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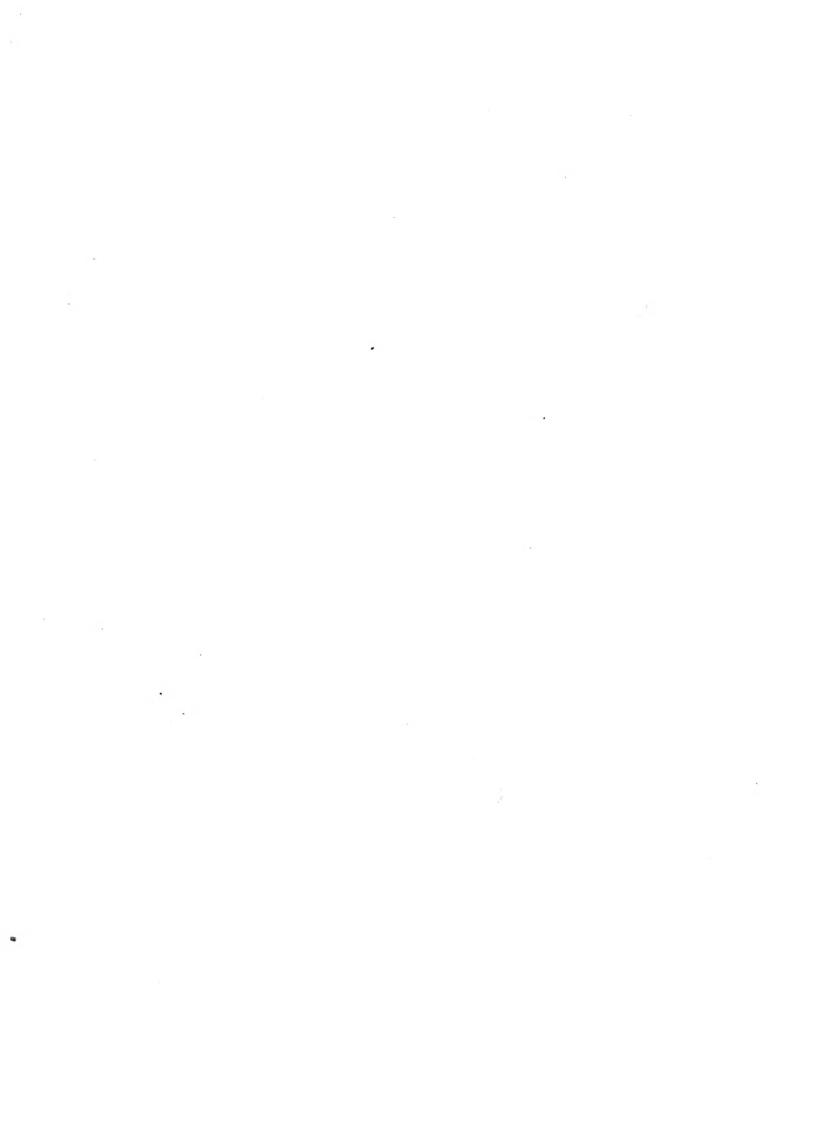
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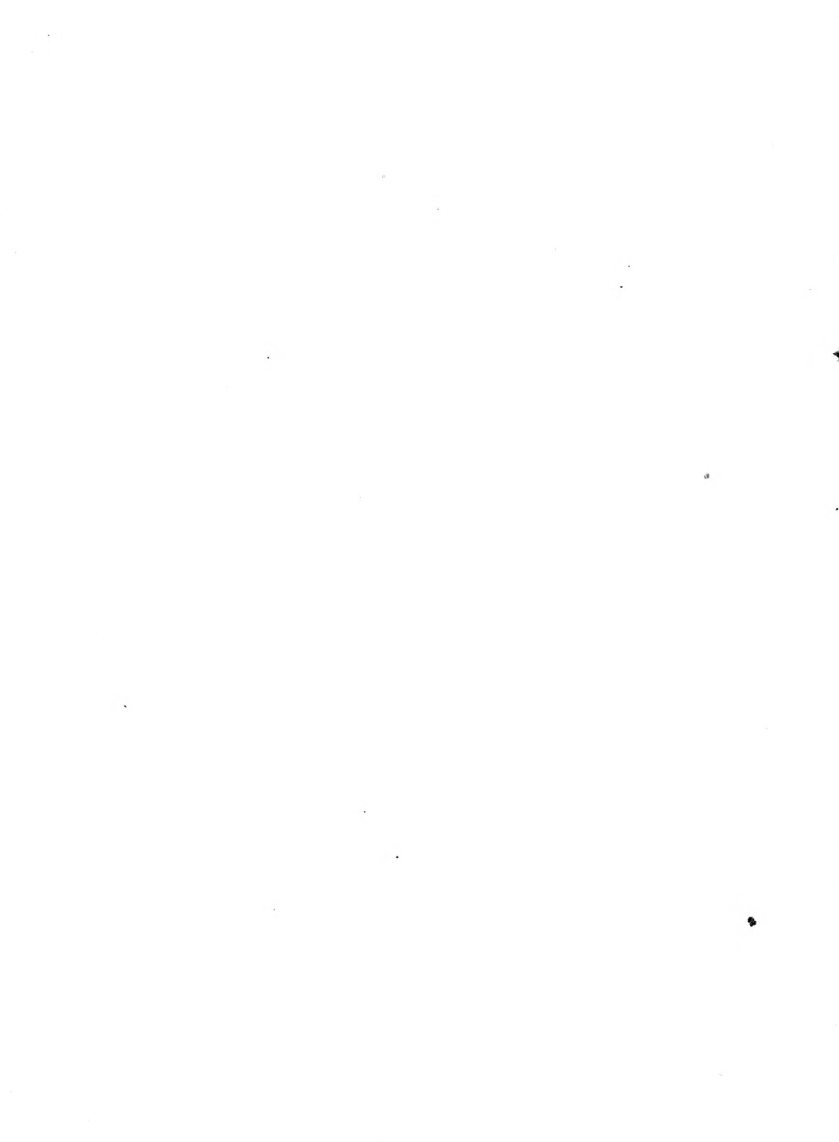
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# BRIGENIA

A LEGEND OF THE ILIAD.



AND OTHER  
POEMS  
BY AN AUTHOR  
UNKNOWN





# IPHIGENIA

A LEGEND OF THE ILIAD.

AND OTHER  
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## PREFACE.

FROM the fragmentary and often contradictory legends of various authors, found in all the classical dictionaries, the writer has wrought the story of "Iphigenia."

Connected necessarily with the times and scenes of the Iliad, some of the expressions used are borrowed from that Poem. In weaving from these myths a connected and Dramatic Story, much has been supplied by the imagination, the writer has nevertheless endeavored to adhere closely to both the ethics and the polity of the ancient Greeks, so far as understood by him from translations of the Iliad and other writings.

THE AUTHOR.



# IPHIGENIA.



## THE CROWN OF VENUS.

### PROEMIAL.

Three famous rivals, by the Gods adored,  
Once seated at Olympian festal board,  
Not then content that all were counted great,  
Each sought precedence in their regal state.  
The Goddess Ate, sly mover of strife,  
Whose very nature was with mischief rife,  
A golden apple threw, marked "this I dare  
The Gods award the fairest of the fair."  
JUNO, with her proud dignity of mien  
Claimed the foremost homage in beauty's reign,  
PALLAS, more calm, yet firm in wisdom's power  
Claimed by that charm the award and dower,  
VENUS, so perfect in both form and face  
Claimed pre-eminence through her native grace.  
Now mark the issue, each in jealous fear  
That justice to her cause would not appear  
If Gods decide; chose this another plan  
To seek decision from a mortal man,  
Before whose judgment each might make her plea  
And thus each claim in safer tenure be.

A youthful Shepherd was the chosen one,  
Who on Mount Ida dwelt, King Priam's son;  
Before Prince Paris then each Goddess came  
And plead her cause in person, and by name.  
Said Goddess JUNO, confident in tone,  
"Choose me and thou shalt reign on mighty throne"  
The Goddess PALLAS said, "choose me and then  
Thou shalt be wiser than all other men."  
But VENUS said "choose me and thou shalt have  
Earth's Fairest Born, for ten long years of love,"  
With thus each plea and bribe before him cast,  
Alas for Paris that he chose the last;  
Yet thus for Venus was her crown prepared  
As "Queen of Beauty," by no Goddess shared;  
And thus it came, false Helen, Paris chose  
And ten long years of bloody war arose.

## IPHIGENIA.

A LEGEND OF THE ILIAD

'Twas Sparta's Queen, fair Leda, who gave birth  
To beauteous Helen, famed in all the earth,  
The peerless among women, at whose shrine  
Men gave worship as though she were divine.  
A Princess she of high estate and name.  
To seek her hand full thirty nobles came.  
Tyndarious, wise father, Sparta's King,  
These Princes bound by oath and signet ring,  
Before the Gods, with many a solemn vow  
That to her choice, they each in peace would bow,  
And more—confederate side by side  
Against all foes they would defend the bride.  
Should insult fall upon the noble house,  
They would as one the common cause espouse.  
Thus were her suitors bound, and Helen free  
To name the favored, who her lord should be.  
As all were noble, each of fame could boast,  
'Twas hard to know which one to favor most;  
The Gods by an oracle at length decide  
And to King Menelaus, gave the matchless bride.

Then for a season with all the foes of Greece  
There was rest from war, and the reign of peace.

Now from the shores of Troy, to Menelaus came  
A Prince ambassador of a noble name;  
Paris the beautiful, winsome and vain,  
The chosen of Venus, but weak among men;  
Son of great Priam, Troy's venerable King,  
He from that realm did friendly greeting bring.  
In great assembly, and in games athlete,  
And rounds of feasting, did they Paris greet;  
Thus royal treatment unreserved and kind  
Did Priam's son, from every Grecian find.

O traitorous soul of man! O double heart!  
To generous host he wrought a craven's part.  
Hear now the story, one both new and old,  
Through every age, yes o'er and o'er 'tis told;  
The beauteous Helen, won by subtle plea,  
Bound by his toils, and now no longer free  
Was borne by Paris within the Trojan walls.  
Are the Gods all blind when man from virtue falls?  
Nay—know the sequel, wrought in blood and fire,  
Penalty for wrong, both Gods and men require;  
Stung by this wrong all Greece arose to arms,



Through all the realm, loud rung wars dread alarms,  
Heralds quick sent on swift unfaltering steed  
Summoned great chieftains to avenge the deed.  
Then host on host from eastern coast and west  
Came "brass clad Grecians" with the curling crest.  
Of these brave chiefs, 'twere hard to find a name  
That was not graven on the shield of fame.  
The mighty Ajax of the Achaen realm,  
Who with his single arm could hosts o'erwhelm;  
Great Diomede called the "pride of Greece"  
And brave Ulysses, wise in war and peace;  
And Idomenias the great Creton King,  
Did to the cause their loyal forces bring;  
And "Godlike Achilles" Thetas' royal son,  
Descent from great Jove the almighty one;  
Nestor, "the aged," still in valor young,  
In every land loud were his praises sung;  
Agamemnon, "the invincible," who alone  
Was like an army to defend a throne,  
Brother of Menelaus, himself "the great"  
Now like a lion roused to avenge his fate.

Before these mighty chiefs Tyndaricus came  
And said, "Would ye avenge my sullied name,

With swords held high, before the Gods now swear  
That to one chief ye will allegiance bear;  
In weal or woe, will to that one stand fast,  
Then choose by lot, in brazen helmet cast.”  
All took the oath—then fate gave subtle voice  
And Agamemnon, was the chieftain's choice.

Then they called for the Bard, and the Bard forth  
came

And in rhyme rehearsed great deeds of fame,  
And he sang to the tune of his lyric strings  
All hail great Agamemnon, the “lord of Kings.”

Prepared for war the great confederate host,  
Their chieftains gathered to the Grecian coast,  
Where full equipped to sail, unnumbered lay  
The ships to bear them from the shores away.  
When lo confronted with unwonted foes  
Now from off the sea a mighty storm arose;  
The elements aroused by some mysterious ire  
Sent down in wrath their awful floods and fire;  
Tempestuous winds in angry fitful strife  
To fury wrought, were with destruction rife.  
With dark forebodings, and with fear appalled  
The assembled chiefs, unto their Gods now called.

By priestly offering, and by oracle they sought  
From the Gods a respite from the dangers wrought.

Before the assembled chiefs did then appear  
Calchas, wise Prophet, and venerable seer,  
With mien portentous, and with low bowed head,  
He slowly spoke, and these the words he said:  
“Ye mighty chiefs—before day’s dawn of light  
When the storm’s red flash, oft broke the gloom  
of night;

Within the silent grove, on sacred altar laid  
I costly incense burned, and waiting, prayed;  
When lo descending from immortal sphere  
Did ‘swift winged’ Ires, from the Gods appear,  
And these the words she said, and speaking low,  
‘Thou mortal, do ye seek in truth to know,  
By what great fault ye do the Gods offend  
Who now in wrath their mighty forces send;  
Hear then great Jove, as when in thunder tone  
To the Gods he spoke from the Olympian throne.

‘Behold—ye mighty rulers on earth, and air and  
sea;  
On man in wrath look down—behold and see

How they rejoicing in imagined power  
 Our aid seek not in their exultant hour,  
 But in their strength of numbers, swell with pride.  
 Rouse ye the elements of wind and cloud and tide;  
 Prove to these haughty chiefs, these 'lords of  
 Greece;'

The Gods are first in power, in war or peace;  
 Nor stay your wrath until for sacrifice is laid  
 On sacred altar Greece's most noble maid.

Speed thou swift Ires to the prophet seer,  
 Whose prayer for succor we already hear.  
 To the prophet fly, and this one answer bear  
 To his offered incense and beseeching prayer.  
 When on sacrificial altar, the lord of kings  
 Great Agamemnon, to Jove his daughter brings,  
 On him the Gods will smile again in peace  
 And speed his cause against the foes of Greece."

Thus spoke the Sage, in tones both sad and slow,  
 The fearful message gave, with head bowed low.

With flashing eye, uprose the mighty chief  
 His kindling wrath o'er-mastering ought of grief

On th' council floor, as though the earth did quake  
His pond'rous spear-hilt rang, and thus he spake,  
“Hurl down great Gods, and all your vengeance  
wreak

By such ordeal, I will no respite seek;  
Ye ‘lords of men,’ hear now your chief and king  
Of beasts for sacrifice, hecatombs I’ll bring;  
To our great cause all else I have I give,  
But, my dark-hair’d Iphigenia, shall live.”

Then spoke wise Nestor, yet with tearful eye,  
“Shall man dependent, the mighty Gods defy?  
Judge well the case O king, nor turn away  
For mighty issues are in poise to-day.  
Bring forth the scales, let justice here decide  
The whole case weigh—or weal, or woe betide.  
On that side place beneath the pending knife  
Beauty, virtue, treasured in youth’s budding life,  
While untold tears of doating mother blends  
With bitter drops from Father, Lover, Friends;  
Add now fond hopes of future earthborn bliss,  
Down weighs that cup, while lifted high is this;  
But justice says, ‘let judgment still abide  
Turn now the scale and fill the other side.’

First then great chief we place our broken vow ;  
Paris claims Helen his forever now ;  
Menelaus mourns—not blood on altar shed  
But Helen lost to him, and worse than dead ;  
If to the Gods we now refuse to bend,  
Then to their homes each brass clad soldier send ;  
Unused—our dark ribbed ships shall lie and rot,  
To invade the coasts of Troy they're wanted not.  
Let the blush of shame flash high on burning cheek  
Of every chief—yea of evr'y living Greek,  
When boastful foe shall prate of coward fear  
And we their scorn unresented shall hear.  
Then shall the Gods our ardent foes increase  
And bring loud wailing to the shores of Greece.

“Justice O king, to favor ever blind  
Our mighty cause hath weighed—what do we find?”

With noble speech, Ulysses, wise sage,  
Before the chiefs, did then their thoughts engage  
As thus he spoke—“not with the eyes of man  
Do the great Gods all human action scan ;  
Deep hid and dark beyond all mortal ken  
Are laws that govern the affairs of men.

The Gods command, let men their words obey  
Then from deep night shall spring the light of day.  
Now with one heart, and with undoubting mind  
And many prayers, let us the off'ring bind  
So with the Gods—as we our faith attest—  
Shall life or death, and every issue rest.

The voice of Agamemnon, once again was heard  
As now subdued he spoke the final word.  
“Great chiefs, your words are wise, but like a dart  
From long drawn bow they sink within my heart;  
Out from my very soul whose power and life  
Is torn with anguish and with bitter strife,  
To pay the price the Gods demand for peace  
I give to die the brightest gem of Greece;  
To appease great Jove and his command obey  
I yield to fate life's dearest joy to-day.  
And now good Calchas, I commit to thee  
The highest trust that can with mortal be,  
With thy wise plea and with persuasive speech  
The maiden thou shalt see and all her duty teach  
With deep religious zeal her heart inspire  
To yield that life which now the Gods require:  
Go then wise Seer, and may the Gods give aid

When to the altar comes the pure young maid.”  
Next day at eve, when then to Aulis come  
With Calchas, from her loved palace home,  
To him she spoke, and these the words she said,  
As in deep grief she bowed her youthful head,  
“Thou sayest a sacrifice the Gods require,  
That blood of beast will not appease their ire;  
That from our woe can never come release  
Till on the altar dies a maid of Greece:  
And this thy plea, that from the sacrificial flame  
Ascending high will spring immortal fame.  
Thy words in truth are wise, thou speakest well,  
But, for such a sacrifice, where doth dwell  
In all our land a youthful maid inspired  
With zeal so high, who with devotion fired  
Will yield her life and all that doth involve  
Of unknown anguish with such a dire resolve?  
For surely Seer Greek kings can never bind  
A human off’ring with unwilling mind.  
But now I think—On that dread council day  
Of dark assent, what did my Father say?  
What mean thy sorrowing tears, which falling trace  
Their rapid course along thy pallid face?  
Speak Calchas! Ye Gods! a horrid thought



Strikes to my heart with untold terrors fraught;  
Quick Calchas! tell me did great Jove e'en name  
The maiden doomed to the sacrificial flame?"

With trembling voice and face of livid hue  
To the maid he gave this awful answer true,  
"From his high throne great Jove this message  
sent,  
'From my deep wrath I never can relent  
'Till Greece's great king of proud and noble fame  
Shall yield his Daughter to the sacrificial flame.'"

Then rose a cry of woe and deep despair  
With wringing hands and wild disheveled hair;  
Then prostrate form, with deep half-uttered groan,  
Then deathlike sigh, and faint and breathless moan.  
Then back to life with sudden ardent spring  
While thus her words did with deep passion ring,  
"Ye Gods and men your wrath though I defy  
As victim bound, I cannot, will not die;  
On burning altar thou shalt never see  
My young life shed, nay that shall never be!  
My father must reverse this wild decree  
When prostrate, I before him make my plea."

The prophet Seer, with calm and thoughtful brow  
In sorrow heard her deep impassioned vow;  
But knowing well that chieftain's dreadful strait,  
His fearful bondage to relentless fate;  
With wise converse, he sought to well unfold  
The sequence deep of what the fates controlled.

At length more calm, as by the prophet taught,  
She learned to ken the mighty issues fraught  
With weal or woe, and these she pondered well  
With thoughts more deep than mortal tongue can  
tell.

Then roused to speech as from a dream awoke,  
Half musing still, she then to Calchas spoke.

“Good Calchas hear while I this story tell;  
‘Twas not so long ago, and I remember well  
When on Aulis upper seagirt height,  
The autumn morning sun was shining bright;  
One day I took my bow, with wire well strung,  
While at my side my brass tipped arrows hung;  
And wandering far within the tangled wood  
I came to where a high cliffed mountain stood;  
When lo before me in leafy den half hid  
Waiting to spring upon a young white kid,

I saw a half grown leopard couchant lie;  
I quick resolved—the savage beast shall die.  
While safe the kid to mountain home shall fly.  
To trusty bow I fixed a brass tipped dart  
And sent the missile through the leopard's heart;  
Then turning round, before me face to face  
As now returned from a far mountain chase,  
I saw great Diana, empress of the wood;  
With wonder deep, and fear, transfixed I stood.  
In majestic strength and strange wild beauty she  
With dark bowed piercing eyes there gazed on me;  
From loose tied knot, escaping down her back  
Hung half her waving hair of raven black;  
Her skirt upgathered to its girdle hung  
While on her back was bow and quiver flung;  
On forehead high a golden crescent shone,  
And thus the Goddess stood with me alone.  
At length she spoke to me in kindly voice  
With these strange words that made my heart  
    rejoice,  
‘Fair mortal, I praise thy skill, thou hast done  
    well,  
I know thy name, and know where thou dost  
    dwell;

By thy brave act thou gain'st a Goddess love,  
Sometime its worth thou may'st have need to prove;  
Then fair one, fall before Diana's shrine  
By prayer and incense seek my aid divine,  
What ere the woe dark fortune brings to thee  
Before the gods, thy advocate I'll be.'

"Such my story Seer with all its wonders told,  
Ponder it well till thou its sign behold;  
Ope' thou thy book of oracles and read  
While I before the Goddess' shrine shall plead;  
Yet know my kindling faith—when the morrow's  
sun

Shall speed its course until the day is done,  
To thee I'll name the day, the hour, the place  
Where I shall come to you for sacrifice."  
Next morn at early dawn alone she went,  
With all her thoughts on one deep hope intent  
To sacred grove, and there on golden shrine  
She burned sweet incense to the God divine,  
And with the wreathing smoke ascending there  
From anxious heart arose her fervent prayer.

"O thou great Diana, mortal woman's friend,  
Unto my prayer attend;

Thy promised favor now I humbly plead  
In this my time of need.

O Goddess save!

“As a child fleeing from his dread alarms  
Hides in his mother’s arms,  
So I in peril seek thy love and grace;  
Fold me in thy embrace.

O Goddess save!

“As chosen victim I am doomed to die  
By decree of court on high;  
Doomed to appease a vengeful ire  
In sacrifice and fire.

O Goddess save!

“I quickly to thy promised succor fly  
I must not, cannot die!  
Be thou my mighty advocate and shield,  
Save thou thy trembling child.

O Goddess save!

“If from this fate thou will protect me now,  
Hear this my sacred vow:

Before thy feet I will forever fall  
And give to thee my all.  
O Goddess save!

“Give thee my faith, my life—O thou divine,  
A priestess at thy shrine,  
Or serve thee ever as a willing slave  
With all the powers I have.  
O Goddess save!”

Thus as she prayed her prayer the Goddess heard,  
And before the Olympian throne her plea preferred;  
For summoned by Themis, from cloud and sea, and  
coast,  
To high Olympia came the immortal host  
At Jove's command—in that most urgent hour  
From far assembled at his word of power.  
First in majestic mien, yet not alone  
Sat the great sovereign on imperial throne,  
Close at his side great Juno, white armed queen,  
Claimed equal judgment—with a haughty mien;  
And round the throne in each appointed place  
Were mighty rulers—an immortal race,  
Whose powers when wrought to acts, were only less  
Than his whose sovereign might was limitless.

Before this court the great Diana came—  
The strong armed Goddess of immortal fame—  
And thus she spake in tones of half command  
As her dark eye the assembled council scanned,  
“I seek to change this most high court’s decree  
And while I plead, ye Gods give ear to me.  
Tis not the curse which Jove in wrath doth send  
On Grecian arms (and doth their cause forefend)  
I would recall—nay still on Aulis coast  
Let judgment bide upon the Grecian host  
Till Agamemnon, hath full atonement made  
And on the altar his fair daughter laid.  
(Ha! ha! proud lord of Kings, I love thee not  
Who once my skill did sneering set at nought)  
But this I plead; but first my story hear,  
Then will the justice of my cause appear.

“Not long ago returning from the chase,  
I chanced to come through a dark mountain place  
Whose path by sudden turn gave me surprise,  
For just before me there by strange emprise,  
A fair young maiden stood with eyes intent  
On object seen—while with cool purpose bent  
And quick resolve—she drew her trusty bow  
With strong and well directed aim—when lo

As quick I looked to where the missile sped,  
I saw it strike a fierce young leopard, dead,  
While startled by the sudden noise to flight  
Escaped the prey, a kid of spotless white.  
Just then the maiden turned with flushing face,  
And stood transfixed in all her native grace.  
Each on each in mute surprise there gazed  
(I scarce can say which one was more amazed)  
With kindly speech at length I broke the spell  
And with assuring smile I praised her skill.  
A magic power o'er me her beauty wove  
As in her voice, speech with her terror strove.  
To reassure the maid and gain her love,  
I then drew near and this good promise gave:  
'Should fortune, fair one, to thee faithless be  
Behold I am thy friend, call thou to me;  
If some great danger thy dark fears arouse  
Before high court I will thy cause espouse.  
That brave young huntress of the mountain path  
Is the chosen victim of impending wrath.  
On sacred altar, she I know must lie  
But on that altar she shall never die.  
O thou great Jove and all ye Gods attend,  
From this fair maid I will the stroke forefend;



For lo e'en now her voice in humble prayer  
Ascends with incense on the morning air.  
When is prepared the altar's sacred fire  
And Greece's most noble maid ascends the pyre,  
Before the people's gaze assembled there  
I'll far away the fair young maiden bear,  
While on the altar in her place is laid  
A goat full grown, as her redemption paid."

Thus great Diana plead her gracious cause  
And the Olympian host gave loud applause.

Then spoke great Jove and gave this last command,  
"Speed like the wind from cloud to mountain land,  
In thy golden chariot speed thy flight,  
With thy pair of steeds, one black the other white;  
O'er viney clustered vales and terraced hills  
Whence comes the ruby wine, which sparkling fills  
Our golden goblets – when with rapid feet

Fair goddess Hebe doth serve us all at meat—  
Beyond where Achelaus in winding course  
On lofty sloping Pindus finds its source,  
To where Haemas far eastern cloud-capped chain  
Looks o'er the landscape and the rocky main.

There with his native flocks, and roaming free  
Now grown mature, a pure white goat you'll see;  
'Tis thy maiden's mountain kid—that one alone  
Shall buy her life, and Grecian fault atone.”  
While over fleet and camp reigned still the curse  
Of Jove's deep wrath in storms and winds adverse;  
That day at eve the Priest and maiden met,  
Just as the sun in western cloud had set,  
And thus she spoke—while from her placid brow  
Shone bright the impress of her prayer and vow,  
“Lo now I come and yield myself to die;  
The altar build when the morrow's sun is high.  
Good Calchas hear—before the council go  
And my request let all the chieftains know:  
At the sun's mid day let all the mighty host,  
That now encamp on Aulis fateful coast,  
Be marshalled o'er the plain in grand array,  
And there behold how men the Gods obey.  
There Agamemnon, before the eyes of Greece  
Shall pay the price the Gods demand for peace.”  
Great Agamemnon, the chieftains chosen chief,—  
Whose heart still bled with unavailing grief—  
Gave high command, then from the ship lined coast  
The leaders marshalled their confederate host

Bright flashed the point of every polished spear  
As troup on troup the brass clad host drew near;  
Each force their well appointed place did gain  
With rank on rank, far reaching o'er the plain.  
Built in their very midst, and lifted high—  
In plain outline against the cloudy sky—  
The sacred altar stood whereon should lie  
The chosen victim who that day must die.

Led forth by Calchas at the appointed hour  
Like a Queen ascending to her throne of power;  
Or like a hero crowned with a wreath of fame,  
The fair young maiden to the altar came;  
On her brow a golden crescent shone,  
As on the sacred pyre she stood alone  
With head uncovered, save in beauty rare  
The golden band that bound her waving hair.  
A bracelet on her arm of purest gold  
Wrought in a serpent's form with twining fold  
Was the gift of great Achilles, the proud,  
Who cherished love for her, yet unavowed;  
Back from her shoulder in easy form of grace  
Hung the spotted trophy of her mountain chase;  
Beneath the soft mantle of the leopard's skin,  
And gathered to her waist by folds within,

Her purple skirt was hung with broidered band  
Wide and rich wrought by her own skillful hand.  
When Menelaus the beauteous Helen wed,  
This girdle's mate, so many witness said,  
As friendship's gift the bride did well adorn;  
In Troy still prized is there by Helen worn.

Thus in her garb as huntress of the wood,  
In view of all the fair young maiden stood  
While in one hand her trusty bow she bore  
And 'neath her belt a single arrow wore;  
Kneeling there, while all the people gazed,  
By some mysterious power, that all amazed  
In mist of cloud, 'mid sound of rushing wind  
Swift as the light, did with the cloud descend  
A golden chariot, which upward bore the maid  
While in her place a pure white goat was laid;  
While yet the people looked, lo from on high,  
They saw descend from the upper sky  
Shot from her bow—the maiden's single dart  
Strike the panting victim to the very heart.  
While still the people gazed, lo bending high,  
They saw a beauteous rainbow in the clearing sky;  
'Twas the bow of promise, and the sign of peace,  
Of Olympian favor to the cause of Greece.

At the early dawn of an auspicious day  
A thousand ships sailed from the coast away.  
In lingering combat, oft with loss adverse,  
'Mid fire and carnage, oft in deep reverse,  
Ten years of awful war at length are past  
And glorious conquest comes to Greece at last  
Her dark ribbed ships deep laden with the spoils  
Of untold wealth, the fruit of many toils,  
Back to glad homes from the siege of Troy  
Bore the veteran host, 'mid their shouts of joy.

Judgment is sure, though oft it long doth wait,  
Ignoble Paris finds a traitor's fate,  
Menelaus no more his absent queen doth mourn  
Beauteous Helen, safe back to Greece is borne.

On high Olympia, with a ready will  
Iphigenia served the great goddess still,  
As her loved attendant in court and chase,  
Her zeal she proved in quick and native grace;  
As a nymph of the mountain, wood and plain,  
Through many years she did with her remain;  
Then robed as Priestess—true to her native vow—  
For a time at Tauris, we behold her now

Serving the Goddess at her divine command  
In holy rites, in that dark foreign land.  
At length to Grecian chiefs, by herald sent  
There came a message, writ to this intent:  
    "From Diana they lasting favor sought  
    Sparta they must build of marble wrought  
    A beauteous Temple to her name divine,  
With a sacred altar and a golden shrine;  
And Iphigenia, to her loved native home  
Would from the Goddess with her blessing come;  
With Diana's image the holy place endow  
And ever there fulfil her prayer and vow.

Aroused to zeal their gifts of wealth untold  
The chieftains brought, in heaps on heaps of gold.  
A beauteous Temple of an immortal fame  
Was built at Sparta in the Goddess' name,  
And Iphigenia, her vow fulfilling ever  
Remains a Priestess at the shrine forever.

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF IPHIGENIA.

“Come, here is the Basket, there is  
great variety, make your selection.”

—OLD DRAMA.

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## A DREAM OF A POEM.

The when and where it matters not—suffice,  
The autumn sun, that all the day had shone  
Upon the forest's frost kissed foliage  
Making it to bloom, red hued and golden;  
Lingered now behind the fleecy clouds that  
Varient formed bestrung the horizon,  
Transforming them as with the magic of  
Supernal power to brilliant burnished silver  
Fringed with bands of purest beaten gold  
And then anon to carmine's fiery red;  
Then lower sinking, spread high above all  
A broad amber tinted purple curtain.  
Then followed night, and the crescent moon  
And the o'erpowering wonder of night's stars  
That in galaxies of glory shone from far.  
Then followed sleep, and what the wise call dream,  
That mystic, dual, semi-conscious realm  
Wherein sensation and soul holds converse  
In strange medley of melody and discord.

There then was I and this I saw and heard;  
I saw three thrones, on each a crowned Queen,

And one was Queen of *music* and of song.  
By sceptre-wielded sign, uprose the curtain;  
Before me in vast assemblage, gathered  
The world's masters of music and melody;  
Then in wondrous harmony of chorus  
Swelled the mighty volume of all music  
Filling my ravished soul with o'er mastering awe;  
And with emotions wrought beyond control  
I bowed before her throne and worship gave.

Another wore the jeweled crown of *art*;  
By sceptre-wielded sign, uprose the curtain;  
A vast arcade appeared, with vistas three  
Stretching their perspective through all ages;  
Before me in all multitude of numbers  
And in all their magnitude and beauty  
Assembled; spread the mighty works of art.  
"Architecture"—in vast columned grandeur  
The world's temples, cathedrals, palaces.—  
"Painting"—all life's portraits, and grand frescoes,  
Nature in art, ideals, sacred and profane;—  
"Sculpture"—the Olympian host, sages, heroes,  
In marbled image, and forms of beauty;—  
With soul surcharged with mighty thoughts  
I bowed before her throne and worship gave.

The other wore the regal haloed crown of  
*Poetry*—and she was improvisatrice.  
By sceptre-wielded sign uprose the curtain;  
In space all limitless and undefined  
Appeared the forms of an immortal band  
Born to the earth, yet spirit taught and moved,  
Whose works are stamped all time imperishable.  
And while I gazed the Queen stood forth and  
spoke

As with prophetic soul, and tongue inspired,  
“Beauty in material art will sometime perish;  
Music, although divine its harmony,  
Is but another form of poesy and song;  
But thoughts forth wrought in highest art of speech  
Conveys to man most lasting, living joy;  
*Poetry* uplifts man’s best and purest  
Faculties, and in them lives forever.”  
When then she ceased, with soul thrilled through  
and through  
I bowed before her throne and worship gave.

Time passed—I awoke to cloud and darkness,  
Changed was nature’s face—gone the golden  
sunset,

Gone the crescent moon, and diamond stars;  
Gone sleep, and dream, and glorious vision,  
Against all effort and all power of thought,  
Gone their memories, lost! lost forever!

## IMMOLATED.

Mrs. B., the fair queen of an opulent guild,  
Gave to a set of dear friends a social;  
That her grand salon on the event might be filled,  
Invitations were sent to them all.  
To dwellers in mansion of "brownstone" and  
"gray,"  
She addressed her rose-tinted cards;  
A coterie select, both brilliant and gay,  
The *elite* of the "upper ten" wards.

"'Twill be so *recherche*, the event of the year,"  
Said bonton, with excited *eclat*;  
"Our set, par-excellence, all must be there,  
For that is the mandate of law."  
Such were the comments, which fell fast and free  
From callers in seal and brocade;  
At this shrine, on this altar—in sequel, ah! see  
What a sacrifice one of them laid.

In her elegant home on her favorite street,  
Mrs. Valentine Vale, now with toilet complete,  
Of satin long trailing, pearl necklace and lace.  
Turned at last from her mirror her radiant face.

Just then she bethought, with a tremor of care,  
To look in once more to the alcove—where  
In the care of his nurse, her bright boy lay,  
Not “alarmingly ill,” but just “ailing” all day.  
With this thought preconceived she came to his bed  
To “kiss him good-night,” when he tearfully said,  
“My throat is so sore, I am sick and I fear,  
Please, mother, don’t leave me, but stay with me  
here.”

What demon was that whose lying beguiled  
That gay mother’s heart away from her child,  
When she answered, as turning already to go,  
“I’ll quickly be back, you’ll be better, I know.”  
Ah, the demon of Pride had his ruling that night,  
Obscuring perception, and veiling from sight  
The red flush of fever, the laboring breath,  
Which else would admonish of danger and death.

O, regal the splendor and brilliant the light,  
In that palace of carved granite gray,  
As it shone from the parlors, transforming the  
night  
With a radiance rivalling day.

And sweetly the music fell soft on the air  
For the waltz and the long promenade,  
While rivals for favor sought eagerly there  
For the "queens" in their silk and brocade.

With paintings and vases, and rare statuette,  
Reflected from gold-mirror wall;  
See be vies of beauty, both fair and brunette:  
Society's "stars" were they all.  
The moments glide swiftly, the hours pass away  
With exciting, entrancing delight;  
Mrs. Valentine Vale—the flattered and gay,  
Scarce thought of her "Willie" that night.

What music is that? he faintly can hear,  
As softly in waves it comes borne to his ear;  
Is it music of angels? Ah! so does it seem  
To his feverish fancy, in half-conscious dream.  
Tread softly, speak lowly, for Death's drawing  
near  
And yet there's no weeping, there's no falling  
tear;  
Around his white bed there's no sob and no groan,  
And the unequal contest is borne all alone.

All alone, did I say? Nay! nay! for in love  
The Lord in his mercy sends down from above  
Sweet ministering spirits, who in office of grace  
Bear each to his vision a mother's dear face,  
Whose kiss of affection upon his pale brow,  
Drives away from his thought all his suffering now.  
Yet the fever raged high—all hopeless the strife  
With a foe who demanded the little one's life.

Tread softly, speak lowly, for Death has been here  
And yet there's no weeping, there's no falling tear:  
A form in cold beauty lies still on his bed,  
And yet there's no sigh, and no wail for the dead.  
The gas was burned dimly throughout the long  
    night,  
While rich broidered curtains deep shaded its light;  
The watcher grown weary from vigils long kept,  
And the patient so quiet—she thought that he slept.

Past midnight, near morning, and now she has  
    come;  
In haste she ascends to her dim-lighted room;  
Tread lightly, speak lowly—"how sweetly he  
    sleeps."



But hark! there's loud wailing! there's some one  
who weeps!

There's wringing of hands! there's a cry of  
despair!

There's a groan of deep anguish! there's passion-  
ate prayer!

Alas! a great sorrow has come to one heart,  
With a burden whose presence will never depart.

## A DECORATION DAY INCIDENT

Winter had gone with its storms and cold,  
    Again it was smiling May;  
And the sun shone fair o'er field and wold,  
    On the Nation's holiday.

With muffled music, with speech and song,  
    And a wealth of flowers in bloom;  
From their homes went forth the old and young  
    To enwreath each Hero's tomb.

With solemn mien and reverent tread,  
    And memory all aglow;  
Garlands were strewn o'er the graves of their dead  
    Amid voicings soft and low.

Not only for brothers and noble sons,  
    - Were the tributes so lovingly paid;  
But over the graves of stranger ones,  
    The wreaths of flowers were laid.

A little child came wandering there,  
    And saw with a great surprise,  
The floral offerings everywhere,  
    And the tears in sorrowing eyes.

One year before—with his fond caress—  
She sat on her father's knee;  
No more from him comes a kiss to bless,  
For he sleeps beneath the sea.

Within this little one's heart there came,  
Sweet memories of his love;  
At that shrine anew there burned a flame  
Which a child's sweet faith could prove.

For with busy hands she labored there—  
And a purpose pure and brave—  
With many returning steps to bear  
Earth and sod, to build a grave.

And then she gathered from lane and field,  
Dandelions of golden hue;  
Until her apron was more than filled,  
And with starry daisies too.

Her flowers so bright into many a link  
She wrought, with many a tear;  
And she said, "*Maybe that God will think  
My papa is buried here.*"

And there alone, on that sacred ground,  
Where her faith had laid her dead;  
Amid the flowers which decked the mound,  
She pillowed her weary head.

When the sexton's evening round was made  
Asleep by the grave she lay;  
Love's purest tribute to memory paid,  
On that Decoration Day.

DEAR SIXTY-FIVE.

Not to disparage the most lovely grace  
That oft is seen  
In maiden form, the fresh and rosy face  
Of "sweet sixteen,"  
And twenty, whose maturing beauty one may trace,  
Each year between.

Nor yet to slight that radiant, rounded type,  
At forty-two,  
The blooming matron, grown mature, and ripe,  
Fair, brave and true;  
Woman--as Queen Regent of the home's dear life  
I bless her too.

But on another altar here I build a fire  
And worship give,  
Another type of beauty I admire  
With heart alive,  
Before whose grace my love doth never tire  
"Dear sixty-five."

Old age's real beauty--I have felt its power  
To bless and give

From calm and placid face, at evening hour  
To care, reprieve.

By holy charm, her own peculiar dower,  
Dear sixty-five.

Years do not mar that beauty, but lend in grace  
And make it live,

With thy curls of silver hair—thy pale, kind face;  
To thee I give,

My reverent love, affection's tenderest place,  
Dear sixty-five.

Woman, as sage regent of the venerable home,  
I will ever give

Deepest homage to thy most sacred name;  
With faith alive

On that blest altar, light love's purest flame,  
Dear sixty-five.

## NATURE'S ÆOLIAN.

Where sloped the hillside from the upper glade,  
I sought cool rest within a maple shade;  
In pictured beauty there before me lay  
The varying landscape on that summer day.  
Just at my right, swift plunged a noisy rill  
In mimic torrent from the rugged hill,  
Till winding down, it coursed through meadows  
    green,  
In laughing ripples and in glittering sheen.  
Nature's own music in melodious treat,  
Filled all my senses with their voices sweet;  
From the far pasture of the woody dell  
Came soft vibrations of the tinkling bell;  
And from the meadows, and the flowery leas,  
With the chirp of insects and the hum of bees,  
Came the sweet discord of unmeasured notes  
From feathered songsters, with uplifted throats.  
From the soft rustle of the swaying trees,  
And their leaves flutter in the gentle breeze,  
There came co-mingling and falling round  
The ceaseless cadence of symphonious sound.

While thus entranced with all this wordless psalm,  
My nature softened in its mellow balm;  
There soon came stealing o'er my grateful sense  
(My soul beguiling with its recompense)  
Half conscious sleep—then did the music seem  
Vague as the vision of a forgotten dream.  
The song of bird, and bee, and babbling rill,  
The leaves' soft murmur, and the tinkling bell,  
By strange transition in the passive mind,  
Changed then to music of another kind.  
Out of old years with their memories fraught,  
Again came visions and unbidden thought.

I sat in a classic hall amid the throng  
Who came to worship at the shrine of song;  
There standing forth, the "Prima Donna" made  
Her voice ring grandly through the great arcade;  
Then sweet and low, borne faintly through the air,  
The notes came softly to the people there,  
Until to all did that grand song impart  
The strange enchantment of her wondrous art.

Again I sat where sombre shadow falls  
Through Gothic arches in sacred temple walls;



While from the organ, in its swelling sound,  
To the soul came speaking in notes profound,  
The song of angels—while by human tongue  
The words were vocal, as the song was sung,  
'Twas "Gloria in Excelsis" to the Lord of grace,  
Who gave salvation to our ruined race.

Again I stood within the tented camp  
Where armies, marshalled with their heavy tramp,  
Gathered for war—for the bloody strife,  
Where foemen meet, and stake life against life.  
I heard the loud clang of the bugle call,  
I saw the brave men in red carnage fall,  
I heard the shout, and heard the groan,  
The swelling sigh, and the dying moan,  
The battle was won, but in darkness o'er all,  
Mantled the smoke, like a funeral pall;  
Then I heard the low music of muffled drums,  
And I heard the sad wail from ruined homes.

But the spell was broken, the dream passed away,  
And my thoughts came back to the conscious day,  
Then the bees, the birds, and the brooklets' roar,  
Made nature's glad music as e'en before.

## A TALK WITH THE BIRDS.

Hail, Robin Red Breast, with the velvet head,  
'Twas you who early roused me from my bed,  
I heard just what you said,  
When perched so high upon the maple tree  
Your gleesome voice rang out so free  
In matchless melody.  
You spoke the language of a prophet seer,  
In tireless roundelay of cheer on cheer!  
"Spring is here, Spring is here."

Another voice I hear when the day is new,  
And the far meadow sparkles in the dew  
"I cheeralew, I cheeralew."

I know that song, I need no longer hark,  
All day you sing it, from early morn till dark  
Bright cheerful Meadow Lark.

The words are strange, their language known to few  
But I know what they mean for I know you  
"I cheeralew, I cheeralew."

From you brave songster comes a louder hail,  
By the wood lot perching on a topmost rail,  
Brown speckled Quail,

The farmer says you often make him fret  
With your dismal piping of a saucy threat,  
    "More wet, more wet, more wet,"  
But to me a name you speak, did I hear right?  
Do you mean me? You are mistaken quite  
    My name is not "Bob White."

And gentle Blue Bird with the tawny breast,  
Your voice I hear though softer than the rest;  
    I know where is your nest!  
You told me in your mellow song one day  
When I was walking by the garden way,  
    But I will ne'er betray!  
I do not know the *words* of all your song  
As soft and flutelike it does float along  
    But the *notes* are sweetly sung.

## MY ROBINS.

When winter reigns no more as king,  
But yields the sceptre to his daughter spring;  
And budding April comes with sun and showers  
To prepare for the May crowning of flowers,  
I hear my Robin sing.

I know his voice, and through the garden gate  
I see my beauty, chatting with his mate;  
To well known haunts returned from southern  
skies  
On ground and tree and fence, then back he flies  
With gleeful song elate.

I call my pets, when with a side-long glance  
Of native caution, and with head askance  
They hop along, and coming nearer still  
They eat my crumbs, while thanks they seem to tell,  
In happy bird parlance.

Yes they are mine, while though on wings as free  
As summer wind, they flit from tree to tree;  
'Tis not by prison bars I keep them near,  
Nay, long ago they learned to have no fear  
Of any harm from me.

I love all birds, but like the robins best  
Because near human friends they're happiest;  
Where children laugh and sing, they love to dwell,  
And by both act and song they seem to tell  
    "Here's safety for our nest."

Well build it there in shelter from the rain,  
Where I can watch you from my window pane;  
There safely dwell through all the summer time,  
If when past you fly to southern clime  
    Next spring come back again.

## THAT LONESOME CROW.

On a cross-cut road in a lonesome spot,  
Where the farmer had cleared a back wood lot;  
On a high black stub of a gaunt old tree,  
Scorched from its roots, and from branches free,  
There came this cry from a lonesome crow—  
A cry of anguish, and a wail of woe:

Caw-aw, caw, caw.

It was early spring, and the wild winds blew,  
In cold whirling eddies the snow flakes flew;  
That day at morn, with his chosen mate,  
On that same old stub that black crow sat  
And talked with her, with a loving look,  
While they built their nest in a quiet nook.

Caw-aw, caw, caw.

But alas, on that day the farmer came,  
And with ruthless hand and cruel aim,  
He shot and killed that black crow's mate,  
And now all alone he bewails his fate.  
Yet while he mourns with that lonesome song,  
He plans a revenge for the cruel wrong.

Caw-aw, caw, caw.

He waited and watched, until one May morn,  
The farmer planted that field with corn;  
He waited and watched till it sprouted green,  
As fine a prospect as ever was seen;  
Then away to the wood that black crow sped  
And rallied his friends to avenge his dead.

Caw-aw, caw, caw.

They heard his tale of that cruel wrong,  
And they gathered in clouds a thousand strong;  
They rooted and scratched that field of corn  
Till every hill was riddled and torn;  
Then away they flew with a wild hurrah!  
Revenge is sweet, for 'tis nature's law.

Caw-aw, caw, caw.

## NIGHT IN THE CITY.

Slow sinks the sun below the wooded crest  
Of distant hilltops (limning fair the west),  
Whose lingering rays, or ere their day shall cease  
The verging white clouds change to golden fleece,  
While twilight shadows fall.

Then fainter, feebler, grows the waning light,  
Till now the deep and sombre shades of night  
Dark spreads the veil o'er all.

The crescent moon, with feeble, fickle sheen  
In fitting transit, the light clouds between,  
Retires at length beneath the glint and glare  
Of the diamond stars—whose jewelled glories there  
In countless numbers spread.

The busy world, from daytime turmoil grows  
To a quiet stillness and calm repose,  
As from a battle fled.

From strife and tumult of the day released,  
The rumbling noise of the street has ceased,  
While all around, close shuttered, silence reigns,  
Till as the dark hours pass—the city gains  
A solitude, strangely deep.



For save the footfall of the watchful guard,  
As oft he marches through his given ward,  
The city's all asleep.

Or save from belfry and from steeple tower  
The wakeful clock chimes forth each passing hour,  
Or now the coming of a midnight train  
Loud breaks the stillness to the ear again,  
Like the thunder of a storm.  
And then receding to a fainter sound  
Of far off rumble—while again profound  
Comes the stillness of a calm.

Or save, perchance, from festive banquet come  
Some luckless loiterer from a hapless home,  
Breaking the silence with his ribald song,  
Is with loud tumult led to prison—long  
To wait the thankless morn;  
While now again grows still the late hour'd night,  
And peace reigns there, till slow the eastern light  
Shows that a new day is born.

Oh, night! blest time for thoughtfulness and prayer  
Life's fever cooled—now freed from carking care,

The burdened soul may seek from sin release,  
Turn then to God, and find both rest and peace,  
    And strength for the coming day.  
“Come then, sweet sleep,” the weary nature’s  
    balm,  
Solace for the nerves, while in unconscious dream  
    Swift glides the hours away.

## ROUND OF THE LETTER-CARRIER.

Down the granite steps in his suit of gray,  
With knapsack slung in the accustomed way,  
Each early morn we see his form appear  
With letters laden—from far and near.  
First on his route his rapid steps are made  
To pass along the busy marts of trade,  
Where eager men, with all the hurrying strife  
Of buying, selling, spend their active life,  
Till, turning then with steady, reverent strides,  
His pathway leads where stately wealth resides;  
Within whose mansions, and whose sculptured  
    gates,  
The rich-robed fair his welcome mission waits  
Still further passing, and from place to place,  
He enters now, with kindly, beaming face,  
Along the street, and goes from door to door  
Of pleasant homes of neither rich or poor.  
And as in faithfulness his work is done,  
The letter given o'er, and one by one;  
And as to eager eyes, 'mid hopes and fears  
Their varying import tells of joys and tears,  
Of those here read their summing up shall be,  
Of life's great book, a leaf's epitome.

## FIRST LETTER.

To parents fond the joyful news has come,  
Their absent, only son is coming home;  
To high distinction in his class attained,  
The golden promise of their hope is gained;  
For now at length his college course is done,  
Reward secured, in highest honors won.

## SECOND.

Across the way beyond the carrier bore  
One sealed in black, which mourning's dark band  
wore;  
That household's head, the one who e'er before  
Was all its stay, its comfort and its store,  
Fallen in death, shall pass within no more.  
The shutters close, hang crape upon the door,  
Let stricken hearts their anguished grief outpour,  
For human aid can ne'er the wound close o'er.

## THIRD

With eager hand a lovely maiden fair  
Her dainty missive takes, and light as air  
With fleeting steps upflies, where all alone  
The welcome message scans; and eager one,

With blushing gladness reads the words aflame  
From him she loves, but does not care to name.

## FOURTH.

Just here a widow lives, whose eldest son,  
Four years ago, a hardened, sinful one,  
His loving mother left, nor had she heard,  
Through all these years, from him a single word;  
But now with joy anew her glad heart sings,  
Good news from him, at length, a letter brings.

## FIFTH.

Still further on a stately matron lives,  
Whose lord his time to public service gives.  
Ambition rules within his active mind,  
His joy alone in high distinction finds.  
The morning mail brings news of his success,  
And bids his wife their rising fortunes bless.

## SIXTH.

With trembling hand a mother now unfurls  
The sheet, to find within two tiny curls;  
With filling eyes she then the sad words read:  
“Oh, mother, weep with me, my babe is dead!”

## SEVENTH.

Just beyond, within the neighboring door,  
From out the sheet, flies fluttering to the floor  
A welcome money-check, from loving son;  
Affection's gift in honest labor won.

Thus in the knapsack of his daily round  
The varying story of human life is found,  
For as the carrier brings each day anew  
His missive treasures, and they are brought to view,  
We have portrayed the human joys and ills  
In few short words that life's experience fills.  
Leaves of the tragic book, whose whole comple-  
ted page  
Finds all its parts on life's transpiring stage;  
Whose fitful drama, of constant changing scenes,  
Found well rehearsed in what the mail-bag brings,  
Are made prophetic of all life's coming years,  
The changeless sum of hopes, and joys, and fears.

## A LEGEND OF NIAGARA.

“HIAWATHA-EN.”

Just a hundred summer seasons,  
Since from out an Indian wigwam,  
    (Tribe and camp of Iroquois  
    Or the warlike Chippewas.)  
Came there forth an Indian maiden,  
Clothed was she in native costume;  
    Skins of Otter, skins of Beaver  
    Trimmed with shells and knit together  
    With beaded thread and eagle feather.  
But with sorrow heavy laden  
Was this dark-haired Indian maiden;  
    For a noble dusky warrior  
    Proud and brave—her favored lover,  
    Crossing with his bow and quiver  
    The swiftly rushing, roaring river,  
    In rash pursuit of deer or beaver,  
    Down the rapids went—and over.  
Then this maiden heavy laden,  
Sought in death release of burden;  
And to share her lover's grave,  
Plunged she in the rushing wave;

To find her lover she would go,  
Down the torrent far below.

Now the warrior and the maiden  
In the spirit land and Eden,  
Far beyond the river's shore,  
Dwell together evermore.



## FEBRUARY GEMS.

To wondering children, in the ages old,  
I've often heard that mystic tales were told  
Of fairy lands, where oft on trees and bowers  
There fell from heaven, pure crystal gems in  
showers.

Well, I believe, and so I think must you  
That myths are shadows sometimes of the true;  
For going forth upon a winter morn  
A wondrous glory did the day adorn,  
On every tree along the city street,  
What matchless splendor did my vision greet.  
Pendant from silver-coated branch and stem,  
In argent beauty hung a brilliant gem;  
Sparkling in candescent glory bright,  
Shone myriad diamonds in the morning light.  
Nature from its exhaustless wealth and store,  
Through every street and by-way o'er and o'er,  
Prodigal alike to all the rich and poor  
He scattered rivals to the Khoinoor.

## ÆSTHETIC FOOD.

A calla lily in an ancient vase  
Or modern,—the same is true in either case,—  
    As native to the eye of sense,  
    It yields to that sweet recompense;  
    But sought, it is æsthetic food,  
    Soulful, intense, divinely good.

Oh, royal calla lily! what do I see  
When thy argent beauty is utter to me?  
    There, standing by the altar's side,  
    I see a white-robed, queenly bride;  
Her lovely, blushing pearl-crowned face  
    Half-hid beneath its veil of lace.

In that crystal dew-drop on thee, lily dear,  
Thou speakest the anguish of a mother's tear.  
    I see a swift-winged angel wait  
    To gently bear through pearly gate  
    A darling infant, robed in white,  
    To realm of bliss and endless light.

Thou art my *Argo*, bound for classic Greece,  
Bearing thy petal as the "golden fleece;"  
    While sailing o'er the emerald sea,

Oh, lily white! thou sayest to me:  
“Feed thy soul where bounteous art  
At Athens had its birth and mart.”

Oh, calla lily ! thou art as regal quite  
As noblest statue wrought in marble white  
Of god or goddess, warrior, seer,—  
Or even Apollo Belvedere,—  
Of Venus, Leda and the swan,  
Or all that eye may feed upon.

Enough! I hunger not, for I have dined;  
I need not bread nor meat nor wine; I find,  
When in the æsthetic mood,  
A lily is sufficient food.

## A VOICE FROM THE SILENT.

My all of earth that once I trod  
Is a snug little home down under the sod,  
Where above, the fir trees wave and nod,  
    And the robin her sweet note raises.  
Here away from the hum and the laboring strife  
Of your hard and weary worrying life,  
    I dwell with the lilies and daisies.

When the Winter tempests storm and blow  
As they did over here a few months ago,  
You think it was dreary—Do you know?  
    Your grief my heart amazes,  
For I was just as comfortable here below,  
Under my counterpane the pearly snow,  
    As when covered with sunshine and daisies.

I have plenty of neighbors, good and kind,  
Who never disturb my peace of mind;  
(A quieter city you never can find  
    Wherever your search, or gaze is)  
They never go out, as 'tis said, at night,  
And wander about as ghosts in white,  
    Or dance 'mid the lilies and daisies.

When the grass is green and the blue birds sing  
I always rejoice for this one thing—  
I oftner see on the coming of Spring  
    Than through the Winter's changing phases,  
The face of friends who in memory cling  
To olden ties, and lovingly bring  
    Home flowers to bloom with my daisies.

Then in Spring and Summer, of course I'll see  
Some dear old friends who remember me  
As well as the birds in the willow tree,  
    Who sing to me their praises.  
And you'll bring from garden and flower pot,  
A wreath interwove with "forget me not,"  
    To grace my lilies and daisies.

In Summer or Winter, I'm always "at home,"  
And am glad to see you whenever you come,  
Standing by the side of my grave or tomb  
    In the shade, from the sun's hot blazes,  
There'll be whispered words from me to you,  
Not half so sad, as sweet, and true,  
    Though unheard by the birds and daisies.

# BROCK'S MONUMENT, QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.

INCIDENTAL TO THE WAR OF 1812.

## PART FIRST.

With classic beauty to the cultured eye,  
In bold relief against the azure sky,  
In columned grandeur, reared to endless fame  
Of him there cherished in memorial name;  
High towering o'er rock, and hill, and flood,  
Scene of the war-cry, the death stroke and blood,  
The fierce rushing charge in the battle—the blow  
That hurled from the soil the invading foe;  
But where in the conflict and terrible strife  
The gallant leader gave the country his life—  
(And where brave comrades, deep mourning his  
fall,  
Wept as they bore him in funeral pall)—  
Stands now aloft a people's free gift  
To honor in glory the life there bereft,  
The grand Mausoleum of a Nation's grief,  
The sacred sepulcher of her hero chief.

.

## PART SECOND.

But long the battle's ended, and no more  
Shall din of war resound upon the shore,  
As from the gorge, the angry rushing tide,  
Here, by wider sweep, to gentle calm subsides,  
So now, the broader range of enlightened mind  
Hath thought enthroned, and curse of war re-  
strained.

While the sword hangs idle by the hero's side  
As with baton pointing o'er a landscape wide,  
A Diviner Spirit is evoked to reign,  
And brood triumphant o'er the wide domain,  
"Spirit of Peace," as we look you appear,  
By a sacred type on the bold frontier;  
O'erlooking mountain, plain, and lake,  
Let now the statue, as if living, speak;  
From grand pre-eminence of the topmost rock  
Give forth a voice—as from immortal BROCK.

## PART THIRD.

Hark ! From dawn to eve, from eve to morn,  
By the four winds to my ears are borne,  
Not the shock of armies, and the cannon's roar,

Not now the clangor of unholy war;  
But Northward, Southward, from Eastward and  
    West,  
Come louder soundings at the winds behest;  
The deep roar of Commerce from city and plain,  
The whirr of the engine, the thundering train,  
Bearing in burden the wealth and the store,  
Of peace-giving products to far distant shore.  
Looking Northward I see great highways there  
    made  
To serve the fast growing colonial trade;  
While Eastward and Westward, through number-  
    less gates,  
The chains interlock through the neighboring  
    States;  
And Southward—there spanning the swift rush-  
    ing tide—  
Great bridges, the boasting of national pride,  
To enterprise, giving for all open path,  
Strong bands to bind firm international faith,  
'Tis enough! Here no more shall the war cloud  
    fall,  
But "Peace," high enthroned, shall rule over all.



## SANGRE DE CHRISTO.

A LEGEND OF THE SPANISH AMERICAN INVASION.

“The Blood of Christ” this strange and awful  
name,

Has immortalized one Western mountain’s fame.

Centuries ago when first the tale was told

Of Western Empire and its wealth of gold,

A conquering host sent forth by regal Spain,

Were marching o’er Antonito’s arid plain.

When the ling’ring rays of the setting sun

Told the weary columns that the day was done,

These valiant men were filled with wondering  
awe

At the brilliant glory of the light they saw;

For northward looking at the rocky crest

Of rugged mountains in that distant west,

Above the summit of the lofty range

Shone a lurid radiance wierd and strange;

Then still deeper glowing and flashing high

Came *blood red stains* upon the evening sky.

Lo! “Sangre de Christo,—this is holy ground,”

They cried in worship with an awe profound;

And with zeal mediæval they bowed before  
The Holy cross, that in the van they bore,  
And in the name of God, and Christ, and Spain,  
Possession sealed o'er all the broad domain.

## JULY FOURTH—IN PERPETUUM.

In the stern old days of national youth,  
When our forefathers fought the battle of truth,  
Long waged the conflict and dark was the night  
Ere victory dawned as the guerdon of right;  
But steadfast and firm—though deep the land  
bled—

The cause was triumphant by Washington led.

Loud roar the cannon!

Peal the bells forth!

Liberty triumphs,

A nation has birth.

Hail to our Hero, and long may endure  
The glory and freedom he fought to secure;  
Hail to our fathers throughout the fair land  
Who rallied around him, a patriot band;  
Let star-spangled banners from turret and tower  
Unfurl to the breeze in the glad morning hour.

Loud roar the cannon!

Sound o'er the earth

Liberty triumphs,

A nation has birth.

As over the land the loud echo flies,  
And a nation's acclaim ascends to the skies;  
At the north and the south, the east and the west.  
With one heart and one voice, in loyal behest,  
Let the spirit of truth be sought, and preside  
As we hail the grand day of national pride.

Loud roar the cannon!

Hail the glad morn!

Truth is triumphant,

A nation is born.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

DICKENS'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The clock strikes one! what mystic light  
Streams o'er my couch this time o'night?"  
Old Scrooge rose up from haunted bed  
And straight to the door by spirit led  
Was hailed by voice from far within:  
"Come in, old man! come in! come in!"

With timid steps and downcast eyes  
And soul o'erwhelmed with deep surprise,  
He stood within and face to face  
With a jolly spirit full of grace:  
"I'm 'Christmas Present' don't you see,  
Once old, now young, just look at me.

And then behold the wealth and store  
That heaps on heaps, fill up the floor;  
Then come with me, along the street  
And let us share with all we meet;  
We'll bless the poor with joy and cheer,  
Ah! 'Christmas Present' Every Year."

## A FANTASY.

Friends of my youth come back! come back!  
Speed memory swift o'er the track  
Of all the intervening years,  
Let their drama of joys and tears  
Forgotten lie, that again we may  
In youth unchanged, join hands to-day.

Come from your haunts in city halls,  
Come from far rural cottage walls;  
Blue birds call, and from soaring wings  
The lark his glad voiced singing flings.  
O'er the green meadows swiftly fly  
Wierd shadows from the fleecy sky,  
While troop on troop in fitful chase  
Wind waves follow in frantic race.  
On the far hill tops, thick wood crowned  
Bright wild flowers and green ferns abound.

Ah yes we're young, come girls and boys  
With old songs and laughter—the joys  
That swelling full from each glad heart  
Flow free, untrammeled of cold art;  
Come let us roam to the hills away

Nature blooms in the smiling May:  
Lovers your fair one choose, and greet;  
Claim each his mate, white robed and sweet.

Dear old time friends, thus for a day,  
We throw life's years to the winds away,  
Mindless of all their weary track  
We meet again, our youth come back.  
Be gone all care, the day is ours  
To fill with joy, and gather flowers.

## ENVOY.

O youth's first love, fresh, ardent, pure,  
Whose vows must e'en all time endure,  
That knows no shadowing spectre fate  
That can fond hearts e'er separate—  
But ah! the leaves so fresh in May,  
By Autumn winds are blown away.



## LIFE'S BEAUTIFUL COVENANT.

*Side by side!* in youth and beauty glowing,  
Amid glad friends, stands forth the happy pair,  
While hum of voice, from eager impulse flowing,  
Is hushed by expectation into silence there.  
Responsive now; before the altar kneeling,  
From our true hearts are said in accents low.  
The sacred vows, their pledge of life-love sealing,  
The bond of union through life's weal or woe.

*Hand in hand!* each to the other plighting  
Their solemn covenant of unchanging faith,  
Life's holy bond—the soul the words inditing,  
Two hearts made one, unserved until death.  
From thence along life's, devious winding,  
With sweet confiding they do journey forth,  
All added years the tie of love fast binding,  
As time to each reveals the other's worth.

*Heart to heart!* as now with age advancing,  
Still firmer grows the bond of holy love,  
Each sorrow borne, still more and more entrancing  
The joy, which also in life's web is wove.

What though they meet with trouble hard enduring?

With sore afflictions by unfavorable fate?  
Cemented love! a double strength securing,  
They bear the burden, and in patience wait.

*Soul to soul!* as down life's hill descending,  
The end scarce hidden there within its shade,  
In wondrous likeness now their natures blending,  
Till e'en as one their sum of life is made  
One heart, one soul—scarce death the union  
breaking—

For when to both the call from earth is given,  
Out from their sleep to glorious morn awaking,  
Still one—the bond but purified in heaven.

## DIOGENES AT ATHENS.

A curious story once I read  
Of a noted cynic, long since dead,  
Who with a lamp—the story ran,  
In broad daylight, the world did scan,  
That he might find the ideal man.  
One guileless, undefiled, whose grace  
Might yet, forsooth, redeem the race.  
With patient search and weary feet  
Both far and near, through every street,  
In every house, from door to door,  
And passing none, or rich or poor,  
He sought and sought, yet failed to find  
A man of perfect mold and mind.  
Not his alone but all past ages,  
Of statesmen, heroes, poets, sages,  
In careful search were made to pass  
Where shone his lamp; but yet, alas!  
He failed to find one true and real,  
The “Perfect Man,” his high ideal.  
Alas! not yet descent from heaven,  
Had God that perfect model given.

\* \* \* \* \*

The cynic sage blew out his light,  
And left his day as dark as night.

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### PAUL AT ATHENS.

At Athens, in an early age,  
On Mars Hill, a prophet sage  
Stood forth and bore aloft a light  
Whose ray, still shining day and night,  
Declared before assembled men  
A wondrous truth untaught till then.  
“Ye thoughtful, cultured men, and wise,  
Your zeal religious thought I prize,  
Yet judging well your speech I find  
Not honest faith, but fickle mind.  
Amid your beauteous works of art,  
The gods that crowd your templed mart;  
One shrine I see, but one alone—  
An altar to the God unknown.  
Your gods of high Olympian throne  
As symbolled here in polished stone,  
Whose praises all your poets sing  
Can ne'er for man salvation bring;

That God whom ye in ignorance own  
I gladly now to you make known.  
The Eternal God of Heaven and earth,  
He to all living things gave birth:  
Though God alone, He yet declares  
That all mankind His blessing shares,  
Behold the light I bear to-day,  
What wondrous marvel in its ray;  
God has for man redemption sealed.  
He has to man Himself revealed,  
From heavenly throne, the world to save  
(Come down to earth) His Son He gave;  
The Eternal Son divine and real,  
The perfect man the true ideal;  
In sacrifice His blood was shed,  
Yet God had raised Him from the dead.  
Behold the light—walk by its ray  
Whose power can change your night to day;  
From vanity and idols turn  
And wisdom's highest teaching learn."

## NIGHT AND MORNING OF THE SOUL

### NIGHT.

Standing by the *western* window,  
Watching a summer sun go down;  
I saw a golden gateway open  
'Twixt two dark clouds threatening frown.  
Smaller grew the golden portal  
As closed up the clouds dark rack  
While the gold was changed to amber—  
Amber, covered then with black.  
Like to this my youthful vision  
Saw life's gateway open wide,  
But its gold to amber faded,  
Hope obscured by darkness—died.  
Then the storm clouds, sin and passion  
With their fury compassed me,  
Drove my soul to deep despairing,  
Closing Heaven's gate to me.  
Dark the night of my soul's dreaming,  
Ere there came the days gray morn;  
But from out the night's deep glooming  
Hope at length became new born.

## MORNING.

Standing by the *eastern* window,  
Came there forth the clouds between  
A light; first amber then 'twas golden  
Followed by the sun's broad sheen.  
Then my thoughts within me burning  
Sought I, what this sign should be,  
And God's spirit to me turning  
Said "O sinner come to me.  
Come to me in faith believing,  
I can change your night to day,  
For in blood from Jesus streaming  
May your sins be washed away."  
Then before God's mercy kneeling,  
I sought in tears His grace to see  
But dark clouds my vision sealing  
Long the light was hid to me.  
But when off the cross came beaming  
Loves bright sun of perfect day,  
Then into my soul its shining,  
Chased all clouds of sin away.

## STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

With head bowed low in his quaint arm chair,  
Sits a pale old man with silvery hair;  
His ears are dull, and his vision dim,  
And he lives in a world of thought and dream.

And vague as the shadows that swiftly fly  
O'er the sea from the clouds in a summer sky,  
Are the thoughts which memory dimly sends  
Of old time scenes and of youthful friends.

Of passing events he hath little ken,  
For he walks no more mid the haunts of men;  
No more can he read the printed page  
Or feel the glow of the teeming age.

And he seems to the world almost to be  
Like an old ship's hulk, or a withered tree,  
As they drift by the shore, and wait for a tide  
That shall waft them away to the farther side.

Yet hid within from the worldling's gaze  
There's a life deep wrought in other days;



Though the flesh be weak in the dying hour,  
There's a life that lives by the spirit's power.

Hark! bend low, catch the sweet psalm of faith  
Which flows with the old man's feeble breath  
In reply to his youthful pastor's word,  
As close by the chair, his voice is heard.

“Say, Grandpa say; is your hope still sure?  
Do the promises of God to you endure?  
“Ah yes! bless the Lord! ah yes, my son,  
All are sure—none have failed—not one, not one.”

## ILLUSIONS.

Youth's early spring, now by a river's shore  
My love and I are strolling as before ;  
Into her ear—she whom I prize so well—  
Life's purest joy, love's oft told tale I tell,  
And she is glad, nor does she feign surprise  
By senseless gesture and averted eyes ;  
But her deep faith and love to me attests  
As now her hand in my hand fondly rests ;  
And answer gives, with eyes of love soft beaming.  
No, No! I wake, ah me! 'tis but a seeming ;  
    Alas! I have been dreaming.

I am still young, though life has grown mature,  
I have won wealth, and now I rest secure ;  
A stately home I have, from foreign mart  
I've graced my mansion with fine works of art ;  
From marble fountain, falls cool crystal showers ;  
My broad lawn blooms with rarest trees and  
    flowers ;  
My grand "Salon" is gay with joyful friends,  
Music and mirth the festal hour attends,  
And thus my life is all with gladness teeming ;

No, No! I wake, ah me! 'tis but a seeming,  
Alas! I have been dreaming.

The years have flown, but now I've won a name,  
The world has crowned me with a wreath of  
fame;

From cherished books I've gathered a deep store  
Of modern knowledge, and of ancient lore;  
And I am proud, for all approve and praise  
My polished essays, <sup>and</sup> poetic lays.

Yes I am proud, that from my cultured mind  
Flows now a wealth enriching all mankind  
With knowledge; elevating and redeeming.  
No, No! I wake, ah me! 'tis but a seeming,  
Alas! I have been dreaming.

'Tis Autumn now, life's sear and silver age;  
Men call me wise, a good and thoughtful sage;  
They praise the life that ever from its birth  
Has been a blessing to the sons of earth;  
The old and young, the weary, sick and lame,  
Hail me as friend, and cherish me by name;  
This gives me joy, O purest joy of all

And lifts my soul above earth's doubt and thrall;  
Dispels all darkness with its heavenly gleaming.  
No, No! I wake, ah me? 'tis but a seeming,  
    Alas! I have been dreaming.

## MY MANSION.

In beauty pictured, to a gaze's cultured eye,  
Conveying sense of comfort to the passer by,  
In towering elegance of architectural form  
I saw a noble mansion stand, wealth's radiant  
home,  
'Mid verdant lawns, trees and powers,  
Luscious fruits and fragrant flowers;  
And I was moved with envy's discontent,  
Repining that God's love had never sent  
To me a mansion.

I am here a pilgrim, and have no certain home—  
Along the changing paths of life I go and come;  
I have no riches here and here have no estate.  
Thus, while I grieved and sadly mourned my  
dreary fate,  
In kind reproof this vision came.  
The vision was not all a dream:  
I saw in spirit One who said to me,  
"Son, by faith's clear eye look far and see  
Thou hast a mansion.

"Behold! beyond the veil of time and flesh, and  
see



Thou shalt forever dwell with me, in glory shared;  
Shared with friends from earth's far shore,  
Shared with friends thou'st known before.

With table spread, each loved and favor-guest  
With me shall drink new wine, from fruit fresh  
pressed,

    Within thy mansion."

The vision ended, but a spirit's voice was heard,  
Saying: "Tis but the impress from God's revealed  
word."

And now, while not repining at earth's unfavor-  
ing clime,

I scarce can keep from longing release from sense  
and time.

Like a caged bird at the grating,

I am only watching, waiting—

Waiting for the coming of freedom's open door;

Then on wings of gladness rise, and evermore

    Dwell within my mansion.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The author of this volume has in preparation to follow in publication at a future date a "Prose Poem" entitled "Monarch of the Ages" which may be described in its purpose and import as a glance along the line of the history of religion and revelation.

To this will be appended selections from his portfolio of Poems, entitled "Poems of the Gospel," the titles of a few of which are here given.

- Song of the Epiphany.
- Visit of the Magii.
- Baptism of Jesus.
- Jesus Tempted.
- Christ's Lesson of the Lillies.
- Jesus Blessing Little Children.
- The Barren Fig Tree.
- The Women of Samaria.
- The Young Ruler who came to Jesus.
- The Prodigal Son.
- The Accused Woman brought before Jesus
- Christ and Nicodemus.
- The Rich Man and Lazarus.
- Apostrophe to Judas.
- Gethsemane.
- A Vision of the Crucifixion.
- Easter Song
- Eternity and the Soul.





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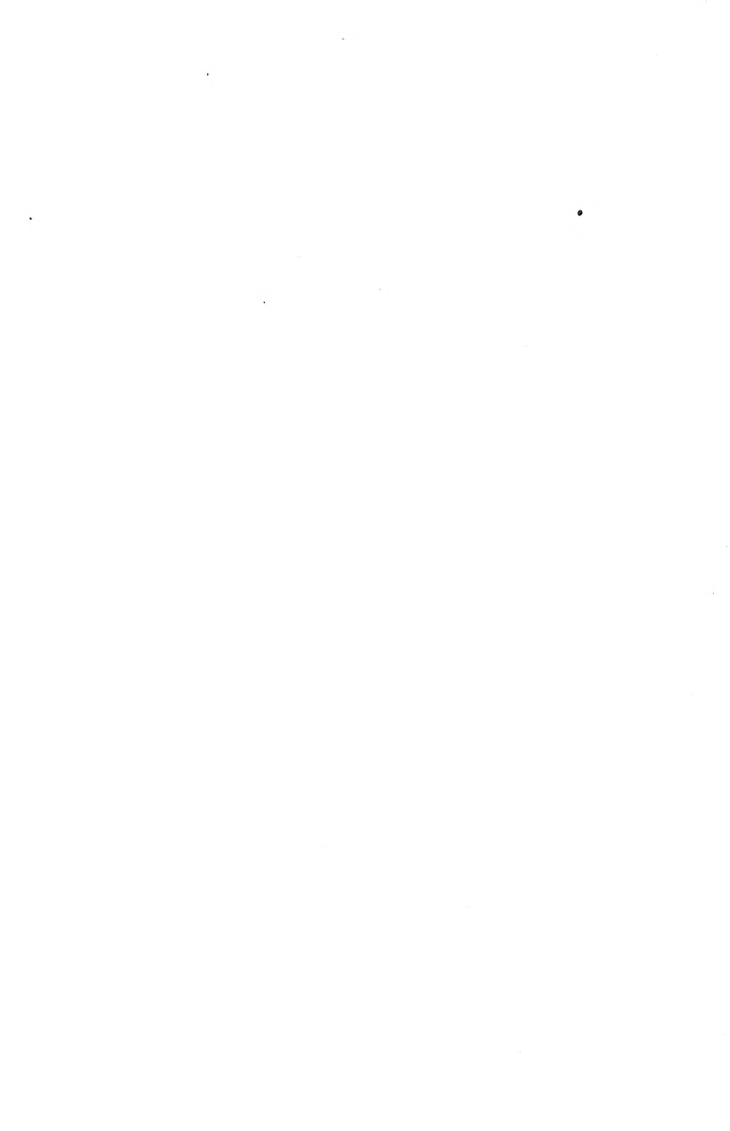


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