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# Moments *in* Elysia

*By* William C. Washington  
Author "Baroness DeVaughn;" Former Manager, The  
Brooklyn Globe and The Brooklyn Star



FIRST EDITION  
1919

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Price \$1.35

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Press of The St. Louis Argus  
St. Louis, Mo.





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### PREFACE

It would be superfluous for me to admit that much of our best English poetry lies beyond the imaginative reach of many readers, because of his or her unfamiliarity with the common places of literary allusion, reference and tradition. And as such common-places are more frequently recurrent in the literature of myth than in any other literature, at the request of my literary correspondent, a Miss H. A. J., of Portland, Oregon.

I endeavored to so utilize my spare moments these last two months, that even individuals of the humblest homes in the sandy deserts of Africa, groping blindly in the dark, might justly receive the benefit of my labor as well as the enlightened here, and others among us who are becoming blinded by the searchlight of civilization.

—(Author) William C. Washington.

Gift

Author

JAN 27 1920

## INTRODUCTION

The world is now entering upon the most significant epoch of its history. The age of enlightenment and civilization. Countless agencies have been employed to meet the demands of this new era of intellectualism and more agencies need be instituted that will tend to enlighten the masses, that are neither benefited by our present system of education in ward or grade school, high school or college.

First, because either inclination or circumstances deprive them the opportunity of a thorough education, notwithstanding the fact night schools are frequented by thousands of students from the masses; these night schools advocating the importance of increased attention to the modern languages, and the natural sciences fail to enrich their students with the rich treasures of Greek and Latin classics, through a combined process of translation and narration, therefore generation after generation live and die without at least endeavoring to institute among the masses that means of discipline which exerts a humanizing influence over its adherers, as well as presents in embryo the flower which now blossoms in the light of civilization. For without the beneficent influences of Greece and Rome, what is state or statesmanship, legislation or law, society or manners, philosophy, religion, literature or art, or even what is

It remains with you to decide as to whether you wish to intelligently keep pace with the marvelous wonders of the inventive Twentieth Century, noting the rapidity and certainty with which it strides, hoping to perfect mankind, or rather linger in those forgotten paths of ignorance and depravity, which would afford unfit hermitage for prehistoric man. The press which awoke from the torpor of the 18th Century may be used by all while it remains under the influence of our devotion, books, magazines, manuscripts, newspapers and periodicals, through their incongruous venture, through the wilderness of flame and famine may hope to erect in the hearts of their readers those emoluments of fame, which will give rise to those lofty principles, which approach those standards of honesty and integrity which emulates highest citizenship. Other writers having shown indifference along these lines, more eminent than myself—it is my intention to offer this book as an initial sentinel in the imaginative field of Greek and Latin classics without plunging its readers into the depths of technical discussion.

A special department of the succeeding volumes will be devoted to research and historical events of the past, the present and the future, not far distant. These series of books to be instituted for the benefit of the masses will be designed also to become the champion of progress, for humanity at large, with the hope of the support of every loyal supporter of uprising humanity. The primary object of these books will be to present to the masses the interesting side of every available agent pertaining to human progress. The secondary object will be to bring the masses closer to the school. For they are the bridge builders, the cable layers,

the mountain tunnelers, the coal miners, butchers, skilled and common laborers, farmers, mechanics and even book-keepers.

First, because those versed in science are often deprived of the wealth of the great store of literature and those deprived of the advantage of a thorough education, can intelligently conceive of some of the great wonders conveyed to them through this medium of success, and those who are benefitted may teach others some of the great lessons which book nature affords. New developments are hourly undergone in private laboratories and public factories and it will be the purpose of my associates as well as myself to draw upon the world for contributions to our storehouses of information. The proper work for my associates will be to present the first knowledge of these developments in a most interesting and fascinating manner.

William C. Washington,

Former student, Sumner High School, St. Louis, Mo.  
Former manager of the Brooklyn Globe, of the Washington, Rhodes Arthur Publishing Co., Brooklyn, Ill., Associate editor of The Brooklyn Star, Playwright, Negro Poet and Author.

SEPTEMBER

# MOMENTS *in* ELYSIA

## THE MUSE OF PROSERPINE.

Maiden sings as she skips over mountains near Aegean  
Sea, and is captured by Hostages in world war

1

Listen to the mourning winds  
Mourning winds how they whine  
They bring chimes of jollity in their tones  
They sing of sweet adversity in their moans  
They embrace the Heavens Fair  
As they float thru the balmy air  
And the earth fairly trembles as they blow  
Amid he storms of trickling rain and snow.

2

Now they bow he stately groves  
As they whisper to earth's loves  
On either mount, plateau or plain  
Mid thunderstorms that threaten earth in vain  
Listen to the mournful breeze  
As it rustles thru the trees  
Disturbing skylark as well as whip-poor-will  
As they slidingly glide o'er the hill  
Scattering flowers here and there  
In the refreshing morning air.  
Rousing here and there a Cricke  
As it windeth thru the thicket  
To our house pleasant, Homes pleasant homes  
Where the god of pleasure comes  
Bringing joy to all the county  
With the abundance of his bounty  
Then the winds begin to whisper  
To the encircling bells of Vesper  
Amid the inhabitants of earth.  
We have invaded homes and hearts of mirth.  
Homes and hearts that are purer than dripping snow,  
And more chrysallant than any brooks that flow.

3

Listen to the parting whines of the winds  
As they triumphantly fly o'er the lea  
On the consecrated wings of destiny,  
Disturbing here and there a curl  
Of some little happy smiling girl

On her way home from play  
As the winds record the triumph of the day,  
And they musingly pass on away.

.....

### The Muse Of Proserpine

They wove bright stories in the days of old,  
When reason borrowed fancies fabled wings;  
And truth's pure river flowed o'er sands of gold,  
And told in song its high and mystic things.  
And such the sweet and solemn tale of her  
The pilgrim's heart to whom a dream was given.  
That led her through the world loves worshipper.

To seek on earth, for her whose home was heaven.  
In the Fall City, by the haunted fount,  
Through the dim grottos tracery of spars  
Mid the pine temples on the moonlit monut.  
Where silence sifs to listen to the stars.  
In the deep glades where dwells the brooding doves.  
The painted valley and the scented air.  
She heard far echoes of the voice of love  
And found his footsteps traces everywhere  
But never more they met since doubts and fears  
Those phantom shapes that haunt and blight the earth  
Had come through her a child of sin and tears  
And that bright shape of immortal Birth  
Until her pinnig soul and weeping eyes  
Had learned to seek him only in the skies  
Until wings unto the weary heart were given  
And she became loves Angel bride in Heaven

—T. K. Hervey.

O Goddess hear these tuneful numbers wrung  
By sweet enforcements and remembrance dear  
And pardon that thy secrets should be sung

Even into thine own soft conched ear.  
Sure I dreamt today or did I see  
The winged Physche with awakened eye  
And on the sudden fainting with surprise  
Saw two fair creatures couched side by side  
In deepest grass beneath the whispering roof  
Of leaves and tumbled blossoms where have ran  
A brooklet scarce espied  
Mid hushed cool rooted flowers fragranteyed  
Blue silver white and budded Tyriian  
They lay calm breathing on the bedded grass  
Their arms embraced and their pintons too  
Of paled mouthed Prophet dreaming  
O brightest though too late for antique vows  
Too late for the fond believing lyre  
When holy were the haunted forest boughs  
Holy the air the water and the fire

Yet even in these days so far returned  
 From happy pieties thy lucent fans  
 Fluttering amid the faint Olympians  
 I see and sing by mine own eyes inspired  
 So let me be thy choir and make a moan  
 Upon the midnight hour  
 Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet  
 From winged censor teeming  
 Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat,  
 Of pale mouthed Prophetic Dreaming  
 Yes, I will be thy Priest, and build a fain  
 In some untrodden region of my mind  
 Where branched thoughts now grown with pleasant pain  
 Their lips touched not but had not bade adieu  
 As if disjoined with half handed slumber  
 And ready still past kisses to outnumber  
 At tender eye dawn of Aureorean Love  
 The winged bay I knew  
 But who wast thou O happy love  
 His Physche true  
 O latest born and lovliest vision far  
 Of all Olympians faded hierarchy  
 Fairer than Phoebes sapphire regioned star  
 Or Vesper amorous glow worn of the sky  
 Fairer than these though temple thou hast none  
 Nor altar heaped with flowers  
 Nor virgin choir to make delicious moan  
 Upon the midnight hour  
 No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet  
 From chain swung censor teaming  
 No shrine, no grave, no oracle to heat  
 Of Pale Prophetic dreaming  
 Instead of Pines shall murmur in the wind  
 Far, far around shall those dark clustered trees  
 Fledge the wild ridge mountain steep by steep  
 And there by Zephyrs streams and birds and bees  
 The moss lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep  
 And the midst of this wide quietness  
 A rosy sanctuary will I dress  
 With the wreathed trellis of a working brain  
 With buds and bells and stars without a name  
 With all the gardner fancy e'er could fain  
 Who breeding flowers could never breed the same  
 And there shall be for thee all soft delight  
 That shadowy thought can win  
 A bright torch and a casement ope at night  
 To let the war love in

—Keats

### SONG OF PROSERPINE WHILE GATHERING FLOWERS ON THE PLAIN OF ENNO

Sacred Goddess, mther of Earth  
 Thou from whose immortal bosom,  
 Gods and men and beasts have birth,

Leaf and blade and bud and blossom,  
Breathe thine influence most divine  
On thine own child Proserpine.

If with mists of evening dew  
Thou dost nourish these young flowers  
Till the ygrow in scent and hue  
Fairest children of the hours,  
Breathe thine influence most divine  
On thine own child, Proserpine.

Here life has death for neighbor,  
And for from eye or ears,  
Won waves and wet winds labor  
Weak ships and spirits steer,  
They drive adrift and whither  
They wot not who make thither;  
But no such winds blow hither,  
And no such things grow here. ,  
No growth of moor or coppice,  
o heather flower or vine  
But bloomless buds of poppies  
Green grapes of Proserpine,  
Pale beds of blowing rushes,  
Where no leaf bloom or blushes °  
Save this whereout she crushes  
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale beyond porch and portal  
Crowned with calm leaves she stands  
Who gathers all things mortal  
With cold immortal hands;  
Her languid lips are sweeter  
Than love's who fears to greet her,  
To men that mix and meet her,  
From many times and lands.  
She waits for each and other,  
She waits for all men born,  
Forgets the earth her mother  
The life of fruits and corn  
And spring and seed and swallow  
Take wings for her and follow  
Where Summer song rings hallow,  
And flowers are put to scorn.  
We are not sure of sorrow,  
And joy was never sure;  
Today will die tomorrow,  
Time stoops to no man lure;  
And love grown faint and fretful,  
With lips but half regretful  
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful  
Weeps that no love endures.  
From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,



We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be  
That no life lives forever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star and sun shall waken  
Nor any charge of light  
Nor sound of water shaken  
Nor any sound or sight  
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal  
Nor days nor things divinal  
Only the sleep eternal  
In an eternal night.

I pick the flowers that Proerpine let fall,  
Sung thru the world by every honeyed muse:  
Wild morning glories, daises waving tall  
At every step in something new to choose.  
And oft I stop and gaze  
Upon the flowery maze  
By yonder cypresses on that soft rise  
Scarce seen thru poppies and the knee deep wheat.

Into the dark cleft whereon her came the fleet  
Thunder-black horses and the cloud surprise  
And he who filled the place  
Did marigolds bright as these gilding the mist,  
Dropt from he rmaiden zone? Wert thou last kissed,  
Pale Hyacynth, last seen, before his face?

On whence has silence stolen on all things here,  
Where every sight makes music to the eye?  
Thru all one unison is singing clear  
All sound, all colors in one rapture die  
Breathe slow, O heart, breathe slow!  
O presence from below  
Moves towards the breathing world from that dark deep,  
Whereof men fabling tales tell what no man knows,  
When earth lies stark in her titanic sleep  
And doth with cold expire  
He brings thee all, O maiden flower of earth  
Her child in whom all nature comes to birth,  
Thee the fruition of all dark desire.  
A Proserpine, dream not that thou art gone  
Far from our loves half human half divine;  
Thou hast a holier adoration won,  
In many a heart that worships at no shrine.

Where light and warmth behold me  
And flower and wheat enfold me  
I lift a dearer prayer than all prayers past

He who so loved thee that the live earth clove  
Before his pathway into light and love

And took thy full bosom  
 Shall every blossom call,  
 Lover the most of what is most our own  
 The mightiest lover that the world has known,  
 Dark lover death,—was he not beautiful  
 Wil thou sing of Roman Virgil  
 Whispered voices in mournful tune  
 More yet sobbed the frightened maiden  
 Saying this the maiden swoons.

A priest in their midst stabs her  
 As she sorrows on that eventful day.  
 The fires that in my bosom ease  
 Can't be suppressed till death.  
 Me earth no longer satisfies  
 Lest God return her breath  
 Vengeance upon that wicked priest  
 That blamed accursed knave  
 Who doubly wronged the poor deceased  
 And drove her to her grave.

### Prologue To The Communion Of The Shades

One unknown Priest of Shades among the living  
 In shades communion asks with brief thanksgiving  
 Of Prometheus, enriched with myths of varied lore  
 To open once and for all times the door  
 Of vast eternity, shut to the living eyes  
 Of those unwilling to seek their wisdom from the skies  
 The winds, the flowers, the vegetable and rain  
 The fowls of the air, the fish, the fields of grain  
 The fragrant meadow, the sylvan brooks, which flow  
 Thru lonely dales, the hail, the sleet and snow,  
 The soft dewdops, herbs, the mists of fog, the poor dumb  
 brutes,  
 The plateaus, mountains, canyons, all Heaven's attributes,  
 The clouds, the the stars, the skies, the mighty Sun,  
 The sands of the seas, the pebble, the grasshopper, the moon  
 Monarchs, sovereigns, presidents of democracies, unionists,  
 Parties, Republican, Democratic, Socialists and Prohibition-  
 ists,  
 Evangelists, Suffragettes, Educators, Preachers, Sons of toil  
 Honest laborers, lodgemen, righteous business men, tillers  
 of the soil,  
 Kingdoms, monarchies, archipelagoes, republics and democ-  
 racies,  
 Parliaments, comminiques, senates, rheigstags and prophecies  
 Reformers in church and state, with purpose manifold,  
 To aid the suffering transfixed to a cross of gold  
 Might well be used to banish earth's present moan,  
 If within men's hearts the seeds of love are strewn  
 Then the Negro, Pole, Armenian and Jew oppressed  
 Will take his place on earth beside the rest  
 'Till then, O nations, will ye live in strife  
 And your deeds will haunt you still in after life  
 Because the light of heaven fair above,

Hath taught mankind God is the God of love.

A learned man dear to each Brooklynite's heart  
Former pastor of F. C. B. Church, well versed in science,  
literature and art,

In myth departed light, but everlasting friend,  
Among the Shades will study the hearts of men.  
Dr. Bohanan.

Chaos springs from the hand of Time  
Night and mist enshrine the fiery cline  
Around the central fiery air the mist  
Rapidly rotates and in halves splits,  
One form the Heavens the other the Earth  
The central speck gives love in birth  
The castellations of the stars  
Happened to bless the sons of Mars  
Whose existence in a speck of time,  
Was potential, though nevertheless sublime  
Erebus from the darkness leaps,  
Plains, fertile fields, the sea plants and animals creep  
From mother Earth, Erebus and night  
In wedlock give birth to day and light  
Uranus the heavens personified  
Takes Gala he Earth for his sweet bride.  
From their union issue Hecatonchires, Titans and Cyclops  
spring  
Who defy the Gods of Olympus and Uranus.

The Titans, investigators of hate and strife  
Despised Uranus but loved his wife.  
The Cyclops with thunderbolt, lightening flash and rolling  
thunder  
With the Hecatonchires attempt to tear Uranus kingdom  
asunder  
Uranus despising the monsters day of birth  
Thrust them into Tartarus, the profound abysm of Earth,  
Indignant Gala summons the Titans bold  
To drive Uranus from the godly fold  
Cronus the craft, hears his mothers plea  
And with cycle mutilates Uranus dreadfully.  
From the blood of Uranus into being furies appear  
Grants Melic nymphs and invidious maidens of the ashen  
sphere

Thus Heaven and Earth are ruled for ages unknown  
By Cronus of Rhea who usurps Olympus throne  
Cronus learning that he would be dethroned  
By a favored offspring of his own  
Looked upon his babes with scorn  
And began to eat them when they were born.  
To save the heir to Olympus throne  
In swaddling clothes Rhea wraps a stone  
And to make her conquest quite complete,  
Conceals Zeus the rescued infant on the Isle of Crete  
Nutured by the nymphs Ida and Adrastes  
Fed on the milk of the goat Amalthea  
Thru the good hand of destiny

Jupiter attains in due time maturity  
 Three daughters, Vesta, Ceres and Juno were born  
 To Cronus and Rhea also the sons, Pluto and Poseidon  
 Thus Jupiter his majority attains  
 And with his host Mt. Olympus gains  
 'Gainst him Cronus, Iapetus and all the Titans stood  
 Save Oceanus as firm as Birnham wood  
 In the balance for ages wavered victory  
 Until thru his wise Goes trickery  
 Are loosed the Cyclops of Hecatonchires  
 Who thru thunders, lightnings, earthquakes and fires  
 Aids Jupiter blind the Titans brave  
 Whom the Hecatonchires fetter in Tartarus yawning cave.  
 But good Prometheus son of the Titan bold  
 Espoused Joves cause, though Iapetus his father, sold  
 His freedom and sought the dark confines  
 Of Tartarus where oblivion combines  
 With perpetual darkness and Jupiter prevents  
 The silent entry of solace and content  
 To that abyssmal realm and thus Prometheus  
 With prophetic wisdom and reverence to Pan  
 Submits his existence to the championship of man.  
 Upon the various animals Epimetheus combines  
 Strength, swiftness, sagacity and thus enshrines  
 One with wing the other with shell or claws  
 Which to this day conform to nature's laws  
 While good Prometheus kneading with water, earth  
 In upright stature of the image of God bring forth  
 At the chariot of the sun his torch doth light  
 A man—ascends to heaven in his certain flight  
 For man's possession brings down fire  
 And with grim satisfaction to satiate desire  
 That the highest development in commerce, science and art  
 may acquire  
 As well as Earth's secrets and treasures the man of the  
 hour

Alas the thunder ceases to roll  
 And comes the pleasant age of gold  
 The rivers flow with milk and wine  
 And yellow honey flow from oak and pine  
 Flowers spring up without seed  
 Man is known by honest deed  
 Without dungeon, cave or jail  
 In this age doth truth and right prevail.  
 Farmer neither plowed nor sowed  
 But provisions in abundance flowed  
 Locusts honey and bread fruit trees  
 Are as abundant as a nest of bees  
 Groves of bananas, oranges, figs and dates  
 Are given each man by the Fates  
 Fruits and nuts of every kind  
 Men can in their own orchards find,  
 There is no need of slaughtered flock  
 And seldom any need to cook,  
 Man and beast sleep side by side

And neither sleep dissatisfied,  
The golden age by fate is blessed  
With innocence and happiness  
Forests are not of timber stripped  
For now man hath no need for ship  
Those men of honor and renown  
Reared no fortifications around their town.  
Honey bees hum and birdies sing  
And man enjoys perpetual Spring  
Their death is but a pleasant dream  
Which winds bear from Arethusas stream.

Then comes the age of silver bright  
For every dame a gallant knight  
Men readily begin to reason  
The years are divided into seasons  
Men live in caves and huts of twigs  
They live no more on dates and figs  
They suffer no extremes of heat and cold  
Crops only grow by their planting  
They lived by farming, fishing and hunting.  
To them was quite unknown 'til now  
The duty of man, of ox and plow  
For the bewitching evil by the gods was planned  
And given as a gift to man.  
For Pandora is to Epimetheus given  
By a vision of the gods of heaven  
One gives her beauty one persuasive charm,  
One music which doth all hearts alarm.  
Epimetheus adores his precious gift  
And lets his thoughts toward pleasure drift  
Prometheus bades his brother Epimetheus beware  
Of Jupiter and all his snares  
Within Pandora's hand did Jupiter place  
A petulant god forbidden vase  
And bade Pandora to keep closed  
The vase from which all misery flows.  
Wishing to know the secret of Jove's plans  
She loosed the plagues of hapless man  
When she coyly the vase did ope,  
And left remaining in casket only hope  
Prometheus unselfish devotion to the cause of man

Aroused the indignation of universal Pan  
Who strove to humble the Titans pride  
That the wishes of the gods defied  
By providing vulture, rock and chain  
As instruments of the Titans pain.

O Titan, who for man's cause has striven  
Against the immortal gods of heaven  
There flies within the realms of time  
Some few who grasp thy gift sublime  
Who ever kindle sparkling fire

Thou gav'st man by constant desire  
To lead to light and to illumine.  
In the nocturnal chasms of Plutonic gloom  
By means of thine e'er illuminating spark  
Generations that blindly grope in the dark  
Who forthwith sets from vulture free  
Thou Prometheus the moment thy light they see.  
Strife of arms and savage temper  
Did both in the brazen age enter  
After it comes the age of iron  
Whereupon tyrants wear monarchs' crown  
War at home and abroad is rife  
Monarchies are are engulfed in strife  
Truth, modesty and honor flee  
And the earth graouns with agony.  
Men against Olympus stand  
And blood runs like water in the land  
The last to abandon earth is Astraea  
The goddess of innocence and purity.

Burning with anger the mighty Jove  
Summons to council, the gods, above  
In obedience to the master of Olympus call  
The gods repair to heaven one and all.  
A supreme order to the gods is given  
To trvel the milky way to the place of heaven  
There he first expressed his desire  
Of destroying the earth by living fire  
But fearing the heavens he might inflame  
He pours out waters upon hill and plain,  
And summons the waters of Poseidon  
To aid him drown out accursed man  
Because of crime and spilling of guileless blood  
Soon the earth is engulfed in a complete flood.  
The waves are o'er-topped by Mt. Parnassus alone  
Where fled Pyrra daughter of Prometheusian Dencalion  
Who in obedience to the gods were quickly thrown  
The new born race in the form of stone.

The hero Hellen, son of Pyrra and Dencalion  
Becomes ancestor of the Hellenes the Aeolians and Dorians  
From the union of Aeolian and Dorus spring  
From his son Xuthus the Achaeans and Ionains derive  
origin  
From Pelagus, son of Phoroneus of Argos comes  
The grandsons of River god Inachus with Peloponnesan  
homes  
Next comes Perseus of Argos and his good son Hercules  
Who from the vulture the noble Prometheus frees  
Within whose mouth doth mortal author place,  
Which in a single stroke would unfetter the human race.  
The Hypoboreans dwelt in bliss without an earthly king  
And enjoyed from the gods perpetual spring  
Inaccessible was their country by land or sea,  
They lived exempt from old age, disease and misery.

Blessed with immortal bliss and mirth,  
Dwell Etheopians on the southside of the Earth  
They dance and play near the ocean stream,  
By the ocean stream on the Elysian plains  
Are heard the Ethiopians martial strains  
Their flasks are partaken of by the immortal gods  
Who leave at times their Olympian abodes  
To watch the chase of Arethusa or Elis,  
Then feast with the sons of immortal bliss  
From whence the sun-god takes his flight  
To engulf the universe in light  
Giving gods and mortals a day of gold  
Ere his course is run to the ocean fold.  
Thus ends the tale of Dr. Bohanan,  
Who got his wisdom from tthe Sun.

Slowly old Cydippe rose and cried  
Hear, whose priestess I have been and am  
Virgin and matron, at whose angry eyes  
Zeus trembles, and the windless plain of heaven  
With hypoborean echoes rings and roars,  
Remembering thy dread nuptials a wise god,  
Golden and white in that new carven shape  
Hear me! and grant for these my pious sons  
Who saw my tears, and wound their tender arms  
Around me, and kissed me calm, and since no steer  
Stayed in the byre, dragged out the chariot old,  
And wore themselves the galling yoke and brought  
Their mother to the feast of her desire,  
Grant then, O Hera, thy best gifts of gifts,

Whereat the statue from its jeweled eyes  
Lightened, and thunder ran from cloud to cloud  
In heaven and vast company was hushed.  
But when they sought for Cleobis behold  
He lay there still and by his brothers side  
Lay Biton, smiling thru ambrosia curls,  
And when the people touched them they were dead.

Among these leavs she made a butterfly,  
With excellent device and wondrous slight  
Flutteringly among the olives wantonly,  
That seemed to live, so like it was in sight  
The velvet nap which on his wings doth be  
The silken down with which his back is dight,  
His broad outstretched arms, his hairy thighs,  
His glorious colors and his glistening eyes.

Which when Arachne saw, was overlaid  
And mastered with markmanship so rare,  
She stood astonished long, he naught gainsaid;  
And with fast-fixed eyes on her did stare.

(From Spencers Muiopotmos)

Amid nine daughters slain by Artemis

Stood Niobe she raised her head above  
Those beauteous forms, which had brought down the scath  
Whence all nine fell, raised it and stood erect,  
And thus bespake the goddess enthroned on high:  
"Thou heardest, Artemis, my daily prayer  
That thou wouldst guide these children in the path  
Of virtue thru the tangling wiles of youth,  
And thou didst ever guide them: was it just  
To smite them for a beauty such as thine?  
Deserved their death because thy grace appear'd  
In ever modest motion? 'twas thy gift,  
The richest gift that youth from heaven receives.  
True, I did boldly say they might compare  
Even with thyself in virgin purity:  
May not a mother in her pride repeat  
What every mother said?

One prayer remains

For me to offer yet  
Thy quivers holds  
More than nine arrows: bend thy bow; aim here  
I see it glimmering thru a cloud  
Artemus, thou at length art merciful:  
My children will not hear the fatal twang.

From the forests and highlands  
We come, we come;  
From the rive-girt islands,  
Where loud waves are dumb,  
Listening to my sweet pipings.  
The winds in the weeds and rushes,  
The bees on the bells of thyme  
The birds on the myrtle bushes,  
The cicale above in the lime,  
And the lizards below in the grass,  
Were as silent as ever old Timolus was  
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,  
And all dark temple lay  
In Pelions shadow, outgrowing  
The light of the dying day,  
Speeded by my sweet pipings.  
The Sileni, and Sylvanus and Fauns,  
And the nymphs of the woods and waves,  
GALLEY FOUR  
To the edge of the moist river lawns,  
And the brink of the dewy caves  
And all that did then attend and follow  
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo  
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars  
I sang of the daedal Earth,  
And of heaven—and the giant wars,  
And love, and death and birth—



And then I changed my pipings,—  
Singing how down the vale of Menalus  
I pursued a maiden, and clasp'd a reed:  
Gods and men, were are all deluded thus  
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed,  
All wept, as I think both ye now would,  
If envy of age had not frozen your blood,  
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

#### Universal Pan

Knit with the graces and the hours in dance,  
Lev' on the eternal Spring  
The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and a loud lament  
From haunted spring and dale,  
Edged with poplar pale,  
The parting genius is with parting sent  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,  
The nymphs 'in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

Ah the beauteous world while yet ye ruled it—  
Yet—by gladsome touches of the hand;  
Ah the joyous hearts that still ye governed,  
Gods of beauty, ye, of Fableland  
Then, ah, then the mysterious resplendent  
Triumphed—Other was it then, I ween,  
When thy shrines were odorous with garlands,  
Thou of Amathus the queen.

Then the gracious vale of fancy woven  
Fell in folds about the face uncouth;  
Through the universe life flowed in fullness,  
What we feel not now was felt in sooth:  
Man ascribed nobility to nature,  
Rendered love unto the earth he trod,  
Everywhere his eyes illuminated  
Saw the footprints of a God.

Lovely world where art thou? Turn, oh, turn thee,  
Fairest blossom-tide of Nature's spring!  
Only in the poet's realm of wonder,  
Livest thou still—a fable vanishing.  
Reft of life the meadows lie deserted;  
Ne'er a godhead can my fancy see:  
Ah, if only of those living colors  
Lingerest yet the Ghost with me!

By your beauty which confesses  
Some chief beauty conquering you  
By your grand heroic guesses  
Through your falsehood at, the true,  
We will weep not earth shall roll  
Heir to each god's aureole,

And Pan is dead

(Elizabeth Barrett)

Just where the Treasury's marble front  
Look over Wall streets mingled nations;  
Where Jews and Gentiles most are wont  
To throng for trade and last quotations;  
Where, hour by hour the rates of gold  
Outrival in the ears of people,  
The quarter chimes serenely tolled  
From Trinity's undaunted steeple—  
Even there I heard a strange, wild strain,  
Sound high above the modern clamor,  
Above the cries of greed and gain,  
The curbstone war the auctions hammering,  
And swift, on music's misty ways

It led from all this strife of millions,  
To ancient sweet do-nothing days  
Among the kirtle-robed Sicilians  
And as it still'd the multitude,  
And yet more joyous rose, and shriller,  
I saw the minstrel where he stood  
At ease against a Doric pillar;  
One hand a droning organ play'd,  
The other held a Pan's pipe fashioned,  
Like those of old, to lips that made  
The reeds give out that strain impassioned.

'Twas Pan himself had wandered here  
A-strolling thru the sordid city,  
And piping to the civic ear  
The prelude of some pastoral ditty!  
The demigod had cross'd the seas—  
From haunts of shepard nymph and satyr  
And Syracusan times to these  
Far shores and twenty centuries later.

A ragged cap was on his head:  
But—hidden thus—there was no doubting  
That call with crispy locks o'erspread,  
His gnarled horns were somewhere sprouling (Illustration  
Fig. 3)

His clubbed feet cased in rusty shoes,  
Were crossed as on some frieze you see them.  
And trousers patched of diverse hues,  
Conceal'd his crooked shanks beneath them. (Illustration)  
He filled the quivering reeds with sound  
And o'er his mouth their changes shifted,  
And with his goat-eyes looked around  
Where'er the passing current drifted:  
And soon, as on Frinacrian hills  
The nymphs and herdsmen ran to hear him,  
Even now the tradesmen from their tills,  
With clerks and porters crowded near him.

The bulls and bears together drew  
From Jauncy Court and New Street Alley,  
As erst, if pastorals be true,

Come beats from every wooded valley  
The random passers stayed to list—  
A boxer, Aegon, rough and merry—  
A Broadway Daphnis on his tryst  
With Nais at the Brooklyn Ferry.

A one-eyed Cyclops halted long  
In tatter'd cloak of army pattern,  
And Galatea joined the throng  
A blowy, apple vending slattern;  
While old Silenus staggered out  
From some new-fangled lunch house handy  
And bade the piper with a shout,  
To strike up "Yankee Doodle Dandy!"

A newsboy and a peanut girl  
Like little fauns began to caper:  
His hair was all in tangled curl,  
Her twany legs were bare and taper  
And still the gathering larger grew,  
And gave its pence and crowded nigher,  
While aye, the shepard minstrel blew  
His pipe, and struck the gamut higher.

O heart of nature! beating still  
With throbs her vernal passion taught her,—  
Even here, as on the vine-clad hill,  
Or by the Arethusan water!  
New forms may fold the speech, new lands  
Arise within these ocean-portals,  
But music waves eternal wands,  
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

So thought I—but among us trod  
A man in blue with legal baton  
And scoff'd the vagrant demigod  
And push'd him from the step I sat on,  
Doubting I mused upon the cry—  
"Great Pan is dead!"—and all the people  
Went on their ways:—and clear and high  
The quarter sounded from the steeple.

Pan loved his neighbor echo: Echo loved  
A gamesome Satyr; he by her unmoved  
Loved only Lyde; thus thru Echo, Pan,  
Lyde and Satyr, Love his circle ran.  
Thus all, while their true lovers' hearts they grieved,  
Were scorned in turn, and what they gave received.  
O, all love scorners learn this lesson true;  
Be kind to Love, that he be kind to you.

Dian white-armed has given me this cool shrine  
Deep in the bosom of Wood and Pine;  
The silver sparkling showers  
That hide me in the flowers  
That prink my fountains brim; are hers and mine

And when the days are mild and fair,  
And grass is springing, buds are blowing  
Sweet it is, 'mid waters flowing,  
Combing my yellow, yellow hair.

The Eunce and panther down the mountain side  
Creep thro' dark greeness in the eventide;  
And at the fountain's brink  
Casting great shades they drink  
Gazing upon me tame and sapphire-eyed;  
For awed by my pale face whose light  
Gleameth thro' sedge and lillies yellow  
They, lapping at the fountain mellow,  
Harm not the lamb that in affright  
Its shadows small and dusky-white.

Throws in the pool so mellow, mellow, mellow  
Oft do the fauns and satyrs, flush'd with play,  
Come to my coolness in the hot noonday.  
Nay, once indeed I vow  
By Dian's truthful brow  
The great god Pan himself did pass this way  
And, all in festal oak-leaves clad  
His limbs among these lillies throwing,  
Watch'd the silver waters flowing  
Listen'd to their music glad,  
Saw and heard them flowing, flowing, flowing,  
And ah! his face was worn and sad!

Mild joys like silver waters fall;  
But it is sweetest, sweetest by far of all,  
In the calm Summer night,  
When the tree tops look white,  
To be exhaled in dew at Dian's call,  
Among my sister clouds to move  
Over the darkness, earth bedimming  
Milky-robed thro' heaven swimming  
Floating round the stars above,  
Swimming proudly, swimming proudly, swimming,  
And waiting on the Moon I love.

So tenderly I keep this cool, green shrine,  
Deep in the bosom of Wood and Pine,  
Faithful thro' shade and sun,  
That service due and done  
May haply earn for me a place divine  
Among the white-robed deities  
That thread thro' starry paths attending  
My sweet lady calmly wending  
Thro' the silence of the skies,  
Changing in hues of beauty never ending  
Drinking the light of Diana's eyes.

Hear now the fairy legend of old Greece,  
As full of freedom, youth and beauty still,  
As the mortal freshness of that grace  
Carved for all ages on some Attic frieze.

Now in those days of simpleness and faith,  
Men did not think that happy things were dreams.  
Because they overstepped the narrow bound  
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed  
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful  
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.  
So Rhoesus made no doubt that he was blest,  
And all along unto the city's gate  
Earth seemed to spring beneath him as he walked.  
The clear broad sky looked bluer than its wont,  
And he could scarce believe he had not wings,  
Such sunshine seemed to glitter through his veins  
Instead of blood, so light he felt and strange.

Then thru the window flew the wounded bee,  
And Rhoecus tracking him with angry eyes,  
Saw a sharp mountain peak of Thessaly  
Against the red disk of the setting Sun,  
And instantly the blood sank from his heart—

—Quite spent and out of breath he reached the tree  
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more  
The low voice murmur, Rhoecus! close at hand:  
Whereat he looked around him, but he could see  
Naught but the deepening looms beneath the oak.  
Then signed the voice, "O Rhoecus nevermore  
Shalt thou behold me or 'by day or night,  
Me, who would fain have blessed thee with a love  
More ripe and bounteous than ever yet  
Filled up with nectar and mortal heart:  
But thou didst scorn my humble messenger  
And sentst him back to me with bruised wings.  
We spirits only show to the gentle eyes,  
We ever ask an undivided love,  
And he who scorns the least of nature's works  
Is thenceforth exiled and shut out from all.  
Farewell! for thou canst never see me more."  
Then Rhoecus beat his breast and groaned aloud  
And cried, "Be pitiful! forgive me yet  
This once and I shall never need it more!"  
"Alas!" the voice returned 'tis thou art blind  
Not I unmerciful; I can forgive  
But have no skill to heal thy spirits' eyes,  
Only the soul hath power o'er itself."  
With that again there murmured "Nevermore."  
And Rhoecus after heard no other sound  
Except the rattling of the Earth's crisp leaves,  
Like the long surf upon a distant shore,  
Raking the seaworn pebbles up and down.

The night had gathered round him o'er the plain

The city sparkled with its thousands lights,  
And sounds of revel fell upon his ear  
Harshly and like a curse, above the sky  
With all its bright sublimity of stars  
Deepened on his forehead smote the breeze;  
Beauty was all around him and delight  
But from that eve he was alone on earth.  
Phyche looking on fair cupid amorously  
As if he were some great divinity  
Scarce kept back a cry  
At what he saw; for there before her lay  
The very love brighter than dawn of day;  
And as he lay there smiling, her own name  
His gentle lips in sleep began to frame,  
And as to touch his face her hands did move  
O then, indeed, her faint heart swelled for love  
And she began to sob and tears fell fast,  
Upon the bed—But as she turned at last  
To quench the lamp, there happed a little thing  
That quenched her new delight for flickering  
The treacherous flame cast on his shoulders fair  
A burning drop; he woke, and seeing her there  
The meaning of that sad sight knew full well,  
Nor was there need the piteous tale to tell.

While Cupid swooned in his mother's arm  
Heartsick, the offspring of thunderstorm  
Ascended to woo Prince of Palace of Cypeas  
Failed of support of Zephyr, fell down the precipice  
While Phyche, meanwhile wandered day and night  
Without food or drink beheld the seagull white  
Which like the zephyrs o'er the waves doth leap  
On looking down dived into the middle deep  
And rowing with his glistening wings arrived  
At Aphrodite's bower beneath the sea.

But he with garrulous laughing tongue,  
Broke up his news; how Eros fallen sick  
Lay tossing on his bed, to frenzy stung  
By such a burn as did but barely prick:  
A little belb no bigger than a pease,  
Upon his shoulder 'twas that killed his ease,  
Fevered his heart and made his breathing thick  
“For which disaster hath he not been seen  
This many a day at all in my place:  
And thou, dear mistress, said he hast not been  
Thyself among us now dreary space  
And pining mortals suffer from a dearth  
Of love; and for this sadness of the Earth  
Thy family is darkened with disgrace—  
“‘Tis plain that if thy pleasure longer pause  
Thy mighty rule on earth hath seen its day;  
The race must come to perish and no cause  
But that thou sittest with thy nymphs at play,

While on the Cretan hills thy truant boy  
Has with his pretty mistress turned to toy,  
And, less for pain than love, now pines away.  
On Hellenspont, guilty of true Love's blood  
In view and opposite two cities stood,  
Seaboarders, disjoin'd by Nephines might  
The one Abdos, the other Sestos night.  
At Sestos, Hero dwelt, Hero the fair  
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair

And offered as a dower his burning throne,  
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.  
Some say for her the fairest Cupid pen'd  
And looking in her face was stricken blind.  
But this is true so like was one the other,  
As he imagined Hero was his mother;  
And oftimes into her bosom flew,  
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,  
And laid her childish head upon her breast  
And, with still panting rockt, there took his rest.  
On this feast day.—O cursed day and hour!  
Went Hero through Sestos from her tower,  
To Venus' temple, where unhappily  
As after chanc'd they did each other spy.  
So fair a church as this had Venus none,  
And in the midst a silver altar stood  
The walls were of discolored jasper stone—  
There Hero sacrificing turtles blood  
Vail'd to the ground veiling her eyelids close:  
And modestly they opened as she rose:  
Then flew Love's arrow with the golden head;  
And thus Leander was enamoured.  
Stone-still he stood and evermore he gazed,  
'Till with the fire from his countenance blazd  
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was struck

Such power and virtue hath an amorous look.  
It lies not in our power to love or hate,  
For will in us is overruled by fate,  
When two are stript long ere the case begin,  
We wish that one should lose the other win;  
And one especially do we affect  
Of two gold ingots, like each respect:  
The reason no man knows let it suffice,  
What we beheld is censur'd by our eyes.  
Where both deliberate the love is slight,  
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

He kneel'd but unto her devoutly prayed:  
Chaste hero to herself thus softly said,  
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him"  
And, as she spoke these words, came somewhat near him,  
He started up she blushed as one ashamed  
Wherewith Leander much more was inflam'd;  
He touched her hand, in touching it she trembled:  
Love deeply groundd hardly is dismissed....

These arguments he us'd and many more  
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.  
Hero's look she yielded but her words made war:  
Women are won when they begin to jar,  
Thus having swallow'd cupid's golden hook  
The more she strived the deeper was she struck:  
Yet, evilly feigning anger, she strove still,  
And would be thought to grant against her will.  
So having paus'd awhile at last she said,  
"Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?  
Ay me! such words as these should I abhor,  
And yet I like them for the orator."  
With that Leander stoop'd to have embraced her  
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,  
And bespake him: gentle youth forbear  
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.

"Come thither" as she spake thus her tongue tripp'd.  
For unawares, "Come thither" from her slipped.  
And suddenly her former color chang'd,  
And here and there thru anger rang'd  
And like a planet moving several ways  
At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays.  
Loving, not to love at all, and every part  
Strove to resist the notions of her heart:  
And hands, so pure so innocent, nay such  
As might have made heaven stoop to have a touch,  
Did she uphold to Venus, and again  
Vow'd spotless chastity; but all in vain  
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings"....

Come hither all sweet maidens soberly  
Down looking, aye, and with a chastened light,  
Hid in the fringe of your eyelids white,  
And meekly let your fair hands joined be.

(See Museum of Alexander, De Armore Heros et Leander)

Keats Sonnet on Picture of Leander.

As if so gentle that ye could not see,  
Untouched a victim of your beauty bright,  
Sinking away to the young spirits night  
Sinking bewilder'd mid the dreary sea:  
'Tis young Leander toiling to his death;  
Nigh swooning he doth purse his weary lips,  
For hero's cheek and smile against her smile  
A horrid dream! see how his body dips,  
Dead-heavy; arms and shoulders gleam awhile  
He's gone; up bubbles all his amorous breath.

Mortals are scarcely given breathing space,  
As they view Hippomenes and fleet Atlantis race  
They both startled, he, by one stride first,  
For she half pitied him so beautiful  
Running to meet his death, yet she was resolved



To conquer; soon she neared him and he felt  
The rapid and repeated gush of breath  
Behind his shoulder.

From his hand now dropped  
A golden apple; she looked down and saw  
A glitter on the grass, yet on she ran  
He dropped a second; now she seemed to stoop:  
He dropped a third, and now she stooped indeed;  
Yet swifter than a wren picks a grain  
Of millet rais'd her head; it was too late.  
Hippomenes had touched the maple goal  
With but two fingers, leaning proudly forth,  
Now each walked slowly forward, both so tired  
When he turn'd round to her, she lowered her face.  
Cover'd the blushes and held out her hand  
The golden apple in it

“Leave me now”  
Said she, “I must walk homeward.”

He did take  
The apple and the hand.

“Both I detain”  
Said he “the other two I dedicate  
To the two powers that soften virgin hearts,  
Eros and Aphrodite; and this one  
To her who ratifies the nuptial vow”  
She would have wept to see her father weep;  
But some god pitied her and purple wines  
(What gods were they?) hovered and interposed.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow;  
Ivy crowns that brow, supernal  
As the forehead of Appollo  
As possessing eternal.

Round about him fair Bacchantes,  
Bearing cymbals, flutes and thyrses  
Wild from maxian groves or Zantes  
Vinyards sing delirous verses.

Behold, behold! the granite gates unclose  
And down the vales a lyric people flows;  
Dancing to music, in their dance they fling  
Their frantic robes to every wind that blows;  
And deathless praises to the winegod sing.

Nearer they press and nearer still in sight,  
Still dancing blithely in a seemly choir;  
Crossing on high the symbol of their right  
The cane-tipped thyrsus of a god's desire;  
Nearer they come, tall damsels flushed and fair,  
With ivy circling their abundant hair;  
Onward with even pace in stately rows,  
With eye that flashes, and with cheek that glows,  
And all the while their tribute songs they bring,

And newer glories of the past disclose,  
And deathless praises to the winegod sing.

Arcadian Atlanta, snowy souled,  
Fair as the snow and footed as the wind.  
For thy name's sake and awe toward thy chaste head,  
O, holiest Atlanta! no man dares  
Praise thee, though fairer than whom all men praise,  
And godlike for thy grace of hallowed hair,  
And holy habit of thine eyes and feet,  
That make the blown foam neither swift nor white,  
Gods found because of thee adorable  
And for thy sake praise also thee as these  
Pure and the light lit at the hands of gods.

Then all abode save one,  
The Arcadian Atlanta from her side  
Sprang her hounds laboring at the leash and slipped  
And splashed ear-deep with plunging feet; but she  
Saying "Speed it as I send it for thy sake  
Goddess" drew bow and loosed the saddened string.  
Rang and sprang inward and the waterish air  
Hiss'd and the moist plumes of the songless reeds,  
Moved as a wave which the wind moves no more.  
But the boar heaved half out of ooze and slime  
His tense flank trembling the barbed wound,  
Hateful and fiery with evasive eyes  
And bristling with intolerant hair  
Plunged and the hounds, and green flowers and white  
Reddened and broke all around them where they came.

Rock-rooted, Fair with fierce and fastened lips,  
Clear eyes and springing muscle and shortening limb....  
With chin aslant indrawn to a tightening throat,  
Grave and with gathered sinews, like a god  
Aimed in the left side his well handled spear,  
Grasped where the ash was knottiest hewn and smote  
And with no missile wound, the monstrous boar  
Right in the hairiest hollow of his hide,  
Under the last rib, sheer thru bulk and bone  
Deep in and deeply smitten unto and to death,  
The heavy horror with his hanging shafts  
Leapt. and fell furiously, and from raging lips,

#### THE FATEFUL ICARNS.

With melting wax and loosened strings  
Sunk hapless Iearn on unfaithful wings.  
Headlong he rushed thru the affrighted air,  
With limbs distorted and disheveled hair;  
His scattered plumage danced upon the wave,  
And sorrowing Nareids decked his watery graves.  
O'er his pale corps their pearly sea flowers shed,  
And strewed with crimson moss his marble bed;

Struck in their coral towers the passing bell,  
And wide in ocean tolled his echoing knell.

From every region of Eageas shore  
The brave assembled, those illustrious twins  
Castor and Pollux; Orpheus tuneful bard.  
Zetes and Caltais, as the wind in speed;  
Strong Hercules and many a chief renowned  
On deep Iolcas, sandy shore they thronged,  
Gleaming in armor ardent of exploits,....  
And soon the laurel chord and the huge stone  
Uplifting to the bark;  
Whose keel of wondrous length the skillful hand  
Of Argos fashioned for the proud attempt;  
And in the extended keel a lofty mast  
Upraised and sails full swelling; to the chiefs  
Unwonted object, not first now they learned,  
Their bolder steerage over ocean wave.  
Led by golden stars, as chiron's art  
Had marked the sphere celestial.

One speaks.....

Oh, happy seafarers are ye  
And surely all your ills are past;  
And toil upon the land and sea,  
Since ye are brought to us at last;  
But now, but when we have lain  
Asleep with us a little while  
E'neath the washing of the main  
How calm shall be your waking smile!

A little more, a little more  
O carriers of the golden fleece!  
A little labor with the oar,  
Before we reach the land of Greece.  
E'en now, perchance, faint rumors reach,  
Men's ears of this our victory,  
And draw them down upon the beach  
To gaze upon the empty sea,  
Alas! and will ye stop your ears,  
In vain desire to do aught,  
And wish to live mid cares and fears,  
Until the last fear makes you naught?

Is not the May-time now on Earth  
When close against the city wall  
The folks are singing in their mirth,  
While on their heads the May flowers fall.

To please the will of Heaven's fair godhead  
Upon a day were Peleas and Thetis wed  
Now on a day foreset, Aurora forsaking the ocean  
Crimsons the orient sky: all Thessaly, seeking the palace  
Fares to the royal seat, in populous muster exultant,

Heavy of hand with gifts but blithsome of cheer for the  
joyance  
Crannon's glittering domes and to battlements of Laris-  
sean,  
Cumber, Pharsalia, throng the abodes and the streets of  
Pharsalus.  
Fields meanwhile are untilled, grow tender the necks of  
oxen,  
None with the curving teeth of the harrow cleareth the  
vineyard,  
None upturneth the glebe with bull and the furrowing plow  
share,  
None with garden knife lets light thru the branches un-  
brageous ;  
Senalid the rust creeps, up over plows forgotten of plow-  
men

Bright is the palace, ay, thru far retreating recesses  
Blazing for sheenbenigh of the opulent gold and the silver :  
Ivory gleams on the thrones, great gobulets glint on the  
tables  
Glitters the spacious home made glad with imperial splen-  
dor  
Ay, but most, in the hall midmost..is the couch of the god-  
dess.  
Glorious, made of the tusks of the indian elephant polished,  
Spread with a wonder of guilt empurpled with dye of the  
sea shell.

Then when Thessalay's youth long had of the wonder  
Their content, they can give place to the lords of Olympia,  
As when zephyr awakes the recumbent billows of ocean,  
Roughens the placid deep with eager breath of the morning,  
Urges the waves and impels, to the thresh-hold of journey-  
ing Pheobus,  
They at first blown outward unroughly when dawn is aris-  
ing  
Lamb slow footed and loiter with loiter with laughter,  
lightly splash  
Till on horizon they flow refulgent of luminous purple,  
So from the portal with draw-ing the palm Thessalian de-  
parted  
Faring in world wide ways to the far-off of their father,  
Now when they were aloof drew nigh from Pelion's summit  
Chiron bearing gifts from the copses and glades of the  
woodland,  
Gifts that the meadows yield: what flowers on Thessalis  
mountains  
Warming woos to the day, all such in bunches assorted,  
Bore he: flattened with odors the whole house break into  
laughter.  
Come there next Peneus, abandoning verdurous temple  
Temple embowered deep mid superimpendent forests.

Where now the gode had reclined limbs on ivory couches,

Viands many and rare were heaped on the banqueters  
tables,  
Whilst the decrepit sisters of Fate, their tottering bodies  
Solemnly swayed and rehearsed their soothfast vaticina-  
tion.  
Lo each tremulous frame was wrapped in a robe of a  
whiteness,  
While on ambrosial brows there rested fillets like snow-  
flakes.  
They, at a task eternal their hands religiously plying,  
Held in the left high, with wool enfolded a distaff.  
Delicate fibres wherefrom, drawn down, were shaped by  
the right hand,  
Shaped by fingers upturned, but the down turned thumb  
set awirling,  
Poised with perfected whorl, the industrious shaft of the  
spindle  
Still as they span, as they span, was the tooth kept nipping  
and smoothing  
And to the withered lips clung morsels of wool as they  
smoothed it.

Filaments erstwhile that stood from the twist of the sur-  
face.  
Close at their feet meantime were woven baskets of wicker  
Guarding the soft white balls of the wool resplendent with-  
in them.  
Thus then parting the strands these three with resonant  
voices  
Uttered in chant divine predestined sooth of the future  
Prophecy neither in time, nor yet in eternity shaken.  
Thou that exaltest renown of thy name with the name of  
valor  
Bulwark Emathecen, blest above sires in the offspring  
of promise,  
Hear with thine ears this day what oracle falls from the  
sisters  
Chanting the facts for thee; but you your destiny drawing  
Spindles; hasten the threads of the destinies for the  
future.

Rideth the orb upon high that heralds boon unto bride-  
grooms....  
Hesperus cometh anon with propitious the virgin,  
Speedeth thy soul to subdue-submerge with love at the  
floodtide,  
Hasten, ye spindles and run, yea gallop, ye thread running  
spindles.

(Foot note Avid Metam 11,221-265-Calullua,  
LVIV Hygimus Feb. 14; Apollonus Rhodus Argon,  
1,558, Valerus Flaceus, Argon, Slatens Ashillerd.  
(2) Catallua LXIV Charles Miley Gayleys transla-  
tion)

And of the life which heroes lead  
In such a glen on such a day,  
On Pelion, on the grassy ground.  
Chiron the aged centaur lay,  
The Young Achilles standing by  
The centaur taught him to explore  
The mountains, where the glens are dry,  
And the tired centaurs come to rest,  
And where the soaking springs abound  
And the straight ashes grow for spears,  
And where the hill goats come to feed  
And the sea eagles build their nests,  
He showed him Phthia far away.  
And said, "O boy I taught this lore  
To Peleus, in the long distant years!"

He told him of the gods, the stars,  
The tides, and then of mortal wars,  
Before they reach the Elysian place,  
And rest in the immortal mead;  
And all the wisdom of his race.

At length I saw a lady within call  
Stilller than chis'd marble standing there  
A daughter of the gods divinely tall,  
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise  
Froze my swift speech: she turning on my face  
The starlike sorrow of immortal eyes,  
Spoke slowly in her place.

"I had great beauty; ask thou not my name  
No one can be more wise than Destiny.  
Many drew swords and died where I came  
I brought calamity."

Of Paris Speaks Euore.

White breasted like a star  
Fronting the dawn he moved a leopard skin  
Dropped from his shoulders, but his sunny hair  
Clustered about his temples like a god's,  
And his cheek brighten'd as the foam bow brightens,  
When the wind blows the foam, and all my heart  
Went forth to brace him coming ere he came.

And at their feet the crocus break like fire  
Violet amaracus, and asphodd,  
Lotos and lilies; and a wind arose,  
And overheard the wandering ivy and vine  
This way and that in many a wild festoon,  
Ran riot garlanding the gnarled boughs  
With bunch and berry and flowers thru and thru.

Great bard of Greece, whose ever during verse  
All ages venerate, all tongues rehearse  
Could blind idolatry be justly paid  
To aught of mental power by man display'd,  
To thee, thou sire of soul exalting song,  
That boundless worship might to the belong.  
Jove said and nodded with his shadowy brows;  
Waved on the immortal head the ambrosia locks -  
And all Olympus trembled at his nod.  
His sumptuous palace halls were built  
Deep down in ocean, golden glittering proof  
Against decay of time.  
He whose all conscious eyes the world behold,  
The eternal thunderer sat enthroned in gold  
High heaven, the footstool of his feet he makes,  
And wide beneath him all Olympus shakes.

"O Father Jove, who rulest from the top  
Of Ida, mightiest one and most august  
Whichever of these twain have done thee wrong  
Grant that the pass to Pluto's dwelling stain  
While friendship and a faithful league are ours.

"O Jupiter, most mighty and august  
Whomever first shall break these solemn oaths  
So may their brains flow down upon the earth  
Theirs and their children."

Jove was the father cloud compelling Jove,  
Of Dardamus, by whom Dardanus first  
Was peopled ere our sacred boy was built  
On the great plain a populous town for men  
Dwelt still upon the roots of Ida fresh,  
With many springs.

For in the elder times, when truth and worth  
Were still revered and cherished here on earth  
The tenants of the sky would oft descend  
To heroes spotless homes as friend to friend  
There meet them face o face, and freely share  
In all that stirred the hearts of mortals there.

Eris held within her hand contemptuously  
The fruit of pure Hesperian gold that smelt ambrosially  
So wishing Jupiter to ensnare  
Offered golden apple for the fairest of the fair.

This was cast upon the board  
When all the full faced presence of the gods  
Ranged in the halls of Peleus, whereupon  
Rose fend, with question unto whom twere due.

Jove dared to choose lest he encourage strife  
In fair Olympus—spoiled innocent shepherd's life

By requiring of Paris husband of Chaste Enone,  
To master the duty—which were once his own.  
Said June, "Power and riches will I give  
Thee Paris, if you let my beauty live  
Minerva promised glory and renown in war  
Paris smiling looked at Venus his prize star.  
Said Venus, "Serve pompous goddess of love  
And win in Greece the fairest dame that moves.

He consigned  
To her fair hand the fruit, of burnished land;  
And foam-born Venus gras'd the graceful meed,  
Of war, of evil war, the quickening seed,

Thus speaks Enroe

"O happy heaven, how canst thou see my face?  
O happy earth: how canst thou bear my weight?  
O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,  
There are enough unhappy on this earth,  
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:  
I pray thee pass before my light of life,  
And shadow all my soul that I may die.  
Thou weighest heavy on the heart within,  
Weigh heavy on my eyelids: let me die."

From Ids heights she saw the fleet depart  
Wh'ch bore toward Greece the idol of her heart  
Toward parting fleet Enore still did stare  
Until she at last sent up this final prayer.

"O heavens, let thy jewel'd sun  
Cease shining on my brow  
Cause its resplendent rays to run  
To other lands right now  
Its rays tend to bring merriment  
And fill sad hearts with glee.  
But I am so filled with discontent  
That naught brings joy to me.  
Send them to the land o men  
Where bliss and peace abide  
Where damsels gambol now and then

Upon the mountain side,  
A fairer dame with lighter heart  
Than mine doth bid them there  
So make them in a sudden dart  
Answer in full my prayer.  
I cannot face old horrid death  
When upon my brow they shine  
Nay, I can't taste the woeful breath  
Until the rays recline.

Unknown I stand to half the world  
Why should I stand without a pearl  
Unlearned as well as poor  
And hardships still endure.



## TENNYSON'S DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN

I saw a lady within call  
Stillter than chisell'd marble standing there  
A daughter of the gods divinely tall  
And most divinely fair.

Helen were tempted o'e the ocean foam  
By stranger whom she sheltered in her home,  
  Thus spake a shade.  
"I was cut off from the hope in that said place  
Which men call Aulis in those iron years  
My father held his hand upon his face  
I blinded with my tears.

"Still strove to speak, my voice was thick with sighs  
As in a dream, dimly I could descry  
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes  
Waiting to see me die.

"The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat  
The clouds the temples wavered and the shores,  
The bright death quivered at the victims throat  
Touch'd and I knew no more,  
"The wish'd for wind was given then revolv'd  
The oracle upon the silent sea  
And if no worthier led the way resolved  
That of a thousand vessels mine should be  
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,  
Mine the first blood that tinged the trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang  
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife  
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,  
And on the joys we shared in mortal life.  
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers  
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the foe to cry,  
'Behold they tremble:—haughty their array  
Yet, of their number no one dares to die?  
In soul I swept the indignity away.  
Old frailties then recurred: but lofty thought,  
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

  Upon the side  
Of Hellespoint (such faith was entertained)  
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
From out the tomb of him for she died;  
That illumine walls were subject to their view  
The trees tall summits withered at the sight  
A constant interchange of growth and blight.

## KEATS ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPEL HOMES

Much have I traveled in realms of gold  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western island have I been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold,  
Of one wide expanse have I been told,  
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:  
Yet did I never breathe it pure serene,  
'Til I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:  
Then felt I like some watcher of the sky  
When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout Cortes when with eagles eyes  
He stared at the Pacific and all his men  
Look'd at each other in a wild surmise  
Silent upon a peak in Darian.

Helen, Grecian princess to Menelus wed  
Among a thousand suitors his kingdom fled  
To the fair plains of sweet Illyrium  
Where abode the illustrious sons of Illium.

(Bryant Illiad)

To Anterior minister of Trojan covenant

(W. C. W. Supplement)

Were Diomede and the wise Ulysses sent  
By Menelaus that thru peace might restore  
That matchless beauty of the Grecian shore.  
For a thousand suitors for her hand had sworn  
Such vengeance on the land where she was borne.  
If dared to seize and bare her off  
All would unite in arms' and lay his town  
Level with the ground.  
When they to Trojan capital were come  
Was theirs the hospitality of Illyrium.

"But when Ulysses rose in thought profound

(Pope Illiad Bk. 3)

His modest eyes he fixed upon the ground,  
As one unskilled or dumb he seemed to stand,  
Nor raised his head, nor stretched his scepter'd hand: ..  
Put when he speaks, what elocution flows,  
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,  
The copious accent fall with easy art  
Mitting they fall and sink into the heart."

Hellenic ambassadors for home must sail (W. C. W. Sup-  
plemented)

Ulysses eloquence was of no avail.  
To King Priam, who loved his son,  
The princely Paris who had folly won  
The fair Helen whose beauty fair did light  
The chisell'd statue of fair Aphrodite,  
Brave chiefs of Greece secretly rejoice  
To know their vows have given them no choice.  
Palamedes did the wisdom of Ulysses match

Who sprinkled salt within his garden patch  
Dressed with new garb seized from peddlers box  
Ploughed in his field with horse yoked with ox  
Til Palamedes before him dropped the babe  
Which quietly in arms of its mother laid  
Within the very pathway of ploughshare  
Which mad Achilles used to escape war.

Calchas the wise, the Grecian priest and guide  
That sacred seer, whose comprehensive view  
The past, the present and the future knew,  
In Lycomedes Court dwells the Achilles fair  
With face of maiden tall and debonair  
When perfumes were shown, with half unsheathed sword  
Peddlers viewing him announced his name  
And told him quietly of why they came.  
Learning their mission did he at once consent  
To coin his countrymen charms, in heights of merriment.

Fully fifty ships beneath Achilles care  
The Achains Myrmidons, Hellenians bear;  
The same their motion and the chief the same.  
Great Agamemnon rules the numerous band  
A hundred vessels in long order stand  
And crowded nations wait his dread command,  
High on the deck the king of men appears,  
And his refulgent arms in triumph wears;  
Proud of his host, unrivall'd in his reign,  
In silent pomp he moves along the main.  
His brother follows and to vengeance warms  
The hardy Spartans exercised in arms;  
These o'er the bending ocean, Helen's cause  
In sixty ships with Menelaus draws.

In ninety sail from Pylos' coast  
Nestor the sage conducts his chosen host.  
Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skilled  
Words, sweet as honey from lips dispell'd  
Two generations now had passed away,  
Wise by his rules and happy by his sway,  
Two ages over his native land he reigned  
And now the example of the third remain'd.

With these appear the Salamanian bands  
(Pope Illiad Bk. 2)

Whom the gigantic Telamon commands  
In twelve black ships to troy they steer their course  
And with the great Athenians join their force.

Fierce Ajax led the Locrian squadrons on,  
Ajax, the less, Oileus' valiant son;  
Skill'd to direct the flying dart aright;  
Swift in pursuit and active in the fight.

Cretes hundred cities pour forth all her sons,

These marched, Idomeneus, beneath thy care.  
Telemachus went up  
The vessels side, but Pallas first embarked,  
And at the stern sat down, while next to her  
Telemachus was seated. Then the crew  
Cast loose the fastenings and went all on board  
And took their places on the lower seats,  
While blue-eyed Pallas sent a favoring breeze,  
A fresh wind from the West, that murmuring swept.

The dark blue main, Telemachus sent forth,  
The word to wield the tackle; they obeyed  
And raised the fir-tree mast and fitting it  
Into its socket, bound it fast with cords.  
And drew and spread with firmly twisted ropes  
The shining sails on high. The steady wind  
Swelled out the canvass in the midst; the ship  
Moved on the dark sea roaring round the kneel,  
And swiftly through the waves she cleft her way.  
My diamonds are the streaming tears  
That poureth down like rain  
My wishes are the rugged piers  
That bear the bridge of pain.

Toward thee I lift my trembling hands  
I vow to thee I pray  
To die before I make a stand  
In life another day.  
O heaven let thy jewel'd sun  
Upon me shine no more  
For I have lost the happy one  
Whom I do now adore.  
O heaven hear my earnest prayer  
Sun, hide behind a cloud  
Until this dagger reaps its share  
And in my breast has plough'd.  
Enore in grief on Idas fair mountain stood  
And as she wept the Sun seemed filled with blood.

### PROLESILAUS THE BRAE

Who now lay silent in the gloomy grave:  
The first who boldly touched the Trojan shore  
And died a Phrydian lance with Grecian gore,  
There lies, far distant from his native plain,  
And her sad consort beats her breast in vain.

"Thou knowst the Delphis oracle foretold  
That the first Greek who toucht the Trojan strand  
Should die, but me the throat could not withhold,  
A generous cause a victim did demand,  
And forth I leaped upon the sandy plain,  
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.

Upon the side  
Of Hellespont (such fort was entertained)  
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew

From out the tree of him for whom she died,  
And ever, when such stature they had gained,  
That Illium's walls were subject to their view,  
The trees tall summits withered at the sight.

Divine Aeneas brings the Darden race,  
Archilochus and Achains divide  
The warriors toils and combat by his side,  
The Lycian forces were led by Sarpedon  
A chief who let to Troy's beleagured wall  
A host of heroes and outshines them all.

Ye sons of Greece in triumph bring  
The corpse of Hector, and your paeans sing  
Hector is dead and Illion is no more."

For was Hector  
The boast of Nations the defense of Troy!  
To whom her safety and her fame she owed  
Her chief, her hero and almost her god.

And from the strand of Darden where they fought,  
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,  
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought  
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began  
To break upon the galled shore and then  
Retire again to meet greater ranks,  
They join and shoot their foam at Simois banks.

The tenth year of the war captured Chryses  
Brought pestilence upon the sons of Greece.

Her father pleads  
Ye kings and warriors! may your vows be crowned  
And Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground.  
May Jove restore you when your toils are o'er  
Safe to the pleasure of your native shore,  
But Oh! relieve a wretched parents pain,  
And give Chryses to these arms again."  
The aged Trojan with a heart of pain  
Thus pleaded to Agamemnon in vain  
With brow declining like suns evening rays  
Heavenward he looks and to Apollo prays.

"O Smintheus! if I ever helped to deck  
Thy glorious temple, if I ever burned  
Upon thy altar the fat thighs of goats  
And bullocks, grant my prayer, and let thy shafts  
Avenge upon the Greeks the tears I shed.

Achilles bade Calcheas speak the final  
Of oracle, to chief of Grecian Lords.

"Thus in turn

I threaten thee, since Pheobus takes away  
Chryses I will send her in my ships  
And with my friends and coming to thy tent  
Will bear away the fair cheeked maid, thy prize.

Brises, that thou know how far I stand  
Above thee, and that other Clues may fear  
To measure strength with me and drawing power.

Thus Achilles speaks....

"Tremendous oath, inviolate to kings  
By this I swear: when bleeding Greece again  
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain

The aged Nestor with fast dimming eyes  
Says when he sees Achilles lose his prize  
"Forbid it Gods! Achilles should be lost,  
The pride of Greece, and bulwark of our host."

Rising from that strife of words the twain  
Dissolved the assembly at the Grecian fleet,  
To Eurybates, Talthylbius, Agemmon said  
As if ye were a Hellenic God-head  
"Go ye to where Achilles holds his tent  
And take the fair Brises by the hand,  
And bring her hither, If he yield her not  
I shall come forth to claim her with a band  
Of warriors, and it shall be worse for him.

Achilles' wrath to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered heavenly goddess sing  
Thy wrath which hurled to Pluto's gloomy reign.  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain  
Those limbs unburied on the naked shore,  
Devouring dogs and hungry vulture tore:  
Since great Achilles and Artrides rove  
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove

Man's first disobedience and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater man  
Restore us and regain the blissful seat  
Sing, heavenly, Muse, that on the secret top  
Of oreb or of Sinai didst inspire  
That shepard who first taught the chosen seed  
In the beginning how the heavens and the Earth  
Rose out of chaos; or of Zion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloam's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God I thence  
Invoke thy aid, to my advent'rous song.

Thus Thetes plead

O Jupiter my father, if among  
The mortals I have ever given thee aid  
Honor thy son whose life is doomed to end,  
So soon, for Agamemmon king of men,  
Hath done him shameful wrong:  
Jeus that rolls the clouds of heaven  
Her addressing answers then..  
Moonstruck thou art even trowing; never I escape thy ken

Afer all it boots thee nothing, leaves me of thy heart the  
less  
So thou hast the worser bargain, what if I the fact confess?  
It was done because I willed it, Hold thy place, my word  
obey,  
Lest if I come near, and on thee these unconquered hands  
I lay,  
All the gods that hold Olympus naught avail thee here  
to-day

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong  
In feass and ambrosial and celestial song.  
Apollo turned the lyre; the music round  
With voice alternate aid the silvery sound  
The Sceptered rulers lead; the following host,  
Poured forth by thousands, darkens all the coast,  
With deeper murmers and more hoarse alarm;  
Along the region runs the deafening sound  
Beneath their footsteps groans the trembling ground.  
So was the whole assembly swayed; they ran  
With tumult to the ships! beneath their feet  
Rose clouds of dust, each exorted each  
To seize the ships and drag them to the deep.

Says Agamemmon  
Warriors like you with strength and wisdom blest  
By brave example should confirm the rest.  
Back to the assembly roll the thronging train,  
Desert the ships and pour upon the plain.

Another day

The Trojan host moved on  
With shouts and clang of arms, as when a cry  
Of cranes is in the air, that fly South  
From winter and its mighty breath of rain  
Wing their way over ocean.

But silently the Greeks  
Went forward, breathing their valor mindful still  
To aid each other in the coming fray.  
And round him one can only see as far  
As one can hurl a stone, —such was the cloud  
Of dust that from the warrior's trampling feet  
Rose round their rapid march and filled the air.

Menelaus felt  
Great joy when Paris of godly form  
Appeared in sight, for now he thought to wreak  
His vengeance on the guilty one and straight  
Sprung from his car to earth with all his arms.

But Paris:  
As one who meets within a mountain glade  
A serpent starts aside with sudden fright  
And Takes the backward way with trembling limbs.

With Hector's just rebuke doth Paris  
"Cause the Trojans and the Greeks  
To pause from battle, while between host,  
I and the warlike Menelaus strive  
In single fight for Helen and her wealth.

Menelaus said:

Now hear me also, —me whose spirit feels  
The wrong most keenly. I propose that now  
The Greeks and Trojans separate reconcil'd  
For greatly have ye suffered for the sake  
Of this My quarrel, and the original fault  
Of Paris. Whomsoever fate ordains  
To perish, let him die; But let the rest  
Be from this moment reconcil'd and part.

And aged Priam viewing

Helen standing by remarks:

"No crime of thine our present suffering draws,  
Not thou, but heavens disposing will, the cause  
The gods these armies and this fore employ  
The hostile gods conspire the fate.

No wonder such celestial charms  
For nine long years have set the world at arms;  
What winning graces! What majestic mien  
She moves a goddess and she looks a queen.  
Yet hence, O heaven! convey that fatal face,  
And from destruction save the Trojan race.

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?  
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss—

Her lips suck forth my soul; see where it flies  
Here will I dwell for heaven is in these lips,  
And all is dross that is not Helen  
Oh, thou art finer than evening air  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;  
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter.  
When he appeared to hapless Semele:  
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Priam inquires of her

"Who that  
Around whose brow such martial graces shine,  
So tall, so awful and almost divine?  
"What is he whose arms lie scattered on the plain?  
Broad is his breast and shoulders larger spread,  
Though great Atrides overtops his head,  
Nor yet appear his care and conduct small  
From rank to rank he moves and orders all.

The king then asked as yet the camp he viewed,  
What chief is that with giant strength endued;  
Whose brown shoulders and whose swelling chest,  
And lofty statue far exceed the rest?



Paris withdrew  
To Menelaus Pandoras arrow flew  
Pallas assists and weakened in its force  
Diverts the weapon from its destined course.  
So from her babe when slumber seals his eye.  
The watchful mother wafts the envenomed fly.

Then Nestor  
The cavalry with steeds and cars replaced  
In front. A vast and valiant multitude  
Of infantry he stationed in the rear,  
To be the bulwark of the war. Between  
He made the faint of spirit take their place,  
To combat with the res.

Then he said  
"Let no man too vain of horsemanship,  
And trusting in his valor dare advance  
Beyond the rest to attack the men of Troy  
Nor let him fall behind the rest to make  
Our ranks the weaker. Whoso from his car  
Can reach an enemy let him stand and strike,  
With his long spear for tis the shewder way.

Pallas and Tythides Diomede  
Gave strength and courage, that he might appear  
Among the Achains greatly eminent,  
And win a glorious name.

Father of heaven and earth! deliver thou  
Achaïas host from darkness; clear the skies,  
Give day, and since thy sovereign will is such  
Destruction with it; but oh give us day!

Eight brazen spokes in radiant order flame  
The circles gold of uncorrupted frame,  
Such as the heavens produce; and round the gold  
Two brazen rings of work divine were roll'd  
The bossy waves of solid silver shone,  
Braces of gold suspend the moving throne,  
The car, behind an arching figure bore;  
The bending concaves formed, an arch before,  
Silver the beam, the extended yoke was gold  
And golden reins the immortal courses hold  
Stentor the strong, endued with brazen fury around  
Diomede drew  
Whose threat surpassed the force of fifty tongues.

Said Agamemnon:  
Now be at least one wish of mine fulfilled,  
That we may yet escape and get us hence;  
Nor let the Trojans thus the destroy the Greeks.

Says famous archer:  
"In an evil hour  
I took my bow and quiver from the wall  
And came to lead the Trojans for the sake of Hector.

Son of Tydeus strikes  
Headlong he falls, his helmet knocks the ground  
Earth groans beneath him, and his arms resound.  
And threats aloud the Greeks with longing eyes  
Behold at distance, but forbear the prize.

For that day  
Saw many a Trojan slain and many a Greek  
Stretched side by side upon the bloody field.  
Hector is warned:  
He admonished all  
Duly to importune the gods in prayer,  
For woe he said was near to many a one.

"Inflaming wine, penicious to mankind,  
Unnerves the limbs and dulls the noble mind  
Hecuba looking in her fair husband's eyes  
Deeply immersed in remorse and sorrow cries  
"O let the earth  
Be heaped above my head in death before  
I hear thy cries as thou art borne away."

Hector replies.....

"O Jupiter and all ye deities  
Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become  
Among the Trojans eminent like me  
And nobly rule te Illium.

The chief....

Beheld and moved with tender pitysmoothed  
Her forehead gently with his hand and said  
"Sorrow not thus beloved one for me.  
No living man can send me to the shades  
Before my time; no man of woman born  
Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.

He bore his spear,  
Holding it in the middle and pressed back  
The ranks of Trojans and they all sat down  
And Agamemnon caused the well known greeks,  
To sit down also.  
The mighty Telamon before the Greeks arrayed  
Sent right and left brave Trojans to the shades.

Alas the herald Idaeas doth command  
In a loud voice to Greek and Trojan Band,  
"Cease to contend dear friends in deadly fray  
Ye both are loved by cloud compelling Jove  
And both are great in war as all men know  
The night is come be then the night obeyed.  
Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,  
And heaven enjoins it be the night obeyed  
Between brave ajax to the Grecian friends,  
And joy the nations, whom his arms defend,

But let us on this memorial day,  
Exchange some gift: that Greece of Trojan may say  
Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend,  
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend."

Then they both departed—one  
To join the Grecian host and one to meet  
The Trojan people, who rejoiced to see  
Hecor alive, unwounded and now safe  
From the great might and irresistible arm  
Of Ajax. Straightway to the town they led  
Him for whose life they scarce had dared to hope,  
And Ajax also by the well armed Greeks  
Exulting in his feat of arms was brought  
To noble Agamemnon.

On the next day these cried:  
"Send we the argive Helen, back with all  
Her treasures: let the sons of Alreas lead  
The dame away; for now we wage the war  
After our faith is broken and I deem  
We cannot prosper till we make amends."

All wailing, silently they bore away  
Their slaughtered friends, and heaped them on the pyre,  
With aching hearts, and when they had consumed  
The dead with fire, returned to hallowed Troy.  
The nobly-armed Achians also heaped  
Their slaughtered warriors on the funeral pile  
With aching hearts, and when they had consumed  
Their dead with fire, they sought their hallowed ships.

Spoke Poesidon.

Now will the fame  
Of this their work go forth where-ever shines  
The light of day and when men will quite forget  
The wall which once we built, with toiling hands  
Phoebus, Apollo and myself around  
The city of renown Laomedon.

Jove willed,  
This day the gods who dare to interfere with mortals  
Must descend  
Deep, deep in the great gulf below the earth  
With iron gates the threshold forged with brass  
So high in hope they sat the whole night thru  
In warlike lines, and many watchfires blazed.

Agamemnon on the morn in sorrow spoke  
"I erred and I deny it not  
That man indeed is equal to a host.  
And sent his messengers for the brave Achilles.  
Amused, at ease, the god-like man they found  
Pleased with the harps harmonious sound  
(The well wrought harp from conquered Thebae came,  
Of polish'd silver was its costly frame)

With this she soothes his soul and sings  
The immortal deeds of heroes and of kings.

Said he

“Twelve cities have I with my feet laid waste  
And with my Myrmidons have I o'erthrown  
Eleven upon this fertile Trojan coast.  
Full many a precious spoil from these I bore,  
And to Atrides Agamemnon gave  
He loitering in his fleet, received them all,  
Few he distrusted and many kept.

The God Neptune

Yoked his swift and brazen-footed steeds  
With manes of flowing gold, to draw his car  
And put on golden mail and took his scourge  
Wrought of fine gold, and climbed its chariot seat  
And rode upon the wave..

Thus Juno speaks:

Now, Neptune, give the Greeks thy earnest aid  
And though it be for a little space  
While Jupiter yet slumbers let them win  
the glory of the day for I have wrapt  
His senses in a general lethargy.

Hector led  
The van in rapid march, before him walked  
Phoebus the terrible aegis in his hand  
Dazzling bright within his shaggy fringe  
By vulcan forged the great article  
And given to Jupiter, with which to rout  
Armies of men. With this hand he led

The assailants on.  
On the blade of that long spear  
The hero took them as they came and slew  
In close encounter twelve before the fleet  
In that scattered conflict of the chiefs  
Each argive slew a warrior.

One speaks seeing brave Palroclus  
Achilles friend, in his own armor fall.  
“Hector thou art pursuing what thy fleet  
Will never overtake, the steeds which draw  
The Chariot of Achilles.”

Said Glancus,  
To him who from the field will drag and bring  
The slain Patrochus to the Trojan knights  
Compelling Ajax to give way to him,  
I yield up half the spoil; the other half  
I keep, and let his glory equal mine.

They of Illium strove  
To drag it to the city, they of Greece

To bear it to a fleet.  
Achilles filled with rage and disgust  
Hears he sad news from Nestors' son Antilochus,  
Of his friend Patrochus death,  
And to his goddess mother in one breath  
He sealed the fate of Hector.

Says he :

"No wish  
Have I to live or to concern myself  
In men's affairs, that Hector first  
Pierced by my spear, shall yield his life and pay  
The debt of vengeance for patrochus slain.

Says Thetus :

Goddess mother to her son  
"Ah hen I see thee dying, see thee dead."  
When Hector falls, thou diest.  
Go thou to the trench and show thyself  
To hem of Troy that haply smit with fear  
They may desist from battle.

The hearts of all who heard that brazen voice  
Were troubled and their steeds with flowing manes  
Turned backward with the chariots, such the dread  
Of coming slaughter.  
Thrice o'er the trenches Achilles shouted: Thrice  
The men of Troy and their allies  
Fell in wild disorder.

Thetus returns

Like a falcon in her flight  
Down plunging from Olympus capped with snow  
She bore he shining armor Vulcan gave.

Then Achilles said :

"Here then my anger ends; let war succeed  
And even as Greece has bleed  
Now call the hosts and ry if in our sight  
Troy shall dare to camp a scold night."

Z

Xanthus spake

"Not thru our crime, or slowness in our chance  
Fell by Patrochus, but by heavenly force,  
The bright far-shooting god that guilds the day  
Confess'd we saw him, tore his arms away.

Achilles spoke

I know my fate to die to see no more  
My much loved parents and my native shore  
Enough—when heaven ordains I sink in night  
Now perish Troy: and rushed to fight.

On seeing Hector

Achilles began to shout  
Hound as thou art thou hast once escaped  
Thy death for it was near  
Again the hand  
Of Phoebus rescues thee—I shall meet thee yet

And end thee utterly if any god  
Favor me also. I will now pursue  
And strike the other warrior down.

Thereafter men :

So plunged in Xanthus by Achilles force,  
Roars the resounding seige with men and horse.

So Hector spake

“If ever I return, return I must

Glorious my countries fervor laid in dust,

Or if I perish, let her see me fall

In field at least, fighting for her wall.

On field and one pursued—

A brave man fled, a brave followed close

And swiftly both, not for a common prize

A victim from the herd a bullock hide

Such as reward the fleet of foot they ran

The race was for the knightly Hector's life.

Whom brave Achilles slew

And dragged his massive body on the plain

By the will of Jove is the fair Achilles slain

By arrow of Paris.

The noblest Hellenes

Strove for his arms,

Ulysses winning the barve Ajax alarms,

Who falling in attempt to slay Ulysses wise,

And with these words on his good sword dies.

Come and look on me

O Death, O Death—and yet in yonder world  
I shall dwell with thee, speak enough with thee ;

And thee I call thy light of golden day,

Thou sun who drivest on thy glorious car,

Thee, for this last time never more again !

O light, O sacred land that was my home

O Salamis where stands my father's hearth

Thy glorious Athens with thy kindred race ;

Ye streams and rivers here and Troy's plains

To you that fed my life I bid farewell ;

This last, last word does Ajax speak to you.

All else I speak in Hades to the dead.”

The Grecian then devise a wooden horse

Their fleet in Neptune's bosom is carried forth

The horse is left upon the plains of Troy

Which did the Trojan Laocoan enjoy

As he sprangly haply from the Trojan gates

Struck horse with spear and mocked the angered fates.

The troubled Trojans sailed upon the sea

And then returned to know of Destiny

What the fate of Illium might be.

Many yet adhere

To the ancient distaff to the bosom fixed

Casting the whirling spindle as they walk.

This was of old in no inglorious days

The mode of spinning when the Egyptian prince  
A golden distaff gave that beautiful nymph,  
Too beautiful, Helen, no uncouthly gift.

That Nepenthus which the wife of Thine  
In Egypt gave to Jove born Helena,  
Is of such power to stir up joy as this  
Is life so friendly or so cool to thrust.

Thus Ulysses wanders -  
As one for a weary space has lain  
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine  
In gardens near a pale of Proserpine.  
Calchus desired by Ulysses strategy  
Was left to falsely explain the mystery  
With wooden horse alive with Hellenes  
Who carefully were watched by the divine  
Lacoons children enwrapped with snakes  
Bade Trojan take wooden horse within their gates  
For sacred omen to the great divines  
And to the fateful nymphs of Proserpine.

Vain -  
The struggle; vain against the curling strait,  
And gripe and deepening of the dragons grasp  
The old man's clinch the long envenomed chain  
Rivets the living links—the enormous asp  
Enforces pang on pang and stifles gasp on gasp.  
When wooden horse were carried in Trojan walls  
At once the mighty Trojan city falls  
For Greeks, from out the horses finely fought  
While allied chiefs from returning vessels wrought  
Utter destruction the fateful Troy  
Queen Hecuba and Cassandra to Helen  
Soon in the captive ships of Greece were seen.

Paris returns unscathed to fair Enore  
And Menelaus takes back Helen his heart's own  
Where that Aean isle forgets the main,  
And only the low lutes of love complain  
And only shadows of war, lovers pine,  
As such an one was glad to know the brine  
Salt on his lips and the large air again  
So, gladly from the songs of modern speech  
Men turn to see the stars and feel the free  
Shrill winds beyond the close of heavy flowers;  
And through the music of the languid hours  
They hear like ocean on a western beach  
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey winds  
Sip melodiously the music of Proserpine.

#### **WANDERS ULSSES ON THE ISLE OF AEAEA**

If swine we be,—if we indeed be swine,  
Daughter of Perse make us swine indeed,  
Well pleased on littered straw to lie supine,  
Well pleased on mast and acorn shales to feed.  
Stirred by all instincts of the bestial breed;

But O merciful; O pitiless!  
Leave us not thus with sick men's hearts to bleed  
To waste long days in yearning dumb distress  
And memory of things gone and hopelessness.

Alas the drift to Calyptos Island.  
A garden vine, luxuriant on all sides  
Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster lining  
Profuse: four fountains of serenest lymph,  
Their sinuous course pursuing side by side  
Strayed all around and everywhere appeared.  
Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er,  
With violets, it was a scene to fill  
A god from heaven with wonder and delight.

Ulysses and his men in land of Phoenicians dwells  
Amid her sweet perfumes and flowered dells.  
The languid sunset, mother of roses  
Lingers a light on the magic sea,  
The wide fire flames, as a flower unclodes,  
Heavy with odor and loose to the breeze  
The red rose clouds, without law or leader,  
Gather and float in the airy plain;  
The nightengale sings to the dewy cedar  
The cedar scatters its scent to the main.  
The strange flower perfume turns to singing,  
Heard afar over the moonlit seas  
The sirens song grown faint in winging  
Falls in scent on the cedar trees.

Deep in the woods as the twilight darkens  
Glades are red with the scented fire;  
Far in the dell the white maid harkens  
Songs and sighs to her heart's desire.  
Oydessey.

All have heard of the wreck of his raft  
Caused by the dart of Apollo's shaft,  
His escape by swimming, his relief by the princess  
When the sweet melliferous warblings of the Sirens  
commences.  
The gods have lied to me,  
When they foretold I should see Ithica.

Ulysses sees the bard.

Dear to the Muse  
Who yet appointed him both good and ill  
Took from him sight, but gave him strains divine.  
Then his destiny released  
Old Argus soon as he had lived to see  
Ulysses in the twentieth year restored.

Roman Virgil, thou that singest  
Illion's lofty temples robed in fire  
Illions falling, Rome arising,  
Wars, and filial faith and Didos pyre.



Landscape lover, lord of language  
More than he who sang the works and days  
All the chosen corn of fancy  
Flashing out from many a golden phrase;  
Light among the vanish'd ages  
Star that gildest yet this phantom shore;  
Golden branch amid the shadows  
King and realms that pass to rise no more.

Now the Rome of slaves hath perished  
And the Rome of freedom holds her place  
I, from out the Northern Island  
Sunder'd once from all the human race.  
I salute the mantavano,  
I that loved thee since my day began,  
Wielder of the statliest measure  
Ever molded by the lips of man.

### SONG OF THE SEAFARERS

Here we come, here we come  
Though we are a little troublesome  
We have come but not to stay  
To christen Ardels wedding day  
With morning tears of silver dew  
That do assume a golden hue  
As upon our cheeks they sit  
Inquirnig are the heavens wet.  
With earnest tears of joy sublime  
As into eternity hath flown from time  
The subject of this little rhyme.

The hyacinth and vesper bell  
Shed tears of dew for thee Ardel  
The geranium and the rose of heath  
Also weep to know thou wedded death.  
The violet with outstretched arms  
Bestows on thee her velvet charms  
The verdent moss the running vine  
O'er your sodded mausoleum doth climb  
From whose summit doth windows peer,  
Tended by the invidious maidens of the achen spear  
From whose eyelids drippeth golden tears.

In reverence to thou Nonpareal  
Whom the gods have called Ardel  
The soothing breath of Aura's breeze  
The shady leaves of Daphnes trees  
The gorgeous light of the rising sun  
Wain Bear and the Constellation Arion  
Minerva Juno and fair Aphrodite  
Doth thy pathway to the heavens light  
As gentle Aura guides thee on Arethusas stream  
And the golden rays of the heavens gleam

In thy fair shade in the land of dreams.

On that eventful day of June  
The priest stabs her as she swoon  
But by the will of the destinies  
Dies hero from those coward lines.

Who views the maidens spirit mute  
Mid harpies of the mygdauian lute  
Brewing death in the maiden's eyes,  
Disdains his cowardly hosts and cries  
The fires that in my bosom rise  
Can't be suppressed til death  
Me earth no longer satisfies  
Lest God returns her breath.

Vengeance upon that wicked priest  
That blamed accursed knave  
Who doubly wronged the poor deceased  
And drove her to her grave.

Ring out sweet bells of heaven, ring  
God may this saint be blest  
Like other saints—as I, O king;  
With her in heaven rest.

(Arch Gaus, standing before altar and addressing)  
(Audience, Virtule lures, vortate securus, virtus solis)  
(nobilitat, vincit inardeam incendit vires, arete)  
(firtior, vivit post funera, est semper vundes)

Lives here a priest with soul so dumb  
That ne'er into his heart has come,  
This inference virtuous woman born  
To guide aright the step of man  
With both sweet love and friendships hand,  
Was never made to scorn  
Oh, lives here one with such a soul  
That ne'er within his ear hath stole  
The echo—to virtuous dame is given  
Those qualities pure, true and chaste  
Which tend to share the human race,  
The brotherhood of heaven.  
If such be found within our fold,

Save he who this dame's honor stole  
Save he whose trembling sinews tell  
He well deserves the curse of hell.

If any save this coward priest  
Who triply wronged the poor deceased  
Let him be tortured, scorned and shamed  
Let him be accursed, debauched and blamed  
Though titles entwine his honored name  
And riches give him endless fame.

Though he be most profound in law  
A towering diplomat of awe  
Though nobly he in battle fought  
Let him like carrion sink to naught  
Let him be sneerèd at and despised.

Let each foul means which imps devise  
Drop doubly hard upon his halls  
And prythe when he to heaven calls  
May vengeance from the king on high  
Condemn with wrath the wretch to die  
But ere the sturdy angel death  
Comes to choke out his parting breath,  
May earth refuse, her son a home  
And when you die the dust a tomb  
The reed its presence, the Sun its light  
The Moon's soft rays which gleam at night  
And prythe faith may a little star  
Inform thee hell's gate stands ajar  
To thee the breadt of evil fruit  
Demured, debauched and destitute.

#### GUILTY PRIEST (A PRAYER)

Prythe all the joy Orpheus tones incited  
Could not epress the billionth part of joy  
My soul received when hers took flight to  
Heaven, O child, O martyr, Saint, Heavenly angel,  
Pilgrim in whom exists my aspirations,  
Priceless, immortal, redeemed lamb of God.

A pure and noble life to give  
A purer heart a cleaner mind  
Virtue will help ye all to find  
A higher purpose a nobler thought  
Ye all may be led by virtue taught.

A higher moral, a prouder life  
A truer husband, a purer wife  
A nobler lad, a sweeter lassie,  
A dearer prayer, a greater mass  
A higher priest, a nobler nun  
African, Anglo, Turk or Hun,  
Than thou O virtue, can't be found,  
Banner that ne'er hath swept the ground.

Priest:  
Ripe wisdom seek O son of man  
Do for education what you can  
For the ripe fruit which wisdom gains  
When gathered once fore'er remains.

Feast on it sons, with all your heart  
Learn of its excellence, its art  
Ah grasp that everlasting power  
The garb, the trousseau of the hour

The force your being should employ  
To assure your soul the fruit of joy  
To show in boundless reach all good  
In toils and pains beautitude.

Whom fate has marked to leave for my salvation thy sacred  
tears which wash the throne of God, I foster the visage of  
thy sanctity, in my heart, and hope thru thy tender mer-  
cies my soul spending its last moment on earth will be wel-  
come before thee and th celestial angels in the kingdom of  
of my father.

Arch Gaus.

To virtuous and ennobling heights aspire  
As ants let not thy efforts tire  
For only through this wondrous plan  
Can life build the more perfect man  
Can men accomplish and attain  
And tell the priceless worth of gain,  
Measure a way by which to live.  
Let in your darkened soul the light  
Which makes the brightest day of night  
Wisdom and power take forsooth  
Nears cleanliness, godliness and truth.

So spake the three and to the shade  
Were sent the eloquent three that played  
With knaves around the maiden's heart  
Who perished for the world of art  
Thus from the historic muses nine  
Was dropped the tale of Proserpine.

THE END

### MARTYR AND MAN

Empires and kingdoms hail thy name  
America's peerless star  
Mountains and seas thy worth proclaim  
Thou mighty man of war  
The dewy eyes of precious dawn  
Weep for thee Attucks alone  
Thou livest still, though thou art gone,  
To thine eternal home.

Each morning's breeze whispers its praise  
To thou guardian of Liberty  
The howling winds the heavens raise,  
Crispus Attucks in praise of thee  
Morn's sweet undaunted rising sun  
The rosy tinted dawn  
Resteth their glorious smiles upon  
The pride of America's lawn.

When happy day bids man farewell  
Birdies sing to sweet twilight

The white rose, red rose vesper belle  
Ah too the lilly white,  
Shed soft tears of midnight dew  
For thou Nonpariel.

England itself doth sorely rue  
The day thou said farewell  
In every twinkling star that shines  
Is shown thy peerless fame  
The heavens proclaim the great Divine  
Has written in blood thy name  
For thou wert born to thy country fair  
As well as thy mother dear  
Thou rather sought death's sweet despair,  
Than see reduced the vassalage here  
The only fatherland to thee known,  
Th only one loved and adored by thee.

The country of thine and mine own,  
The sweet land of liberty  
Soft is the muse, sweet the basoon  
Which flows from heaven's lyre  
Divine praise from the silver moon  
Shower on thee like living fire.

The Isles of Brittany was shaken  
When America thou freed  
Thou shalt never be forsaken  
For America's liberty first didst thou bleed  
'Twas thou who clipped the only chord  
By which England held us bound.  
'Twas thou who never sheathed thy sword  
'Til America's liberty was found.  
As long as these United States  
Of America, a Republic remain  
So long shalt the undaunted fates  
Sing the this soothing strain.

Long maintain old glory  
Float on to victory  
Keep thy banners waving  
Both over land and sea  
One whom thou wert enslaving  
Gave to thee thy liberty  
Enabled the old glory  
To float on to victory.

Float on, float on old glory  
Float on to victory  
He whom thou wert enslaving  
Is marching on with thee  
With his rich soul craving  
To bleed as Attucks bled for thee,  
Float on, float on old glory,  
Float on to victory.

Long maintain old glory  
Float on to victory  
One who thou wert enslaving  
Is marching on with thee,  
On the book of time engraving  
He loveth his liberty  
Long maintain old glory,  
Float on to victory.

Float on, float on old glory,  
Float on to victory  
He who thou wert enslaving  
Is marching on with thee  
Thy pathway of prayers paving  
As Attucks who died for thee  
Float on, float on old glory,  
Float on to victory.

Float on, float on old glory  
Banner ne'er fringe the soiled dust,  
As thou floatest on to victory  
Let Attucks not in thy memory rust.  
Ah that noble lad of Boston  
Who was formerly a slave  
Trumpet it from every rostrum  
Enabled thy banner fair to wave.

#### REFRAIN

Wave glory wave  
O'er tomb of the brave  
O'er land of the free  
And the home of the brave.  
Triumphantly unfurl o'er the great ocean wave  
On land and sea wave glory wave.

#### SUNSET IN THE WEST

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep  
The land where the cattle low,  
The land where plateau rams climb the mountain steep  
And bleat for the lambs below.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,  
Where mischevious North winds blow,  
Oft blinding persons, horses, cattle and sheep,  
With mists of the sand and the snow.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,  
Where Auras soft breezes blow,  
And the timber wolves thru the forests leap,  
At the hoofs a frightened roe.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,  
Where silvery gardens glow,

Where preys on the mountain sheep,  
And the Lampkins sylvan rivulets flow.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep  
Where meadows of clover are strewn  
Where the mourning doves make the willows weep  
As the giant oaks are hewn.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep  
The land of the cavern and glen,  
Where innocent women abundantly reap  
The harvests of the noblest of men.  
She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,  
Where wanders the misses nine,  
Where the silvery clouds that heavenward peep  
Do the towering mounts enshrine.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,  
The land of the golden grain  
The land where the turtle and tortoise creep,  
The land where the big bear Mose was slain.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,  
Where the Angelus ringeth so clear,  
In the song birds notes that cleverly keep  
The record of each day of the year.

She dwells in the land of the sunbright deep,  
Where travelers and huntsmen roam,  
Where the shepherd dog bays while the ranchman sleeps  
The vermin that would devastate his home.

She dwells in the land of the golden beam  
With countenance like the fair Enone,  
The land of the shepherd dog's master's dream,  
The land of the midnight sun.

### MY MOTTO.

He who from gulf to sea  
Glides thru the endless air with boundless joy  
In his leisure stroll has taught me  
Perseverance is but the making of a boy.

### BREEZE LAKE

I like to view the oracle  
Flit thru the breezes rare,  
I like to hear the butchers carol  
Float on the morning air.

I like to hear canaries dirge,  
Re-echo thro the glen,  
I like to see the little birch  
Enamored by the wren.

I like to view the cotton-tail,  
Bathe in the sylvan pond,  
I like to hear the nightingale,  
Sing of her memories fond.

I like to view the ewe deloused,  
At the sylvan waters brink,  
When suddenly he is aroused  
By the song of the bob-o-link.

I like to learn the bullfrogs croak,  
As they dive in thy streams supine,  
I like to view the giant oak,  
That thy sylvan waters enshrine.

I like to view the wild ducks swim,  
On the crest of thy sylvery waves,  
And the mocking bird hopping from limb to limb,  
Sing of Wright Hill cemeteries bemoaned graves.

I like to see the canvers glide  
Tranquilly o'er thy pleasant, stream  
I like to see good swimmers ride,  
The waves with their loves young dream.

### THE MIND

What compass hath the wondrous mind,  
Upon our earthly soil  
The earth and heavens both combined  
Afford it ceaseless toil.

Who dares to e'er try to compass  
The poles for its boundary,  
When its immensity doth quite surpass,  
The vastness of both sky and sea.

Literature stretched from zone to zone  
And all earth's history  
Of deed of nations in days bygone,  
Cannot serve this mystery.

Why those who reign with tyranny  
With wealth and might combined  
Can neither by bribe nor anarchy,  
Enslave their humblest subjects' mind.

### THE AWAKENING.

Aura's sweet breeze on sweet midsummer nights  
Rises in Africa's torrid clime amid the sprites  
Of every race who since creation  
Enslaved a nation.

And doth enquire of every sprite,  
The authority of his past right



To expedite the transportation and freemen to lands beyond  
the sea  
To be introduced to chattel slavery.

Lest he seesfit to ravish the native lands,  
And disperse the chieftains bands  
To remote quarters and thus enthrone  
A kingdom of his own.

Lashing with whips across bare hips,  
The innocent blood of those whose eyelids drip  
Salt tears each passing day of the year,  
Thru trembling, pain and fear.

The Aura rises from mother earth divine,  
And rides the clouds, with lightening for her lines,  
And the four winds her steed  
Bearing the message to the hearts that bleed.

Children of tribulation diverse arise,  
To mountain heights and question the skies  
..About man's dominion and man's place,  
Among his brethren of the human race.

Man may inherit much of the earth's domain,  
Liberty and riches yet his hopes are vain  
And the heavens fair he can't appease  
If humanity he drives on bended knees.

### ION.

Wandering for years amid the pines,  
Where the thick underbrush enthrones  
A lad of seven  
Begged of she whom he saw stand before  
The threshold of his dear mother's door  
To be forgiven.

For wandering to that lonely place  
Where hers the only human face  
Had shown for years  
Because she chose to be alone  
In the wilderness where lost Ion,  
Spent seven years.

Wandering thru the forest wild,  
With daring eyes, triumphant smile,  
And brow aglow  
With radiant light of unshorn truth  
And sweet simplicity of youth  
Mounted on a roe.

That bounded swiftly o'er the plain  
Crossed and recrossed mount and lane  
Valley and swamp,

Crushed underhoof the fenny snake,  
Forded the brooklet and the lake  
    By the miners camp.  
Onward thru the forest sped  
The roe until his ankle bled  
    To woods unknown  
Remember reader til this day  
Is sung the sweet New England lay  
    Of lost Ion.

To fairyland hath mother fled  
Tommie the little orphan said  
    I'll never bear  
To have Ion's mother foster me  
And with equal affection fondle she  
    Her rightful heir.  
Nearly all my fondest hopes have flown,  
From me hath little sister gone  
    My parents too  
Come let me be thy mother child  
O how I love to see thee smile  
    My Tommie drew.

Tears trickled softly o'er Tommie's cheek  
He tried in vain but could not speak  
    The maiden said  
Thine efforts Tom are not in vain,  
Sayest thou a thousand times in pain  
    Thy mother's dead.

With sturdy look and mutual sigh  
One gazed within the others eye  
    With discontent  
The maiden dropped a little shy  
Lest Tom discover in her eye  
    Much merriment  
Stay let me roam the forest wild  
I'll bring thee back thy sister child  
    Ere many moons.

With bowie knife of trusty steel  
Courageous limb and heart of zeal  
    Lest she be slain  
Fair damsel let a lantern burn  
On yonder shelf until I return  
    With great alarms,  
Your darling sister dear Ion  
Who wandered into woods alone  
    Without fire arms.

Tom softly lifted up his eyes  
Which seemed to light the azure skies  
    Then yelled Ion  
A lifetime have I hid from thee  
Now I'll leap into eternity  
    For thee alone.

So the damsel to Terry kin  
With beaming smile and dimpled chin  
    Strolled slowly by  
Saying may heaven bless thee evermore  
Who drove me from my mother's door  
    Also I die.

The orphan sighed for lost Ion  
Who to the mirthful shades were gone  
    But without surprise recent  
Doth keenly note in Brooklyn's growth  
By allegiance to his race, by oath  
    Is sworn to rise.

Jones stands as Brooklyn's beaming light  
By him B. F. Washington,  
Williams, Costly, Terry and Sandford on his right  
Gree, Frizzell, Cork, Dorsey, West and Gaston,  
Holliday, Baker, Hughes and Edmondson  
Shoulder to shoulder join their array,  
Evans and two other Washingtons  
Follow their leaders gay.

Debow, Porter, Haste and Pdice,  
Flippins, Dr. Arthur and Pap Gates,  
Rule in the cause of right.

Thru counsel of this little band  
Who do the people's will  
Shall the new school for ages stand  
In honor to them still.

They soon the streets of Lovejoy pave  
By will of the people, counsel and Jones,  
Whoever leads in panics grave  
To victory Brooklyn's illustrious son.

So let us expect a library  
And when the time is come  
A Y. M. C. A., Market and laundry,  
And an bank of our own.

If by the simple force of will,  
Of vision of new church steeple,  
A leader wise, can quickly instill  
This thought among his people.

That those who wish and work as well  
And occassianally dream  
Can fourteen hundred dollars bring  
Ono day upon the screen.

What could some few earnest men,  
Mrs. Arthur, Bolden, Hunter, Tally, Jackson and Speed,  
Toward Brooklyn's progress if all agree.

A copy of original letter I wrote Walter Speed, a lad then residing at 5615 Harper Street, Chicago, Ill. I then resided in Detroit, Mich. An epistle, and answer to a question relative to my heart's affection to some fair dame.

Did you ever lose a friend and you not why  
Did you ever unexpectd meet a sad calamity,  
Did you find yourself after the parting of the way  
With a friend who was a friend in your bluest saddest day?  
If ever you have had such experience my friend,  
To me this trysting moment you your experience lend.

#### AN EPISTLE.

From the highlands of Buena Vista  
To the gem of Britain's Isle  
From the silver camp of aspen  
To the fertile vale of Nile  
From the rich fields of Oklohoma  
To avenues of gay Paree  
From the blue fields of Kentucky  
To the lanes of Tennessee.  
From the reaches of Roaring Fort Valley,  
To the gardens of Hegerman Pass  
From the heights of Mt. Sophris  
Where the snowdrifts lie enmass  
From the gateway of Western fortune  
To Michigan's wreath of pines  
From the canyon boulders of the Rockies  
To the rugged Appenines.

From the gay city of Chicago  
To the historic Mackinaw,  
From the swift town of Grand Rapids  
To busy bustling Saginaw  
From the soft valleys of Brabant  
To the jewel of Germany  
From beautiful Salt Lake City  
To the plains of Hungary.

From the groves of East St. Louis,  
From Evansvill, Indiana  
To beantiful Glenwood Springs.  
From the quiet town of Windsor  
To this progressive growing town,  
May each a girl of affection  
Some of whom you may know, be found.  
Girls who have made me happy, friend  
Yea, in happy days of yore,  
T o answer sir your question then  
The game of hearts I'll play no more.

## A PLAY JAZZVILLE . (With Violin.)

Enter Julien of Louis (Julian plays)

The foliage of the birch tree,  
The laced lawn entwines  
The flowers of the garden  
Are kissed by a love of mine  
The snow ball and the lilac  
The red and white rose too,  
And e'en the proud geranium  
Bows to the girl in blue.

That girl whose gallant charger's hoof  
The laced lawn entwines  
Who if she hears the lyrist play  
Will be a girl of mine.

Love if you hear this lyrist play  
You'll be a girl of mine  
And love divine will soon combine,

The etc,.....

To blow a tune which oft was blown  
From quiet quarters the pipers come  
To where Diana's arrows oft have flown  
And caused to bleed both deer and swan.  
With them is brought sweet chimes of old.

Good friends list to their rhymes  
For half their hymns great lays unfold  
And teach of former times.  
First are their lays of happy days  
When Russia sang with glee  
Last are their sad infestive lays  
Of Russia's doful lea.

But good friends aught  
Aught the pipers dare to blow  
Of fortress or of man of war.  
The humblest of mortals may know  
As well as pirate, priest or Czar.  
Our sovereign lord and earthly king  
Quite in his teens, a daring brat  
Ventured into a mystic ring  
And ode was sung for that.

This daring Czar, then Vick the bold  
Aroused his friends who many were  
Sighting all sportsmen to the goal  
Where oft was felt good Diana's spur  
Thus while his heart beat wild and fast  
And half his joy was sport  
A charming belle and queenly lass  
Tripped idly in his court.

The Czar thus pleased with his young grace  
To whom he lent his heart  
To add more romance to his palace  
Vouched for a human heart.  
To fair Diana oft he prayed  
Alas she heard his cries  
And from the park where Diana stayed  
Leaped Essie before his eyes.

As all the fates had lent him aid  
As Essie oft he eyed  
He and his pheere to heaven prayed  
And praised her matchless pride.  
At times his royal queen was out  
But on a boating trip  
Till her return without a doubt  
He fed from Essie's lips.

This spooning thus becoming him  
His servants more became  
And through his jests and jolly whims  
His serf became his dame.  
Hence this happy, young, lustful youth  
So relished o'er his game  
That from the fates to him forsooth  
Was lent the babe of fame  
That babe the likeness of the child  
Which Diana called his dream,  
Was led by Fates to tame the wild  
And charm the world as queen.

Friend by this time a clever youth born to a sphere of Tyre  
Lent favor to the dainty sooth  
Which bld like living fire  
In time the trusty lasse was baned  
When taught our sovereign art  
Then two young chaps alone were deigned  
To soothe our rulers heart.

Thus on and on day after day  
These youths so lent him  
That custom taught our lord the way  
To bless their day of birth.

### THE GOLDEN BEAM

They whom the walls of fame immortalize  
The immortal Lincoln, Sumner, Lovejoy and good John  
Brown,  
And other martyrs to liberty's great antipathies,  
Like Howard, Wilberforce, not now known to renown  
And others still like Harriet Beecher Stowe  
Lowell, and others not known to fame  
Others whose sacred blood on plain did flow,  
Who rallied in the cause of freedom's name.

The illustrious Sherman and the sagacious Grant,  
With beaming spirits view their paramour  
Whose jingoistic policies doth taunt  
Those resistless shades yet wet with freedom's gore  
Foster the cause of our own liberties.

Great spirits like that of brave L'Overture,  
Which still doth move within the hearts of men  
And other spirits sacred to freedom's cause so pure  
Like Dunbar, Booker T. Wasington and Dessalines.

From summits in the sky the nations call  
To judge within the balance the Negroes' fate  
Who like the spirit of Lord Percival,  
Towers above the Jingoers polished hate.

To prove he's paramour these sworn doctrines  
Will be vouchsafed in these uncouth lines  
As I by faithful oath to truth have sworn  
That Lovejoy is the town where I was born.

Stretched on a nearly level plain  
Lies the village of Lovejoy  
On the south in narrow lane  
Life, National City doth enjoy.

There Cahokia creek doth roll  
From bluffs so high  
There the nightingale's carol  
Doth rent the sky.

There Black Bridge by birds enhanced  
With might and main  
Serves the Tri-cities as transit  
To Brooklyn's plain.

There the world's richest village lies  
Mastered by men wise and witty,  
And no village 'neath the skies,  
Can beat the boast of National City.

Three packing houses, stockyards and barns of mules  
Requiring six thousand employees  
Has but one church, one bank twenty-four houses, one school

Shepard and Evans are the chosen,  
In their various business lines  
C. T. Jones, Cramer, Lorimer and a dozen,  
In its common destiny combines.

There often the laughter of Joe Clute,  
And that of Shepard, Evans and Hunter too  
Resemble the chimes of Mygdomian flue  
As they unite with the boys in silent blue.

Among those few illustrious sons  
Are two Negroes, both Brooklynites,  
The sons of Madam Ellen M. Washington,  
Chosen to watch the massive fortunes of the whites.

They were chosen by men both sagacious  
Rulers of fortunes great  
Within those minds no prejudice lies  
With hearts too big for hate.

From Black Bridge (National City) doth street car run  
Into the stately Brooklyn's fair confines,  
Where character, honor and height of soul  
With solemn charge of duty doth combine.

Here the song of Oriole,  
Resoundeth in the glen  
And religious rejoicing of the soul  
Stirs in the hearts of men.

For as often as storm has come,  
And O, however so nigh  
Thru the guidance of the Holy One,  
Has Brooklyn ever been passed by.

Prof. C. B. Jones is Brooklyn's Mayor  
Former Oberlin student, a gifted seer,  
Politician, educator and born orator,  
His genius knows no living peer.

Our rich Mayor, will be a millionaire  
Ere another decade passes from his ken  
If that he is not now, to this genius rare  
Will pave our street, give us a library—when

The hour is come, will build Y. M. C. A. ,  
Encourage the institution of golf links,  
Basket ball fetes, swimming pools, chautauquas gay,  
Much real estate within our own town he owns  
Wealthy whites pay rent in Urbana at mansion of C.B. Jones

This same man taught another who has seen  
Same office of the former man save one  
Was thrice Mayor of village twice has been  
Tax collector, too, I think his name is B. F. Washington

Former teacher here and once the honored guest  
Of other Mayors at the Jamestown Fair  
There he addressed an assembly for our race interests  
And gained the name of silver tongued orator.

Principal William Terry of Lovejoy School,  
A beacon light among the village sons,  
A politician, who knows the Golden Rule  
Of politics adds lustre to the former ones.



Estelle M. Washington, Sanford, president of the choir  
Of the F. C. B. C., is also the church's clerk,  
And the chiefest of her heart's desire  
Is to assist the pastor and church in their work.

Rev. James Gaines, F. C. B. C., pastor, deacon Sanford  
trustee  
Entered in counsel with other trustees, George Washington  
and Douglas West  
To establish a new church for now and posterity.

Pastor Gains fertile of brain  
Visionary, eloquent speaker and determined leader,  
Of causes right. A man which fame  
Has made of action resolute, a constant reader.

Tis thru such people as these we honor  
That Brooklyn now scaling mountain heights,  
With true boquets of honest donor,  
Which but reflect their wives lives as beacon lights.

Lovejoy, a town of scarcely three thousand people  
With three churches, here deserves to be praised  
While viewing in their minds new churches and a new  
church steeple  
One Sunday alone, fourteen hundred-fifty-two dollars raised.

Sanford's club alone raised six-hundred forty dollars  
What then might you wish a village new  
With lamp posts to illumine all during nocturnal hours,  
Instead of swinging lamps. What might ye educators do,  
You students, scholars, laborers and you business men  
As well as village citizens who strive  
To banish prejudice among foe and friend  
And cause mankind to ever "Look and live."

The immortal saying of Burton Bracy, who  
With six other deacons from Antioch withdrew,  
Ere I was born, and founded with Caleb Washington and  
Clem Reed  
Calvin Ross, Norris Williams, Will Payne and Joseph Hart  
Will Page and others, their wives likewise in counsel agreed  
To establish a new church First C. B. B. C., with honest  
hearts.

And though those men who were once pillars of Antioch  
Who aided William West, Senior in its founding ere they  
withdrew,  
With righteous spirits thru streets of Brooklyn walk.  
And these sister churches take on life anew.

The Methodist church also a beacon light  
Reflects the life of Orchards, Speed Carpers and Vander-  
burgs,  
Gaston, Haynes and others who have taken to heaven flight,  
And lights that still strive to Christianize our burg,

Like those of Rev. Smith the pastor of Church A. M. E.

An educator, leader, orator and beacon light  
A humorist, poetic genius, champion of liberty  
A mighty worker in the cause of right,  
With followers like these the Dorseys and Hollidays,  
The Debows, Frizzels, Speeds, Schulz and Corks,  
The Springs, the Woods, the lady school teachers, the  
Hemingways.

Another product of Lovejoy is William D. West,  
Who has the bearing of a nobleman  
He is civil service clerk, Grand Master of K. P., Supt. of  
C. B. S. S.,  
And always does his duty as best he can.

Mrs. Anna Dorsey the chorist of the A. M. E.,  
Belongs also to that teachers line,  
She fosters the cause of right, justice and liberty  
And is president of Federation of Women's Social Clubs in  
Brooklyn.

L. G. Costly, the man of the hour is a politician,  
A barber, the Chief of Police and the people's friend  
A student, humorist and a business man,  
Who does every aid to administration lend.

We next will view Mrs. Hobson's beautiful home  
Then we will speak of former citizens of Lovejoy gone,  
The proprietor of the Poro College, Mrs. Malone,  
Started her business in our little town.

Mr. Rhetta, botanist of Sumner High  
Once lived in bliss beneath Lovejoy's skies.  
The Williams of Alton, the Stewards of Edwardsville,  
The Magees of Indianapolis and Myrtle Thomason,  
The Singletons of Detroit and Collinsville,  
The Browns of Pittsburgh, and Mitchell of Akron,  
All business people of our town,  
In other cities have won renown.

William Bracy and his wife Less, and Samuel Lindsay  
Mrs. Mattie Butler and family too, Mr. William Gray,  
The Jamisons, Lloyds, McDonalds and DelMays,  
The Martin Lucases and Benjamin Lucases and Holliday.  
Known to fortune and fame as well.

The Washington Brothers in business in Detroit, Michigan,  
Martin, Howard, Cole, Smoots, Thomas and Alphonso Hunt,  
Now business young men, mail clerks in Chicago lived in  
Lovejoy once.

Beside the talented youth who yet remain,  
To enjoy themselves with Brooklyn's debutantes  
The school kids dare not lurk near lovers' bowers,  
Lest they be taken to school by Mrs. Fannie Gowers.

Miss Nancy Valley whom you view enshrined with flowers,  
Is a light in church, its most critical hours.  
J. J. Dowling sons, (white), real estate men of Brooklyn,  
Illinois,  
St. Louis, Missouri and Kirkwood millionaires  
Can trace their nest egg to a little Brooklyn store  
Ever increasing which existed ere the wife of Post-Dispatch  
photographer.  
Witnessed her sister as Queen of Veiled Prophet's Ball in  
Coliseum.

Imagine the J. J. Dowling, Jr., the late millionaire  
A few years younger fleeing from his home  
Across the seas almost in despair  
For a single kiss of the Blarney stone.

Imagine little John at St. Louis, Union Station,  
Boarding a N. Y. Central for New York City,  
Imagine him in the midst of every nation  
In that great metropolis, struck with pity.

While wandering on West Street in New York,  
About to board a steamer of the White Star Line.  
Thinking of his father, J. J. Dowling busy at work,  
With the customers which little John left behind.

Imagine him again thinking of his parents dear,  
And his many smiling customers and friends,  
His brother Tom, his family, I can see the tear,  
Which he dropped for us all in his cabin then.

I see the steamer down the Hudson glide,  
By stately towers and Statue of Liberty,  
Enlightening the universe, the Catskill Mountains hide  
In distant woods as the steamer puts out to sea.

Along Staten Island past-famed Sandy Hook,  
The steamer greets the mists of New Foundland,  
And travelers who try to read a book  
Are terror struck by the fog horn command.

The shadows of night come crowding on the earth  
I see with parting lips and prayerful heart  
Slowly climbing to his narrow berth  
Until his eyes due past the view of earthen art.

The days pass on 'til alas the early dawn  
With beautiful sunshine greets him with a smile,  
The steamer is thru the giant causeway drawn  
To the mainland of the Ireland past the Western Isle.

We view him next jaunting down St. Patrick Street,  
In a jaunting car on Emerald Isle,  
Looking here and there at the business men he meets,  
After he had viewed the great Cathedral awhile.

Lovers seek fair lovers bowers,  
Amid the bloom of choicest flowers,  
Basketball players pour the wine,  
To the baseball players with whom they dine.  
The time canoeers o'er lakeside glide,  
Launch canoes and o'er lake bosom slide

Lovers assemble on the lawn  
Of some favorite child of dawn.  
Medicine ball passers award the boquet  
To the winning pair in the game of croquet.

Mothers busy with church affairs,  
Put tots to bed with earnest prayers,  
Sisters robed in garments white,  
Hasten to greet their brothers knight.

The time Dionysius Club members meet  
And think of enjoying some famous fete,  
The time nymphs of Diana enjoy a ball,  
Given by Jimmie Tickle Breeches or Johnnie Overalls.

The time musicians to evening practice go  
Whether it be choir, orchestra or no,  
Young folk assemble on the lawn,  
To play the evening game of pawn.

Families sit out on their porches long  
To view in ease the passing throng.  
Happily trimmed in evening dress  
Which would befit a school teacher's guest.

The time merrygirl and happy boy,  
Make playgrounds shriek with outbursts of joy.  
The time business men at banquets boast  
Of politicians whom they toast.

Tis now we're boozing at the Inn  
On Rock and Rye and Holland Gin,  
Kirkwasher punch, brandy and Italian wine;  
Favre Pousse, cafe and dry Champagne.

No thought is given of our home,  
As we speak of the birth of ancient Rome.  
We talk of Rhea Sylvanus life of dread,  
Ere she was to a convent led  
By a brother, a hostile tyrant bold  
In the happy days of old.

Because he feared her heirs would reign,  
Alive was she in mausoluem lain  
And her two heirs, two infants born  
Objects of hatred and scorn,  
Alive were in the River Tibre thrown  
But fate reached out to claim her own.

And Tibre raising with the tide  
The twin babes on her bank did slide  
Thus a female Lupin passing by  
Hears her mate howl and the infants cry  
Defies her mate who bade her come  
And seeks the comfort of the sun.

The Lupin on her haunches sits,  
And around her tail she twists.  
Her eyes and nose point to the moon  
To which she howls a mournful tune.

The fateful Lupin's mournful howl  
Is intercepted only by the Panther's growl.  
While other beasts are drawing nigh  
To view their fate within the sky,  
They see reflected in the stars,  
The light of the mighty son of Mars,  
And amid growls and leaps, howls and thrills,  
Fearful flee the seven historic hills,  
Which to this day is known as Rome.  
Wise Cicero, sagacious Plato and brave Caesars home.

The good she-wolf on her belly crawls  
And views two infants wrapped in shawls,  
Fondles the suckling babes with almost human pride,  
Because her new born babes have died.

The Lupin her mission with pride fulfills,  
And rears the twins near the seven hills,  
Who master the vulture and the beats,  
And proudly with foster mother feast.  
Til she retreats unseen from the earthly stage  
Decrepid in spirit and bent in age.  
Now Romulus and Rhemus warned by stars  
Build a wall to please their father Mars.  
Rhemus jests Romulus about the city walls  
Romulus strikes and Rhemus falls,  
And to symbolize the mighty warriors home  
To the city he affixes the name of Rome.

We speak of Cisalpine Gaul trembling with fear  
Neath C. Marius triumphant flame sword and spear  
We speak of the Illian chieftian's untimely fall,  
When Fabius Allobrogicus conquered Transalpine Gaul.  
We speak of Ceasars tribute to Romulus' father Mars  
By his conquest of Gaul during the Gallic wars.

Twixt drinks we pause, a damsel pours our wine  
Our glasses assay this toast to Proserpine.  
Let me behold thy laughing eyes,  
Thy dimpled cheeks and chin,  
And in my thirsty soul will rise  
The best drink I e'er took in

I plucked thee once a jassamine

Lost to the world of care  
Thy finger tips like eglantine  
Mid sunshine and fresh air,  
Banished the waning jassmine  
And baned my feet despair.  
So oft in solitude I pine  
For thee my modern Proserpine.

The soft breeze moves the stately groves,  
John Barleycorn whispers to those he loves  
And as we pause twixt drinks of wine,  
Unc Jno. Dun toasts to Proserpine.

Either strolling neath Daphnes hazel shade  
Or couched near Bacchus vine  
Either wandering in Diana's forest glade  
Or immersed in a pool of wine.  
Her presence is infinitely felt  
To whom the muses sing  
Whose voice since time beginning dwelt,  
In river, brook and spring.

In every note the skylark sings  
We hear her soothing chimes,  
In stately palaces of the kings,  
Is heard her memorizing rhymes.

Mid satellite and twinkling star,  
Her beaming light we see,  
Mid battle whoop and cries of war,  
Is heard her minstrelsy.  
Remember, ever remember youth  
That while we drink this wine  
Good Bacchus earnestly serves in truth  
The fair nymph Proserpine.

The gods come fitting through the breeze  
Simply the grace of Proserpine to please.  
Pomona pours the graces wine  
That Libre extracts from Dionysius' vine,  
To Endymions carian cave serene  
Descends the goddess fair Selene  
Before Apollo fair Daphne flees  
And hides herself mid laurel trees.

The Meriads, pleiades, satrys and fauns,  
Before the altar of Niobe throng  
Physche and cupid pans delight  
Bade Eurydice muse of Orpheus incite.  
Methinks without the least mistake  
We dreamed these dreams by breeze lake.

An honest man was Unc Jno Dun  
Who always felt Pros-pi-medium  
Says Unc Jno Dun in days bygone  
I lived a mon revellous life my son.

I attended church in good religious faith  
And tried to do what the good book saith,  
When within my life entered a dame  
Profound in music, known to fame,  
Cultured, educated, loving and refined  
A wonder to the modern mind.

The Barney Castle in the groves of Blarney,  
Alas the Brooklyn pilgrim surveys,  
Which King William III destroyed in the Battle of the  
Boyne,  
In the warlike bygone days.

Step by step he mounts the dungeon tower,  
Christened by the ivy stains  
Haunted by the most verdant flower  
That yet enshrines Barney Castle remains.

There he greets a robust guide  
Who tells him of stone set in the walls below,  
In which cues to the world's fortune abide  
And from which kiss good fortune flow.

With guides and friends holding little John's feet,  
As he hangs from window above,  
He kisses the Blarney stone, attracts those he meet  
Either business, society, politics or love.

From the groves of Blarney to Bantry Bay,  
From a coach o'er the mounts, "the beautiful lakes of  
Killarney"  
He visits the Lord Mayor of Dublin and brings his people  
the news.

To prove the magic of the Blarney stone  
Has given John insight, magic and genius rare,  
With already rich possessions of his own,  
J. J. Dowling, Jr., of St. Louis, Mo., and Brooklyn married  
twice,  
Girls that were millionaires  
His father with his financial possessions,  
And his mother together helped build up our town.

James Rollins, one of the wealthiest men in our town,  
Does about one-fourth of Brooklyn own,  
First Corinthian Baptist Church of Lovejoy, Illinois,  
Will soon build a church for six-thousand dollars.  
Antioch Baptist Church members and friends enjoy  
Fifteen-hundred dollar benches thru her wittiest scholars.

The Methodist Church now undergoing repairs,  
Has a new basement attached and raised floor.  
Men and women wishing for bright futures are  
At least occasionally found within some church door.  
During the service if they live in Lovejoy  
And wish the bliss of life to enjoy.

Son Glover, the entertainer at Camp Grant,  
Does again the streets of Brooklyn haunt,  
With his wierd jokes of times bygone  
Spent in company with Clarence Burroughs and Amos  
Martin,  
William Allen, Carlos Cole, James Gower, Sip Hawkins  
and Clyde Gaston,  
John Epps, Smoots, Julian Arthur and Tobe Crittenden.

Our doctors are Dr. Earl Williams of Chicago U.,  
And Dr. W. R. Arthur of Howard University,  
Our business men not mentioned heretofore are E. L. Gates  
Anthony Speed, Harry Shoemaker and Aunt Kate (Mrs.  
Grider)  
Mrs. Fannie Jackson, Rev. Hunter, and Jackson too,  
Mr. Gambol, Rev. Bolden, Fletcher and Mr. Tobe Tally also.

The business young men of our town  
Tobias Crittenden, Julian Arhur and Brown,  
Allen Charleston, Glover Rhodes and Bernard Harris,  
Orlin Gurdon, Alfred Moore, Jim Gower and Emory Morris,  
Amos Martin, William Reynolds, Theodore Holliday,  
John Epps, Moten, Fox, Henry Baker and Chas. Tredaway.  
Holliday, Arthur, Baker, Cork, Cole, Boatner, Frizzel and  
Sanford

Constitute Lovejoy's Schools village board,  
Judge Jackson, storekeeper, is Police Magistrate  
The Police Officers of Brooklyn number four  
Are as records show up to this date,  
Chief L. G. Costly, John Hoard, Rev. Peco and Marshall  
Moore.

Wood may be ever found on sale,  
Moten has the leading pressing shop in town  
Fox the tailor's business has lately grown.

On one bright September morn  
Was child of heaven newly born  
Whose corpse now lay in mute sublimity  
To these houses which bear close proximity  
To the houses of the children of Calhoun McCoy  
Who whisper musingly while playing lest they annoy  
The spirit of that happy one.  
Whom gentle spirit had lately moved upon  
And borne beyond the ken of human destiny.

Into the sweet refreshing breath of eternity  
The damsel of whom I speak with tears  
Who spake me lately with voice of cherubim  
While I toil here in future years,  
May enjoy sweet companionship of seraphims.

Hazel Jackson was the name which she bore,  
And a deathless smile this dame serenly wore.  
Unmindful of those lines last night newly written



Come Hattie, let's go to the wake of Hazel said  
Little Nephew Caleb who with celestial joy was smitten,  
Cried aloud, O Hattie, I wish that I were dead.

Across the hallway in another room was hidden  
I, the author of this untimely lay  
Who divined the heavens had not forbidden  
Me in still night view the splendor of the day,  
As with me her celestial spirit sat  
Young friend of Blanche and all and sister Hat,  
While the moon with sweet content of night  
Rolled in and out the clouds of white to its own.

Then the moon with silvery beams  
And the sweetly smiling stars  
With a brighter spirit gleams  
Thru lighter clouds of silver bars,  
Til the morn.

For an instant the azure sun rides  
Beneath bespangled clouds of dew  
Then shows in radiance—then it hides  
Denies the world its purple hue.

Our pianists are Gaston, Gilliam, Allen, Hampton and West,  
Miss Camille Washington, Miss McCleney and Miss Fannie  
Speed, our best.

You ladies who have never lived in fair France  
Nor viewed the Parisian Poriet, nor worn the gowns  
Designed by him, cannot miss the chance  
Of patronizing Moten, leading cleaning and pressing shop  
in town.

You men who the best repairs on clothes appreciate  
Who wish your old clothes to look like new  
Patronize Moten, one of the finest tailors in the State  
Who is willing to live, to clean and to dye for you.

Ere I wrote the muse of Proserpine  
In counsel with a friend I sat  
But when I touched the money line,  
I found friend in mother and sister Hat.

My mother is Mrs. Ellen M. Washington,  
Miss Hattie E. Washington is my sister's name,  
Like the saintly Helois and the chaste Enore,  
They both to my assistance came,  
When the hours were filled in the midnight gloom,  
And I stood staring at my father's tomb.

### UNC JOHN DUN

Just about the time of night  
Widows eat their little mite,

Misers don the overalls  
Of farmer lads for evening balls,  
Good folks attend the evening shows  
The idle rich cease playing golf  
Harvester no longer binds, stacks or mows,  
Toilers seek their favorite bathing pools,  
Students attend their evening schools.  
Bachelors take their evening strolls,  
Youths enjoy their evening games of pool,  
Tennis players end their tournament.  
Within their private cantonements,  
Dope fiends smoke their favorite hops.  
Home folks gossip in barbershops.

The time most yachting parties most enjoy  
The agencies which Poseidon employs,  
Damsels take their evening drives,  
Past the places where their lovers live.  
The time the young folks assemble at Jazzland,  
To dance to the din of the new jazz band.

In dress a peerless A per se  
In beauty just the girl for me.  
But lo, one day a traveler came  
And took from me that peerless dame.  
Because he would a model make  
Of she who caused my heart to ache.  
Before she embraced the studio  
Of modern Michael Angelo.  
After that I married Kate  
Of whom casually I mistreat of late,  
By drinking bitter Italian wine  
And quaffing my toast to Proserpine.

Before I became addicted to drink  
I owned ten villages square I think  
The fastest horses in our town  
Were but the horses of my own.  
On holidays I might be found  
On Fred Vanderburgs old picnic ground,  
As merry as a lark,  
But now I sit browsing at Eagle's Park,  
As if I lived a life of strife  
Or as if I live a hermit's life.

These men who look on with shame  
As if to curse my very name,  
Before my abundance of wealth was gone  
I may have given stock and home.  
Son, when of those happy days I think,  
I quaff my wine and begin to drink.  
Love, not drink; grief, not fate  
Caused Unc Jno Dun to charge his state.

He swells his goblet quaffs his wine

And fails to toast to Proserpine,  
We speak of the makers of ancient history  
Of the heroes of Iliad and Oddeasy,  
The travels of Eneas bold,  
Of Appollo's arrow dipped in gold.  
And when we to our senses come  
We purchase brandy, kimble and rum  
We witness not, the baseball game  
For the bleachers are filled with fans of fame.  
And we are not in a mood to stand  
When strains like strains from San Susan's band  
Vibrate untimely thru the bréeze,  
Which pompously blows the surrounding trees,  
Or sounds like Blue's band martial strains  
Sumptuously reach in the wooded lanes.

Where bulldog and monkey fight  
Until monkey sets his club aright.  
The bulldog and monkey both are seen  
To roll upon the bowling green  
Until monkey hath alas his will,  
And bulldog is last seen bounding o'er Wright's Hill,  
With monkey, who like jockey rides  
And spurs the bulldog on his sides.  
The wheel of fortune, the hoopala,  
Add amusement to the chautauqua,  
Boxing, wrestling, racing in canoes,  
Swimming, dancing and fording sloughs,  
Arching, vaulting and bull fighting,  
To all concerned seemed quite exciting,  
Potato racing, O'Grady and tag-o-war,  
The fame of Brooklyn spreads afar.

To close the pleasures of the night,  
Two little banty roosters fight,  
The winning rooster with spurs of gold,  
Is to the highest bidder sold.  
And as the wily crowd doth dance  
We homeward take our little jaunt.  
We remember doctrines now of old  
As toward John's faithful nag we stroll.

Strange sights in the waning night  
May glare around the tombstone white,  
As we near the cemetery, old thoughts lull  
Where lingers yet the whip-poor-will,  
Where owlets hoot and crickets screech,  
May quite excite the heart of ach.  
Lone traveler in the midnight gloom,  
When shadows form and sprites assume.

When papers flitting through the air  
Present to our imaginations a ghostly stare,  
When oft we find a whitewashed post  
To be the author of our ghost.

Tis now Unc Jno Dun thinks of home  
Of the sage advice of Kate his crone  
Who quarrels with him morn and noon  
Because he spends his life in the saloon  
Serving his master John Barleycorn,  
From dawn to dusk and dusk to dawn.

Strange as it seems, 'tis true to life  
For men to defy the wise counsel of true wife,  
And for a moments joy must suffer an hour's pain  
And for a day of pleasure lose a decade's gain.

Approaching showers and lightening gale  
Inform us we'll have a muddy trail  
From Eagle's Park to Dun's abode  
Where I take leave my country road.  
Whistling winds and thunder loud  
Inform us Asmodens is loosed will all his crowd.  
Twixt Eagle Park and old Wright's Hill  
Stands the haunted old oil mill.  
Where the old mill should have been  
Van's old picnic ground is seen.  
Fiddling Gilbert and blowing Dun  
And Charlie Daniel's old string band,  
With big bass fiddle and big bass horn  
Clarinet, cornet and accordian,  
Trombone, trap drum, small violin,  
Guitar, banjo and mandolin,  
Make music on the bowling green.

Unc John says I'm a student, son,  
No common sprites can bother Dun.  
As Dun speaks the nag leaps on  
But around us still the spirits throng.

The string band plays, the spirits prance  
And Puck recalls the sprites that cease to dance.  
Monsters and dragons from realms of sleep  
Hecate dispatches to the briny deep.  
Olympus appears on mountain high,  
Which canopies the very day,  
And with the beaming eye of time,  
We both toward Mount Olympus climb.

But as we approach the mount so steep  
We're met my Morpheus the god of sleep,  
Mysteries stranger than mysteries of Robinhood,  
In the light of the Greek mythological creation stood,

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In addition to the Club list of the National Association of Colored Women, will be added in a few instances the Y. W. C. A., Recreation Centers and Women's Federation of Social Clubs of America.

## ALABAMA

Eufala Women's Club  
Greensboro Women Mutual Benefit Club  
Montgomery Sojourner Truth Club  
Mt. Meigs Woman's Club  
Tuskegee Woman's Club  
Tuskegee-Notasulga Woman's Club  
Birmingham Sojourner Truth Club  
Ladies' Auxiliary Montgomery Tentames One  
New Phyllis Wheatley Club under of organization, under  
the caption of Miss Laura Withers of Montgomery, Ala.

## ARKANSAS

Little Rock Branch of National Association of Woman's  
Club  
Young Ladies' Club under the presidency of Miss Flossie  
Mae Macon, Gurdon, Arkansas  
Young Girls' Club, under the presidency of Miss Bernice  
Allen, Whelon Springs, Arkansas

## CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Women's Club  
Mexico, California Young Ladies' Club, under the captain of  
Mrs. Lucy Dorman, former wife of ex-Chief of Police of  
Brooklyn, (Lovejoy,) Illinois

## NORTH CAROLINA

Biddle University Club  
Women's Federation of Social Clubs

## SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston Woman's League  
Charleston W. C. T. U.

## COLORADO

The Woman's League, Denver  
The Young Ladies' Club

## CONNECTICUT

Rose of New England League, Norwich

## DELEWARE

Ladies' Club, Wilmington, Delaware

## FLORIDA

Jacksonville Woman's Christian Industrial and Protective  
Union  
The Phyllis Wheatley Chautauqua Circle, Jacksonville  
The Afro-American Women's League, Jacksonville

## GEORGIA

Atlanta Woman's Club  
Harriet Beecher Stowe, Macon  
Columbus Douglas Reading Circle  
Augusta Woman's Protective Club  
Women's Club of Athens

## INDIANA

The Booker T. Washington Club, Logansport  
The Young Ladies' Musical Club of Indianapolis under the  
caption Misses Kathlyn Bradshaw and Mary Penik of  
Manuel High.  
The Young Women's Club, institutes by Miss Myrtle Thom-  
son, formerly of Lovejoy, Ill., now residing in Indianapolis

## ILLINOIS

Chicago, Ida B. Wells Club  
Phyllis Wheatley Clubs—Chicago  
Woman's Civic League, Chicago  
Woman's Conference, Chicago  
Wayman Circle, Chicago  
Progressive Circle of King's Daughters, Chicago  
Hyde Park Women's Club, Chicago  
Northside Woman's Club, Chicago  
Chicago Federation of Social Clubs, under the presidency  
of Miss Maud Nevelle of Chicago  
Peoria Woman's Club  
Alton Federation of Social Clubs, Miss Wilma Moore  
Lovejoy Federation of Social Clubs, Miss Anna Smoot  
Dorsey  
Lovejoy Women's Club, Mrs. Estella M. Sanford, Mrs. Ma-  
ry Hill, president and secretary; Mrs. Hattie E. Wash-  
ington, treasurer  
Lovejoy Ladies' Club, under the caption of Mrs. Mary Ter-  
ry, Mrs. Mary Baker and Miss Laura Smith  
A Young Ladies' Club of Lovejoy also under the caption of  
Misses Camille Washington, pianist; Mamie Darling,  
pianist; the Channing sisters, Miss Fannie Speed, pianist  
and others  
Lovejoy Sewing Circle and Club, under caption of Mrs. El-  
len M. Washington, president, Elizabeth Allison, treasur-  
er.

## KANSAS

Servia Leone Club  
Woman's Club, Paola

## KENTUCKY

Louisville Women's Improvement Club  
Echstein Daisy Club, Cane Springs

## LOUISIANA

Phyllis Wheatley Wheatley . . . imbfg fgw fg fgfgofgaa  
Phyllis Wheatley Club, New Orleans

## MASSACHUSETTS

Woman's Era Club, Boston  
Lend A Hand Club, Boston  
C. M. Thomas League, Boston  
Calvary Circle, Boston

Woman's Loyal Union, New Bedford.  
Women's Protective League, Salem  
Golden Rule Club, Cambridge  
B. T. Tanner Club, Chelsed.  
St. Pierre Fuffin Club, New Bedford.

## MINNESOTA

Ada Sweet Pioneer Club, Minneapolis.  
Twin City Woman's Era Club, Minneapolis and St. Paul.  
Woman's Loyal Union and John Brown Industrial Club.

## MISSOURI

Madame Hale heads activities of Missouri Colored Women.  
Jefferson City Woman's Club.  
F. E. W. Harper League, St. Louis.

F. E. W. Harper League, St. Joseph.  
St. Louis Suffrag Club.  
St. Louis Marriad Ladies' Thimble Club.  
Phyllis Wheatley Club—St. Louis.  
St. Louis Woman's Club.  
. W. C. A. Recreation Center.  
Kansas City Club.  
Self Improvement Club, St. Louis

#### MICHIGAN

The Detroit Willing Workers  
Detroit Phyllis Wheatley Club  
The Booker T. Washington Club, Lima  
Grand Rapids Married Ladies' 19th Century Club.  
The Sojourner Truth Improvement Club, Battle Creek  
The Women's Federation Club, Ann Arbor.

#### NEW YORK

New York and Brooklyn Woman's Loyal Union.  
Buffalo Woman's Club.  
Harlem Women's Sympathetic Club.  
Rochester Women's Club.  
N. Y. and Brooklyn W. A. A. U.  
Miss Esther E. Fulks, of N. Y. City, secretary of Y. W.  
C. A. Recreation Center of East St. Louis, Ill., during  
the Pageant and Mahque of the Colored people of East  
St. Louis to be held on or about October 7, 1919, is doing  
much for the advancement of humanity itself in her recent  
work in Southern Illinois and Missouri.

#### NEBRASKA

Omaha Women's Club  
Women's Improvement Club.

#### PENNSYLVANIA

Pittsburg and Allegheny T E W. H. League  
Women's Loyal Union, Pittsburg  
Washington Young Woman's 20h Century Club.

#### OHIO

Toledo Woman's Club A. E. Columbus.  
Y. W. C. A. Recreation Center, Akron, Secretary Lois Hardy  
wife of Arnett Hardy, a young Brooklynite, who is music  
instructor of orchestra in Akron, Ohio.

Portland, Oregon Federation of Social Clubs, Agnes I. Has-  
sell, President.

The Dunbar Reading Club

The Akron Social Institution, is assisted by Mrs. William  
Mitchell, wife of Wm. Mitchell, formerly of Lovejoy.

Young Ladies' Club, Chestina Owens, president.

#### RHODE ISLAND

Newport Woman's League  
Providence Working Women's League  
Lucy Thurman W. C. T. U., St. Paul  
The Dunbar Reading Circle, Cleveland

#### TENNESSEE

Knoxville Women's Mutual Improvement Club  
Memphis Coterie Migratory Assembly

Memphis Hook's School Association  
Phyllis Wheatley, Nashville  
Jackson Woman's Club  
Jackson W. C. T. U.

#### TEXAS

Ft. Worth Phyllis Whatley Club.

#### VIRGINIA

Women's League of Roanoke  
Richmond Women's League  
Cappahoosic Gloucester A & L School  
Urbana Club  
Lynchburg Women's League

#### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington D. C. Ladies Auxiliary Committee  
Washington D. C., Lucy Thurman W. C. T. U.  
Woman's Protective Union

Mrs. Jessie Evans Jones, wife of B. F. Jones of Lovejoy a government employe of Washington is affiliated with the beneficial work done thru these unions and Mrs. Leana Frederick Moore, wife of a Mr. John Moore, formerly of this city is also an interested worker in the affairs of these social, protective and beneficent unions.

Others interested in the organizations from this locality who are helping to establish Y. W. C. A. centers in Washington as well as aiding in the formation of the Federation of Social Clubs are the Goodloes, former residents of our town, whose son brother Nathan was an honored hero in this recent war. The Adams friends of Debows in Lovejoy former Brooklynites and others.

#### WEST VIRGINIA.

Wheeling Woman's Fortnightly Club, which does a great work through the influence of the Executive head and the brilliant Davis sisters as well as the influence of its brilliant members.

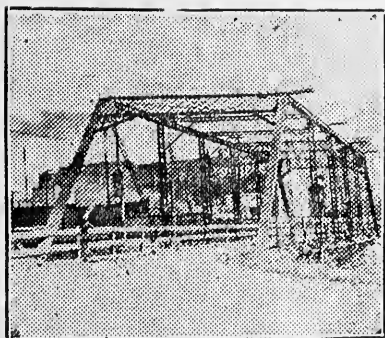
#### ILLUSTRATIONS.

**Q. Black Bridge entering Brooklyn limits and approaching City from East St. Louis, Illinois.**

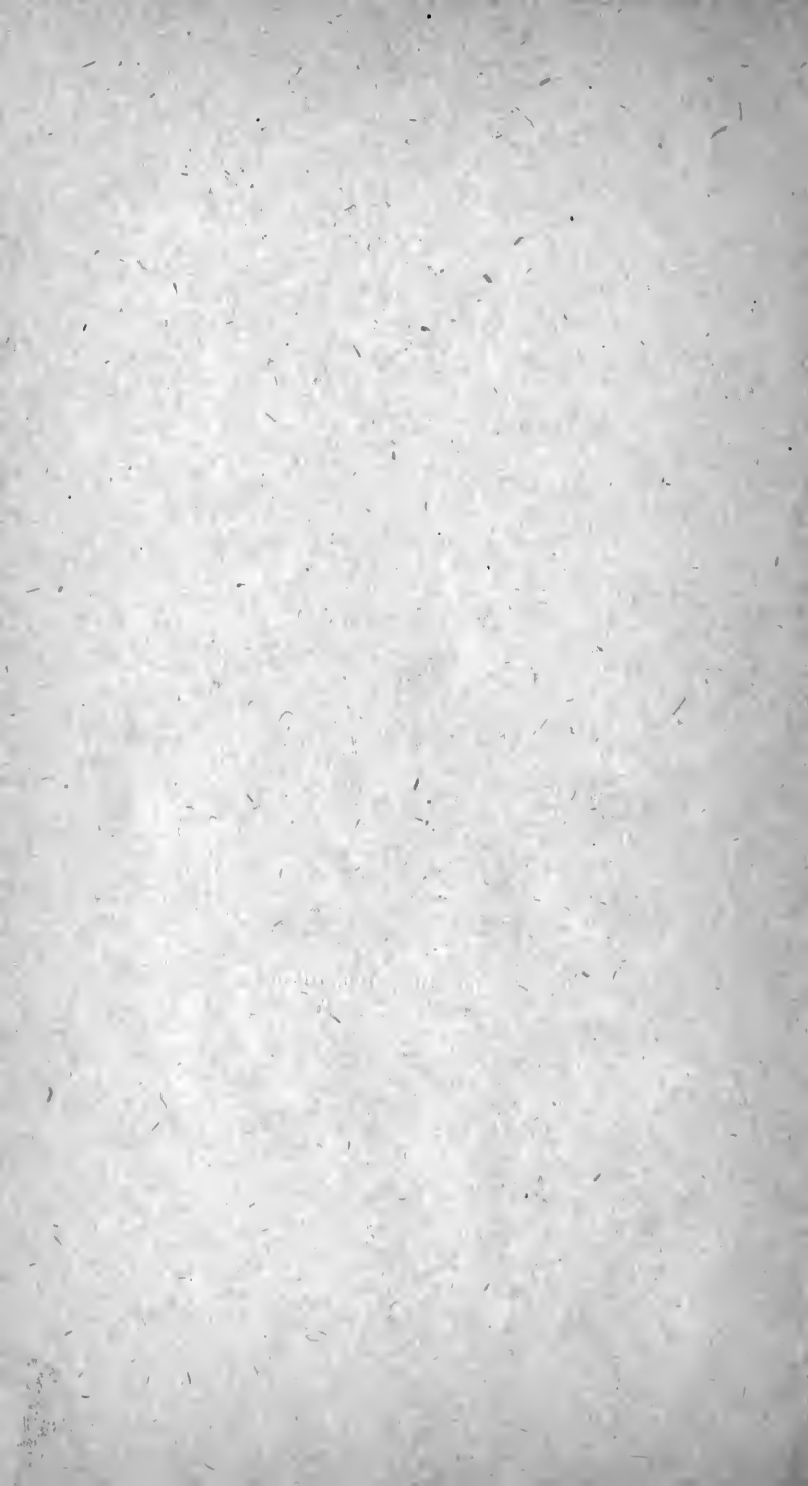
**2. Mansion of Prof. C. B. Jones, in Urbana, Ohio former Oberlin student, present Mayor and Supervisor of Brooklyn Ill., Stites Township, St. Clair County, ex-deputy assessor and former principal of Lovejoy School, and real estate man of Brooklyn Ill., and Urbana Ohio.**

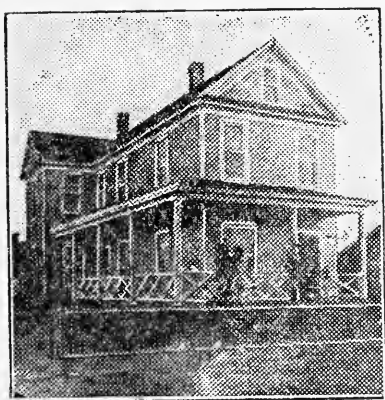
(Reading from left to right) Mrs. C. B. Jones, Prof. C. B. Jones, Mr. Wm. Jones and Miss Jones. Prof. B. F. Washington, Ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, ex-assessor, ex-Tax Collector, ex-Village Clerk, former assistant principal of Lovejoy school present principal of School in Marion, Ill., real estate agent for Mr. James Rollins, one of the richest Colored men in Southern Illinois, and possessor of real estate in Marion Ill.



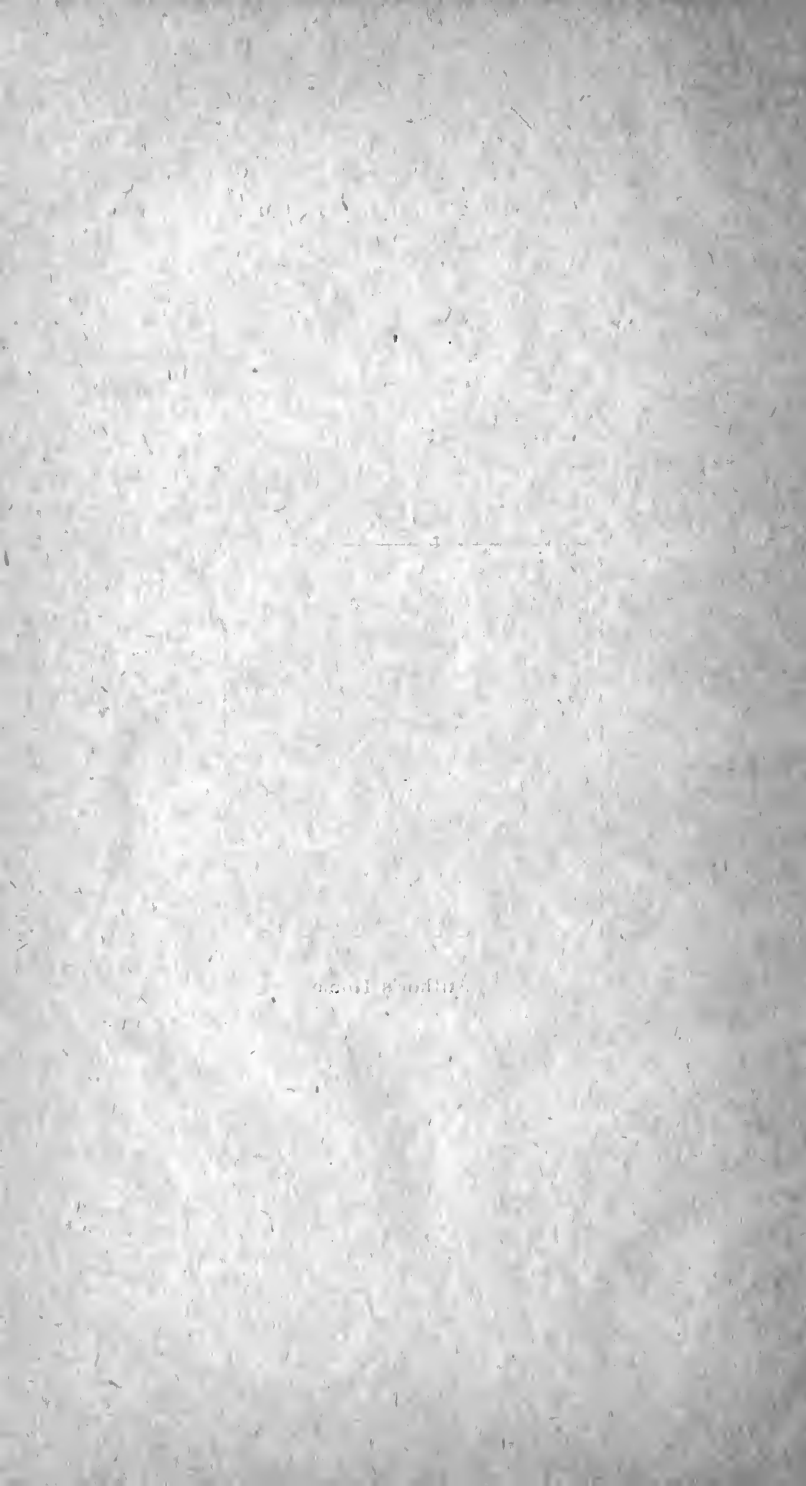


Black Bridge, Brooklyn, Illinois





**Author's Home**



4. Home of Mrs. Ellen M. Washington, mother of B. F. Washington and family and birth of Wm. C. Washington, author.
5. Prof. Wm. Terry, principal of Lovejoy School. Former village clerk and very progressive business man of this town
6. Grand Lodge Knights of Pythias, Lovejoy Ill.
7. Home of Edward M. Green, Village Clerk and Notary Public, and his family. . . Proprietor of Business Men's Exchange Brooklyn, Illinois
8. Home of Mr. and Mrs. Hobson, Lovejoy Ill., and employe of Armour Packing Co. ,National City.

Lighting the world with eternal bliss  
 Bringing joy to struggling men and sorrowing women  
 Lessening their burden with her kiss  
 Opening the eyes of mortals ever dimming  
 Idas listened as Appollo spoke  
 And wistfully he gazed on mountain peak  
 Wishing in woman pity to invoke  
 As he looked humbly as if he dared to speak  
 'Til again he chanc'd to view this beauty rare  
 Who amid gods and mortas was fairest of the fair.

Alas said he was she his early woe  
 For was she courted by infinity.  
 The lyrist of fair heaven his fair foe  
 Wished him an humble mock of destiny  
 Knowing his music dying her bright light  
 Which doth the fleeting hours of day illumine  
 When beauty parted in the silent night  
 In moonbeams will be reflected on his tomb  
 With parted lips she heard his high command.  
 Breathed timidly in the sweet atmosphere  
 Like damsel dreaming alas a human hand  
 Took in her own, the new Apollo Belvedere  
 Saying mortal life were quite devoid of bliss  
 'Mid those sorrows that human sorrows miss

When she finished speaking did Idas shriek  
 With untold joy, embraced her silently  
 And fair Apollo failing then to speak  
 Angrily joined sweet heaven's minstrelsy  
 Then in vain moved slowly, Marpessa's upward gaze  
 Surprised Apollo, with minstrelsy unseen  
 And from afar some of music plays  
 As away they wander into the evening green

There came a youth upon the earth,  
 Some thousand years ago  
 Whose slender hands were nothing worth  
 Whether to plow or reap or sow.

Upon an empty tortoise shell  
He stretched some cords and drew  
Music that made men's bosoms swell  
Fearless, or brimmed their eyes with dew.

Then King Admetus, one who had  
Pure taste by right divine,  
Decreed his singing not too bad  
To hear between the cups of wine :

And so, well pleased with being soothed  
Into a sweet half sleep,  
Three times his kingly beard he smoothed,  
And made him viceroy o'er his sheep.

His words were simple words enough  
And yet he used them so  
That what in other mouths was rough  
In his seemed musical and low.

Men called him but a shiftless youth,  
In whom no good they saw ;  
And yet unwittingly in truth,  
They made his careless words their law.

They knew not how he learned at all,  
For idly hour by hour,  
He sat and watched the dead leaves fall,  
Or mused upon a common flower.

It seemed the loveliness of things,  
Did teach him all their use  
For in mere weeds and stones and springs  
He found a healing power profuse.

Men granted that his speech were wise,  
But when a glance they caught  
Of his slim grace and woman's eyes,  
They laughed, and called him good-for-naught.

Yet after he was dead and gone  
And e'en his memory dim  
Earth seemed more sweet to live upon  
More full of love, because of him.

And day by day more holy grew  
Each spot where he had trod  
Till after-poets only knew  
Their first born brother as a god.

As maiden sings she meets this destiny  
In camp of foe near the Aegean sea  
Upon a mountain with joy innermost  
She finds herself with Alien host  
Who feigning calls the dame a spy

And tells her lest she amuse the host, she die  
 There (NOW) or in No Man's Land with Allied Friends  
 Thus to amuse she this endless tale she begins  
 (Hostages demand of her ceaseless lore,  
 Lest she see her home and friends no more.)  
 To please the host this endless tale begins  
 Which has beginning but without end.  
 Olympus fair the palace of the gods,  
 Trembles with fear whenever says and nods,  
 With His shadowy brows and the ambrosial locks,  
 Fanned on the Immortal Head the kingdom of Vulcan rocks,  
 And the firmament is martialled by mighty Mars,  
 Lest the gods themselves flee the Kingdom of the Stars,  
 For Jove, the god of lightning and thunderbolt  
 Rumbles his feet amid the lightning volts  
 Sits on Olympus Golden Throne as King of the Gods  
 And rules the universe with meaning Nods  
 The thunderbolt is held in Jove's right hand  
 To enforce the will of his Most High Command,  
 Phoebus Appollo, Jove's most honored son,  
 The great Olympian Divinity of the Sun  
 Watched by the star gilt hours patiently  
 Environed by Luna's moonlight tapestry.  
 Lies on a couch studded by diamonds rare  
 Dreaming of Nymphs adored by maidens fair  
 Until the gray dawn does banish his content  
 With her trumpet calling the children of the Firmament.  
 Advising Apollo that Luna fair has fled,  
 Apollo within the twinkling of an eye  
 Ariseth to charter his sun car in the sky  
 As he becomes master of the firmament  
 Quietly thinks he of those past events  
 The fair Nymph Procris did Cephalus love  
 Throughout the Spring but good Cephalus bent  
 On other things failed to wed Procris til June  
 Fell on the happy pair with sweet content,  
 Who danced together in heights of merriment,  
 Til suddenly his heart was torn away,  
 From that fair creature of the Orient,  
 And at the very beginning of the day,  
 Cephalus the huntsman sought in vain to slay,  
 The hart in the remote regions of the Sun,  
 Were Diana's Nymph served her Priestess Nun.  
 The Nymphs of Diana tall and debonaire  
 Wear combs of diamonds to beautify their hair  
 And gird their loins with belts like living fire,  
 And when they smile Myriads light,  
 Rivals the majesty of Helicon,  
 Their pearly teeth like guards of Aphrodite,  
 Doth quite enshrine their gifted siren tongue,  
 But out fair damsel of the golden sun  
 Sunkissed, Gifted, adored but unadorned  
 Virtuous innocent by the muses blest,  
 The sweetest damsel that was ever born,  
 Is of sterner metal than contains the mould,  
 Of diamond, opal, malchite pearl or gold.  
 With ebony locks waving in the breeze,

And panting heart excited by the chease,  
 Procris cunningly hides near a hive of bees  
 To steal a glimpse of her lover in the race  
 With swift heart that bounded on amain,  
 Unquered by her almost certain spear  
 And the swift arrows thru the vineyard flew,  
 All amiss. . . . but lo she bears the voice,  
 Of some strange voice, and thus untimely drew,  
 His bow let fly in the direction of the noise,  
 Of rustling leaves where momentarily enjoys  
 A glance of Cephalus, whom he loved true,  
 Though morally wounded by the speeded dart,  
 Which drew the life blood from her swooning heart  
 On went Cephalus after the fleeting heart,  
 With lean Laconion hounds quick of pace,  
 But mid the hyacinthus his loving heart,  
 The fair Nymph Procris, Heavenward turned her face,  
 And Petals from the Tyrian flowers falls,  
 Upon her bleeding heart thru which blood drips.

Like soft rain drops which of outer walls,  
 Of upper decks of great gigantic ships  
 After a shower has graced the foamy lips,  
 Of ocean, alas fair Procris dies,  
 Lelaps swift hounds alone, view her as she sips  
 With Ceres and he trembles as he lies  
 Mute till the dawn when woodmen do espy,  
 He lying mute covered with dewy tears  
 Then bending gently o'er graceful form,  
 They bear her to a sea upon a bir,  
 To be tended by the Invidious maidens of the ashen sphere,  
 Then Phoebus Apollo laying on ocean foam,  
 His Parnassian robe, charters his fiery car,  
 Whose spokes casts beams from heaven's Celistial Domes,  
 On mountains near in canyon spread afar,  
 His fiery car does the snow capped clouds inflame,  
 The atmosphere environs his horses'mane.  
 The verdant Morrass reflects the Apollos smile,  
 His chariot wheels casts sunbeams o'er the plain,  
 And Oriole sings to him all the while,  
 His muse is used to banish mortals' pain

He guilds the cloud the rainbow, flower and leaf,  
 And with bright ray banes the saddest homes of grief,  
 To Luna Apollo lends a pleasant smile  
 Who invites the stars to banquet with her o' nights,  
 Amid the meteors and the Satellites,  
 To lights which do Olympians fair alone,

#### ILLUME

Without The Sun God's aid were lost in midnight gloom.  
 At noon Apollo at the very summit of heaven's dome  
 Looks down on arth then wih a certain poise,  
 Dashes down he mountain steep to Neptune's home,  
 Where Thetis with her Sirens fair rejoice,



To view Apollo with his soothing smile,  
 With which he greets them from the western Isle.  
 Son of Jupiter and Juno, the warrior Mars,  
 An Insatiable warrior of the heroic age,  
 Impelled by rage and lust of violence in wars,  
 Untimely leaps up to Olympus with rage,  
 Against Minerva and Juno whom he defies,  
 Who do in turn the hated Mars despise.  
 Offsprings of a fury and the fleet north winds,  
 Ofttimes draw his chariot in most bloody wars,  
 His four sons, terror trembling and fear combine,  
 Against common enemy fights for father Mars.  
 The dreadful scourge of mortal, lover of strife,  
 A true admirer of youthful departing life  
 Juno, he fair, wife of mighty Jove  
 Was ever jealous of her husband's love.  
 Venus the goddess, attended by the hours,  
 Forever lingers near some lovers' bowers.  
 From our low earth no Gods have taken wings  
 Even now upon our hills the twain are wandering,  
 Th Medicikines sly and servile grace,  
 And the Immortal beauty of the race  
 One is the spirit of all short lived  
 And outward earthly loveliness  
 The tremulous rosy morn is her mouths smile,

The sky her laughing azure eyes above  
 And waiting for caresses,  
 Lie bare the soft hill slopes the wile  
 Her thrilling voice is heard  
 In song of wind and wave and every flitting bird,  
 Not plainly never quite herself she shows,  
 Not swift glance of her illumined smile,  
 Along the landscape goes,  
 Just a soft hint of singing to beguile,  
 A man from all his toils,  
 Some banished Glean of beckoning arm to spoil  
 A morning's task with longing wild and vain,  
 Then if across the parching plain,  
 To seek her she with passion burns,  
 His heart to fever, and to hear  
 The West winds mocking laughter when he turns,  
 Shivering in midst of Ocean's sullen tears,  
 It is the Medickine well I know,  
 The arts her ancient subtlety will know,  
 The stubble field she turns to ruddy gold,  
 The empty distance she will fold—with  
 In purple Guaze the warm glow she has kissed,  
 Along the chilling mist,  
 Cheating and cheated love that grows to hate,  
 And ever deeper soon or late,  
 Thou too, O fairer Spirit, walkest here upon the lifted hills  
 Wherever that still thought within the breast,  
 The innerr beauty of the world hath moved,  
 In starlight that the doom of evening fills

One endless water surrounding to the West,  
 For them at throb that beauties I have loved  
 The soul of all things beauties I have loved  
 The soul of all things beautiful the best  
 For lying broad awake, long ere the dawn  
 Staring against the dark the blank of space,  
 Opens immeasurably and thy face,  
 Wavers and glimmers there and is withdrawn,  
 And many days when all one's work is vain  
 And life grows stretching on a waste gray plain,  
 With ever the short mirage of morning gone,  
 No cool breath anywhere, no shadow nigh,  
 Where a weary man might lay him down,  
 Lo thou art there before me suddenly,  
 With shade as if a Summer cloud did pass  
 And spray of fountains whispering to the grass,  
 O save me from the haste and moist and heat,  
 That spoils life's music sweet,  
 And even from that lesser Aphrodite there  
 Even now she stands,  
 Close as I turn and O my soul how fair!  
 Minerva Goddess of wisdom stood,  
 On Mount Olympus and spilled the Typhoon's blood,  
 At the sweet beginning of Spring,  
 The Nymphs of Proserpine, to sing.  
 Within a forest as I strayed,  
 Far down a sombre Autumn glade,  
 I found the God of Love.  
 His bow and his arrows east aside  
 His lovely arms extended wide,  
 A depth of leaves above,  
 Beneath o'er arching bows he made,  
 A place for sleep in russet shade,  
 His lips more red than any rose,  
 Were like a flower that overflows,  
 With honey pure and sweet.

And clustering around that holy mouth,  
 The golden bees in eager drouth,  
 Plied busy wings and feet,  
 All these their mirth and pleasure made  
 Within the plain Elysian,  
 The fairest meadow that may be  
 With all green fragrant trees for shade,  
 And every scented wind to fan  
 And sweetest flowers to strew the lea.  
 The soft winds are their servant's feet  
 To fetch them every fruit at will  
 And water from the river chill,  
 And every bird that singeth sweet,  
 Thristle and merle and nightengale,  
 Brings blossoms from the dewy vale,  
 Lily and rose and Asphodel  
 With these do each guest twine his crown,  
 And wreath his cup and lay him down,  
 Beside some friend he loveth well."

From her blissful seat in heaven Esmele,  
Speaks of being courted by Diety.  
What were the garden bowers off thebes to me?  
The Greek out mocked me because I shunned in scorn,  
Them and their praises of my brow and hair,  
The light girls pointed after me who turned  
Soul sick from their unending forgeries.

There came a chance a glory fell to me,  
New life sprung from the presence of a voice,  
That scarce could curb itself to the cool Greek  
Now and on swept forth in those deep nights,  
Thrilling my flesh with awe mysterious words,  
I knew not what hints of unearthly things,  
That I had felt on solemn Summer noons,  
When sleeing earth dreamed Music and the Heart  
Went crooning a new song it could not learn,  
But wandered over it was one who gropes,  
For a forgotten chord upon the Lyre.  
Yea Jupiter! "but why this mortal guise,  
Wooring as if he were a milk-faced boy?  
Did I lack lovers? Was my beauty dulled,  
The golden hair turned dross, the lithe limbs shrunk,  
The deathless longing tamed, that I should soothe,  
My soul in love like any shepard girl?  
One night he sware to grant whatever I asked  
And strait, I cried to know thee as thou art,  
To hold me on thy heart as Juno does,  
Come in thy thunder—kill me with one fierce embrace,  
Divine embrace—Thine oath now earth at last.

The heavens shot one sheet of lurid flames,  
The world crashed from a body scathed and torn,  
The soul leapt thru and found his breast and died,  
Died, so the Theban maidens think, and laugh,  
Saying that had her wish that Semele,  
But sitting here upon Olympus heights,  
I look down thru that oval ring of stars,  
And see the far off earths a twinkling speck,  
Dust note whirled up from the Sun's chariot wheels,  
And pity their small hearts that hold a man  
As if he were a god; or know the god,  
Or dare to know him only as a man,  
Human love art thou forever blind?

Europa Princess of Asia Daughter of Agenor,  
King of Phonecia was blessed with a sweet dream  
Sent by Cypris who sat gazing in the stars,  
By whose din lights two continents were seen  
At strife for her sake, Asia and the farther shore,  
Both in the shape of women with fierce eyes  
Of these two one was native of the Moor  
The other seemed to bear a stranger guise,  
One softly spoke of how she once did nurse,  
The happy maidens in happy days by gone,  
The voice of ages bearing Jove did burst,

The happy news that her dominion  
O'er the fairest of the fair in his will lies  
She learns Europa was destined to be her prize,  
But Eunropa from her couch in terror leaped  
With beating heart, for the clear vision she beheld the dream  
And thru the crevice of her cave peeped  
Toward the region of Jupiter with conscience clean,  
And prayed the gods their promise to fulfill,  
Therewith she arose and sought the youthful dames,  
Of her own age and told them heaven's will  
As they arranged some new Olympic games,  
The youthful damsels thru flowery meadows ran,  
Gathering flowers and singing to Universal Pan.

The sweet breathed narcissus was plucked by some,  
Others the myacynthus and the rose of heath,  
Some the violet, the creeping thyme and geranium  
And laurels from the Daphne's favorite trees,  
Were emously gathered mid the fragrant plant,  
Of cinnamon and flowers of sweet perfume,  
That frequently doth the fragrant meadow haunt,  
Which noble sires, themselves the gardens cultivate,  
For their favorite daughters of presumptuous fate,  
Some gather the fragrant tresses of the yellow crocus rare  
Some gather fragrant lilies on the leas,  
Where bathe each morn with maidens the princess fair,  
And the budded Tyrian which the Princess chose,  
Shone more resplendent than the crimson rose.

When the Son of Cronus beheld Europa fair,  
The shafts of Cypris did his heart subdue,  
Who like the foam born Goddess of Golden hair,  
Bewitched mighty Jove, who toward Europa drew,  
Bullshaped the favored Princess eager to beguile,  
And to avoid Juno's perceiving eye,  
With concealed godhead and undeceiving smile  
Unto the shadow came the maiden unterrified,  
Said let us journey to the Western Isle,  
On this fair bull whom Europa fair caressed,  
Then he loved gently and every maiden swore,  
The Mygdonian flute on the isle of the blest,  
Uttered a Dulcett sound from the strange shore,  
Where Zephrus winds continue to chase the boar,  
He bowed himself quite gently before her feet,  
And bending his neck on Europa he gazed.  
And showed her his broad back with velvet seat,  
Were meant for her alone her maidens amazed,  
Were wont to stand aloof but Europa cried,  
Come with us dear playmates, maidens of like age,  
Let us mount the bull here and take a pleasant ride,  
Across the ocean to a lion's cage,  
Whom destiny oft yokes with a fleet boar,  
That did the dieties of Olympus fair enrage,  
As thru the firmament they race o'er and o'er,  
Driven by lesser divinities of arthly shore,  
The princess garbed in her richest attire,

Beckoned her maidens but up leaped the bull,  
 And sped to the deep—for the Princess of his desire,  
 In richest garb did he posses in full,  
 The princess to her maidens called in vain,  
 And stretching out her hands to playmates dear,  
 As the swift bull which bounded on again,  
 With parting glance could scarce forbear a tear,  
 For those for whom she parted on the plain,  
 The strand he gained and forward like dolphin sped,  
 Faring with unwetted hoofs over the wide sea waves,  
 The sea grew smooth as on the swift bull fled,  
 And around Joves' feet, gambled sea monsters of dread,  
 The Dolphin rejoiced and rising from the deeps,  
 Tumbled on the swell of the sea the Neriads arose,  
 Out of salt waters on the backs of beasts,  
 In orderly array as thunder shaker of the world bestowed  
 On the whole sea a calm made smooth the wave,  
 As he appeared above the foamy sea  
 Trumpeter of the deep the Tritens brave,  
 Blowed from their long couches a bridal melody,  
 Meanwhile Europa riding on back of Bull Divine,  
 With one hand clasps the beast's great horn,  
 And with the other the purple folds of her gown entwines,  
 Around her lest the sea foam newly born  
 Which does the infinite fate spray of light enshrine,  
 While her deep robe is swelled out by the wind,  
 But when far off from her own country she saw,  
 Neither seat be at the adland nor a hilltop steep  
 Nor could she to her sweet attention draw,  
 A single creature from the limitless deep,  
 Whither bearest thou me bull god? and what art thou?  
 How farest thou—Godlike are the deeds of thine,  
 The surging waves of the sea do onward flow  
 And bare to and fro fleet ships that do traverse the brine,  
 What god art thou these marvels to bestow  
 Upon the sea a calm at sea where shalt thou find,  
 Food and what drink strange god is sweet to thee,  
 She spake and horned bull said, maiden mine,  
 Speakest thou to the King of the Divine,  
 The fair bull's form I took on love for thee,  
 For I can put on the semblance of what thing I will,  
 In the bull's shape so great a space of salt sea,  
 My foster mother's home will I in love grant thee,  
 According to tradition from this fair princess of fame,  
 The Continent of Europe gladly acquired,  
 Phoebus sitting one day in laurel trees shade,  
 Was reminded of Daphne of whom it was made,  
 For the god being one day to warm in his wooing  
 She took to the tree to escape his pursuing,  
 Be the cause what it might from its offerers he shrunk,  
 And Gernerva like to shut herself up in a trunk,  
 And though twas a step into which he had driven her  
 Her memory he nursed as a kind of tonic,  
 Something bitter to chew when he played the Byronic,  
 And I can't count the obstinate Nymphs that he had brought

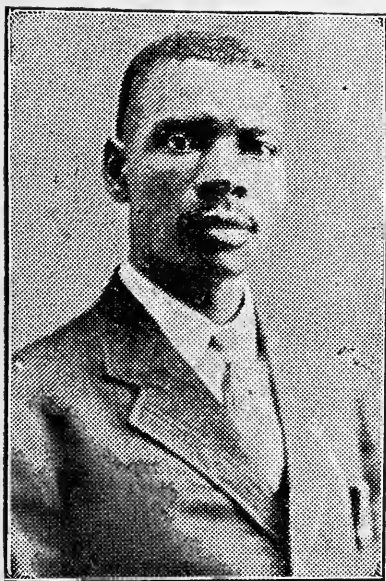
over

By a strange kind of smile he put on when he thought of her,  
My case is like Didos he sometimes remarked,  
"When I first met my love she was fairly embarked,  
In laurels as she thought, but ah. how fate  
She has found in it by this time a very bad box,  
Let hunters take from me this saw when they need it—  
You are not always sure of your game when you have treed  
it,

Just conceive of a change taking place with one's mistress,  
What romance would be left? who can flatter or kiss trees?  
And for mercy sake how could one keep up a dialogue,  
With a dull wooden thing that will live and will die like a  
log,

Not to say that the thoughts would forever intrude,  
You have the less chance to win her the more she is wooed  
Ah! it went to my heart and my memory still grieves  
To see those loved graces all taking their leaves,  
Those charms beyond speech so enchanting, but now,  
As they left me forever each making its bough  
If her tongue had a tangle sometimes more than was right,  
Her new bark is worse than ten times her old bite,

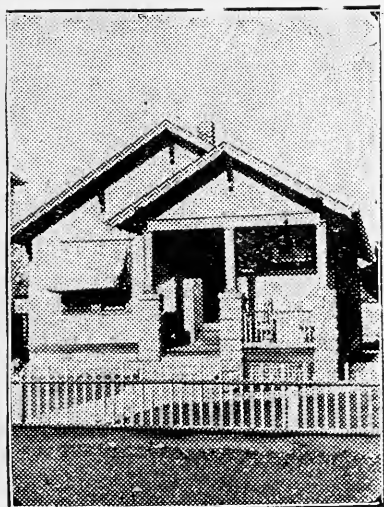
Phoebus Apollo—do the heavens move  
With Paphos as he plays upon his lyre,  
To fair Marpessa who declines his love,  
With mortal sweetness, with mortal desire,  
Idas, the giant of the universe  
In the winged chariot of Poseidon,  
Carried off Marpessa to satisfy his thirst,  
For her love and for her possession,  
Father Evenus vainly tried Idas to slay,  
Who with Marpessa fled the Evening Star,  
Alas, Apollo found them in happy Messene,  
And Jupiter viewing the combat from afar,  
Saw swift Apollo wrest the maid away,  
Separated them and bade the three to stay,  
The King of Heaven said she must decide,  
Enwrapt with glory in three together stood,  
In balmy atmosphere on the one side,  
Apollo kissed by the Zephyrus in the silent wood,  
And on the other Idas with manly form,  
And fair Marpessa smiling stood between,  
The two after as sweet rose after a thunderstorm,  
Accompanied by rainfall by mother earth so green,  
So from the falling from sweet Felicity,  
Doth her mortal beauty glow,  
As she poses in felicitous ecstasy,  
Wounded by Cupid's silver arrow,  
Says Apollo, "Come! come with me where convention is  
ecstasy  
Where thrilling dares admit the bumble bee,  
He tells her ceaseless joy above the universe  
Should she undying never sorrow  
Never know another curse  
Dispelling ever shadowy visions of tomorrow.

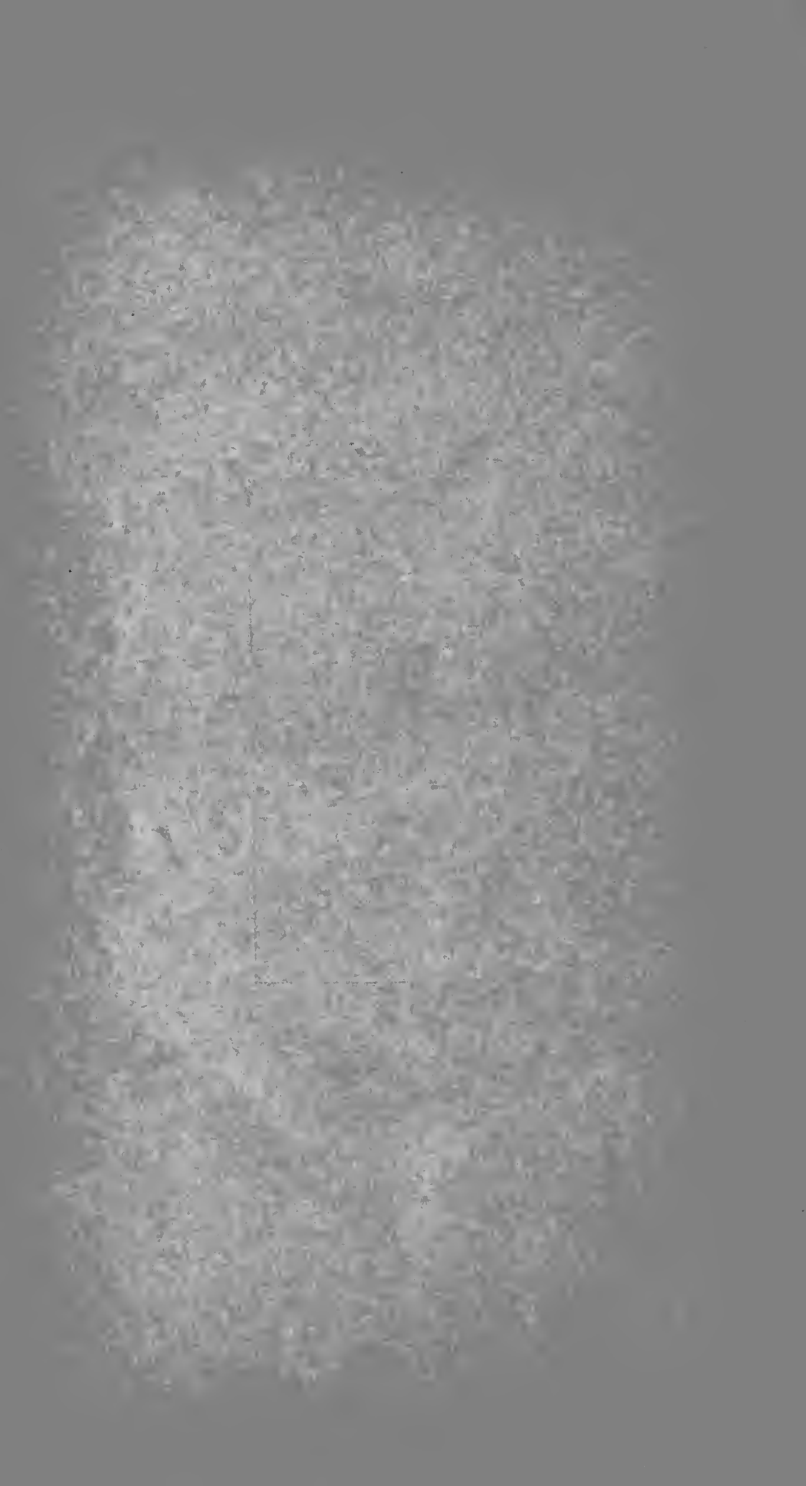


Prof. Wm. Terry, Principal of Lovejoy School, Brooklyn

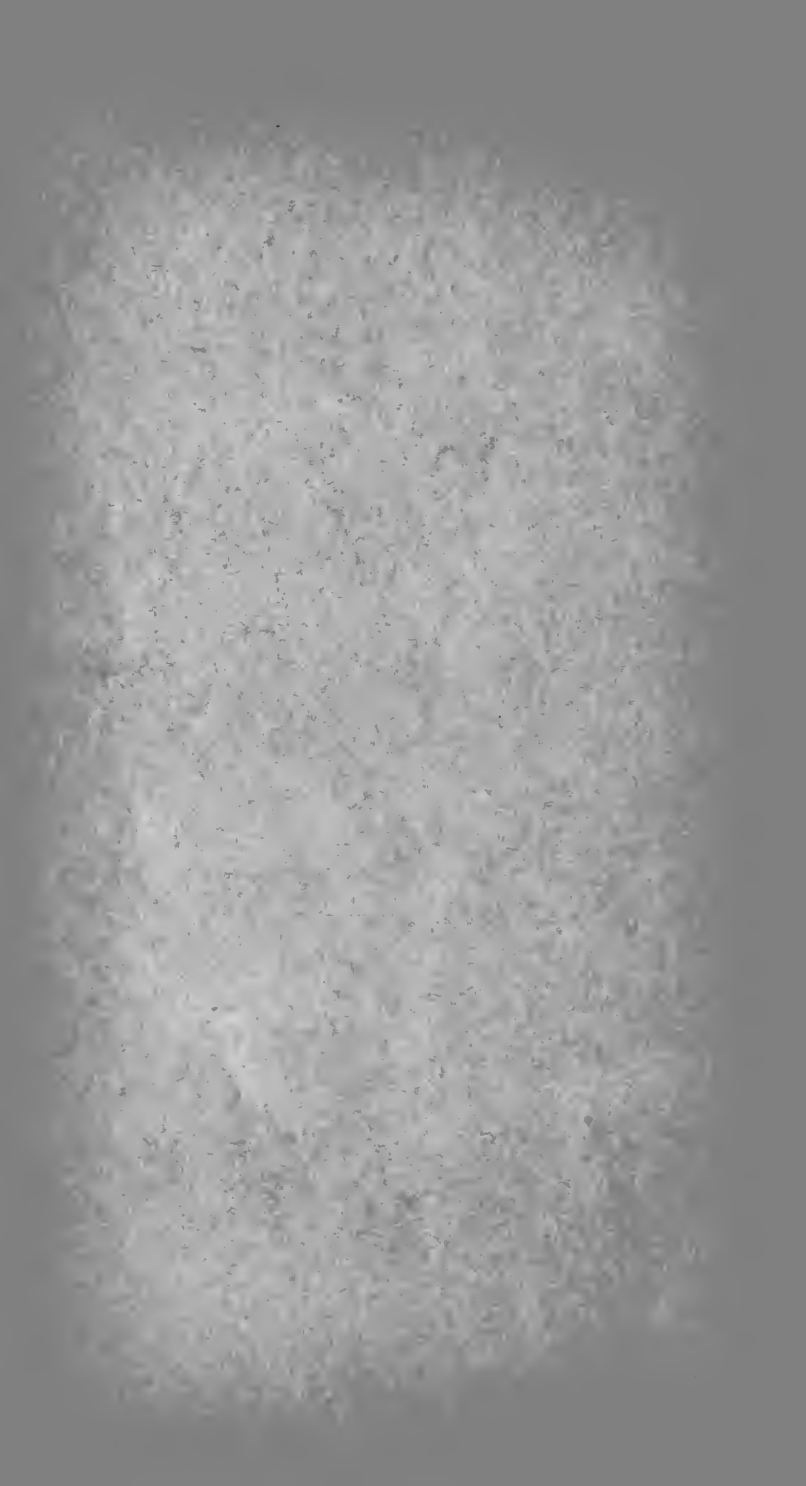


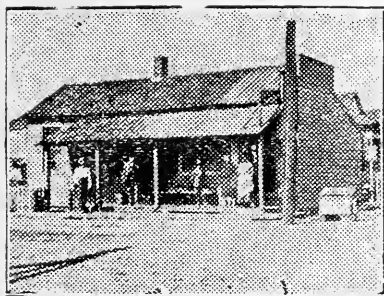




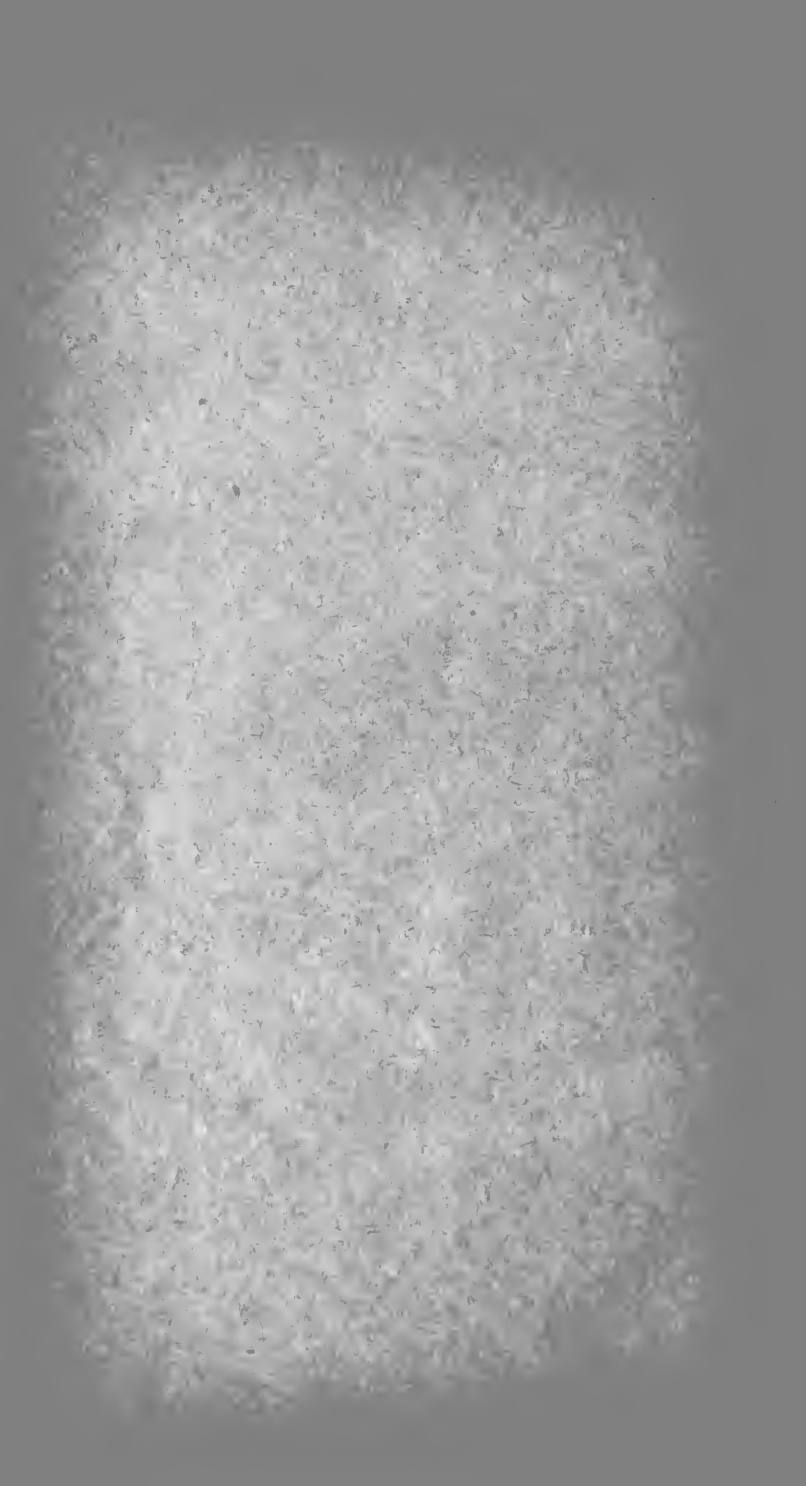






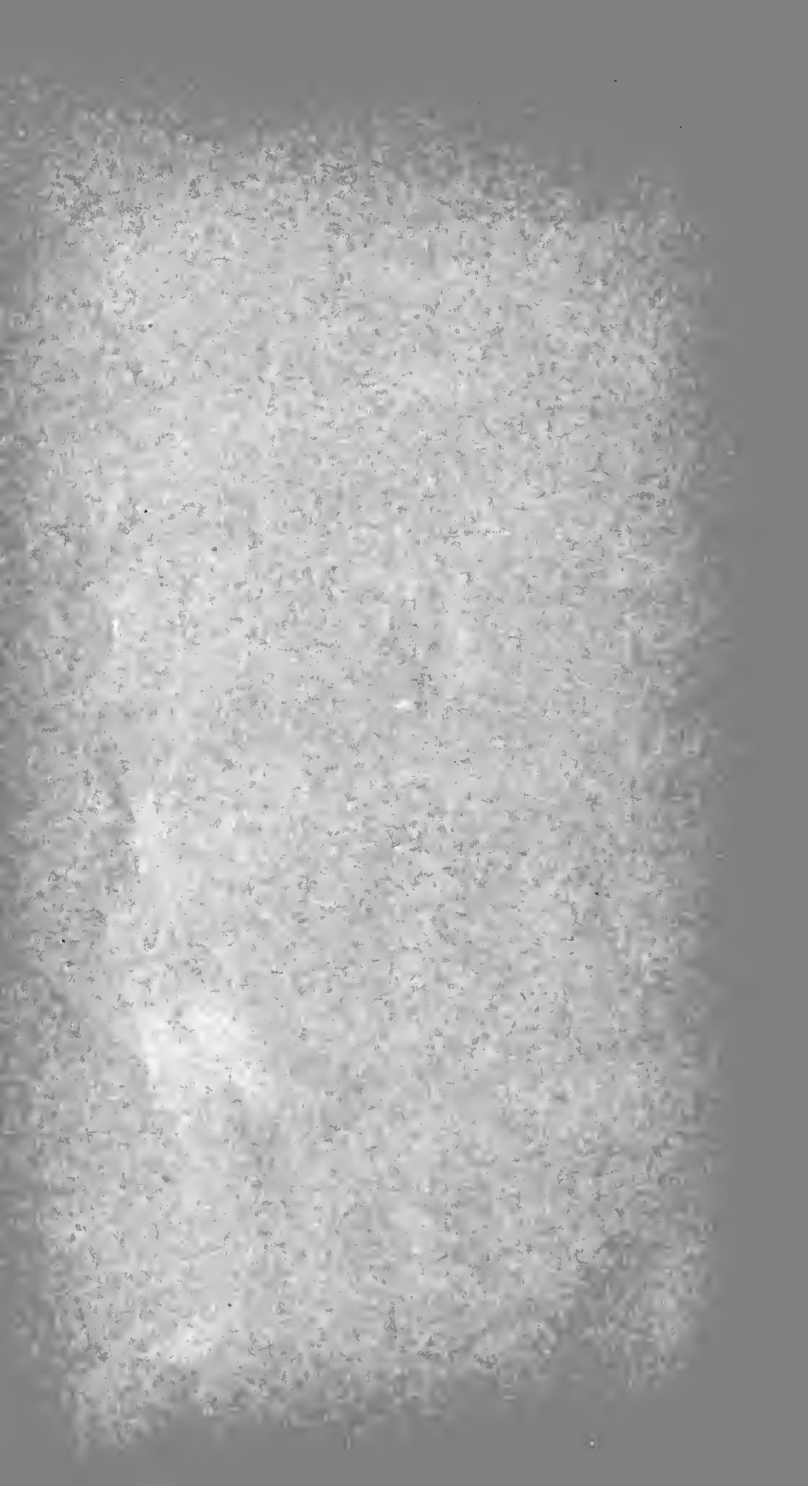


Judge E. J. Jackson's Store and Police Magistrate's Office





Lovejoy Colored School, Brooklyn, Illinois





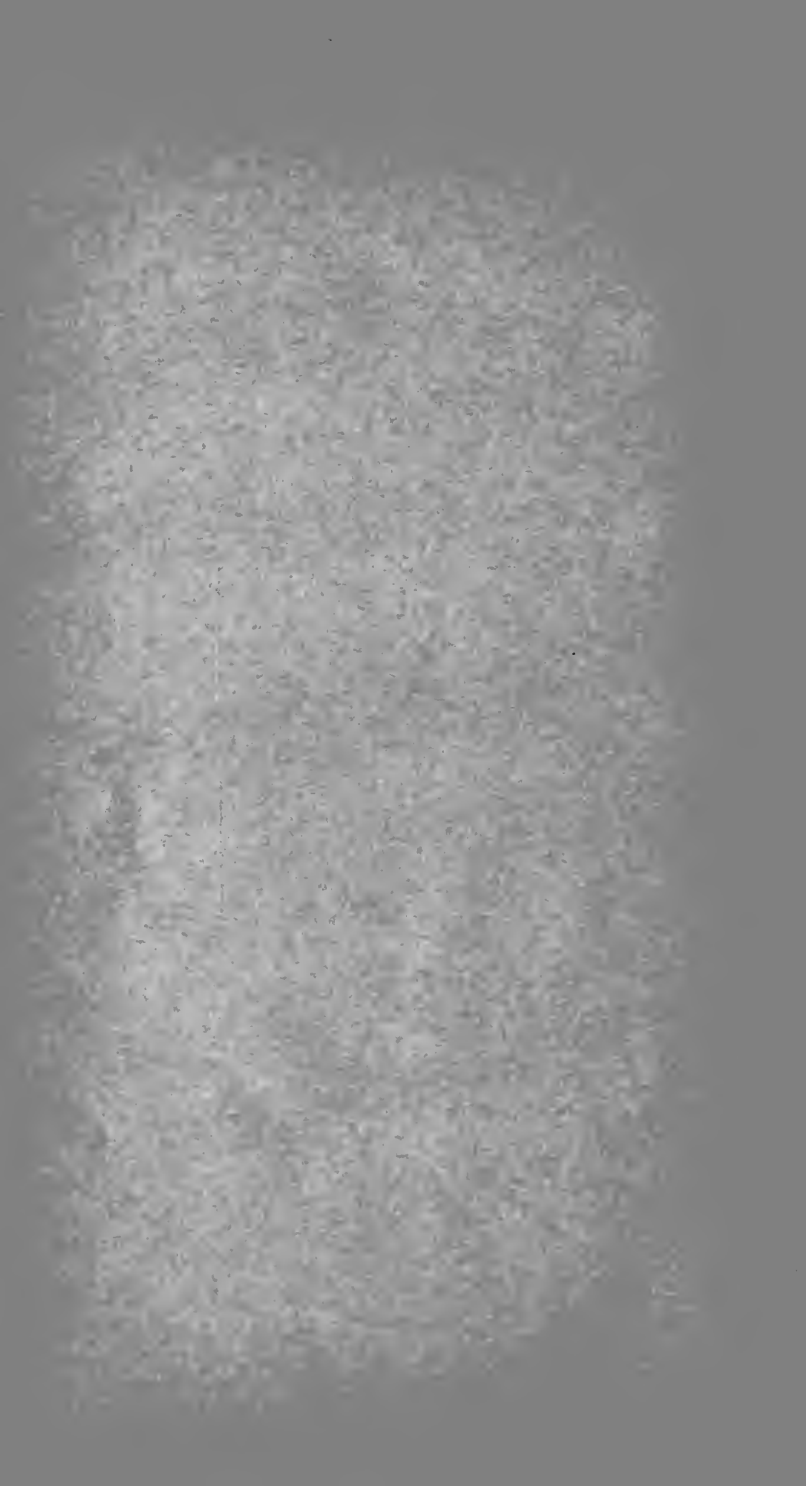


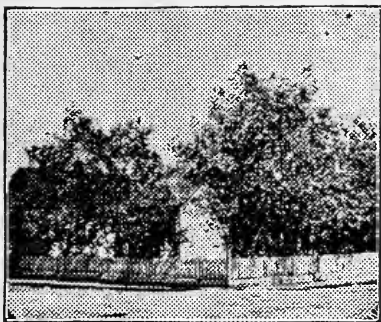
Morris Packing Company Colored  
Girls in Sausage Room





Negro Educators, Marion, Illinois





**Tom Vaughan's Place, a white  
resident of the Colored Town**





Colored School, Marion, Illinois





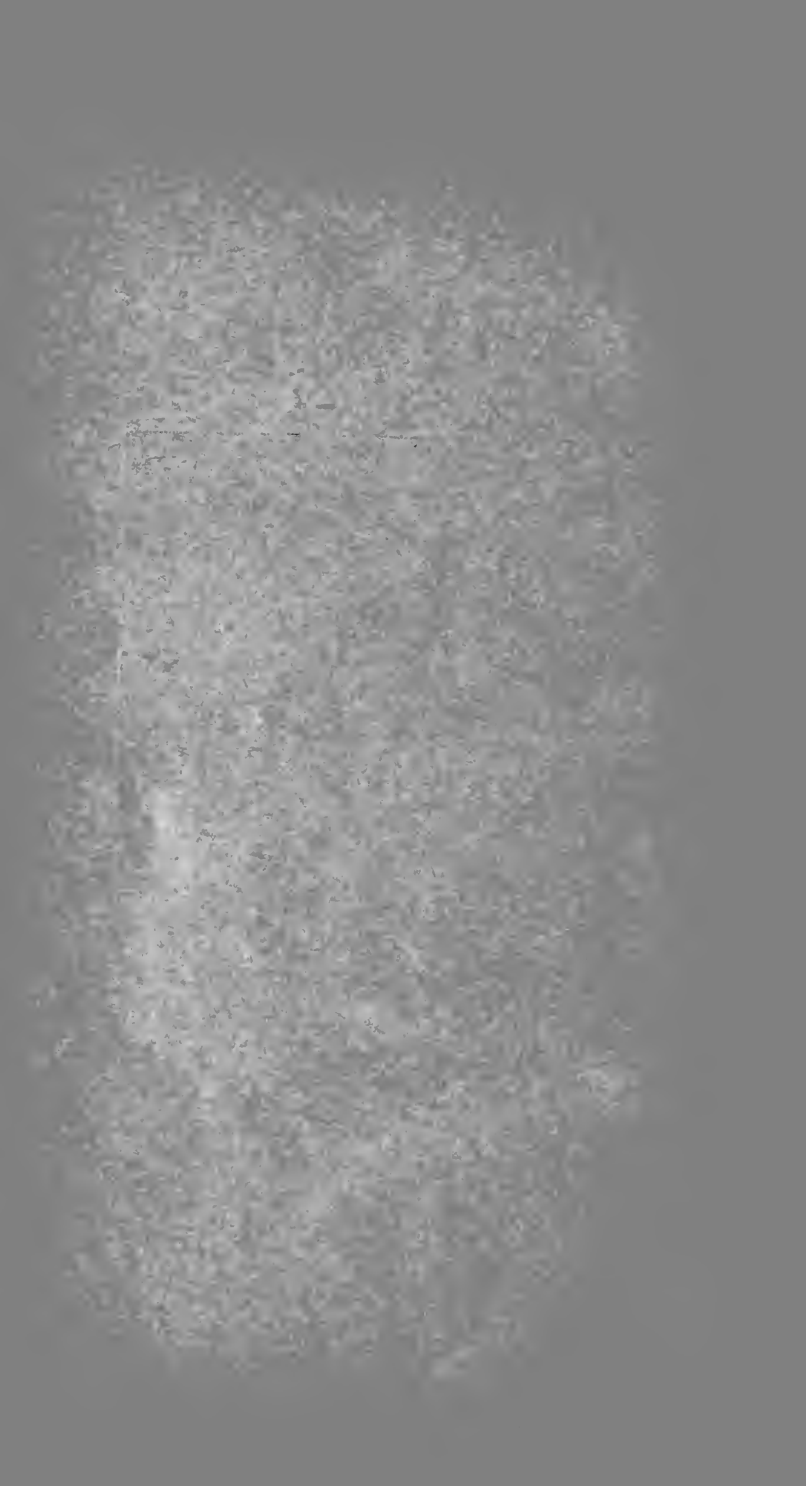


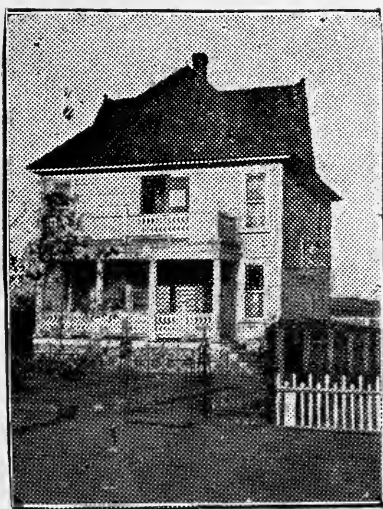
**B. F. Washington, Ex-Mayor  
of Brooklyn and Principal of  
Marion, Illinois School**





Antioch Baptist Church, Brooklyn, Illinois





Residence of Mrs. Hobson and Family, Colored, Brooklyn,





A. M. E. Church

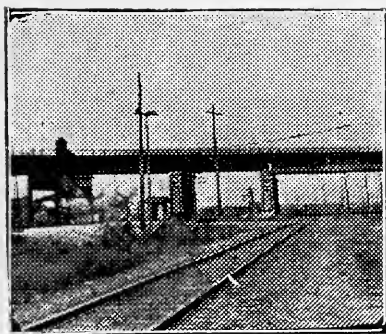






Miss Hazel Jackson,  
Brooklyn, Illinois





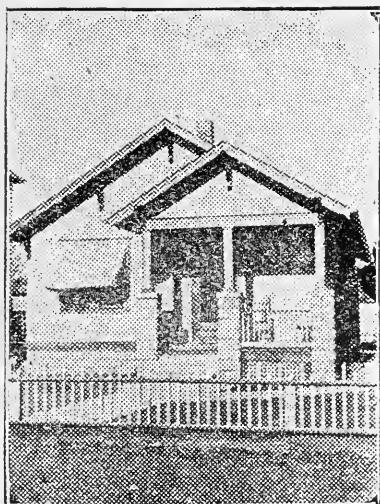
T. R. R. A., Brooklyn, Venice Boundary Line  
Of Brooklyn, Illinois



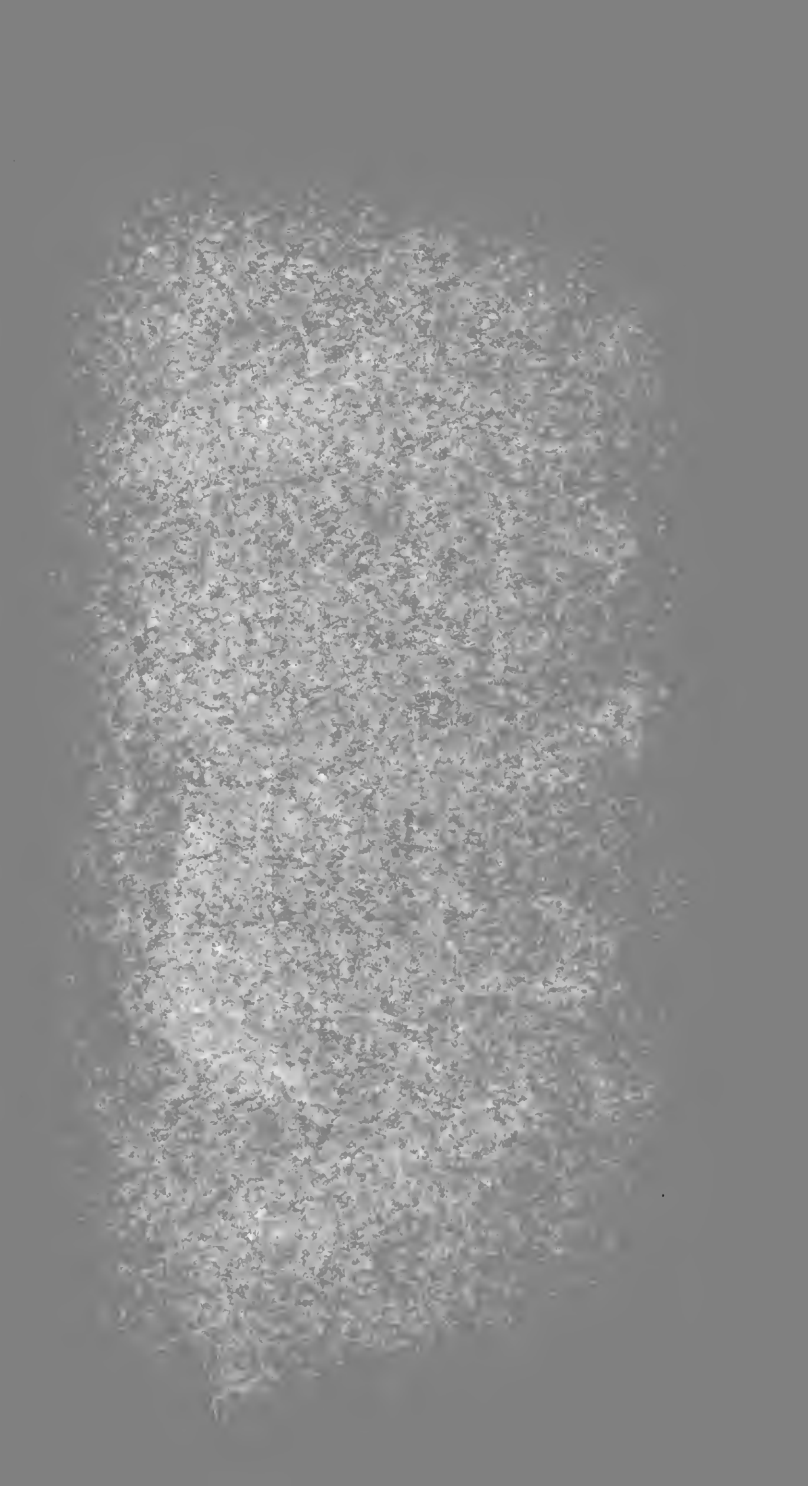


Benj. J. Lucas, Representative  
of State Legislature from  
Illinois





Home of Edward M. Green, Colored Notary Public and Village Clerk, Brooklyn, Illinois





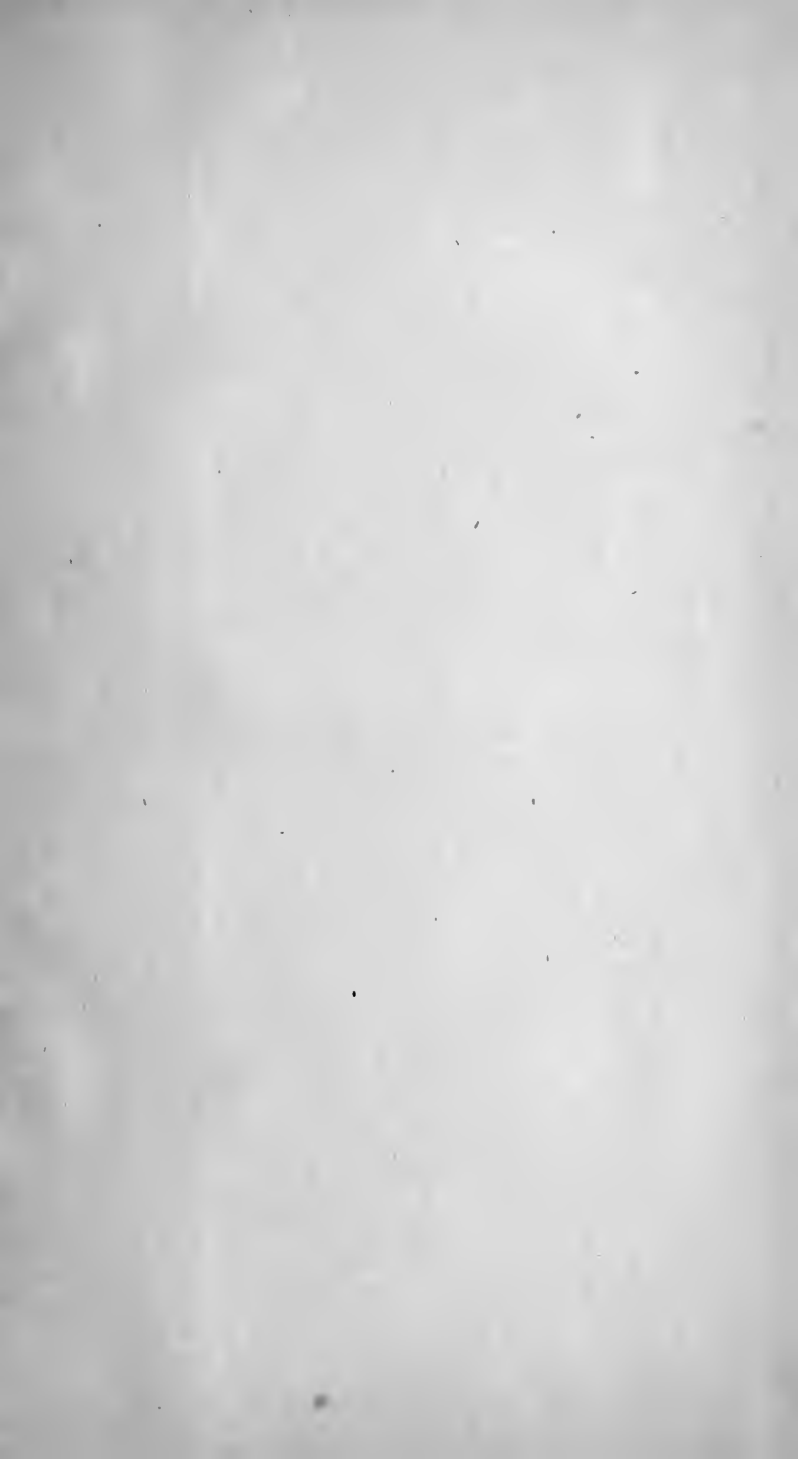


Prof. William Terry, Principal of Lovejoy School  
Brooklyn, Illinois

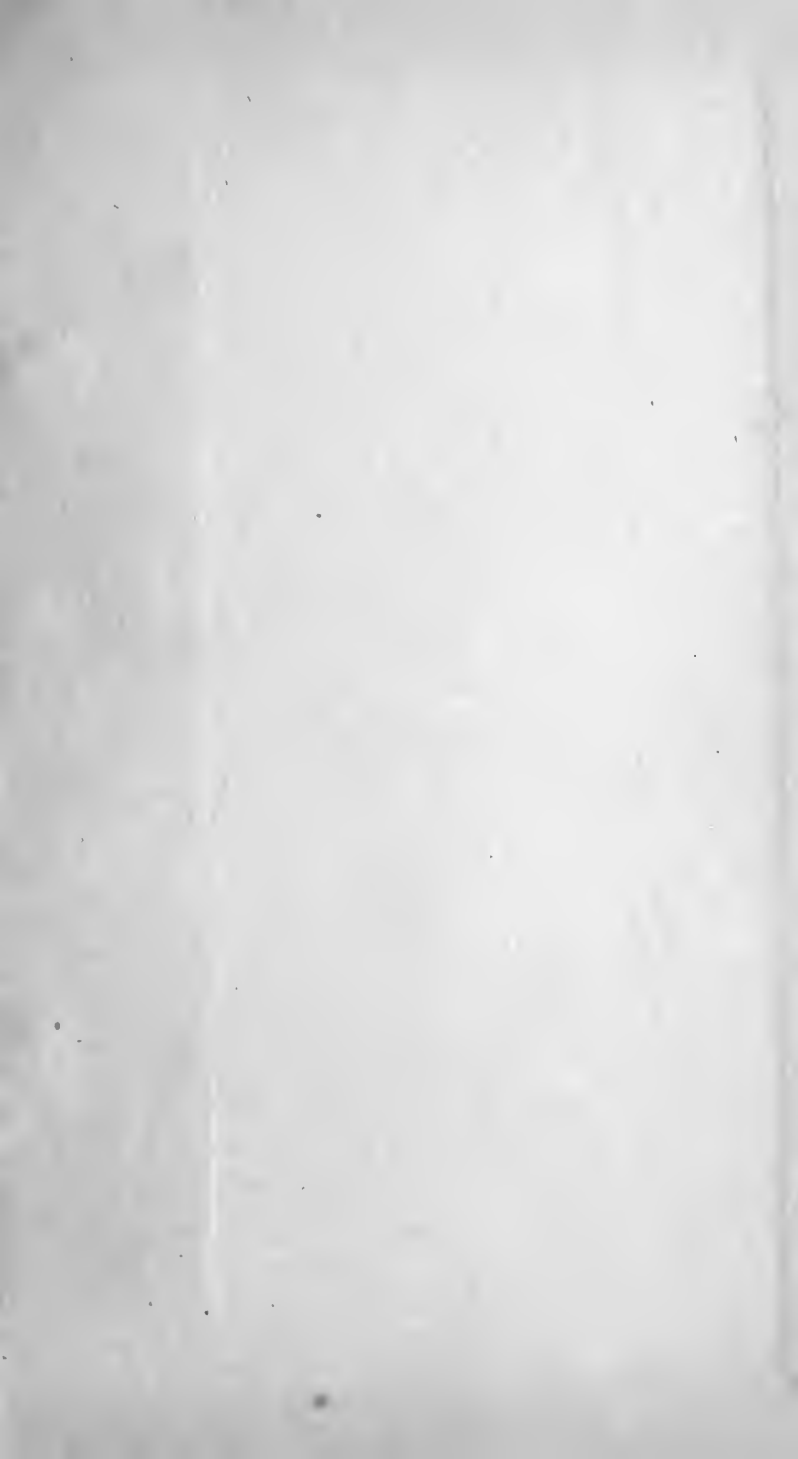
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