That so long my lips have sealed,
Till my heart's fond wish is spoken
And its cherished hopes revealed.

Chorus.

III.

Gentle Kate, Oh! do not tremble,
You must answer ere you go;
If you love me, don't dissemble,
If you love me, tell me so;
If so fast your heart is beating
That your willing ~~tongue~~ tongue is tied,
Let one glance, however fleeting,
Say my suit is not denied.

Chorus.

Then, while bells are chiming Vespers
And the twilight starbeams shine,
"Gentle Kate," I'll softly whisper,
"Gentle Kate, be mine, be mine."

Sunset in Prison —

By Lt. J. C. Dooley of Va.

Gentle Sunbeams brightly fall
O'er my heated Prison wall;
Smiling Sunbeams full of love,
Kindly cheer us from above.
Evening Sunshine hither darts
Mellow glances on our hearts,
Lovely glows the western sky
Tinged with gorgeous Crimson dye.
Changing clouds their Splendor lose
Fainter grow the Crimson hues,
Phoebus seeks his welcome bed,
Twilight comes with stealthy tread,
Hazy forms surround us all,
Darkening shadows round us fall,
Night descending fills the room
Bringing sadness with its gloom.

Lone Rock by the Sea.

Oh, tell ~~me not the~~ woods are fair,
Now Spring is on her way.
Yes, yes — I know how brightly there,
In joy the young leaves play.
How bright on wings of eve or morn
The violet's breath may be,
Yet ask me, woo me not to leave
My lone rock by the sea.

The wild waves thunder 'gainst the shore,
The curlews' restless cries,
Unto my watching heart are more
Than all earth's melodies.
Come back, my ocean rover home;
There's but one place for me,
Till I can greet thy swift sails home,
My lone rock by the sea.

Lone Cottage Oct. 10th 1867

Capt. G. W. McDonald

I take pleasure this morning in answering your interesting letter of August 26th. I was glad to learn that you were blessed with good health. I sincerely regret your long confinement; However patiently, heroically endured, it is not a desirable way of spending youth — there is tuching melancolly in such a fate. After all, it all goes in life time — there is no situation in life free from sorrow. There is none necessarily wholly devoid of comfort. On this sinful world our path cannot always be gladdend by the sunshine of earthly bliss — the immortal spirit was never destined to find on earth the perfect gratification of its hopes. If our lot appears dark and cheerless there are precious promises, which shine like brilliant stars through the night of sorrow. The path of gloom so often trod by weary feet has been consecrated by the footsteps of our savor; and the rainbow of his love illuminates the darkes cloud. and though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning. The Miss Apples are well, & would send you some word if they knew I was writing. Respectfully your friend

G. W.

L. C. S. C. T.

"Don't be discouraged.

It is a fine remark of fenelon, "Bear with yourself in correcting faults as you would with others." We can not do all at once. But by constant pruning away of little faults, and cultivating humble virtues, we shal grow towards perfection. This simple rule not to be discouraged at slow progress, but to persevere, overcoming evil or bad temper; and adding one excellence after another — to faith, virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness, charity — will conduct the slowest Christian at last to high religious attainments

Salmon Island Ohio
May the 2nd 1865

To _____

By Lieut. McCarthy 30th La:

In future years "my darling" think
When brighter scens surround thee;
Of one who lived his dreary way,
Nor knew the glory of the day,
Nor loved it; till he found thee.
And when the record of the years,
Still faithful shall have proved me;
O weep the hour that saw us part,
And whisper softly to your heart,
"He loved me"

And O my love should sorrow come,
And shower tears about thee;
Should falsehood and suspicion smart
Think 'mid that "winter of the heart,"
Of one who ne'er could doubt thee.
And when a sad unhappy fate,
A far from thee hath moved me;

II

Meet me by moonlight alone;
And then I will tell you a tale:
Must be told by the moonlight alone;
In the grove at the end of the vale.
You must promise to come for I said;
I would show the night flowers their queen:
Nay! turn not away that sweet head;
'Tis the loveliest eve was seen,
Then meet me by moonlight alone.

III

Daylight may do for the gay;
The heartless, the thoughtless, the free;
But there is something about the moon ray,
That is ~~[illegible]~~ to you, and to me.
Oh! remember be sure to be there:
For though dearly a moonlight I prize;
I care not for all in the air.
If it wants the sweet light of your eyes:
Then meet me by moonlight alone,
Meet me by moonlight alone.

3rd May 1865.

*

Think all our friendship o'er again
And whisper, softly, softly then —
"He loved me!"

To Thos. C. Hearn Lt. 3d Fla:
By —
Lt: C. E. McCarthy 30th La:

Had language but a holier name,
Had earth a dearer spell
Than aught that mitred priests proclaim
Or Cupids carols tell
To Friendship; steadfast firm and true
Which emanates from Heaven,
To Friendship such as mine for you,
Should that sweet term be given.

Johnsons Island Ohio
May 29th 1865.

Hard Times

Let us pause in life's pleasures & count its many tears
While we all sup sorrow with the poor,
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears;
Oh! hard times come again no more.

Chorus

'Tis the sigh the sorrow of the weary
Hard times! hard times come again no more
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door
Oh! hard times come again no more.

There's a pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a warm heart whose fire days are o'er,
Though her voice would be merry tis sighing all the day
Oh! hard times come again no more.

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave
'Tis a moan that is heard upon the shore;
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lonely grave
Oh! hard times come again no more.

"Farewell to Johnsons Island."

(By Capt. McDonnell 1st Fla

Hoarse sounding billows of the white capped Lake
That 'gainst the barriers of my hated prison break
Farewell — Farewell with joy thou giant inland sea
Thou too observest the end of Tyranny.
Guarding this isle, washing its lonely shore
With moaning echoes of thy melancholy roar
Farewell with joy, farewell inhospitable land
Thou hast the curses of this patriot band,
All save that spot, the holy, sacred bed
Where rest in peace our Southern warriors dead.

Johnson Island Ohio
March 1865.

When Death, dread Monarch! hurls the ruthless dart,
And lays in dust the wise, the good, the great,
Deep streams of sorrow flow from every heart,
And nations mourn beneath the stroke of Fate.

When the dark tomb its jaws insatiate close
On those dear forms whose souls were twined with ours,
No Stoic's self could blame the tear that flows,
Or chace the memory from those painful hours.

Then let the Muse indulge in sight and tears,
Or love that's past and joys forever flown—
Oh, why so short our bliss! it but appears,
Charms our fond hearts, and is forever gone.

Frail are our joys as is yon opening flower
That spreads its fragrant bosom to the skies;
Plucked by the intruder's hand, in one short hour
Its bloom is withered and its fragrance dies.

Swift pass the hours where friendship spreads her charms,
In dreams of bliss the months unheeded roll;

Nor dream we aught that tears from our fond arms
Those dear delights that twine around the soul.

Oh, happy moments! Still I think I view
That tender bosom, and that mild blue eye
Melting in love—then blame the joys that flew
With winged haste to pass away and die.

Here within these dingy walls-
First we in friendship met-
Our tramp amid its dirty halls-
Are seens we cant forget-

When deepest gloom shroud thy soul
remember there is one that will lend a hand
and breathe a prayer for thee and time-
When best and truest friends are
gathered around- remember the absent-
you can ever claim a true friend
Ever

Bee.

Their deaths dread monarch

No 26. The Lone Tomb of Erie

II

I look with regret on the lone tomb of Erie,
Sad! Sad, yet how sacred the Spot!
I'll muse on the fate of the brave & ne'er weary;
The honored shall ne'er be forgot.—

III

No; son of the South, though I gaze now in boyhood,
An exile from home, on thy tomb;
If e'er more I do stand, where you once with joy stood
I'll weep as I tell of thy doom!

IIII

Yes, soon I shall go from this drear bit of high-land,
Your Mother will then make her guests;
I sadly will point her to Johnson's lone Island,
The tomb where her lost-loved one rests!

IIII

Though proudly in death, have fell legions before thee,
They sleep in their own sunny Vales.—
Then Cursed be our flag, if droop'd not to deplore thee,
While Mother & Lover bewails!

III

Vail'd be the lyre that mourns for thee sadly
In Southlands' Vine-clad Cottage walls;
And Soft be the strains thou didst once heed so gladly
In Native Proud National Halls!

IV

Though far from his land, sleeps her gallant adorer,
He spoke in his pride e'er he slept,
"Though mine (soon will dawn o'er her freedom's aurora)
She lone tomb of Erie, unwept!"

VIII

Proud billows may loud as Heav'n's thunder endeavor,
Thy fate from my memory to chase,
Though they mock while I muse, I will muse of thee ever;
Thy Conqueror alone can efface.

VIIII

Long Years may have flown, & old Erie that revels
Regardless of thee round thy grave,
Thy mound with the sands of its beach may have leveled
Stand Memory 'll stand o'er thee, unmoved by life's wave

Johnson's Island
20th Oct 1864

Vacant Chair

We will meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair;
We will linger to Carey him,
While we breathe our Evening Prayer.
A year ago we ~~parted~~, gathered,
Joy was in his mild blue Eye;
But the golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruins lie.

Chorus

We will meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant Chair;
We will linger to Carey him,
While we breathe our Evening Prayer.

At our firesides, Sad & lonely,
Often will our bosoms swell,
At remembrance of the Story,
How our noble Willie fell;
How he strove to bare our banner
[illegible] the thickest of the fight,
[illegible] our country's honor
[illegible] of manhood might

The Troubadour—

Gayly the Troubadour, tuched his guitar
As he was hastning home from the war—
Singing from Palistine, hither I come—
Lady love! Lady love, welcome me home—
She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept—
Sadly she thought of him whilst others slept—
Singing in serch of thee would I might roam
Troubadour! Troubadour, come to thy home—
Hark! it was the Troubadour, breathing her name
Under the battle mentis, softly he came—
Singing from Palistine hither I come—
Lady love! Lady love welcome me home—

Johnsons Island,
Ohio
May 12—65

Ben Rane, Pats
Spencer Tenn—

3rd.

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age
And I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce & wi
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty ho
I let them take what e'er they would, but kept my fathers
And with boyish love I hung it, where the bright light
On the cottage wall at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rh

4th

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with droopi
When the troops are marching home again, with glad
But look upon them proudly, with a calm and s
For her brother was a soldier, And not afraid to
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in
To listen to him kindly, without regret or sha
And hang the old sword in its place (my fath
For the honor of old Bingen, dear Bingen o

5th

"There's another, not a sister - In the happy
You have known her by the merriment that sparkle
Is innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorn
and, I fear the lightest heart, makes somet

Tell her the last night of my life — for ere the morn be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison —
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sun-light shine
Over the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

6th

the blue Rhine sweeps along; I heard or seemed to hear
ian songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet & clear
the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill
horus sounded through the evening calm and still;
blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine —
no more at Bingen, loved Bingen on the Rhine

9 7th

nt and hoarser his grasp was childish weak.
a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak;
to lift him, but the spark of life had fled —
gion in a foreign land was dead!
rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
the battle field with bloody corses strewn —
dreadful scene, her pale light seemed to shiny
Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rh