# VERSE MEMORIALS

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Verse Memorials by Mirabeau B. Lamar

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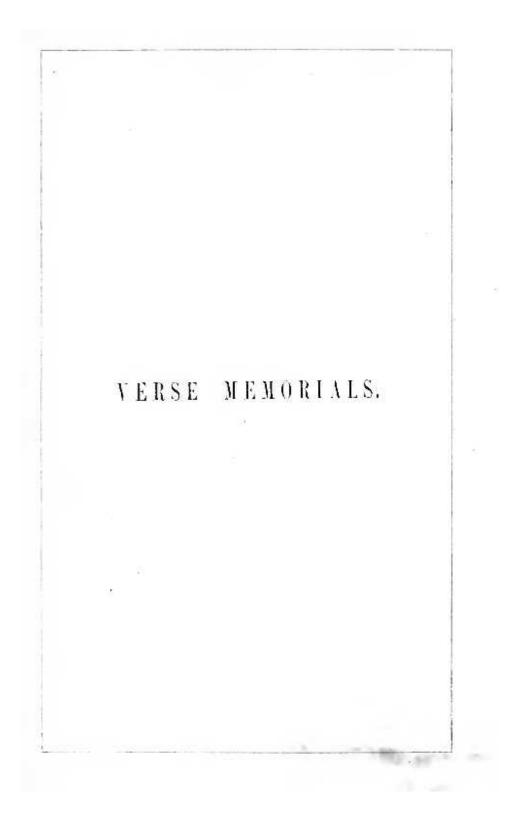
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## MIRABEAU B. LAMAR

# VERSE MEMORIALS

Trieste



## VERSE MEMORIALS.

## MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

BY

"Such is the nature of my lays — Plain, simple atrains in Boarty's praise, Designed at first for those fair friends Whose memory with my being blends, And now sent forth, to find their way To minds congenial, grave or gay," Interboorton - base 35

## NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY W. P. FETRIDGE & CO.,

281 BROADWAY.

1857.

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### DEDICATION.

To MRS. WILLIAM L. CAZNEAU — so favorably known to the public by her pen, as "CORA MONTGOMERY," and now the wife of one of my best and long-cherished friends—1 beg leave to dedicate this little volume. Her name, like that of her husband, is identified with the history of TEXAS. Both have given their highest efforts and the best years of their lives to the support of her interests.

General CAZNEAU was one of that ever-faithful band of patriots, whose talents, courage, and personal devotion, sustained me amid the multiform trials which surrounded my path in organizing and systematizing the chaotic materials of government which existed in our new-born republic of the LONE STAR when I was called to the Presidency.

#### DEDICATION.

To whom, then, among my lady-friends, can I inscribe this collection of kindly reminiscences with more propriety than to the chosen companion of a man endeared to me by years of pleasant associations, and his inflexible adherence to our common principles?

It is my wish and hope that this humble tribute of esteem to one who is so worthy of being the partner of such a man, will be regarded by him as a feeble recognition of his past services and continued affection.

## MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.

RIGHMOND, FORT-BEND COUNTY, TEXAS, February 10, 1857.

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### PREFACE.

In presenting this volume to the public, the author is actuated mainly by the desire of manifesting to the friends, who have been so long the sunshine of his life, that he still holds them in grateful remembrance. The verses themselves are very supretending in their character; and are but fragments of thought and feeling, rescaed from the turnioit of a life that, permitted, little leisure for literary recreation. The style and subjects of the poems indicate very clearly that they were not written for the general public. They are but spontaneous effusions, extorted by the circumstances of the moment, or the solicitations of friendship. As mere literary productions, they are scarcely entitled to consideration; yet it is possible they may find some acceptance, not only with those for whom they were written, but also among congenial minds that are more interested in the feelings of the man than in the genius of the poet. As destitute of intrinsic merit as the author knows them to be, they are, nevertheless, his only fortune. Whatever else he may have attempted or achieved, has been for the benefit of others; and of the rich vineyard in which he has been so long a volunteer laborer, this little claster of recollections is almost all he can claim as his own, or bequeath to his only child.