

THE LEGEND OF TROY.

Once on a time the gods of old
Assembled on the summits cold
Of famed Olympus, to partake
Of nectar and ambrosial cake.
Before the godlike feast concluded,
Eris, one whom they had excluded,
An apple threw amongst the guests
Which "To the Fairest" was addressed.
Confusion dire was thus created ;
Three fair ones long and loud debated,
" 'Tis mine ! " " 'Tis mine ! " each shrilly called out,
Till Zeus irate, thus sternly bawled out,
" Ye vixens, stop your clatter barbarous,
And hie with Hermes to Mount Gargarus,
Where Paris dwells, brave son of Priam,
A better judge than you or I am."
The trio famed in classic lore,
Appeared the shepherd lad before ;
Long time his puzzled wits misdoubted
As each in turn stormed, smiled or pouted.
Juno, vast wealth and power, offered ;
Minerva, war's great glory proffered ;
The third cut short his hesitation,
" The prettiest wife in all creation
Is yours, if you judge fair between us."
She spoke. The apple went to Venus.
The immortal two, their hopes thus damped,
Became enraged and off they scampered,
Vowing in deadly rage and passion,
The Trojan brood soon to make hash on.
The gallant youth, who thus adjusted
Affairs which gods to him entrusted,
Then sailed away to Peloponnessus,
An isthmus which you know in Greece is.
Tarrying awhile with Menelaus,
All that remains for us to say is,
He carried off the beautiful Helen.
A trick his host did not think well on.
According to a promise made,
The chieftain's then not long delayed,
To launch their boats for well built Ilion,
Dardanian blood its streets to spill in.
Across the broad Augean driven,
They reached at length the wished for haven ;
With mighty fear each Trojan shudders
As Grecian braves unship their rudders.
Their boats no sooner touch the shore,
Than forth step myriads or more,
With stately tread and mien ferocious,
Inquiring for that youth precocious,
Who coaxed away the Spartan beauty,
And made his punishment their duty.