidings. Its heiress is lost!  
And the Lord of the castle, Coligny, is slain!  
And his tenants seem eager to don armor again.  
Dark grow the swarthy brows, closer clench yeo-  
man hands  
Of the men here assembled at Count Ribault's com-  
mands;  
One word from thee Ribault will, like match to the  
pine,  
Enflame all these souls with a vengeance like thine!

Not a moment was lost! up the hills, down the vale,  
Despite the fierce rumblings that portend a gale,  
On, onward they go! still pursuing the trail  
Till the smoke from the village, now far in their  
rear,

Tells the young chieftain's band that the foemen  
are there!

Now the swarthy cheeks blanched, for yon lurid,  
red fire,

Which flames from their homes, sees their children  
expire!

Then a combat ensues; though they fight long and  
well

They fight against fate, and they see the black  
plume

Of their gallant young chieftain fall!—As he fell,

It seemed like the knell of the Huguenot's doom

And they yielded at last as the tree to the blast.

Moncontour is *en deuil*. Moncontour, Moncontour!

Take down thy proud banner, and hang crape at  
thy door;

For thy halls are as silent as the grave of thy Lord;

Let the harp of Æolus now alone touch the chord!

Thy yeomen, where are they? Moncontour, Mon-  
contour!

Nought remains of their dwellings but the charred  
    ashen floor,  
And the smoke which ascends from yon cot to high  
    heaven  
Shows how thy poor tenants from their homes have  
    been driven.

Thy chieftains have fallen 'neath the false-hearted  
    blow  
Of a wily and craven and treacherous foe;  
But again thy bold banner floats proudly and free  
On the mast of a vessel sailing outward to sea.  
And a maiden is led by the captain away  
From the deck to the bridge. The old captain is  
    gray,  
But his weather-tanned face shows that Laudonnière  
Is a stout-hearted friend and a stranger to fear.  
The bravest are the gentlest, and the weak and for-  
    lorn  
To the strongest and truest instinctively turn  
In the hour of trial—when a look from the eye  
And a clasp of the hand speak the heart's sympa-  
    thy.  
Thus his look, thus his clasp, as he led her that day  
And pointed to the shores fast fading away.

“Look! look Léonore! see those hills on the  
    shore—

See, between them, yon castle—'tis thy own Mon-  
contour!

The turrets, like grim sentinels, are watching the  
flight

Of the vessel which takes thee, an exile, from sight.  
Bear up bravely, my child! thou wilt yet again be  
Yon castle's proud mistress, though we cross now  
the sea;

There thy ancestral flag shall float proudly and free,  
And thy tenantry again shout welcome to thee."

Then he ceased, and she looked, while her lovely  
cheeks blanched

And her eyes filled with tears, and her hands were  
close-clenched;

Yet she said not a word, but the gaze of her eyes  
Lingered longingly there till the shores seemed the  
skies.

But the changing-hued waters tossed upward white  
spray

While the Huguenot vessel ploughed onward its  
way.

Now the shore-lines are gone: white, blue, or deep  
green

The waves of the ocean are the only things seen  
Save the gulls, and the hues of the horizon sky,  
As the fair hills of Normandy fade from the eye.

That very day the Spanish fleet  
Cast anchor near Saint Augustine ;  
And standards sway, while music sweet  
From gay-decked vessels charm the scene.  
And lances, halberds and breast-plates gleam  
Athwart a ship which rides the stream  
As lightly as a swan would swim.  
Then deftly sailors plume its wings,  
And then a standard upward flings  
Its bunting to the breeze.

Aurora's soft prismatic tints  
Had traced the skies where nature prints  
The fleecy forms which drift away  
Like phantom ships on azure sea ;  
And now the sun-light, glancing, gave  
To whitened beach and shining wave  
Resplendent hues. With martial mien  
A moving host adds to the scene,  
Proud banners bear, and arms of war,  
And now upon this foreign shore  
They plant the holy cross.

And naked natives, in bark canoe  
Rowed in and out while white curlew  
And long-billed crane, and wild-duck fly  
With wonderment from marsh to marsh ;



And parrots speak, with accents harsh,  
And Indians view with curious stare  
These horses, arms, and men.

Now closer grouped the natives round  
The point which severs sea and river,  
When lo! the shifting dazzling quiver  
Of sun-light on the flashing swords  
Of men who crowd yon vessel's boards  
Is seen. Gleam helmets rich and rare  
And sun-bright shields, which those who dare  
The mightiest feats of valor, wear.

These simple natives then were free—  
Sole owners of this land and sea,  
Save the old town of Augustine  
Which claimed allegiance to Spain—  
Nor feared they aught from these strange men  
Who marched with flaunting banners then ;  
But Indians grasped the Spanish hand  
As fast as Spaniards reached the land,  
For they were friendly ; yes as kind  
And unsuspecting as you'll find  
In any race beneath the sun,  
Ere white men, for ambitious goal—  
The lust of power—had begun  
A crusade 'gainst the Seminole !

As Spaniards glanced from clear blue skies  
To tropic scenes which charmed their eyes—  
To where the graceful tall bananas  
Slow-waved their great wide leaves, like banners ;  
To where the bushy youpon grew,  
And cluster-berries of shining hue,  
While sweet perfumes from crab-wood trees  
Freighted each passing scented breeze ;  
From Indian brave with wampum belt,  
To Indian maid with deerskin kilt  
That showed beneath, the rounded limb,  
Above, the arm, as round and trim,  
And bronze bosom plump, full, and fair—  
A wild huzza loud rent the air.

The foliage seemed a sea of green  
And ev'ry tree a separate scene ;  
The woods as tinted o'er with gold  
When sun-light pierced the thicket fold.  
They saw a glimpse of silver thread,  
As streamlet gushed from fountain head ;  
And lovely birds of plumage gay  
Flitted and sang the live-long day ;  
But now they ceased their morning lay  
And fluttered to the copse-wood green,  
Or winged their way far from the scene.  
Even that bird of wondrous hue,

Whose tiny form so rapid flew  
From flower to flower—as gay  
As any sun-beam of the day—  
Affrighted by the *vivas* loud,  
Now swiftly flew into the wood.

Helvetia boasts its lofty heights  
All clad in Alpine robe of snow ;  
Fair Florida the balmy nights  
When stars gleam in the depths below  
The mirrored surface of a Spring,  
Where mighty ships can anchors swing  
And freely turn, although a fleet  
Another squadron there might meet.

—“ Arcadian dream, nor painter’s brush  
Has ere depicted sylvan hush  
More sweetly wild than is this scene  
In far-off Florida, I ween ! ”  
Thus thought the maiden, who looked into  
The clear blue depths—so deep and clear  
That many fathoms seemed anear,  
Where swimming fish like silver gleam—  
Now here, now there along the stream.

There, many a silver streamlet wakes  
Winding its way to the chain of lakes

That forms the famed Welaka, and there  
Sing birds, of plumage gay and rare ;  
While wild-wood sweets perfume the air.  
And there, tradition waves its wand  
As if this were enchanted land—  
So many and so wild the tales  
With which it treats these sylvan vales.

The exiles wonder when they see  
Engraved on rock or carved on tree  
The emblems of idolatry :  
Idols, that bear on face and breast  
Good evidence that 'twas the East—  
Not North or South—that to the West  
Gave birth to preëxistent creeds  
On which the mind untutored feeds—  
They do not kneel, nor do they pray  
To God or man, but earnestly  
Clasp hands up to yon glowing sun  
When first its lances crest the sea,  
And then again when it goes down  
And slowly, grandly pales away.

The exiles see the Phallic symbol—  
A stag upon a branchless tree—  
Rude carved, 'tis true, but plain to see—  
Which proved that on this rounded cone

Peru's old heliolatry  
Had 'stablished worship of the Sun.  
Concentric paths led round and up  
Until it reached the utmost top,  
Where savages were wont to make  
Their offerings of human blood—  
As sacrifice to heathen god.

There stood alone upon the shore  
The exile maiden—and Lénore  
Seemed fearless as an Indian maid ;  
For there the savage hand was stayed  
Because this ancient Phallic mound  
Was deemed by them as holy ground.  
The trees soft zephyrs gently stir,  
And now she hears the rapid whir  
Of partridge as it flies past her  
From shore to shore and out of sight,  
Then cries to her " Good night ! " " good night ! "

Its cry was answered by a dove  
Whose cooing accents spake of love,  
And bore her thoughts to France again,  
—" Is Ribault captive, or is he slain ? "  
She thought of him, whose fearless eye  
Was pregnant with true chivalry ;  
For truth had signet-stamped with grace

On brow, and eyes, and gallant face  
Its seal of noble, knightly mien—  
His stalwart form showed manliness,  
His smile showed valor, gentleness,  
And none but bravest knights could share  
The plume which he was wont to wear  
When he appeared in knightly list  
Where only valor's sons contest.  
His guerdon was her love : his prize  
The smile that blessed his longing eyes :  
His creed was chivalry's behest :  
To help the weak ; with arms resist  
The tyrant Might ; by force remove  
Oppressive wrong ; and kneel to love.

He had not sought by courtier's art  
To win this lovely maiden's heart,  
But in the lists no braver knight  
More gallantly struck down his foe,  
Nor parried with a stronger might  
Some skilful knight's titanic blow.  
But 'twas not this, nor courtier's art,  
But manliness which won her heart,  
And where was he ? Alas ! the past  
Was filled with joys that could not last.

Not now did servants, with watchful eye  
To do her bidding linger nigh ;  
Nor were proud courtiers bending near  
“ My Lady’s ” least accents to hear ;  
Nor could she see the mullioned windows,  
The castle’s turrets, or gray old walls  
Where ivy vines and roses clamber ;  
Nor walk her own ancestral halls—  
In dreams alone she, smiling, wanders  
Back to those days of joy and ease—  
In dreams alone sees scenes like these.

She saw cloud-castles in the skies  
And mountain-peaks, so snowy white  
It seemed profane for amber dies,  
To put those fleecy clouds to flight ;  
She saw these snowy shapes roll on  
Like fairy forms, far down beneath  
The lake-like surface, where the sun  
Burnished the rippling waves, until  
’Twas hidden by yon tree-clad hill.

She turned her head and, lo ! a bear  
Nosed close the ground and hovered near,  
While near yon thicket, too, a deer  
With branching antlers did appear :  
She trembled then—as doth the hare,

In covert crouching low with fear,  
While hunter's hound and hunter's face  
Peer all around and near the place—  
Then saw it rise and sudden wing  
A feathered arrow 'cross the spring!  
What seemed a bear, what seemed a deer  
Were savage Indians lurking there!  
But, soon as ribbon white was seen,  
The Indians vanished in the green;  
Nor twang of bow, nor rifle shot  
Was ever meant for Huguenot.

Not conquest brought the exiles there,  
Nor did they come as foes, but share,  
With those who owned the continent,  
Their little all, and rest content.  
But Catholics did gloat upon  
This fairy land, where tropic sun  
Hath made a banquet free to all,  
Resolved to make all others fall.  
The Spaniards made these Indians foes,  
For Indians knelt 'neath Spanish blows  
Of lash or sword, or fell when fire  
From arquebuse bade slaves<sup>4</sup> expire!

The birds that now so blithesomely  
Twittered and sing from tree to tree,



Bring back her thoughts to him again.  
Whose life had been like summer day,  
Until war's rude alarms bade  
The kindly youth to draw his blade,  
And lead his squadron to the fray  
With waving sword, and ringing cheer  
That all his troopers loved to hear.

The stars were witness when one night  
His raven hair with golden met ;  
And sun-bronzed face of ruddy hue  
Met lily cheeks : and eyes of blue  
Looked up to his which looked again.  
—" Is he a captive, or is he slain ?"  
The twigs were bent, an Indian maid,  
Like elfin fay at edge of wood,  
Approached her from the woodland glade.  
The nut-brown maid now silent stood,  
Plump as a partridge, and as shy  
And brown as the thrush which flitted by—  
The daisy bowed, then raised its head  
Unharm'd by this brown maiden's tread ;  
And bowed, unhurt, the violet  
When these two girls in silence met.

At last she said to Léonore,  
In Indian tongue—and then by signs—

Pointing the while to boat and oar :  
“ I’ve come from where the white beach sands  
Receive and clasp the ocean’s hands ;  
Like autumn leaves thy friends will fall  
An they heed not the Brown Thrush’s call.  
Like winter’s gale the foemen come,  
To spoil the White Magnolia’s bloom,  
If I can not excite her fears ;  
The forest is alive with spears  
That rise and sway like marsh-arrows,  
And the river bristles with canoes ;  
The Spaniards come ! As are the leaves  
Or countless stars, so are their braves,  
Who come with swords and arquebuse  
And cannon, and with subtle ruse  
Meant only to deceive—As slaves  
The Spaniards treat our free-born braves !  
Like sands in numbers are their men,  
Who treat as carrion the slain !  
I’ve come to warn—my task is done,  
For ere to-morrow’s rising sun  
Shall spear the clouds with slanting rays,  
The White Magnolia’s blooming days  
Will end forever more.”

But Léonore,  
Who could not understand the maid,  
With kindly smile then shook her head.  
Again she spoke—made signs again—

Then, seeing that all words were vain  
She sorrowfully turned away,  
Drew up her boat, then seized the oar  
And, stepping in, pushed off from shore.  
Then rowed to where stood Léonore  
And begged her to escape once more,  
But all in vain: with saddened face,  
The Indian maid rowed from the place.

She watched her form bend to the oar  
Till dimpled knee was seen no more;  
The vision passed almost as soon  
As passing cloud unveils the moon;  
As flashing oar went from her sight  
The evening sun in Western sky  
Slow-reddened till a crimson dye  
O'erspread the heavens with paling light.  
The willows stooped to kiss the stream  
Which rippled 'neath the sun-set gleam,  
As Thronatiska passed from view;  
And twilight darkened now the hue  
Of earth and sky, ere Léonore  
Had left the placid lake-like shore.

The distant "tattoo" sounds to rest  
And ev'ry bird hath sought its nest  
Save black-winged bat, which here and there

Sweeps down or circles in the air.  
Deep darkness veils the earth and sky :  
The pine trees bow, while night-winds sigh,  
And needles from their summits tall  
Sway gracefully, then, noiseless, fall.

Yon ship, which proudly walks the sea  
With canvass spread, while jauntily  
A pennon floats from tallest mast  
And hundreds view, from yonder shore,  
Their comrades nearing home at last,  
Spreads sails until there are no more :  
It seems indeed a jubilee !  
For canvass breasts the bracing breeze  
With seeming pride, as if the seas  
Were subject to the vessel's sway,  
Not vessel subject to the seas.  
One mother there seems tearful-sad,  
While all the rest seem joyous-glad,  
They mind her not, but careless seem :  
Last night *she* dreamed a fearful dream.

The gale ! the gale ! the vessel creaks,  
While billows roar 'mid wildest shrieks,  
And England's cliffs shuts out the scene.  
An hour ago the sun was bright  
And hundreds gaily viewed the scene

As vessel spread, like bird, its wings,  
And friends on shore cried welcomings.  
Again the sea lashes sides and ends,  
Leaps over gunwales, then descends  
With savage roar: the ship careens  
Amid the most heartrending scenes!

It fights the sea like thing of life  
Battling against unequal strife;  
With sails all set it breaks, and then  
Goes down with all its stores and men!  
Like a culprit the tide has fled,  
The ocean yields us back our dead  
And launches them upon the sands:  
Yon upturned face, close clenched hands,  
And stiffened form, show sadly where  
That mother's son lies lifeless there!  
Like ghastly phantom on her brain  
A dream last night portrayed this scene.

To dream—what is it then to dream?  
To live our happy youth again,  
Or view the heart's acutest pain?  
To foretell, with prophetic ken  
The future of our fellow-men?  
To read, like twinkling of a star,  
The future in a dream? To mar

Or make one's happiness, the theme  
Of sleeping thoughts in wakeful dream?

A dream, what is a dream? A horoscope  
Like birth of grief or death of hope?  
A photograph of life—a mirror  
Making to-day seem as to-morrow?  
A tale of bliss—a scene of horror  
Foretelling what is past? Is this  
A dream in its analysis?

\* \* \* \* \*

The goddess, Sleep, smiled gently o'er  
The dreaming thoughts of Léonore.

## HER DREAM.

*Sweet is the perfume of the meadows—  
The aroma of the new-mown hay ;  
For the harvesters raked the green clover  
And turned it in the sun-shine to-day,  
It sweetens the breezes of evening  
As they come from the meadows to me,  
And I hear, in the distance, the lowing  
Of cattle as they scent the sweet hay.*

*For brown-tipped and sweet was the clover  
When the harvesters cut it to-day,  
And they turned it all over and over  
Then piled it in hay-cocks away ;  
They piled it for fear that the shadows  
Or the night-dew might dampen the hay,  
And freight me its sweets from the meadow,  
With the fragrance half wasted away.*

*Above me are swaying the blossoms  
That now sweeten the summer-clad tree,*

*And I list to the lowing of cattle  
That belong to my love and to me.  
Sweet roses of Summer are blooming  
While sun-set makes russet the hills,  
And I hear from the village the chiming  
Of the musical Normandy bells.*

*But sweeter than roses of summer  
Or the song of the harvesters free ;  
And sweeter than is the aroma  
From the sweet-scented newly-mown hay,  
Or the vines that embrace the old castle,  
Or the deep silver lake that I see ;  
And sweeter than lowing of cattle,  
Is the voice of my lover to me.*

*Last eve as I walked in the gloaming  
Near the beautiful clear silver spring,  
Which placidly sleeps near the castle,  
To the haunts where the mocking-birds sing,  
I heard the dear voice of my lover  
Coming out from the garden to me,  
For the great banquet hall was fast filling  
While I stood 'neath the blossoming tree.*

*“ Léonore ! Léonore ! my darling,  
The guests now await us in the hall,*



*In the hall where dark figures in armor  
Guard ancestral portraits on the wall :  
The guests all arrayed for the banquet,  
Are patiently waiting my bride.”  
Then I saw him—my husband—my lover—  
Gazing on me with fondness and pride.*

But lo! the dream was snapped in twain,  
The dreamer heard now shrieks of pain,  
And arquebuse and fatal stroke  
Of sword, and battle-axe awoke  
The hapless Léonore.

As form

The massing cloud-clans for the storm,  
To march in columns o'er the plain  
And sweep the earth with hail and rain—  
As doth the cyclone's tempest wrath  
Mow down the forest in its path  
And leaves not a shrub—so the foe  
With ruthless hands, sows seeds of woe  
Where all was peace before.

Alas! ere startled men can rise  
And seize their arms, they hear the cries  
Of Spanish foes without the walls:  
And soon the arquebuse's rattle,  
As foemen charge, proclaims a battle;

And soon the dreadful scene appals!  
For children vainly seek to flee,  
And maidens sink beneath the knee  
Of ruffians, who scorn the prayer  
Of those who kneel in vain despair;  
One fatal stroke and maiden dies,  
While mother, clasping infant, flies!

But hark! there sounds a bugle blast  
That stops the fugitives at last;  
There waves above a chieftain's head  
A tall black plume, and near, the dead  
Around his feet show that the might  
Of this old gray-haired, dauntless knight  
Hath made these doughty Spaniards know  
His stalwart strength and giant blow.  
Nor weight of axe, nor leaden hail  
Could pierce, it seemed, his coat of mail;  
'Twas made of finest chains; nor steel  
Nor arquebuse, nor gleaming spear  
Could make this valiant chieftain kneel,  
Nor halbard harm Laudonnière.

“Shame on ye men! why do ye fly?  
Strike for your lives, like brave men die!  
Coligny! to the rescue!”  
As eagle sweeps from aerie high

With maddened clutch upon its prey ;  
As panther leaps from limb of tree  
Forewarning with its human cry :  
So rushed the Huguenots that day,  
As tigers spring, as lions slay !

And by that slogan hundreds formed  
And forced back those who vainly stormed,  
Till, foremost in the fierce contest,  
Was seen the lofty waving crest  
Of Menendez. Two bright swords flashed  
As leaders met and steel blades clashed.

A whoop ! a whirl of sabres there  
As charging squadrons shake the air !  
DeRohan's column thundered on  
And forced them back, until but one  
Was left to face Laudonnière.  
And yet Menendez showed no fear :  
Success with him meant honor, life ;  
Defeat to him meant death in strife :  
And never yet did two men fight  
With stronger nerves, or braver might.

Each gave—returned the Titan blow,  
Each found his foe a worthy foe,  
And parried with such knightly skill

That flames seemed glancing from the steel.  
Now each advances, then retires  
Resolved to fight till one expires:  
Now one has made a mighty thrust,  
And one lies prostrate in the dust!

The combat ceased: and Laudonnière  
Leaned on his sword, as if to rest,  
For faintly cheering caught his ear  
As Spaniards flee. A deep red trace  
Across that bold gray-bearded face  
Had left its seal—an honored scar—  
The record of most valiant war!  
Which showed that death had barely spared  
The life which he so bravely dared.

He raised his visor then, to breathe  
The fresh crisp air,—placed sword in sheathe,  
Then wound a long, shrill bugle blast  
And mounted horse to leave at last—  
But lingered:—afar he heard the sound  
Of pursuers and of pursued;  
Anear, and scattered o'er the ground,  
The dead and dying close he viewed:  
This form the mangled corpse of one  
Whose battle deeds alas! are done;  
And that a mother clasping fast  
An infant to her frozen breast!

—“ Fold little hands! close little eyes in sleep,  
Death’s angel calls—none need for thee to weep!”  
Thus spake Laudonnière, and then  
He saw upturned a gentle face  
Which senseless lay without a trace  
Of life; and then he knelt before  
The senseless form of Léonore.

—“ So fair, so young, so beautiful!  
Art thou, too, slain, my child, my all!  
Slain by a dastard! cruel foe  
Who shamed his kind by this fell blow!  
Ah! woe is me! alas!  
That I should see the bleeding tress;  
This senseless form, whose lovely grace  
Even in death is beautiful!  
That I should see this pallid face  
And learn, too late, that thou wert all,  
Aye! *all* indeed, that gave to life  
Its charm—and yet, as Ribault’s wife  
Thou wouldst’t be lost to me. Sweet eyes!  
Unclose thy gentle lids and see  
How thou art all in all to me!”  
He held her in his arms; caressed  
Her gently, and as gently kissed  
The pallid lips;—once, twice, *again*—  
He strained her to his breast.

He bowed his head upon her head  
And groaned, though foes attack the glade  
Where Huguenots await their chief  
Who thinks no more of them ; who hears  
But listens not ; nor heeds the fears  
Which erst oppressed him most, that they  
Would fail to hold their own that day.

As climbs the vine around the tree,  
With gentle clasp, and tenderly,  
So had this maiden claimed a part,  
Then all, of the old chieftain's heart.  
She knew it not ; she little dreamed  
That he was not that which he seemed :  
That which he vowed he longed to be  
The day when, pointing from the sea  
To France, he said : " Thy father's friend  
My child, until thy life shall end  
Shall henceforth be thy father."

He trembled ! she had raised her head  
And asked " Where am I ? " " Here with me,"  
He answered, " I will rescue thee ! "  
The rich blood rushes through her veins  
And blushes come, as still he clasps  
Her to his heart. And then his ear  
Caught once again the Spanish cheer :

She seemed to him a feather then,  
And he to her, strongest of men ;  
Speed now, good steed ! thy footsteps fleet  
May once again make safe retreat.

The bridge is passed—the moat is crost  
The tall Knight's plume to sight is lost.  
His horse's hoofs deep-print the sand,  
He turns him thrice with clenched hand  
And dares the fierce and ruthless foe  
Who follow, but in vain pursue.

They reach the ship—but one—the last  
Of all their matchless fleet remains ;  
They hoist upon its topmost mast  
A standard, free from all such stains  
As massacre hath this day given  
To Spain's proud flag—"They cry to heaven !  
The souls of these our martyred slain  
Thus slaughtered, will they cry in vain ?"

Thus thought the few who reached the ship ;  
For helpless ones in wakeless sleep  
Were left unburied ! With feast and song,  
The Spanish victors boast this wrong ;  
For "might makes right," 'tis stoutly claimed  
When Christian standards are unfurled

To drive the Moslem from the world!  
To God the one for victory kneels,  
To Allah the pious Turk appeals;  
And each will pray, and fight, and die  
Thinking that God; who rules the sky,  
Will hear his prayer and damn his foe,—  
And this is all we'll ever know  
Of the God of Battles, for Mars  
Hath not appeared since ancient wars.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### THE FÊTE OF THE CONQUEROR.

Gay were the streets of Augustine  
And thousands thronged to view the scene,  
When Spanish chief, with crown of war,  
Was seated like an Emperor,  
                    To while an idle hour.  
The melodies of music sweet  
Were wafted through the crowded street,  
While courtiers hung around the feet  
                    Of this proud prince's power.

He smiled, and often waved his hand  
To those who passed the Ducal stand,  
Just as a king who ruled the land  
                    Would smile with haughty grace;



He bowed before the vulgar herd  
And spoke the long-considered word,  
To please the fawning, eager crowd  
    Who view the ruler's face.

Anon he beckoned to a maid—  
A dancer—who her devoirs paid  
With sinuous and airy tread  
    Which showed the hidden charm:  
The little foot and ankle round,  
The tapering limbs, so lightly gowned,  
And then, at castanet's quick sound,  
    The bare and lovely arm.

For now he wears the signet ring  
Of haughty Spain's ascetic king,  
And titled heralds loudly do cry:  
    "Long live our noble Prince!  
Menendez de Aviles, Knight  
Of Calatrava; Prince by right  
Of conquest, won by deeds of might;  
And Duke of Augustine!

"Great chieftain of old Aragon!  
A hundred fields in battle won  
Proclaim him now Spain's greatest son  
    And crown with laurel wreath:

Behold his gallant, martial brow  
All seamed across by battle scar;  
His foemen tremble from afar,  
    Though sword be in its sheath!

“—Not one of all the Knights of Spain  
Can show a crest as free from stain,  
As his, whose valiant sword has slain  
    A host of gallant foes;  
Long live the bravest Knight of Spain!  
Who hosts of heretics has slain;  
Long live the Prince of proud Biscayne,  
    And death to all his foes!”

A thousand *vivas* rent the air  
When herald ceased. Then standards wave  
And all the troops assembled there  
Echo the shout: “Long live the brave!”

Ah! then was seen on summer night  
Fit charms to tempt an anchorite!  
The look of love from darkest eyes,  
And *naïve* glance as maiden sighs;  
The olive skin of clear brunette  
And charms that tempt the bright lorgnette  
At opera or festive ball,  
And all our senses do enthral!

To sounds of clicking castanet  
Fair maidens danced the minuet,  
With feet so small and limbs so round  
That seeing seemed to silence sound ;  
With figures plump, handsome and light  
And eyes that flashed 'neath hair of night,  
Thus did these fair Minorcans dance,  
With arms upturned of beauty rare  
And footsteps light as zephyrs are !  
Thus did the gay señor and maiden  
Rejoice as if this land were Eden.

For now the great fête-day is here  
And rattling drums and gleaming spear  
And hosts of troops, both horse and foot,  
The Adelantado salute.  
The morrow dawns ; at early noon,  
Despite the rays of lurid sun  
Which blaze with Southern noon-day heat,  
Caballeros señoras greet,  
At the *Plaza de Toros*,  
The Bull, emerging from the keep  
Where cruel fast had banished sleep,  
And where the dungeon day seemed night,  
And blinded by the dazzling light—  
Now sees at last yon knight and steed  
And charges both with tempest speed.

Mid *vivas* round the *plaza* noised  
The knight rides forth ; his lance is poised,  
His plume bends low toward the Duke,  
With hand as firm and eye as clear  
As ever graced a cavalier,  
Or gave to plebe Patrician look.  
As leaps the lion on its prey  
So rushed the maddened bull that day ;  
So plunged his horns within the breast  
And sides of the defenceless beast  
Which rears impaled, until at last  
It falls, the life-blood flowing fast !

The Picador now leaps forth free  
And turns, that all the crowd may see  
How fearless is his gallantry ;  
He turns again—and well he may—  
For now the bull charges to slay,  
And yet again ! and bears as prize  
The blanket, which now veils his eyes ;  
He bellows loud and, pausing, gores  
The earth with rage ; in tatters tears  
The blanket—then surveys the corse,  
Shakes his head and sees—another horse !

The Picador now lies beneath  
The dying steed, gasping for breath ;

Now man and horse are dragged away  
Amid loud cries and music gay !  
“ Viva ! Viva ! ” the people cry,  
“ Sevilla’s champion draws nigh ! ”  
Clad like the rest in colors gay  
And flowing sash, careless as they—  
While Matadores prick again  
The maddened bull, which writhes with pain—  
He scarcely deigns to notice how  
Bold Toro looks—with graceful bow  
He turns—just in the nick of time !  
To ’scape the bull.

What recks the wounds on neck and breast ?  
“ Caramba ! what a gallant beast !  
Let Carlos come ! ” Thus is the cry  
Which sees the brave Pedrillo die !  
While children and fair maidens feast  
Their eyes upon the bloody beast  
And dying man, with strange delight.  
Yet Christians say this sport is right,  
And children shout : Bravo, Toro !  
And maidens laugh, and roses throw.

“ Let Carlos come ! ” and at the word—  
With blanket-shield and naked sword ;  
With whip-cord muscles, and graces

Fit to adorn great Hercules—  
Leaped quick into the dread *Arene*  
The champion of Augustine.

The “conqueror” looked on, meanwhile,  
With pride of mien and gracious smile ;  
And maids and dames of Augustine,  
In gay attire, enjoyed the scene ;  
For he, the conqueror, had come  
To grant them *fêtes*, and knell the doom  
Of other men as brave as these,  
And murder maidens on bended knees !

The bull, half-blinded now with blood  
And weakening fast, tottering stood  
Defiant of the *vivas* loud,  
Defiant of the heartless crowd ;  
Until, at sound of bugle blast,  
He charged again, and bore as crest  
The crimson blanket. Enraged anew  
He three times charged, until he grew  
Too weak to fight ; and then a stroke,  
So truly dealt, that it did look  
Like needle prick, ended the fight  
And lifeless bull lay prone in sight ;  
And joyous crowds cried loud again :  
“ Long live the Duke of Augustine ! ”

They call this sport ! themselves they call  
The only Christians among us all !  
This "arena:" like that of old  
When Christian slaves were bought and sold  
To furnish sport for Nero's eye,  
Who laughed to see his victims die !

Not mad bull then, but tigers wild  
And savage lions dared the field ;  
Not gold the object, but the life  
Of Christian slaves hung on the strife !  
There Princes said, as Pagans smiled :  
" These be but Christians who are killed :  
The babe which yonder tiger fed  
Was taken from a Christian's bed !"  
And, like to these, Menendez slew  
As carelessly a Christian crew,  
Who were " but Huguenots," 'tis true.

And who can say what error is,  
When people claim that heresies  
Blind those who will not tamely heed  
Some special faith, or rite, or creed  
The Chinese hold that only they,  
Led by Confucius, know the way ;  
Four hundred million there do live  
And yet, 'tis said, the records give,

With forty million Christians here,  
More murders in a single year!

\* \* \* \* \*

With tireless wings the sea-gull flies  
Greeting the breakers with its cries,  
Nor rests, though turn him where he may  
He views but billows of the sea;  
Bird of the ocean! wing thy flight  
Above the trackless waves to-night;  
Peer down into the caverns deep  
Where monsters in sea-valleys sleep,  
For thou alone art monarch where  
No other bird can soar in air;

Nor can the tempest's driving spray  
Lashing the ocean, stem thy way;  
Though clouds grew black as waves grew white,  
While ebon folds of darkest night  
Hung o'er the waters—obscured the shore  
Until its lines were seen no more,—  
The white gulls screamed, and skimmed the sea.  
So strong of wing, so proudly free,  
It seemed that they could ever flee!

The sea was rough and turbid waves  
Arose on high, then yawned like graves



Or hollow troughs, wherein the blue  
Beneath white crests was lost to view.  
Ah, soul of love! uphold thy right,  
For never did more sombre night  
Cast shadows darker round a life  
More fit to love, more cursed with strife!  
Alas! on ocean's briny tracks  
Were scattered fragments of the wrecks.

The Spanish chieftain scans the sky  
Where dark clouds roll, where eagles fly  
And swoop and dart cross lightning's path  
And shriek with joy at tempest's wrath.  
The day grows drear; dark clouds enfold  
The opaque sky: then thunder rolled  
With threatening sound, and blast on blast  
'Neath heaven's dome succeeded fast,  
And forked lightning traced the sky  
With line of fire, dazzling the eye.

With form erect and steady pace  
Menendez walked: his swarthy face  
Frown'd sternly, while two thousand braves  
Worked on the wall like galley slaves.

The Indian hath a soul as true  
To love and hope, as if he drew

His life-blood from the whitest breast  
That ever innocent caressed ;  
But now, condemned to labor there  
And sleep at night in prison air,  
His downcast look and humble mien,—  
So unlike what he once had been—  
Seemed rather that of conquered slave  
Than free-born, fearless Indian brave.  
So seemed one who, with head bent low,  
Thus spake to the Adelantado :  
“—Some Christians, wrecked on yonder shore,  
Who seem to be in great distress,  
Are making signals for succor.”

'Twas in a wild, unsheltered spot  
Where isles and islets check the sea,  
And winds and waves play with the spray,  
And salt-sea meadows seem to float :  
'Twas where the luscious wild grapes hung  
Profusely, from the vines low flung  
That sweep the river's rising tides :  
Where pomegranates, red-ripe and sweet,  
Wave from the boughs and gently meet ;  
'Twas where the Indian's canoe glides,  
That Spaniards stood along the shore  
In battle-line, while 'cross the stream  
Grouped close, were shipwrecked men, who bore

Standards and arms; and then the gleam  
Of helmets, breast-plates, swords and shields,  
Shone in the dazzling noon-day light;  
And then—the sign that foeman yields —  
They raised the flag of truce, all white.  
Not there do lofty mountains stand  
With crags and battlements in air,  
But one long beach of whitest sand,  
Fringes the wide blue waters there.  
The loon and paroquet are seen,  
And pelican and long-billed crane;  
The “Lady of Waters” sails in sight  
With graceful form, and plumage white;  
And flocks of herons greet the wise curlew  
Skimming the surface of the blue.

The Spaniards saw a gray-haired man,  
Whose form was robust, tall, and lithe,  
And round him crowded shipwrecked men  
Who seemed to hold but lightly life,  
If he would lead them in the strife;  
But no! the chieftain bent his head  
And kissed, with rev'rent courtesy,  
The hand of Léonore.—“For thee,  
Sweet lady, I would shackles wear  
If that would save to thee a tear,—  
If that would win thee from despair.

He turned toward the soldiers then :  
“—And ye, my comrades, show yon men  
The Huguenots’ fidelity !”  
Like vassals each bent loyal knee  
Before the girl, that all might see  
That which they held more sacred than  
The proudest heritage of man :  
Their knightly pledge of chivalry.  
There knelt De Rohan, of noble line,  
Whose fame was known from “ Father Rhine ”  
To Pyrenees, and throughout Spain ;  
De Gourgues, whose fame was far and wide,  
Knelt by the Duke de Rohan’s side ;  
And other knights as brave as they  
Knelt on the island beach that day.  
By this one act, these gallant men  
Brought back her former life again,  
When all that rank and wealth confers,  
Land, titles, honors, *all* were hers !

Now cresting waves, now lost to view,  
Laudonnière guides the swift canoe  
To where the swarthy Spaniards stand ;  
But, ere he steps upon the land,  
He waves them back with haughty hand,  
Unbuckles belt, unsheathes his sword  
And flings it far into the sea !

Then quickly drops upon one knee  
To kiss again the maiden's hand,  
'Then leads her, like a queen, to land.  
The Spaniards see the sword sink deep  
Into the sea, but silence keep.

The signet of a woman's worth,  
And surest test of gentle birth,  
Is modesty,  
The charm that links her to the sky,  
The blossom that can never die!  
They saw it when she veiled her face  
As best she could, nor saw a trace  
Of all the deep, unspoken woe  
Which noble natures will not show.  
And when the eager Spaniards saw  
Her modest mien they looked with awe  
Upon such patience as she then,  
In presence of these hostile men,  
Thus sweetly showed. Though veiled her face,  
They could but note her faultless grace:  
The gentleness, yet princely air  
With which she met their glances there.

With form erect and noble head,  
Like one whose place it was to lead,  
The chieftain to Menendez said:

“—I’ve come to ask a soldier’s aid—  
Not for myself—’twere idle here  
To seek to save Laudonnière—  
But as a soldier I do crave  
The lives of yonder soldiers brave.  
My silver hairs have done with strife,  
And soon as thou hast said, the life  
Of lady Léonore shall be  
As pure, as sacred, and as free  
As when a ruthless king exiled  
The Admiral Coligny’s child ;  
And promise me that thou wilt spare  
The lives of men who famish there,  
Yet who most willingly will die  
With arms in hand, rather than try  
A captive’s fate : Chieftain, I swear  
Their penalty and mine to bear.  
I yield—do what thou wilt with me,  
But aid the rest to cross the sea.”

“—Thou pleadest as the brave do plead,  
Who only do the noble deed ;  
I do not war upon the fair,  
The maiden hath no cause for fear,  
Nor have thy men, for I will spare  
The lives of all who yield them here.  
As for Coligny’s child, I swear,

Even were she of the Moslem sect,  
Menendez would *her* life protect."

The veteran started at this name,  
And said, with eyes kindling aflame :  
"—Then thou art he who twice hath dared  
To cope with me—whom I have spared  
E'en when thy form was 'neath my knee!  
*Then* maidens sought in vain to flee ;  
Then was my heel upon thy neck,  
And round us lay, in mortal wreck,  
Defenceless men and women, slain  
By thy command, false knight of Spain!  
Now hear me ! though shipwrecked and few,  
And though my men thy host doth view,  
And though we do not yield to thee,  
But rather to the stormy sea :—  
I curse thee, Spaniard, to thy face  
For that inhuman, vile disgrace !"

Menendez' face grew angry black,  
As haughtily he waved him back  
And muttered :—"Thou shalt feel the rack !"

Where fair Nature smiled with Spring's sweetest  
smile  
The Huguenots landed, on the shores of an Isle  
Where a herd of wild deer freely browsed 'neath the  
trees,  
Till a high-antlered stag raised his head, snuffed the  
breeze,  
And, with one warning note, led the fear-stricken  
troop,  
With a fleet, airy leap swiftly past the strange group  
Through the wild orange grove till they passed out  
of sight.  
And an old Indian stood watching them, and the  
flight  
Of the fast fleeing deer; then he held up an oar,  
And beckoned the strangers to come from the shore.  
His countenance was grave and his long raven hair  
Proclaimed him a Prophet. With a wish to beguile  
The slow hours away while at rest in this bay  
They had come to the shore on this bright summer  
day;  
But when the old Indian by signs told the tale  
Of the late massacre,—swarthy faces turned pale,  
For they saw their comrades had been massacred  
there!

When he showed them, by signs, how these Hugue-  
nots fell—



How the bones of the dead, left to bleach on yon  
hill,  
Were the sport of coyotes, and the carrion prey  
Of yon vultures that hovered over them and the  
sea,—  
And showed them the hollows made by claws in the  
sands  
Whence the flesh had been torn from the manacled  
hands  
Of the unburied slain;—the waves witnessed then,  
As they close-clenched their hands, the oaths of  
these men!

“—Speed, vengeance! thou art mine, fierce child of  
my love!  
Hear my oath, and record it, ye angels above!  
I swear by high heaven to give blood back for blood,  
Take an eye for an eye, render Cæsar his due,  
And hang high as Haman these men, who have shed  
The blood of the helpless!  
Ah! can it be true? shall I see thee no more,  
Sweet angel? my idol, my own Léonore!”

Then his eyes caught the words deep engraved on a  
tree:  
“—Not as Frenchmen, but Lutherans, that all men  
may see

The vengeance of Catholics, when foul heresy  
 Lifts its head in this land! I, the Adelantado  
 Pedro Menendez, for King Philip of Spain,  
 And for our Religion, have in Florida slain  
 Three hundred heretics,—all Frenchmen and Hu-  
     guenots!”

As the blast to the thunder, as the flash to the vein  
 Of red lightning, which rends the black heavens in  
     twain,

The fierce indignation of Count Ribault broke forth  
 As he held high his hand and then uttered an oath,  
 With heaven as witness, and the manes of the dead  
 And the waves of the sea to hear what he said.

“All Frenchmen and traitors!”—then flashed on  
     his brain

The hopeful reflection: “Léonore was not slain,  
 And I'll search the wide earth till I find her again!”

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Finer than fabrics from the loom  
 Is that which spiders weave in tomb  
 Of human captives—a web so fine,  
 So intricate its silken meshes,  
 And soft as maiden's lovely tresses,  
 That Solomon could scarce divine  
 Its mystery of warp and woof

As spider spun on dungeon roof ;  
Nor human hands, with all the skill  
Which art subjects to human will,  
Toiling labor from morn to night,  
Can fashion fabrics so frail and slight  
Yet strong enough for spider's weight.  
It twines its net where struggling fly  
And ruthless spider drawing nigh,  
Greet the captive's eye. The ball  
From which the spinner spun this thread  
Seemed small but limitless, and made  
So as to let the spider fall  
Or climb it with as steady air  
As if the skeins formed winding stair.  
The spider claimed him as a friend  
And crawled unharmed upon his hand.  
Oft in the vigils of the night  
Minutes seemed hours, and Time's slow flight  
Pictured the hollowness of fame  
Which had so trumpeted his name :  
Why was he now, whose former power  
Could summon round him in an hour  
A thousand men who followed where  
His black plume led—whose single sword  
Was worth a thousand more—ignored  
By friends and foes alike !  
Thus were the captive's thoughts, for he  
Knew nothing of the treachery

Which had given his comrades o'er  
To massacre ; nor that Léonore  
Was now a captive. He thought that she  
Had, long ere this, reached France and home,  
And that the maiden's life was free  
Because of his selected doom.  
"—Hard as it is," the captive said,  
"'Tis sweet to know I saved the maid ; that I  
Alone, in felon's cell shall die."

He could not raise his form upright,  
So short the chain—so bent his form  
With failing strength : and though the light  
Of day brightened with joyous gleam  
The world without, 'twas dark as night  
Within the cell where the captive lay,  
Who scarce could tell the night from day.

He bent his head :—" 'Twas but the sea  
Beating with sad monotony  
My prison walls. No voice comes nigh,  
No living thing, no laugh, nor sigh,  
No fellowship, nor sympathy  
Of human-kind e'er comes to me !  
What now am I ? 'tis useless here—  
'Tis worse than useless anywhere—  
To prate of ills that captives bear.

I'll welcome death most willingly,  
But, long as fate confines me here,  
It shall not humble Laudonnière!  
As strong in will, though weak in frame,  
As careful of my own good name,  
As resolute as if proud fame  
With trumpet notes and loud acclaim  
Pronounced me great:—come woe, come weal,  
They'll find my mettle truest steel!"

He scarce had finished, when the sound  
Of stealthy steps entered his cell;  
He raised him from the damp, cold ground  
And bent his head to listen well:  
"—Speak, friend! who greets Laudonnière,  
What human soul approaches near?"  
'Twas dark as midnight—though evening sun  
In cirrous skies had scarce begun  
To course toward its setting. A light  
Struck by an Indian, flint to flint—  
As miner's strokes in caverns glint—  
Revealed to the old captive's sight  
An Indian brave, who sought to flee—  
For wrists and ankles showed that he  
Had borne but lately clanking chains  
That left upon his limbs their stains.—  
With hand on lip as if to say:

“—Keep silence, captive, that I may  
Make good escape ;”—he raised a stone,  
Waved quick farewell, leaped down, was gone !  
The fugitive had left no trace  
And, as the stone dropped back in place,  
The captive smiled :—“ One prisoner less,  
One thought the more, one hope to bless  
And cheer at last my loneliness—”

What more the captive might have said  
We do not know ; another tread  
He heard—a step that often ceased,  
The cat-like footstep of a priest—  
For only he did sometimes come  
To wrest the captive from the tomb :  
And often had he tried—and failed—  
To change a heart that never quailed.  
He answered thus the scheming priest :  
“—Not for the charms of liberty,  
Not for my life, will I to thee,  
False priest, forswear the past, forswear  
The principles that cast me here.  
My honor as a man is given  
To hold me true—’fore man and heaven—  
And not for all the sweets of peace  
Would I thus purchase my release.  
Go ! caitiff, go ! and tell thy master

My strength may fail, my sores may fester,  
And life, receding, bend my frame,  
Yet I will not recant, or shame  
That which I prize the most—my name !”

The bolts were drawn, a priest came in  
With shuffling gait and subtle mien,  
And, as the captive turned his head,  
The crafty Spaniard softly said :  
“—Laudonnière, a slave hath fled—  
Thy freedom I will grant to thee  
If thou wilt shew this slave to me,—  
A crazy girl escaped to-day  
From her chamber—came she this way?  
I fear me 'twas her artful hand  
Which did unlock the iron band  
That bound the Guale chieftain's wrist,  
And freed the captive from the priest.”

“—Not mine the task, nor mine the will,  
To act the spy, or secrets tell ;  
I would far rather aid the flight  
Of captive, be he red or white,  
Than show thee, like a sleuth-hound, where  
Slaves flee from masters in despair !  
Go ask thy victims ! Question the dead,  
And let them say where he hath fled !”

The cell door opened, the man of blood,  
Menendez, in the doorway stood ;  
No pity was in that dark face  
For him who would not sue for grace.  
All, all was dark, cruel and cold ;  
Base spirit in a breast so bold,  
That none but stoutest knight could stand  
Before the weight of his strong brand.

The face of old Laudonnière  
Evinced no change ; no trace of fear,  
No thought nor look, nor tinge of shame  
Across that manly visage came.  
He raised his feeble form as high  
As chains and pillar would allow,  
And looked to see who thus drew nigh,  
But did not deign to speak or bow.  
The man whom he had spared was there  
To gloat upon his proud despair !  
The scornful glance shone in his eye  
Turned full upon Menendez then,—  
The knowledge that he soon must die  
Or yield, but stronger nerved the man ;  
The long white hair fell down his back,  
The long white beard concealed his neck,  
And tattered garments clothed the wreck  
Of stout and bold Laudonnière ;



But still he would not breathe a prayer.  
“—Thou art the last—ill-fated man—  
The very last of all thy clan  
Save one—the lady Léonore.  
If thou art stubborn, obdurate,  
She shall endure as hard a fate  
As withered flower ;—Léonore  
Shall, after pleasure’s reign is o’er,  
Speak humbly, yield unto my will  
Long after thy cold corse is still !

Like thee, she is defiant now ;  
Like thine, her spirit will not bow ;  
I swear that she shall know my rage  
Like ‘prisoned bird in gilded cage ;  
Know what it is to make a foe  
Who still is loath to strike the blow  
Fatal to hope, which virtue rends  
And leaves her to the scorn of friends !  
No other hope, no other aid  
Is thine, but thou canst save the maid  
And thy poor life, if thou wilt say  
‘I am a Catholic,’ this day.”

Then flashed the captive’s eyes with ire :  
“—If death await—and death by fire—  
I hold myself, ruffian, too true

To falsely kneel, or basely sue!  
 My shrunken limbs are well-nigh bare;  
 My form is bent, and white my hair;  
 But, Spaniard, hear! I would not crave  
 One boon from thee my life to save!  
 Rather than live a life of shame  
 I'd welcome the red tongue of flame;  
 Feel the knout, or suffer my back  
 To be slow-broken by yon rack.  
 But Léonore!"—One arm was raised  
 And voice grew hoarse as eyes now blazed—  
 One shackle snapped—one hand was free,  
 And, quick as thought, one giant blow  
 From angry captive felled his foe!

\* \* \* \* \*

What does she there? Yon maiden fair  
 As is the fresh young budding rose,  
 Looks down with sweet abstracted air  
 Where soft and full Matanzas flows:  
 Where sun-light ripples, dancing, gleam,  
 And willows, stooping, kiss the stream.  
 She sees it all; and thinks that she,  
 Hidden by curtain drapery,  
 Herself is all unseen: and yet  
 The curtain, nor the falling hair  
 Nor dress, conceal a budding pair  
 Which peeps from out the summer fold

And shows the charm of youth, untold,  
Unknown, and pure as vestal vase  
Or as the gentle maiden's face ;  
So pure, so fair and innocent,  
So young and lovely, that 'twas meant,  
Undoubtedly, to grace a home :  
This flower budding into bloom.

And who is she? who leans now o'er  
The balcony to pluck a flower  
From creeping vine, which clammers there  
To mingle flowers with her hair?  
Thus thought a minstrel who drew near  
And tuned the strings of soft guitar ;  
She looks and sighs as mem'ry brings  
Its treasure store—the minstrel sings :

*“ The moving clouds with mantle gray  
Float peacefully, onward, away ;  
And 'neath thy surface, flashing bright,  
Gleam stars like diamonds of the night :  
Flow, rio, flow ! away ! away !  
Haste onward to the rolling sea !*

*“ Behold the sheen from fleecy fold  
Flash in the stream, like wan of gold,  
And, 'joy the moonbeams dancing quiver*

*Gilding the wavelets of the river ;  
Roll onward to the deep blue sea,  
Flow, rio, flow ! away ! away !*

*“ The earth is covered o’er with green  
And moon-lit sky is soft, serene  
Where countless stars with silv’ry light  
Kindle the pathless dome of night ;  
Flow, rio, flow ! away ! away !  
Mingle thy currents with the sea.*

*“ The great Magnolia’s flowers glow  
To-night like lilies, white as snow ;  
The breeze is sweet with perfumes rare  
That ladens this soft Southern air ;  
Would, would that she with me could view  
Thy dimpled stream, rio, adieu ! ”*

Why starts from eyes the pearly tear?  
Why shudders she with sudden fear?  
Is it because the maiden’s glance  
Hath seen a form she knew in France?  
Is it for this the maiden kneels  
And clasps her hands in silent prayer?  
He knows not that the maiden kneels  
But quick attunes his sweet guitar ;  
While sentry’s step goes back and forth

From north to south, from south to north,  
 And sentry's cry of: "All is well!"  
 Is answered from yon castle-wall;  
 And, scarcely had the red thrush bade  
 His sweet adieu in the neighb'ring glade,  
 When the minstrel sang this serenade:

*"I come from a land afar, a land where soft guitar  
 And the magic flute,  
 Reply to harper's strain, reply with love's refrain  
 Reply—with sweet salute.*

*"Bright stars of tropic sky, full moon slow sailing by  
 On peaceful azure sea;  
 Aid now the minstrel's lay, where is my lady—say—  
 Oh! stars tell this to me!*

*Dear eyes of deepest blue; dear heart so proudly true,  
 Sweet little lily hand!  
 Would I could clasp again, form, hand, and heart in  
 mine,  
 Then life might gladly end!*

*Where does my lady sleep? may angels vigils keep  
 Over my lady's rest;  
 Sweet be her slumbers deep, may no dark troubles sweep  
 Over my lady's breast!*

*I've crossed the stormy sea, dear love, in search of thee,  
 Come, love! hasten to me;  
 Here 'neath the orange tree, lady I'll wait for thee,  
 Hasten, my love, to me!*

As minstrel ceased, a paper scroll  
 From prison window was let fall.  
 He seized it, bore it to his lips,  
 Then hearkened to the sentry's step.  
 "—Gain quickly, minstrel,"—thus it read,  
 "Gain quickly yonder chaparral. . . ."  
 And then he heard the hurried tread  
 Of many feet in castle hall:—  
 "—You stand as if upon the brink  
 Of some hot crater;—blood—not ink  
 Serves now my pen;—flee, Ribault, flee!  
 If, unknown minstrel, thou art he!"  
 The clash of arms, the cries of men,  
 As minstrel fled, resounded then.

Ah fatal beauty! thine the store  
 Whence come thy troubles, Léonore!  
 Not Lethe's bliss, but chalice full  
 Of misery, alas! is thine!  
 For he too, knelt at beauty's shrine—  
 The Spanish chief—who saw the charm  
 Of pensive face and graceful form,

Which gave to thee that beauty rare.  
Which doomed thy heart to mute despair!

'Twas when he whiled an idle hour  
In her sweet presence, one balmy day,  
He felt the mute unconscious power  
Of innocence; nor dared to say  
One ruffian word. Her gentleness,  
Her saddened eyes and dire distress,  
Forbade an act, or e'en a word  
Which purity could not have heard  
Without a blush. Though prisoned here  
Her every want was well supplied  
As if she were the chieftain's bride;  
Nor did she know that Laudonnière  
Was chained a prisoner: nor that those  
Who had surrendered to their foes  
Without a blow, had all been slain;  
She only wondered why this chief,  
Who seemed to share a captive's grief,  
Could prison her, to whom he swore  
He'd share his love, and pledge his life,  
If she would only be his wife.

Who knows right well the human breast  
Knows that such love, when gently drest,  
Uttered alike with voice and eye

And manner of deep sympathy,  
Doth nurture love, or gratitude  
Where love is not: hence 'twas she stood  
Before Menendez—not as a foe  
Nor as a captive, but as one  
Who sought to soften the harsh blow  
Of unrequited love.—“Señor, why  
Am I kept in captivity?  
What is my crime? why this duress?  
Can one who loves me thus oppress  
Her whom he asks to share his life!  
To yield her love to him as wife?  
And where is he—Laudonnière—  
Best and bravest! my noblest friend,  
Who yielded to thy conquering hand?”

“My king, sweet lady, with harsh command  
Forbids our union. I kiss thy hand  
And swear—despite my loyal oath—  
If Catholic with Huguenot  
Shall wed, to make thee mine, as soon  
As thou shalt grant the priceless boon,  
Thy willing hand. Throughout this land  
From North to South, from sand to sand  
Of either sea, I rule alone—  
All—all I have shall be thine own:  
Then cast thy foolish faith aside,  
And thou shalt be a ruler's bride.



And, Léonore, I swear to thee  
A husband's faithful loyalty.  
This fortress-castle, San Marco  
Shall be thine own ; and lives no foe  
So void of sense, so bold of tongue  
Who ever hath the gauntlet flung,  
Before the Adelantado,  
Who hath not quailed beneath my blow !  
Thou a prisoner now, can be  
The mistress of this land and sea ;  
And reign as mistress in a heart  
Which hath not known thy counterpart :  
Which hath not learned to love before,  
But yields now captive—Léonore !”

Menendez paused—but no reply  
Greeted the ardent lover's eye,  
'Twas then they heard, from orange grove  
The minstrel's song ; and low and sweet  
From yonder tree a cooing dove  
Began its lay. He strode away,  
Like captain who has lost the day,  
And sought the garden, where the breeze  
From ocean cooled his brow, and trees  
Seemed beckoning to him to come  
And listen to the song. His gloom  
Was changed to wrath : Who is he

Who comes, as to a trysting tree,  
And sings, as if 'twas Léonore  
Not minstrelsy, which brings him here?"

Menendez rose—not then did wire  
Belt the wide earth with electric fire,  
Nor 'cross the valleys of the sea,  
Flash lightning currents: so rapidly  
That what was done, but yesterday,  
Is known to all the world to-day.  
Nor had he heard how France had freed  
All Huguenots; nor that the deed,  
Which whelmed in one three hundred graves,  
Was known to Ribault and his braves—  
Whelmed in one? we erred, for not one  
Was made when that dark deed was done!

Impatient frowns furrowed his face  
As Menendez watched the minstrel's place;  
—"Who is he?" thus the chieftain thought  
Yet listened—not to music's note,  
But to the words—"Yon minstrel's air  
Is not such as Bohemians bear;  
Nor yet is he like 'Troubadour;  
No licensed minstrel he, I swear!  
'Tis some dare-devil lurking here!  
Methought all were slain—Moscoso

Shall suffer should he prove a foe !”  
And then Menendez saw the scroll,—  
The maiden’s anxious look :—and all  
The fears of doubting lover’s soul  
Began the chieftain to appal ;  
Nor was he last among the men  
Who fast pursued the minstrel then.

A vase of flowers cast fragrance o’er  
The prison room, as Léonore,—  
Who saw the minstrel scale the wall  
And heard the sentry’s challenge call,  
And saw pursuers fast pursue  
And heard still others cry and hue—  
Knelt tremblingly to pray.

Fair as the rose in early bloom  
Was she who entered then the room ;  
Pure as the lily seemed her face  
Where innocence, and love, and grace  
Had gently stamped their sweet impress :  
And yet she wore the convent’s dress :  
The synonym of gentleness.

The Nun’s quick footsteps softly glide  
Close to the kneeling captive’s side ;

A light hand on her shoulder fell,  
And then she heard a figure kneel,  
And saw the "sister's" spotless veil.

One saw a Protestant's sweet face,  
One felt a Catholic's embrace,  
And when, their silent prayers o'er,  
The sweet young Nun led Léonore,  
She went with her, hand clasped in hand,  
As if she was some long-loved friend.

Trust forms its own sweet alchemy,  
And welds our hearts with sympathy ;  
And though as strangers met these two,  
Each felt that new-found friend was true.  
The stranger led her to the door,  
Then through the hall, and Léonore  
With trusting heart, and yielding hand  
And earnest look, followed her friend :  
She knew not who she was, nor cared,  
She only knew that each had dared  
To brave the Spanish chieftain's ire,  
Born of a libertine's desire.

They quickly traversed then the hall,  
Entered the garden, stood at the wall,—  
And then the Spanish maiden said \*

In Spanish tongue :—" Yon dark gray mass,  
Is a Convent, and if, alas!  
Menendez hath cast eyes on thee,  
'Twere better that the grave should be  
Thy heart's refuge! tears turn to stone  
When virtue yields; thy hope alone  
Sweet friend is yonder Convent, where  
No human might can harm a hair  
Of thy young head. Thy friends are slain;  
But one now lives: Laudonnière,  
Who suffers in a gloomy cell,  
And suffers more than mortal pain.  
Persuade thyself to enter there—  
No safety dwells for thee elsewhere."  
The two embraced, and then the Nun  
Left Léonore to pray alone;  
For none but willing heart could wear  
The sacred veil of vestal there;  
For they are pure, and ev'ry race  
Hath need to bless the "Sister's" face,  
Which is as gentle, and as chaste  
As chaste can be in human breast.

With outstretched arms in pleading prayer  
The stricken girl stood trembling there,  
A victim to her dark despair!  
The future seemed a dread abyss

And life full of unhappiness ;  
She heeded not the threatening sky  
Or whistling wind swift passing by ;  
The rain swept o'er her, and the storm  
Seemed reaching down to seize her form,  
And yet she stood by open gate  
And thought of the poor minstrel's fate,  
A victim to the Spaniard's hate !  
And then of all those gallant men  
By treachery, in cold blood slain ;  
She heard again the battle cries :  
The shriek of her who vainly flies ;  
The maid's appeal ; the wild despair  
When children's brains are dashed in air,  
And stricken mothers welter there !

She did not know, 'till now, 'twas he  
Who caused this wanton butchery.  
Despite the storm the captive stands  
And raises up beseeching hands  
In earnest, heartfelt prayer :

*“—Father in heaven, Creator of light  
Guide, in the darkness, my footsteps to-night,  
Protect me from despair ;  
Alone and friendless I pray in thy sight  
Heavenly Father ! shield me with Thy might,  
Heed an orphan's prayer !”*

*Christ my Redeemer, my trust is in Thee,  
 Life is a burdensome trial to me,  
     Let me Thy refuge share ;  
 Last of my race, I pray unto Thee  
 Jesus, my Saviour ! let death set me free,  
     Heed an exile's prayer !”*

A heavy hand her two hands grasped,  
 An arm around her waist was clasped,  
 She struggled, then, her hands to free  
 And, struggling, sank upon her knee ;  
 He raised her gently, then released  
 The maiden, whom he thus addressed :

—“ Thy fears, sweet lady, are misplaced,  
 I'd have them by full trust replaced ;  
 I would not harm thee, gentle maid,  
 For all the realms God ever made !  
 But thou shouldst know that, though thou art  
 A captive here, and though my heart  
 Gives all its wealth of love to thee,  
 Yet thou canst never hope to flee.

“ More watchful than the lynx's eyes  
 Are eyes of love, which quick descries  
 Each longing of thy heart to leave  
 Him who would be thy willing slave,

List to me well : I love thee more,  
Sweet, peerless, lovely Léonore  
Than I have ever loved before ;  
Mine is not passion's fleet desire,  
That fans to flame to soon expire—  
A Spaniard loves with fiercer fire—  
It rests with thee to end this strife,  
And sweeten every hour of life  
By bidding my fond hopes to live :  
I'll give thee all that love can give—  
Wealth, honors, power, and a place  
Well suited to thy queenly grace."

Like one unnerved by startling fear,  
She followed up the castle stair ;  
She answered not, nor sought to check  
The sudden tears, for now the wreck  
Of new-born hopes had sadly fled ;  
Nor did it seem that she had heard  
Of all his speech a single word :—  
And, waxing wroth, Menendez said :  
"Choose quick ! for maiden I do swear  
" 'Tis thus alone that thou can'st save  
Thy saviour from a felon's grave ;  
Yield now to me thy willing hand,  
Or I will give the harsh command  
To swing from yonder turret high



Him, whom *thou* hast condemned to die!  
Consent—and he shall go forth free  
And thou shalt strike the shackles loose,  
Refuse—and thy old friend shall die.  
Shrink not from me! each shrieking cry  
Within these walls will seem a sigh  
This stormy night. Nor pride of race  
Shall free thee from my fond embrace,  
*Till hag grows haggard, dame beldame*  
*And all my troops shall mock thy shame!*”

Then spake the Nun, who at the door  
Stood unperceived by Léonore:  
—“ Forbear, Menendez, I forbid!  
Think not that thy base crimes are hid!  
'Tis not two years since Inez died;  
I saw thee tear the cloth aside  
And gaze on thy victim—poor child!  
Pure as a blossom undefiled;  
Sweet as the violet, and bright  
As is the sunbeam to the sight.  
Two years ago—and fair as truth;  
Inez died in the bloom of youth!  
Deceived by thee, then cast aside  
Ere thou hadst made her thy young bride!”  
The Nun then turned to Léonore:

—“ Leave thou the world, its charity,  
Though loud proclaimed by Pharisee,  
Closes its doors, shuts out the light  
From woman’s heart with cruel might ;  
Leave thou the world, that turns its back,  
*Unlike the Christ*, upon the wreck  
Of innocence ! Prosperity  
With purple robes and livery  
Scoffs at the poor ; while poverty  
Bears down yon crouching misery !  
The guilty ’scape, the guiltless flee,  
And man laughs on !

The common herd  
Lingers to hear each ribald word,  
And all approve—for wealth was power  
When he, a villain, ruled the hour  
Two years ago with pleasures gay,  
To while the summer days away ;  
Meanwhile she died—ruthlessly slain !”

She said no more. The fearful strain,  
It seemed, had clouded now the brain  
Of Léonore ; with timid glance  
She turned to meet the Nun’s advance,  
But when the last sad moment came  
To save his life—whate’er the cost—

Her woman's heart o'ercame her pride,  
And then she gave her hand as bride.  
Again the Nun cried,—“ I forbid ! ”  
And Léonore, with swimming head  
And reeling brain, sank to the floor ;  
The gentle Nun, now bending o'er  
Her senseless form, chafed hands and face  
And waved Menendez from the place.

She held him by some mystic power,  
For, though Menendez would not cower  
Before a mortal, yet he obeyed  
Reluctantly, then, turning, said :  
—“ Nina, away ! that mortal dies—  
Be she like angel from the skies—  
Who thwarts my will, or thus defies  
Menendez here ? Dost thou not know  
That there are cells 'neath San Marco  
Where e'en a Nun may chance to lie ? ”

—“ I know it well, and thee defy !  
Thou darest not doom me to die ;  
I saved thee once—ungrateful man  
Away ! or thou shalt feel the ban  
From which my prayers once saved thee ! ”

Whate'er the cause, the chief obeyed ;  
 Whate'er the end, the Nun did lead  
 The lady Léonore away  
 Unhindered, ere the dawn of day ;  
 And once within those convent walls  
 No human might the will appals :  
 No power, save divine, can make  
 Unwilling bride a husband take ;  
 Nor will even Menendez dare  
 The wrath of her who governs there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Far sound the cries of swift curlew,  
 And slowly now a small canoe  
 All softly glided into view ;  
 The oar so lightly touched the stream  
 It seemed unreal—some fairy dream  
 Of Arcadie—and she a sprite  
 Who ruled the sylvan stream at night ;  
 Her shoulders and her arms were bare,  
 Her bronze-like breasts, a wondrous pair,  
 Though half-concealed by raven hair,  
 Seemed fairer, fuller, rounder far  
 Than those of Milo's Venus are.

She gained the centre of the stream  
 And watched the fast-descending gleam  
 Of sunset on the farther shore

As if to list the sound of oar  
Or see another bateau glide  
Toward her own, from yonder side.

The partridge from its covert fled,  
The wild sea-crane raised high its head ;  
The plover, too, as quickly hied ;  
And loud the flying wild-goose cried ;  
As down the west the setting sun  
Tinted the brilliant horizon  
With glowing light ; at last its ray  
Kisses the hills, then fades away :  
The amber light now fills the vales  
With soft re-glow, then slowly trails  
The deepening shadows of twilight  
Until the earth is veiled by night.  
A maiden grieves, as lovers grieve—  
For Indian loves as others love—  
Her eyes, which looked with fond love-light  
To Coacoochee's eyes last night  
Now weep with premonition's woe,  
As the hours, fleeting, come and go  
*And he comes not.* At trysting place,  
With beating heart and anxious face,  
She lingers long and patient waits,  
Prays to the Sun—and all the Fates  
That Coacoochee may be spared :

For well she knows that he hath dared  
To grapple with the Spanish foe.

With the great Adelantado  
Whose iron heart and arm of might  
She knew the chief would seek in fight.  
She trembled then—for who that loves  
As did this maiden, hath not fears  
When such a foe as this appears?  
Perchance her own fond lover may  
Fall 'neath this doughty chieftain's knee--  
For well she knew he would not flee—  
She knew that he would fighting, fall,  
Or sound the Spanish chieftain's knell  
With homeward thrust and Indian yell;  
'Till foeman welters in his gore,  
And Spaniard falls to rise no more!  
For thus the Indian chieftain swore:  
—“ My Thronatiska ere the sun  
Shall rise, and sink 'neath horizon,  
The wrongs, oppressions, and disgrace  
Which hath so manacled my race—  
Until the once free Seminole  
Hath supple knee and coward soul,—  
Shall be revenged! Our foes shall die  
Ere sun hath reddened Western sky!

—“ But Thronatiska, sweet—my own!—  
 In life, in death, we are but one ;  
 Thy dark-brown eye, like the gazelle’s,  
 Is full of tears ; thy bosom swells,  
 And trembling form clasped close to mine  
 Says thou art mine, as I am thine !  
 Farewell ! should I not hither come—  
 To kiss these cheeks like rose a-bloom—  
 Thou’ll meet me in the spirit home.”

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

*Eyes that were radiant, why are they sad ?  
 Sweet Thronatiska what hast thou read  
 In the pages of evening till the sun-tints were gone,  
 Hands clasped above thee, pleading alone ?*

*Bride of the honey-moon where is thy bridegroom ?  
 Blossom of happiness where is thy bloom ?  
 Heaves now her bosom, eyes scarce can see,  
 Hear her, Great Spirit, pleading to thee !*

*Heaves now her bosom, eyes scarce can see :  
 —“ World that I loved so, farewell to thee ! ”  
 Sweet zephyrs of evening, murmur afar,  
 Murmur the sorrows of Thronatiska !*

*Pride of the Seminole, lovely brown thrush,  
 Slowly the sun-set deepens its blush ;*

*Pure as the dew-drop, or pearl of the sea,  
Pride of the Seminole, farewell to thee!*

*Waiting, still waiting, till the sun went to rest  
Down the vales of the evening afar in the West :  
—“ Shroud of deep waters,—green-grave of the sea,—  
Soul of my lover ! I hasten to thee ! ”*

*—“ World that I loved so ! ” Earth, sea, and sky  
Saw the brown bosom heave its last sigh !  
Willows bent lower sadly to weep  
When sweet Thronatiska sank in the deep !*

*Far down the river a bateau floats free,  
On with the current and out to the sea,  
While the white bubbles sadly show where  
Sweet Thronatiska sank in despair !*

*Billows of the ocean, clasp your white hands,—  
Wave touching wave,—till again the white sands  
Receive as their own, while the waves dirge afar,  
The form of the beautiful Thronatiska !*

\* \* \* \* \*



Down 'neath the castle, up from the cells  
Following stairways, filling the halls,  
Sound now a-near the fierce Indian yells:  
Sounding the din of a murderous war,  
Coming now nearer, then going afar.

Clotted with gore an Indian chief—  
Whose step was soft as falling leaf,  
Whose eye was like an eagle's when  
It sweeps from topmost crag to glen,  
Fixes its talons on its prey  
Then loudly screams and soars away—  
Entered the hall where Ribault stood,—  
His sword likewise red stained with blood,—  
For, while the Indian maiden prayed,  
And, though the combat was delayed,  
Before the Spanish chief could seal  
His triumph with a single kiss  
Or rob the convent of its prize:  
They heard the sudden, startling peal  
Of cannon loud, and arquebuse,  
'Mid clang of battle and fierce cries.

As victors now the Frenchmen cry;  
Like heroes brave do Indians die,  
And, foremost, Coacoochee stood  
With savage hands red-dyed in blood.

The hall was filled—a score of men  
With clashing arms approached him then.

The Adelantado was brave,  
Whatever his great faults might be,  
Let this be said: he would not save  
His life, or theirs, by poltroonry;  
Nor would he seek to 'scape a foe  
Till his stout arm had dealt a blow  
That none, save skilful hands, could feel  
And bear up 'neath his flashing steel.

Ribault advanced—waved back his men  
Who yielded like a Scottish clan  
To Scottish chief:—"I scorn," he said  
"To summon others to my aid,  
I scorn to basely fight a foe  
Who cannot strike back blow for blow;  
I know right well thy crimes demand  
A felon's death; but here I stand  
To fight thee with my single brand:  
Draw, Spaniard, and thy life defend!"

Menendez glared, with eyes of hate  
Like bated bull defying fate,  
—"I know thee well, but fear thee not

Thou caitiff, rebel Huguenot !  
Methought De Guise had laid thee low  
With arm of might and loyal blow.  
I know thee well ! thy cursed life  
Hath been my goal in former strife,  
And now, though hosts may heed thy call,  
Here will I die 'gainst Spanish wall—  
'Gainst thee Ribault—'gainst one and all !”

Now blade to blade, and hilt to hilt,  
The combatants fought round the room,  
And now the blood of one is spilt,  
Which seems to knell Count Ribault's doom !  
But that young chieftain heeds it not,  
And Catholic and Huguenot  
Crowd round the two, with eager look  
Watching each parry and each stroke ;  
Now sinks Ribault upon one knee,  
Then up, like lightning, and as free,  
Though bleeding fast ! The blades bright flashed  
Until the Spaniard's sword was dashed  
Across the hall and, though unharmed,  
He stood before Ribault disarmed.  
With sullen glare from eyes of hate  
Menendez waited then his fate,  
Nor sought to leave the fatal place,  
Nor deigned to utter word of grace.

—“Now go!” cried Ribault, “thou art free  
 If thou dost pledge thy word to me  
 To lead thy troops beyond the sea!”

—“I promise,” said the chief, “for they,  
 Though overcome this fatal day,  
 I know have fought most gallantly.  
 But for myself, Count Ribault, know  
 I am—shall ever be—thy foe!”

\* \* \* \* \*

The midnight air seemed sadly still :  
 Menendez walked the silent hill ;  
 His martial figure muffled close  
 Strode back and forth before a cross.  
 Anon he drew his watch, then scanned  
 The moonlit path and seemed unmanned ;  
 The strong man's frame like aspen shook  
 While earnest face with haggard look  
 Was fixed upon the tomb and grave  
 Of Inez—once his doting slave.

\*

At last he knelt, with fevered head,  
 Before the tomb and humbly prayed ;  
 A touch as light as swaying leaf  
 Caressed his head now bowed with grief ;  
 A hand then rested gently there,  
 And then a woman knelt in prayer

Beside the man whose love had won  
Her heart—and left her life undone!  
That heart which once had quickly beat  
When this proud chief knelt at her feet—  
Which he had sweetly woo'd and won—  
Was tranquil now. To him the Nun,  
So near and yet so far from him,  
Like a good angel then did seem,  
While he thus bowed did seem to her  
Like a forsaken wanderer!

The world was changed: the sufferer  
With chastened grief was comforter,  
While princely chief, bereft of power,  
Before his victim seemed to cower;  
And when that gentle face met his,  
Menendez sank upon his knees  
And bowed his head in grief:—"Nina,  
My wronged angel! come fly with me,  
I cannot leave this land and thee!"

The soft moonlight  
Shone on a figure dressed in white:  
The wind arose—and well it might—  
To silence him when she, that night,  
With one hand pointing to the tomb,  
Stretched forth the other to the gloom  
Which shrouded yonder convent wall

And closed from her the world and all!  
He seized her hand, bent down to kiss  
That lily hand which once was his!  
Then groaned with anguish, for alone  
He knelt beside the cross of stone.

The moon sailed forth, and stars slipped out  
From 'hind the clouds, while round about  
Him lay the graves—he saw but one—  
The grave of her whose love he'd won  
Then cast aside like wilted flower  
Or plaything of an idle hour.  
She whom he had refused to wed  
Sank slowly till she died! The Nun,  
Meanwhile, had left him there alone.

The clouds grew black; and dark as they  
The old, old frown came back.—Away  
The chang'd man strode, resolved to die  
Or win again supremacy.  
The cup was bitter! She refused;  
Inez, whose love he had abused,  
But whom he loved—was now no more;  
And 'sdeath! the lady Léonore  
Perchance would soon be Ribault's bride!

With muttered curse and rapid stride  
And muffled form he neared the wood

Nor halted, 'till at last he stood  
Amid his sleeping men: for they  
Had taken oath to cross the sea.  
He laid him down, but could not sleep:  
A raging tempest seemed to sweep  
Across his breast. From castle height,  
Where Ribault's standard waved in sight,  
He heard the sentry's—"All is well!"  
Then rose again with clenched hand  
And stood amid his sleeping band,  
He strode him forth, now up, now down,  
Along the lone and wide sea beach,  
With hardened heart and angry frown  
To list to what wild billows teach—  
He looked above, the star-lit sky  
Shone o'er the sea resplendently:  
Ten million gems, whose diamond light  
Twinkled as merrily that night  
As if defeat had not a pall  
Cast over hope, and life, and all!  
He turned his eyes and viewed the sea  
Far-reaching as yon azure dome:  
—"Let thy deep waters hide from me  
The tortures of a vassal's doom!  
Aye, 'tis worse! an exile, driven,  
Like a poor hind, from this fair Eden  
Where I have ruled supreme, alone  
Obeyed and feared, as if the throne

Of Spain's empire was all my own!"  
He smiled, this thought at least was sweet,  
It passed as it had come—as fleet  
As Lucifer's when he was driven  
By flaming sword away from heaven—  
But now the Furies seem aflame  
As he bethinks him of his shame:  
His brain's on fire, his senses reel  
As ocean tides around him steal.

The tides now close around his feet  
Like licking tongues, that long to meet  
Around the writhing victim's stake  
And lap his blood their thirst to slake:  
—"The end's the same: by fire or water  
Death ends the pangs of selfish martyr  
Or blameless captive, Death ends it all,  
There is no hell!"—he madly cried,  
"Save hell on earth without my bride!  
There is no heaven, save that of power  
And rank, and wealth, and beauty's dower.  
Aha! no mortal man shall gloat  
With victor's pride and rival's hate,  
Over the fallen chieftain's fate:  
Whose fame's as wide as is the sea  
Which offers sepulture to me!  
Life hath no longer charms, when I,



Who cannot rule, and scorn to fly,  
 Am witness to *his* victory !  
 'Tis but a leap, one plunge—no more,  
 And all thy troubles, life, are o'er !  
 I'll die as Adelantado !”  
 And then he turned to curse his foe ;  
 Nor cloud e'er shrouded sky with gloom  
 Portending wilder, louder blast  
 Of thunder, crossing heaven fast,  
 Nor vivid lightning write the doom  
 Of vessels bending 'neath the gale,—  
 Than did the frowns that lowered now  
 Upon his swarthy face turned pale.  
 Turned pale? for what? he lists: the sea  
 Sounds to him like a lullaby.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

He saw it gliding fast from view  
 And tenantless! his bride's canoe—  
 —“Sweet Thronatiska, my own! my own!  
 Too true! too true, alas! my own!”  
 Then fiercely grew Coacoochee's wrath  
 As he resumed his lonely path.

Fast strode the chief to the Wild-cat's lair \*

\* Coacoochee in the Seminole tongue, signifies “ Wild-cat.”

And warriors crowd around him there—  
A hundred braves—whose savage glare  
From angry eyes and painted faces  
Grows fiercer as his ire increases—  
Nor faggots heaped on forest fire  
Burn fiercer than did savage ire,  
When Coacoochee, their young chief,  
With blazing eyes told of his grief  
Which made the Indian women wail,—  
Nor did he cease when ceased this tale,  
But quick appealed, with hatred's art,  
Lover's passion, and chieftain's heart,  
That they should do the Indian's part,  
And rid the earth of all the men  
Who had so many Indians slain!

The amber light rests on the hills  
As twilight shadows fill the vales,  
While dusky forms glide forward slow,  
As Catholics to chapel go.  
The *Misere* has been sung,  
The fragrant censer upward swung;  
The "*Aves*" are said—and the Priest  
Honors our Savior's sacred feast.  
Magnolia flowers, white as snow,  
Sway over those who come and go;  
And, bearding trees, the hanging moss

Waves to the comers weird salute,  
As those who go make sign of cross  
On breast or forehead. The whip-poor-will  
Sounds warning note from yonder hill:  
And echoes now the vesper-bell  
From mission church. Close by, a rill  
Winds gently through the forest deep  
Where violets and daisies sleep.  
Again, they hear the whip-poor-will,  
While every other bird is still,  
And scarce is heard the ocean's sound.

The vesper bird flies near the ground,  
Spreading its wings with mournful cries,  
As if to warn of sorrow's birth,  
Then, lights, and flutters near the earth:  
But, startled, soon it wings its way  
To owlet haunts behind the day.

Mysterious bird, hast lost thy nest?  
What hidden grief disturbs thy breast?  
Hast lost thy mate? Do angels weep  
When loved ones here disturb their sleep  
By grievous sins? Ominous bird  
Bird of the eve, what hast thou heard?

Now all are gone ; with reverent care  
The priest opens the holy book  
And kneels alone in fervent prayer—  
Nor sounds the swift stiletto-stroke,  
When women fall, for not a shriek  
Tells how the savage Indians wreak  
Their fatal vengeance !

A hundred forms around him go  
With threat'ning looks—nor trace of woe  
Saddens the face upturned in prayer,  
Nor do they see a trace of fear.  
He turned, arose,—saw eyes of hate,  
Crossed arms on breast, and faced his fate ;  
His features changed—'twas but with grief—  
Then Father Corpa blessed their chief :  
From group to group he turned his eyes,  
Saw not a friend, but heard their cries.

Again he looked—then prayed to heaven,  
Prayed that their sin might be forgiven—  
Then gently raised his pious head  
And pointing upward calmly said :  
—“ The Great Spirit, whose eyes descry  
Our ev'ry thought, dwells in the sky ;  
To ev'ry soul a star is given !  
To light the glowing path of heaven ;—

A star like that of Bethlehem !”  
 He paused—resumed—and glanced at them :  
 —“ No rootlet bursts its bonds in Spring,  
 No plant, nor flower, nor living thing :  
 No rivulet, nor cloud, nor light,  
 That is not known to Him to-night.

He scarce had ceased when hatchet fell  
 And, crashing through the good Priest’s skull  
 Left him a corpse—then all was still :  
 A hundred forms, like phantoms, stand,  
 Until a whoop calls forth the band  
 To strew with human wrecks the path  
 Which vengeance blazes with its wrath !

\* \* \* \* \*

Not as a Nun was she arrayed,  
 Though white the veil which Léonore  
 Upon that sweet occasion wore ;  
 Nor were the nuptials long delayed,  
 The convent bells announced the hour  
 When convent lost its sweetest flower :  
 For Count Ribault looked now with pride  
 Upon his fair and lovely bride.  
 The mellow light of evening sun

Illumed the Western horizon,  
As Léonore, in bridal dress,  
Seemed blessed at last with happiness.

With stooping form and long white hair,  
And broken accents, Laudonnière  
With trembling gesture blessed the pair;  
While soldiers knelt on ev'ry side  
As knelt Count Ribault and his bride,  
—"God bless ye, my children! may more  
Than bliss be yours forevermore!"

A silence deep ensued again  
And stoic Indians viewed the scene  
With looks impassive: one—the chief—  
With accents eloquent but brief,  
Thus spake when the old vet'ran ceased;  
—" 'Twas my hand, chieftain, that released  
Thy bended form from dungeon rack—  
I owed the debt—I've paid it back,  
This is not why Coacoochee speaks,  
Nor is it treasure that he seeks;  
Nor would he mar this happy scene  
If Death would let him speak again."

The young chief paused as if to rest:  
Bright ornaments were on his breast,

And heron plumes adorned his crest ;  
Like Nemesis with vengeant mood,  
But waning strength, Coacoochee stood,—  
They saw a scalp-lock in his belt,  
And scalping-knife, blood-red to hilt !

Glancing around the hall, he said :  
—“ Coacoochee has avenged the dead !  
I saw the Spanish soldiers arm  
And heard them plotting deeds of harm ;  
I heard Menendez tell them where  
The “ Wild-cat’s ” trail led to his lair  
Beneath the lowest cells ; ’twas there  
The Spaniards chained Laudonnière !

“ I saw Menendez by thee disarmed,  
I saw him pass forth free, unharmed—  
I heard him give his word to thee  
To cross with all his men the sea :  
And when I heard him bid his men  
To fire this castle and fight again,  
I thought again of Indian slaves  
And Indian sufferings and graves ;  
And then of all the countless woes  
Heaped on my race by cruel foes !  
Enough—we sought them—found them—and  
Menendez fell beneath my hand ! ”

The young chief reeled, sank on his side  
And like a Gladiator died.

The Indians entered by the stair  
Just when the kneeling bridal pair  
Were blessed, and stood in silence near,  
While he thus spoke to Laudonnière.

Thus did their trials end ; and they  
Lived long upon the tropic shore  
Where sweet geraniums in full bloom  
Grew in profusion near their home :  
The fig, the grape, and pomegranate—  
With luscious fruit, red-ripe and sweet,—  
And trailing, rosy eglantine  
Greeted the fragrant wild woodbine ;  
And fruit, in clusters fair to see,  
Swayed over them from orange tree.

Before them lay the ocean beach  
Where great white billows leap and reach  
And sport like children, while the sea  
Uplifts its arms to greet the day ;  
Behind, the town of Augustine—  
As quaint a town as e'er was seen—  
And, far as eye could see, the blue  
Of mighty ocean charmed the view.



'Tis there one sees how balmy eve  
Doth make the sun its traces leave  
In golden trails athwart the skies,  
Till orange into amber dies ;  
And then the heavens wide assume  
The loveliest cerulean bloom,  
Which down the twilight vales of night  
Smiles on the earth with mellow light.

'Tis there the moon, like lamp of gold  
High-hung amid the massive fold  
Of night-clouds in the azure sky,  
Keeps sentry watch. 'Twas there her smile  
So radiant, so free from guile,—  
And naïve as an infant's smile,—  
Greeted his own, which looked with pride  
Upon his lovely Southern bride.  
And angels seemed to hover o'er  
The happy home of Léonore.

\* \* \* \* \*

Home of the exile! hail to thee,  
Thou fairest land of liberty!  
One century hath passed alone,  
Yet it has welded into one

Thy varied peoples; and each race  
And sect, and faith, finds welcome place.  
Each one for all, all for each one,  
Each citizen his country's son,  
Each man a citizen and free :  
The eyes of all humanity  
Are turned, America, to thee !  
Beacon of liberty ! thy form  
Far lights the waters 'mid the storm ;  
Goddess of Freedom, lift thy hand  
And summon exiles to this land ;  
For wars may come, and wars may go,  
And human currents ebb and flow  
But, Rock of Ages, like to thee  
Is this bright sun-land of the free !

THE END.











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