

**CALIFORNIA
SOUVENIR, OCCULT
AND OTHER POEMETTES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649296279

California Souvenir, Occult and Other Poemettes by James Park Little

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JAMES PARK LITTLE

**CALIFORNIA
SOUVENIR, OCCULT
AND OTHER POEMETTES**



* * * "Of the truth that gold can never buy."—EDGAR A. POE.

JAMES PARK LITTLE
California Souvenir
Occult and Other
Poemettes * * *

BY "ALCIONE," pseud

NATURE, PHILOSOPHY, PATRIOTISM, IMMORTALITY

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- Junto Book Co., Youkers, New York.
- Creightons' Book Store, 110 Turk Street, San Francisco.
- The "Paper-Covered" Book Store, 1203 Market St., San Francisco.
- Union News Depot, 4 Market St., near ferries, San Francisco.
- Metaphysical Library, 526 Fourteenth St., Oakland;

—OR—

Sent by mail by "Alcione," 28 First St., San Francisco, on receipt of coin or money order.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1898-99.

Price, 50 Cents.

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NOTE.

In composing these Souvenir Poemettes, the writer has endeavored to present Ideas that will elevate, and be acceptable in the family circle, and if they serve to arouse any of the nobler Impulses in the great brotherhood of humanity, their cardinal purpose will have been accomplished. Respectfully,

"ALCIONE."

173686



THE GOLDEN OATS, S. F.



The Hicks-Judd Co., Printers and Bookbinders, San Francisco.



Hail, California!

HAIL, California! bright gem by the
Western sea,
Our song is not complete unless we sing
of thee!
Thy vernal vales and mountains grand
That grace this farthest Western land
Charm every eye that may behold—
Their glory has not half been told!
Home of the coming race thou'lt be,
Sunniest State by Pacific sea—
Flow'r-clad, fruitful, a glorious State—
Where Nature's marvels are so great!

The American Soldier's Grave.

SPEAK softly—'tis a soldier's grave we
near;
Some mother's son rests 'neath this
humble mound—
All Nature mourns, for he was one so dear
Who for the nation his sweet life-blood
gave!
The starry flag his noble form entwines;
No more *her* fond embrace his cold
heart feels;
That mother's heart to God's decree re-
signs,
And on her life has Sorrow set his seals.
Ah! hero, resting in the dust so low—
Your duty nobly in the battle done—
Your fate has caused the bitter tears to flow,
But for th' oppress'd sweet liberty is
won!

The Old Violin's Story.

MY HEART beats happy, for five
score years to-day
My form has seen the light of day,
And through the long years I am safe,
tho' now
The cold earth wraps my master's brow.
What various scenes I've gazed on, year
by year!—
I've seen the happy wedding and the
funeral bier;
I've felt the calm of life and seen its storm,
And lived thro' winters cold and summers
warm.
My plaintive tones have cheered and
charmed the soul
Of listeners passed to Lethe's goal;
Have teardrops drawn from many an eye;
Have moved hearts tender in ecstatic sigh.