

**MONTEREY CONQUERED:
A FRAGMENT FROM LA
GRAN QUIVERA, OR ROME
UNMASKED. A POEM**

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Monterey Conquered: A Fragment from La Gran Quivera, or Rome Unmasked. A Poem by Sheppard M. Ashe

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SHEPPARD M. ASHE

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A FRAGMENT FROM

LA GRAN QUIVERA;

OR,

ROME UNMASKED.

A Poem.

By Sheppard M. Ashe ?

Heaven is free
From clouds, and all colors seem to be
Melted in one vast Iris of pure Wray,
Where the day joins the great Eternity;
While on the other hand, mock Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air, a region blest!
A mortal star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely Heaven!

(See copy-right.)

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1852.

TO LEILA.

I.

LEILA, 'tis all I have to give—
This poor unmeaning thing—
These ruffled plumes, by tempest torn
From fancy's wayward wing.
Then take it to thy bosom, love,
Though poor the offering be ;
I care not how the *world* disprove,
If aught it yield to *thee*.

II.

When first I saw thy matchless form,
Those eyes of deep pure love,
With wilder throes than tongue may tell
My youthful bosom strove.
I knew that thou wert more to me
Than all the world beside,
Yet trembled at the very thought
Of making thee my bride.

III.

For all alone, without one friend,
In poverty I stood,
And not a star of heaven looked down
To promise earthly good—
I told thee all—thou knowest, love—
No thought was hid from thee—
And nobly thou didst cast thy lot,
For life and death, with me.

IV.

Ah! oft I've wished, in maddening mood,
That hour I ne'er had known—
The rapture and the grief that came,
When thou wert all my own.
I wept beside our bridal couch,
I kneeled to God in prayer,
For grace to lift thy spirit up
In all that we should bear.

V.

And kindly hath He granted it,
My proud undoubting one!
Nor made thee less than life to me,
While howls the tempest on:
Then take the simple gift I bring,
Leila, for whom I live!
Such *fading* plume from Fancy's wing
Is all I have to give!

INVOCATION.

Nunquam prosperè succedunt res humanae ubi negliguntur divinae.

COKE.

I.

THE woes of Lycidas, who loved too well,
And sought abroad some respite from distress,
While still Lavinia's form angelical
Pursued to fill his cup of wretchedness—
Of Regulus his father in duress
Of Spanish fetter kept at Monterey,
Albeit the world unwittingly confess
Sad Alamo his grave; and the proud day
That crowned our gallant armies with success,
Assist me, heavenly Muses, fitly to express

II.

Or rather, Thou ! who on fiery wheels
Of falling Time shalt come to judge the world—
Whose dread artillery in the thunder-peals
Resound—whose banner is the sky unfurled
O'er clouds by the lightning-plumed tempest
whirled
Aloft, and driven like armies to and fro !
All things are Thine ;—from Thee alone were hurled
Comet and storm, the meteor's fiery glow,
And Earth—from the pale mists of morning curled
O'er mountain-top sublime, to plain with dews im-
pearled.

III.

All time and seasons in the world below,
And Heaven hosted with archangels bright ;
Tides of men that onward as the ocean flow
Forever—all are subject to Thy might.
When Wickliffe's thunder shook the ear of night,
And roused a slumbering world to sudden fears,
Changeless and glorious, on a throne of light,
Wert Thou marking the course of future years,
And long ere winged vessels took their flight,
To western worlds Columbia glittered in thy sight.

IV.

The gentle Aztec, ignorant but kind,
Was watched by Thee with all a father's care,
And thou didst open on their vision blind

At least some twilight faith their souls to cheer ;
 But see ! they come—a band whose bosoms fear
 Invaded never—they would teach thy truth,—
 Lo ! sulphur-reeking guns their censers are,
 Old men fall wounded, and a generous youth,
 Struggling for freedom and their altars dear,
 Are sacrificed to make the light of *Love* appear.

V.

O God ! a horrid sight it was to see
 The cross of Jesus, thine own gentle Son,
 Borne up in triumph o'er this butchery !
 And Thou didst turn, indignant on thy throne,
 To other lands, perchance, where soon the sun
 Of Liberty should rise, and man proclaim
 His dignity. Then, then methinks were won
 Our glorious battles, and the meed of Fame
 Our country wears—her victories are Thine own—
 To Thee she gives the praise, O God, to Thee
alone !

VI.

And now that Peace hath risen at Thy word—
 Rainbows and wreaths of olive o'er her head,—
 While war's retiring thunders still are heard,
 And tears fast falling for the glorious dead—
 Lead forth, Father, I pray, as oft were led
 Those armies fierce, my humble thoughts, and
 throw

Some fire in the poet's song that fed
 Their souls in battle ; make his heart to glow
 With love for Thee e'en 'midst the carnage red,
 And justify the ways of Heaven, however dread !

VII.

In Abelard he fain would sing the youth
 Whom Rome entangles in her endless chain,*
 Till wandering reckless from the path of Truth,
 No traces of the former self remain ;
 But joyous Faith eclipsed, his crazed brain
 Conjures up spectres in the twilight dim,
 While oft he clasps the yielding air in pain,
 Calling on one who ne'er may answer him—
 For *priests* are *men*, and gentle love did gain
 A triumph o'er his heart, albeit he loved in vain.

VIII.

Next to thy Truth our country should be dear,
 And must be ever, while her lists contain
 Such name as his who conquered everywhere.†

* God help the man so wrapt in Error's endless trains !

[FARRIS QUEENE.]

† The late president of the United States, originally a soldier by profession, having gone through a long and splendid career of military service, had, at the close of the late war with Mexico, become so much endeared to the people of the United States, and had inspired them with so high a degree of regard and confidence, that