

New Orleans Daily Crescent

MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 9, 1866.

Some Human Nature. A New England paper is responsible for the following: Several years since an eccentric old genius called...

At Paris it was, at the opera of the night. And the look of a queen in a black and night. With the wreath of pearls in her raven hair...

Of all the opera's that Verdi wrote. The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore. And Maria can soothe with a tender note...

The moon on the tower slept soft, as when. And who has not thrilled in a strange way. As we heard him sing the gas turned low...

The Empress there, in a box of state. The look of a queen in a black and night. With the wreath of pearls in her raven hair...

Well! there on our front-row box we sat. Together my bride betrothed and I. My gaze was fixed on my opera hat...

And both were dead and both were mad. Like a dove, she came and sat on her left white arm. With that regal, indolent air she had...

I have not a doubt she was thinking then. Of her former lord, good soul that he was! Who led the riotous and roundabout men...

I thought that, to get to the kingdom of heaven. I wish him well for the future given. To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love. As I had not been thinking of you for years. Till over my eyes there came a mist...

I thought of the dress she wore the last time. "The dress she wore the last time. In that last look, in that soft smile. In the cry on evening weather."

Of that madman dress (for the eve was hot) And her warm, white neck, in its golden chain. And all falling loose again:

And the jasmine flower in her fair young breast. (O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine flower!) And the one bird singing alone to his nest:

I thought of our little quarrels and strife; And the letter that brought me back from Rome. And it all seemed to me the waste of life...

For I thought of her grave below the hill. Which the sentinel cypress tree stands over. And I thought, "she was only living still. How I could forgive her and love her still!"

And I swear, as I thought of her, in that hour. That I would never, never, never love again. That I would never, never, never love again.

I was here, and she was there; And the glittering horse-shoe curved between— From my bride betrothed, with her raven hair. Last evening she was in my arms...

To my early love, with her eyes downcast. (In short, from the future back to the past.) There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride. One moment I looked. Then I spoke to the door. Traversed the hall, and she was at her side...

My thinking of her, or the music's strain. Or something which will never be expressed. Had brought her back from the grave again. With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not well! And she loves me now, and she loves me then. And she greets me now, and she greets me then. My dear young woman, my dear young woman!

But I will marry my own first love. And the flowers and the broom, I prize it above. The broom in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin. And Love must follow where it can, I say; For Beauty is easy enough to win. Has one not loved every day?

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FURNISHING GOODS. FURNISHING GOODS. FURNISHING GOODS. FURNISHING GOODS.

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PERFUMERY. PERFUMERY. PERFUMERY. PERFUMERY.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW

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ROBERTSON & ZACHARIE. ROBERTSON & ZACHARIE. ROBERTSON & ZACHARIE.

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COMMISSION-FORWARDING.

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